



JOHN DRYDEN

From the Painting by James Maubert

OXFORD EDITION

THE POEMS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND
TEXTUAL NOTES

JOHN SARGEAUNT



HENRY FROWDE
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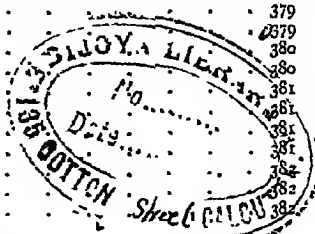
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INTRODUCTION

THE text of Dryden's poems as printed in England, whether in his own time or after his death, has never been in a satisfactory state. There is no edition wholly free from errors, and most editions contain many gross blunders. Only one of the editors has really collated the original editions, and even he seems not always to have compared Dryden's translations with the original works.

Badly as Dryden's editors have served him, the author himself is not wholly blameless. It was his misfortune that he could not always see his works through the press. Thus he was in Wiltshire while *Annus Mirabilis* was printing, and before his return the book had come out and some copies had been sold. The list of errata, for which he found room on a fly-leaf, was so hurriedly made that itself is full of false references. But errors were more often due to Dryden's fault than to his misfortune. That he could be careful in correcting the press he showed in the case of the *Epistle to John Dryden*, a work for which he had a special affection, as the child of his old age and the encomium of his ancient race. But the last of his publications, the very volume which contains this epistle, has, in other poems, some glaring errors of the press. Some of these, and others in other works, were silently corrected in subsequent editions. It needed no Bentley to detect the husband of Eurydice in a line which Dryden allowed to appear in this form:

Had Orphans sung it in the neather Sphere.

But there are cases in which the true reading may reasonably be a matter of doubt. Thus in *Eleonora* the original text gives:

And some descending Courtier from above
Had giv'n her timely warning to remove.

The word 'Courtier', or, as Dryden would have said, the word of 'Courtier', was changed by Broughton into 'Courier', and Todd denounced the original reading as 'a laughable error of the press'. The original reading is defended by Christie and Dr. Saintsbury, and there is something to be said on either side. In *Palamon and Arcite* a line in the original appeared as

Rich Tap'stry spread the Streets and Flowers the Pots adorn.

The earlier editors changed 'Pots' into 'Posts', and, although Dr. Saintsbury prefers the original reading, the passage cited in my note seems to show that they were right.

Many of the poems were republished soon after Dryden's death, some in a collection and some in volumes of Miscellanies. Jacob Tonson, who had succeeded Herringman as Dryden's publisher, was also the publisher of these early posthumous editions. Whom he employed to see the books through the press does not appear. The work was not well done, and some of the corruptions which were then allowed to defile the text have appeared in every later edition. The first editor with a name was Thomas Broughton, who published two incomplete collections, one in 1741, the other in 1743. Broughton introduced new errors, and some of these have held their ground in the published texts. In 1760 four volumes of the poems appeared under the editorship of Samuel Derrick. Derrick, who in his poetical character is the louse of Johnson's famous epigram, as an editor is styled by Dr. Saintsbury 'the accursed'. What right Dr. Saintsbury had to throw this stone will appear hereafter. That Derrick deserved it is unhappily true. In his edition the game of corruption went merrily on. Not satisfied with accidental errors, Derrick took upon himself to alter Dryden's text, and always altered it for the worse. From his volumes other editions were printed, and in spite of the boasts of later editors, some of his abominations are still printed as the genuine work of Dryden.

In 1808 appeared Walter Scott's complete edition of the works of Dryden. It was unfortunate that the great poet and man of letters hardly suspected the existence of corruption in the text. It is astonishing that he should have passed many passages which on the face of them did not make sense. Nor was there much improvement in the Wartons' edition of 1811. To one of the poems in it were appended some notes by Todd, a textual critic of some capacity, who corrected a few, but only a few, of Derrick's mistakes. Mitford's Aldine edition of 1832 is bad, and was hardly made better by Mr. Richard Hooper, who claims to have revised it in 1866 and again in 1891. Mr. Richard Bell's edition, which appeared in 1854, was quite in Derrick's manner, and added many fresh errors to a corrupt text. And so the melancholy tale goes on.

The first, and, down to the present century, the only serious attempt to present a correct text was made by William Dougal Christie. His edition, which does not contain the translations

from Greek and Latin poets, appeared in 1870. Christie had zeal and industry, and was a man of undoubted ability. He was at the pains to consult and in some cases to collate the original editions. That his collation was not as complete or as accurate as he implies is evident from the errors which he allowed to stand in his text. In fact, some evil spirit seems to have dogged the steps of Dryden's editors, and may well raise apprehension in one who ventures to add himself to their number. Some of the blunders in Christie's text are so absurd, so ruinous to sense, that it is hard to see how he passed them even without a collation, and inconceivable that he could have left them if once a collation had called his attention to them. As an editor he had two faults: he was not sure in judgement, and he seems to have had no ear. When Dryden wrote

If they, through Sickness, seldom did appear,
Pity the Virgins of each Theatre!

Christie remarks that 'Theatre' was pronounced with the *a* long. When Dryden wrote

An Universal Metempsychosis,

Christie gives a stress both to the penultimate and to the antepenultimate of the last word in the line. From a line in *The Wife of Bath's Tale*,

But, not to hold our Proffer in Scorn,

a syllable has undoubtedly dropt out. Christie filled the gap with a word which gives no sense. This lack of judgement sometimes makes it doubtful whether he carelessly followed an error of his predecessors, or actually misunderstood his text. An example may be found in the line from *Cymon and Iphigenia* which is cited below. Christie's want of ear, very manifest in his notes, made him overlook some errors which would certainly have roused Dryden's indignation.

Scott's edition was republished in 1883 and the following years as revised and corrected by Dr. George Saintsbury. However well Dr. Saintsbury may have deserved of Dryden in other respects, it must be regretfully declared that his work on the text was worse than useless. It is true that in some of the poems his text is a great improvement on Scott's, but the improvement is due, not to Dr. Saintsbury, but to Christie. Dr. Saintsbury acknowledges to some extent his obligation to his predecessor, but he claims to have made a collation of the original editions. It

is unfortunate that he should have used a phrase which well might be, and actually has been, misunderstood. He has been taken to mean that he had throughout collated his text with the original editions. This was not the case. It must be clear to one who really has made the collation that Dr. Saintsbury cannot have meant more than that he had verified the corrections which Christie mentioned in his notes. It follows that, where Scott and Christie agree in an error, that error, however monstrous and palpable, is usually reproduced by Dr. Saintsbury. A few instances will suffice. In Stanza 23 of *Annus Mirabilis*, Dryden wrote and printed :

So reverently Men quit the open air,
When Thunder speaks the angry Gods abroad.

This remained the text in both the editions published in Dryden's lifetime. After his death the first word of the second line was corrupted into 'Where', much to the detriment of the text, and 'Where' it remained for two hundred years. It is 'Where' in Christie's text, and consequently it is 'Where' in Dr. Saintsbury's. The error was the more unpardonable that Dryden was proud enough of his simile to reproduce it in his contemporary play of *The Maiden Queen* :

As, when it thunders,
Men reverently quit the open air
Because the angry gods are then abroad.

Here Dr. Saintsbury prints his text correctly with no corruption of 'then' into 'there'. The same poem presents us with an error infinitely worse. In Stanza 224, Dryden, after picturing the ghosts of traitors as descending from London Bridge and dancing round the Fire of London, goes on thus :

Our Guardian Angel saw them where he sate
Above the Palace of our slumbring King.

In the *Miscellany Poems*, published after Dryden's death, 'he' was turned into 'they', and this piece of egregious nonsense figures in all subsequent English editions, even in Christie's and consequently in Dr. Saintsbury's. It appears even where special care should have been taken to secure sense, in Mr. Humphry Ward's *English Poets*. The editors did not stay to ask themselves why the ghosts should have mounted to the roof of Whitehall, how they could dance in a place so unfit for the exercise, or by

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what supernatural duplicity they could at the same moment sit on the ridge of the Palace and dance round the Fire.

Another curious error may be quoted from *Cymon and Iphigenia*. The poet, in describing the effect of Love upon one whom he calls a 'Man-Beast', a human being

Above, but just above, the Brutal kind,

declares that

- Love made an active Progress through his Mind,
The dusky Parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd,
The drowsy wak'd; and as he went impress'd
The Maker's Image on the human Beast.

So the lines appear in the first and only contemporary edition. The last word was afterwards corrupted into 'Breast'. This piece of nonsense with its absurd suggestion of tattooing is printed in Christie's text and consequently in Dr. Saintsbury's

Since Christie did not print Dryden's translations from the ancient poets, Dr. Saintsbury had here no help from his predecessors. He does indeed remark that liberties have been taken with the text and implies that he has taken pains 'to note them singly'. That he has done so I cannot perceive except in one instance, and even there he leaves the error in his text. Of the errors which he has not corrected some are very unfortunate. Thus Ovid has a passage which Dryden correctly rendered:

Nor cou'd thy Form, O *Cyllarus*, foreslow
Thy Fate; (if Form to Monsters Men allow.)

The regret that qualities, mental or physical, do not save one from death is a commonplace of ancient poetry. Yet here the editors unanimously change 'foreslow' into 'foreshow'. What sense the lines might then have would certainly not have been known to Dryden or to Ovid. In one of the versions from Lucretius there is a line which points the contrast between the brief life of Homer and the eternity of his *Iliad*. As Dryden wrote and printed it, the line ran:

Th' immortal Work remains, the mortal author's gone.

Will it be believed that the English editors print 'immortal' instead of 'mortal'?

Since the English editors have ignored Dryden's own texts, it can hardly be expected that they should have consulted the

originals of his translations. Nor have they. They have so changed the text as to display their ignorance both of their poet and of his authorities. Dryden translated the Twenty-ninth Ode of the Third Book of Horace, and prefixt to it the correct title. His English editors, one and all, change 'third' into 'first'. One only remarks that 'first' ought to be third, and even he leaves the error in his text because he supposed it was Dryden's.

When Juvenal wrote

veniet cum signatoribus auspex,
and Dryden wrote and printed

The Publick Notaries and *Auspex* wait,

the English editors print 'Haruspex', an emendation which makes the scansion harsh in Dryden and impossible in Juvenal. They seem to have desired to display their learning, since at a Roman marriage in Juvenal's time the augur did not use birds for divination. But their learning goes astray, for, as often happens, the old name outlived the change.

Occasionally Dr. Saintsbury following Scott, who himself followed a bad text, has printed a reading other than Christie's. His variations are sometimes for the worse. Thus in the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel*, when Monmouth suggests that Shaftesbury's motives are self-interested, the Earl replies in effect that, if this be so, there is all the more reason why Monmouth should trust him, since his interest lies all in Monmouth's advancement.

Royal Youth, fix here,
Let Int'rest be the Star by which I Steer.
Hence to repose your Trust in Me was wise,
Whose Int'rest most in your Advancement lies.

The lines may be Tate's but were at least passed by Dryden. Here it is plain that 'let' is used in the sense of 'assume'. An edition published after the deaths of both authors changed 'I' into 'you', taking 'let' in a hortative sense. This illogical reading is deliberately preferred by Dr. Saintsbury.

In some forms used by Dryden his editors have made changes without system and without justification. He uses according to the sense and the sound either 'them' or 'em'. The latter has sometimes been allowed to stand, and has sometimes been altered. It may be that Dryden was not always careful in his use, but there are clear cases where his choice was deliberate. He was doubtless

not aware that the two words are etymologically different, but his choice must be respected. A line in the *Epistle to John Dryden* is thus printed by most editors :

Who, while thou shar'st their lustre, lend'st them thine.

This is not what Dryden wrote, nor could he have been guilty of such a cacophony. Again, he chose to write 'ev'n', but Mr. Hooper invariably prints 'e'en'.

These restorations of the text are such as Dryden's editors might with reasonable industry have succeeded in making. There is, however, one problem of which they never suspected the existence. My friend, Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, discovered that what profess to be copies of the first edition of *Absalom and Achitophel* differ from one another. His discovery led me to the solution of a point which had much puzzled me. In Stanza 105 of *Annus Mirabilis*, the copy of the first edition which I first collated gave a text which has escaped the notice of all editors. An examination of other copies showed me why, for these copies did not give it. Moreover, these copies had a list of errata which the other had not. What must have happened is this. When Dryden came back from Wiltshire after the publication of the poem, he saw for himself, or was told by others, that his lines would give great offence and might even be accused of blasphemy. In those copies which had not been sold he was at the charge of cancelling a sheet in order to give an inoffensive version of the lines. Observing that there was a blank page at the end of the Preface, he printed on it a list of such errors as 'by mistaken words have corrupted' the text. Something of the same kind must have happened in the case of other poems, but it is obviously impossible to collate all existing copies.

After the copy of the present text, together with the first draft of this Introduction, was in the hands of the press, there appeared at Cambridge, Massachusetts, the first scholarly edition of the poems. The editor, Dr. George Noyes, has made a complete collation of the original texts, and has removed by far the larger number of the defacing errors. Most of the cases in which he has overlooked an error are of small importance, as when in the line

What is't to thee if he neglect^s thy Urn ?

he prints 'neglects' for 'neglect', or when in the line

The Fiend, thy Sire, has sent thee from below,

he prints 'hath' for 'has'. There are, however, cases in which he has followed our predecessors in altering the original text without, as it seems to me, just cause. It may be that this deviation has not been intentional. Thus, when Dryden printed

Not all the Wealth of Eastern Kings, said she,
Have Pow'r to part my plighted Love and me:

the Cambridge editor prints 'Has' for 'Have'. Here the assumption of a misprint seems highly improbable. The irregular construction, called by Dr. Abbott 'the confusion of proximity', is common and natural. It is paralleled by the taunt thrown at Antony by Cassius in Shakespeare's play:

The posture of your blows are yet unknown.

Another case in which a misprint has been unduly assumed occurs in *Baucis and Philemon*:

Heav'n's Pow'r is infinite: Earth, Air, and Sea,
The Manufacture Mass, the making Pow'r obey.

The change of 'Manufacture' into 'Manufactur'd' may seem plausible, but before it can be accepted there must be some evidence that the verb or participle was used precisely in this sense. The *New English Dictionary* supplies no such evidence. The verb was new in Dryden's time, but the noun had been in use for some time, and sometimes had the sense, now obsolete, of handicraft. Its attributive use in the present passage may be harsh, but it can be justified by analogy, and in all probability the original text is right.

Again, there are instances in the Translations where a reference to the translated work shows that the editor's silent alterations of the original text are mistaken. Thus when Dryden printed

More grateful to the sight than goodly Planes,

a reference to Ovid's 'platano conspectior alta' shows that the alteration of 'Planes' into 'plains' is a clear error. Nor is it easy to see what sense the Cambridge editor attaches to a passage in Persius when in Dryden's

There boast thy Horse's Trappings, and thy own:

he substitutes 'Their' for 'There'. This line is, as it happens, given correctly in most of the English editions.

In the matter of spelling the Cambridge editor has occasionally introduced forms for which I find no warrant in the original texts. Thus he prints 'color'd' where the original gives 'colour'd'. Moreover, he seems to have made insufficient allowance for Dryden's love of his own Northamptonshire speech. In some cases his alterations obscure the rhyme. Thus when Dryden printed

A Tuft of Daisies on a flow'ry Lay

They saw, and thitherward they bent their way :

there can be no justification for changing 'Lay' into 'lea', though it is only natives who know that the word is still 'lay', not 'lea', in Dryden's own village. Again, such a form as 'smoother'd' should not be ejected in favour of 'smother'd'. Yet again it is not easy to see why such phonetic forms as 'pact' and 'tane' should give way to 'pack'd' and 'ta'en', the latter a bad representative of a monosyllable. I should add that on the other hand in finally revising the text, I have seen reason to abandon some original readings which I once thought capable of defence, and that I have occasionally corrected an error which I had at first overlooked.

The matter of spelling opens a difficult question. It must be admitted that Dryden was neither careful nor consistent. We cannot always tell whether the spelling was his own or his printer's. We may fairly ascribe to him certain letters which indicate a pronunciation. Usually he wrote 'salvage' rather than 'savage', with a sound in the first syllable such as we give to 'calves'. It is not likely that here he was under Italian influence, for this would imply a theory, and of theory he was clearly guiltless. He wrote 'agen' when he wished to pronounce the word as we do, but, if he desired the diphthong, as poets sometimes do, he wrote 'again'. Christie regarded some of Dryden's spellings as repulsive, for instance, 'eugh' for 'yew' and 'ghess' for 'guess', though the form 'ghess' is more phonetic than our own. Dr. Saintsbury modernizes the spelling unless there be strong reason to the contrary, and sometimes when there is. Thus on the line

The Theatres are Berries for the Fair

he complains that Scott has obscured the sense for modern readers by printing 'berries', which is Dryden's word, and himself prints 'burrows'. This is worse than obscuring the sense, it is

corrupting it. The word 'berry' does not mean a burrow, but a collection of burrows or warren. It still has that sense in Dryden's own county, and in this place is a much more appropriate word. This, at any rate, is not one of those modernizings of which, according to Dr. Saintsbury, Dryden would have approved. That he would have approved of some cannot in face of the Preface to the *Fables* lightly be denied. Still, it must be remembered that a pious adherence to Dryden's wishes is not always possible. It would, in face of the same Preface, have prevented Dr. Saintsbury from republishing some of the Plays. The reader is entitled to know what Dryden passed in the press. Moreover, with a simplified spelling, some of his forms may return into use. Some of them are more rational and phonetic than our own. We write 'her sex's arts', thus pretending to have dropt a vowel which we in fact pronounce. Dryden's 'her Sexes Arts' is better, but he does not always observe this use. Nor does he always keep such better spellings as 'woolf', 'mold', 'sute', 'scepter', 'sheckle'. His 'indew'd' is nearer to speech than our 'endued'. It is true that some of his spellings leave the sense ambiguous, but here editors have not always improved matters by making a choice. Thus Dryden printed

'Old as I am, for Ladies Love unfit.

Here Warton printed 'Ladies' and Christie 'Lady's'. Since Dryden undoubtedly had in mind a line of Horace, it is certain that here Christie is wrong, but there are cases where there well may be a doubt. Again, Dryden sometimes uses the apostrophe not only in the genitive singular but also, where it is etymologically less correct, in the nominative plural. He writes it especially in words that end in 'a', whether English or foreign. Thus we have 'Sea's', 'Epocha's', and 'Idea's', all as nominatives. There seems no valid reason for altering these forms. There is certainly none where the changed spelling obscures a rhyme or a scansion. In the Epilogue to *Tyrannick Love*, the editors make Dryden rhyme 'slattern' with 'Catherine', though he printed neither of these words in this form. In this edition no spelling has been altered except in the case of undoubted misprints, nor then without a note.

Most editors have taken on themselves to correct Dryden's Greek, changing for instance his εὔρεκα into ἡύρηκα. But with this form the line will not, as we pronounce Greek, scan as Dryden scanned it. The truth is that Dryden's master, the great Busby,

mistook, like some good people of our own times, the mark of accent for a mark of stress. Like a modern Greek, and unlike an ancient Greek, he made no difference in pronunciation between ἵπεκα and ἡῖπεκα. In proper names Dryden is not consistent in its use, falling sometimes under the influence of Latin. On the one

But *Iphigenia* is the Ladies care

Dr. Saintsbury has a note to express his hope that Dryden did not scan the name as *Iphigenia*, and adds that 'it is not impossible'. Nearly the implication is that Dryden was guilty of a false quantity. That he did so scan the name is not only possible but certain, but his fault was no mistake of the quantity, but adherence to a mistaken theory. It is characteristic of the want of thought displayed by Dryden's editors that they should either never have noticed that he said *Cleomēnes* and *Hippodamia*, or else not have asked themselves why he did so. And so the poor poet has no answer for his editors' errors as well as for his own. Thus he wrote and printed :

Aetion Heir, who on the Woody Plain
Of *Hippoplacus* did in *Thebe* reign,

But Dr. Saintsbury takes on himself to print '*Ætion's*', saying in a note that '*Aetion's*' would be a better form, but that Dryden probably meant to write '*Ætion's*'. But, if Dryden meant what is wrong, why was he at the pains to print what is right? Why should a false diphthong be foisted on him, when he took trouble to print the mark of diaeresis? It is true that Dryden's Greek was not unexceptionable. His '*Hippoplacus*' involves no less than three errors. His editors by printing '*Hypoplacus*' get rid of one, and seem to show that they have not noticed the other two. One cannot blame an editor who changes Dryden's '*Caledonian*' into '*Calydonian*', but if in an incorrect text of Ovid Dryden found '*Alyxothoe*', there seems no reason for printing the correct form. Dryden wrote, as he had a right to do, '*Perithous*', a form of as sound Latin as the '*Pirithous*', upon which his editors insist. On his faults in this kind his editors have been severe, but, as they have failed to perceive some of them, they have turned their barbs against themselves. When Dryden erred not from the acceptance of a wrong theory, nor, if that be an error, from the desire to put in Greek names into an English dress, but from sheer ignorance,

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his editors for the same reason have failed to correct him. There is an ugly and glaring example in his quotation of the first line of the *Iliad*. He wrote *μήνω*, and *μήνω* it is in all the editions. He would not mind much if his errors were pointed out to him, but he would rather his editors corrected him when he was wrong than when he was not.

Again, most editors have robbed Dryden of his italics. His employment of them, apart from the habitual use in proper names, is not perhaps always happy, but the reader should be allowed to know what he printed. His italics are used sometimes for emphasis, sometimes to show, as in the case of *Ogden* and *Parterre*, that a word was not fully naturalized. There is an interesting and exceptional case in *Palamon and Arcite*, where he wrote

A Virgin-Widow and a *Mourning Bride*.

The English editors print without capitals or italics. It might be thought that they had never heard of Congreve. At any rate, they deprive the dramatist of the compliment which Dryden meant to pay him. It may be that as literature the line is better without the allusion, but, as Dr. Saintsbury, better in his theory than in his practice, once remarks, we are entitled 'to read what Dryden wrote and not what some forgotten pedant thought that Dryden should have written'. Of Dryden's poems some few of those which were prefixed to plays or other works were printed in italics. In this case the italicized words, if we may so call them, were printed in the roman type.

Again, Dryden is entitled to his marks of elision. Dr. Saintsbury drops them on the ground that they are 'a conventional form, now disused, of indicating what Dryden calls "synalaepha", and not affecting the actual scansion'. But it is pretty clear that, unlike Milton, and probably unlike the ancient Greeks, Dryden actually did in speech drop the elided vowel. Dr. Saintsbury holds that 'slurring, not elision, is proper to English'. That may be so, but, if so, Dryden did what is not proper to English, and the reader is entitled to know what Dryden wrote, and not what Dr. Saintsbury thinks that 'Dryden should have written'.

In the matter of punctuation Dryden was often very careless, though it is clear that he was by no means indifferent. Of the first edition of *Annus Mirabilis*, he complains that false stops 'confounded the sense'. Of another poem he complained that the printer had served him ill, and to the printer he seems often

to have left his punctuation, the more that he was often pressed for time in correcting the press. To find his principles of punctuation we must take some work to which he gave special care. Such a work is the *Epistle to John Dryden*, of which he was greatly but not unduly proud. A comparison of the text below, with other editions, or with modern usage, will show what Dryden meant his stops to convey. If no poet in the highest sense of the word, he was at least a surpassing rhetorician, and his stops are a guide to reading aloud. They may not mark the logical divisions of a sentence, but they do indicate the places where a skilful reader would choose to pause. Thus in the third line Christie prints

Who, studying peace and shunning civil rage,
whereas Dryden printed :

Who studying Peace, and shunning Civil Rage,
where the comma, if not logical, is the reader's guide. Again,
where Christie gives

Even then industrious of the common good ;
Dryden has

Ev'n then, industrious of the Common Good ;
where the comma marks an emphasis and a consequent pause. Where there is evidence of careless proof-reading the stops in this edition have been altered, but not without a note.

In any case Dryden's English editors are the last people who can quarrel with the punctuation in this volume. Again and again they have so altered Dryden's stops as to deprive his lines of all sense. The opening lines of the Prologue to *Tyrannick Love* present us with an admirable contrast, and were printed by Dryden almost as we should print them to-day. The sole difference is the use of two parenthesis marks for two commas. As the editors print them they appear thus :

Self-love, which, never rightly understood,
Makes poets still conclude their plays are good,
And malice in all critics reigns so high,
That for small errors they the whole decry.

In this form the lines have neither construction nor sense. ' Self-love ' is a subject without a verb, and ' understood ' is a participle

without a meaning. Mr. Hooper and Dr. Saintsbury, even Christie no less, have not seen that 'understood' is a verb. 'The printer,' said Dryden on one occasion, 'is a beast.' To what would he have compared the editor? The printer, poor soul, had Dryden's handwriting to wrestle with, yet in this and in many other instances the printer was right until the editor came with his ineradicable predilection for absolute nonsense.

The English editors of Dryden, except Christie, who did not cover the whole ground, even of the poems, have always begun at the wrong end. Eager to annotate and criticize their author, they have been at no pains to ascertain what their author wrote. It follows that some of their efforts have been sadly beside the mark. Thus Scott wrote and Dr. Saintsbury repeated a note on a line in one of the translations from Horace, which, being based upon a false reading, is absolutely mistaken. Again, in one of the versions from Ovid, Scott, by accidentally omitting a line, has given cause to some amusing or exasperating futility. Dr. Saintsbury, instead of referring to the original text, assumes that Scott's was right, and finding a line with none to rhyme with it resorts to misplaced and impossible conjectures. He even complains that Dryden's version is so free that the original gives no help. This is not the fact, nor near the fact. Ovid's lines are

Et secum tenui suspirans murmura dicat,
Ut puto, non poteris ipsa referre vicem.
Tum de te narret, tum persuadentia verba
Addat, et insano iuret amore mori.

In Dr. Saintsbury's text this is represented by

And sighing make his mistress understand
She has the means of vengeance in her hand;
And swear thou languishest and diest for her.

It needs little scholarship to see that the English, which is at least as close as is usual in Dryden's version, has no representative of the third line in the Latin. The two phrases of that line are well represented by the line which Dr. Saintsbury omits,

Then naming thee thy humble suit prefer.

It would be hard to name a more serious fault in a textual critic than that which Dr. Saintsbury has here committed.

Another case where a misprint has led to misplaced annotation

and false emendations occurs in *Mac Flecknoe*, l. 185. Christie prints :—

But so transfused as oil on waters flow,

and repeats this as the reading of 'all the early editions'. He defends the false grammar on the strange ground that 'the verb is made plural following the plural noun'. Earlier editors changed the text to 'oil and water', and some later ones, accepting Christie's report, have printed this impossible alteration. But Christie's report is not true. The first edition gives

But so transfus'd as Oyls on Waters flow,

and this is the only reading that gives any sense.

That the present text should be wholly free from errors is more than can be hoped, but it is at least more correct than any printed in our own country. It does not contain Dryden's translations from Virgil, which are long enough for a separate volume. For another reason it excludes one version from Theocritus and one from Lucretius. Nor has room been found for a few poems which have at various times without authority or probability been attributed to Dryden. On the other hand, it has been thought well to reprint such of the songs in the plays as could be detached from their context.

My best thanks are due to my friend, Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, for the loan of first editions and for generous help on the bibliography, and to the Secretaries of the Clarendon Press, the Reader, and the Printers, who have done their best to save me from errors. Such errors as remain must be ascribed to me alone.

The notes are intended to record, with defined exceptions, the cases in which this text differs from the original editions. The exceptions are indisputable misprints, such as 'pobability' for 'probability', though some of these have been recorded, false stops, where the printer, not the author, was clearly in fault, and false capitals in the same case.

WESTMINSTER, 1910.

A
P. O E M
UPON THE
D E A T H
O F
His Late Highness,
O L I V E R,
Lord Protector
O F
E N G L A N D, S C O T L A N D, & I R E L A N D.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

L O N D O N,
Printed for William Wilson; and are to be sold in
Well-Yard, near Little St. Bartholomew's
Hospital, 1659.

HEROICK STANZA'S,
CONSECATED TO THE MEMORY OF⁹
HIS HIGHNESS,
OLIVER,
LATE LORD PROTECTOR
OF THIS
COMMONWEALTH, &c.

WRITTEN AFTER THE CELEBRATING OF HIS FUNERAL.

¹
AND now 'tis time ; for their officious haste,
Who would before have born him to the
Sky,
Like eager *Romans* e'er all Rites were past,
Did let too soon the sacred Eagle fly.

²
Though our best Notes are Treason to his
Fame,
Join'd with the loud Applause of publick
Voice,
Since Heaven, what Praise we offer to his
Name,
Hath render'd too Authentick by its
Choice.

³
Though in his Praise no Arts can liberal be,
Since they, whose Muses have the highest
flown,
Add not to his Immortal Memory ;
But do an Act of Friendship to their own.

⁴
Yet 'tis our Duty and our Interest too,
Such Monuments as we can build, to raise ;
Lest all the World prevent what we shou'd do,
And claim a Title in him by their Praise.

⁵ ^c
How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a Fame so truly Circular ?
For in a Round, what Order can be shew'd,
Where all the Parts so equal perfect are ?

⁶
His Grandeur he derived from Heav'n alone,
For he was great, e'er Fortune made him so ;
And Wars, like Mists that rise against the Sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater
grow.

⁷
No borrow'd Bays his Temples did adorn,
But to our Crown he did fresh Jewels
bring ;
Nor was his Vertue poison'd, soon as born,
With the too early Thoughts of being
King.

⁸
Fortune (that easie Mistress of the Young,
But to her ancient Servants coy and hard)
Him, at that Age, her Favourites ranked
among,
When she her best-lov'd *Pompey* did dis-
card.

⁹
He, private, marked the Faults of others
Sway,
And set as Sea-marks for himself to shun ;
Not like rash Monarchs, who their Youth
betray
By Acts their Age too late wou'd wish un-
done.

¹⁰ ^c
And yet Dominion was not his Design ;
We owe that Blessing not to him, but
Heav'n,
Which to fair Acts unsought Rewards did join,
Rewards that less to him, than us, were
giv'n.

11
Our former Chiefs, like Sticklers of the War,
First sought t' inflame the Parties, then to
poise :

The Quarrel lov'd, but did the Cause abhor,
And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise.

12
War, our Consumption, was their gainful
Trade ;

We inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our
Pain ;

He fought to end our Fighting, and assay'd
To stench the Blood by breathing of the
Vein.

13
Swift and resistless through the Land he
pass'd,

Like that bold Greek, who did the East
subdue ;

And made to Battels such Heroick Haste,
As if on Wings of Victory he flew.

14
He fought, secure of Fortune, as of fame ;
Till by new Maps, the Island might be
shown,

Of Conquests, which he strew'd where-e'er
he came,
Thick as the *Galaxy* with Stars is sown.

15
His palms, tho' under Weights they did not
stand,
Still thriv'd ; no Winter could his Laurels
fade :

Heaven in his Portraict shew'd a Work-man's
Hand

And drew it perfect, yet without a Shade.

16
Peace was the Prize of all his Toil and Care,
Which War had banish'd and did oow
restore :

Bologna's walls thus mounted in the Air,
Tosent themselves more surely than before.

17
Her Safety, rescued *Ireland*, to him owes ;
And treacherous *Scotland*, to no Int'rest
true,

Yet bless'd that Fate which did his Arms
dispose,

Her Land to civilize, as to subdue.

18
Nor was he like those Stars which only shine,
When to pale Mariners they Storms port-
tend :

He had his calmer Influence, and his Men
Did Love and Majesty together blend

19
Tis true, his Count'nancedid imprint an Ave,
And naturally all Souls to his did bow ;
As Wands of *Divination* downward draw,
And point to Beds where Sov'raign Gold
doth grow.

20
When, past all Off'rings to *Pheretrian Jove*,
He *Mars* depos'd and Arms to Gowns
made yield,

Successful Counsels did him soon approve
As fit for close Intrigues as open Field.

21
To suppliant *Holland* he vouchsal'd a Peace,
Our once bold Rival in the *British* Main,
Now tamely glad her unjust Claim to cease,
And buy our Friendship with her Idol,
Gain.

22
Fame of th' asserted Sea, through *Europe*
blown,
Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his
Love ;

Each knew that Side must conquer, he wou'd
own ;
And for him fiercely, as for Empire, strove.

23
No sooner was the *French*-Man's Cause em-
brace'd,
Than the light *Monsieur* the grave *Dou*
out-weigh'd :

His Fortune turn'd the Scale where-e'er
'twas cast,
Tho' *Indian* mines were in the other laid.

24
When absent, yet we conquer'd in his Right ;
For tho' some meaner Artist's Skill were
shown,

In mingling Colours, or in placiog Light,
Yet still the fair Designment was his own.

25
For from all Tempers he cou'd Service draw
The worth of each, with its Alloy, he knew ;
And, as the Confident of Nature, saw
How she Complexions did divide and brew.

14 4 is] are *roy.*

16.3 *Bologna's*] Dryden's spelling of *Bologna*.

26
Or he their single Vertues did survey,
By Intuition, in his own large Breast,
Where all the rich *Idea's* of them lay,
That were the Rule and Measure to the rest.

27
When such Heroick Vertue Heaven sets out,
The Stars, like Commons, sullenly obey;
Because it drains them, when it comes about;
And therefore is a Tax they seldom pay.

28
From this high Spring, our Foreign Con-
quests flow,
Which yet more glorious Triumphs do
portend;
Since their Commencement to his Arms they
owe,
If Springs as high as Fountains may ascend.

29
He made us Free-men of the Continent,
Whom Nature did like Captives treat
before;
To nobler Preys the *English* Lion sent,
And taught him first in *Belgian* Walks to
roar.

30
That old unquestion'd Pirate of the Land,
Proud *Rome*, with Dread the Fate of *Dun-*
kirk heard;
And trembling, wish'd behind more *Alps* to
stand,
Although an *Alexander* were her Guard.

31
By his Command we boldly cross'd the Line
And bravely fought where Southern Stars
arise;
We trac'd the far-fetched Gold unto the Mine,
And that which brib'd our Fathers, made
our Prize. G

32
Such was our Prince, yet own'd a Soul above
The highest Acts it could produce to show;
Thus poor Mechanick Arts in Publick move,
Whilst the deep Secrets beyond Practice
go.

33
Nor dy'd he when his Ebbing Fame went
less,
But when fresh Laurels courted him to
live:
He seem'd but to prevent some new Success,
As if above what Triumphs Earth could
give.

34
His latest Victories still thickest came,
As near the Centre, Motion does increase;
Till he, press'd down by his own weighty
Name,
Did, like the Vestal, under Spoils deace.

35
But first, the Ocean, as a tribute, sent
That Giant-Prince of all her Watry Herd;
And th' Isle, when her protecting *Genius*
went,
Upon his Obsequies loud Sighs conferr'd.

36
No Civil Broils have since his Death arose,
But Faction now, by Habit, does obey;
And Wars have that Respect for his Repose,
As winds for *Halcyons* when they breed at
Sea.

37
His Ashes in a Peaceful Urn shall rest,
His Name a great Example stands to
show,
How strangely high Endeavours may be
bless'd,
Where Piety and Valour jointly gor

[Title-page of First Edition]

Astræa Redux.

A

P O E M

On the Happy

Restoration & Return

Of His Sacred Majesty

Charles the Second.

By JOHN DRYDEN.

Sam. Kettis & Virgo, Redempti Saturnia Regna. Virgil.

L O N D O N,

James K.

Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman, and are to be sold at
his Shop, at the Blew-duchor, in the lower Walk of the New-
Exchange, 1660. June 17

[Title-page of Second Edition.]

ASTRÆA REDUX'
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Charles the Second.

By JOHN DRIDEN.

Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia Regna. Virgil.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Henry Herringman, and sold by Jacob Tonson
at the Judges-Head in Chancery-lane. 1688

Afræa Redux.

A

P O E M

On the Happy Restoration and Return of His
Sacred MAJESTY

Charles the Second.

Now with a general Peace the World was blest,
While Ours, a World divided from the rest,
A dreadful Quiet felt, and worse far
Than Arms, a sullen Interval of War:
Thus, when black Clouds draw down the
lab'ring Skies,
Ere yet abroad the winged Thunder flies,
An horrid Stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence We the Tempest fear.
Th' ominous *Swede* like restless Billows tost
On this hand gaining what on that he lost,
Though in his life he Blood and Ruine
breath'd,
To his now guideless Kingdom Peace be-
queath'd; [Fnte,
And Heaven, that seem'd regardless of our
For *France* and *Spain* did Miracles create,
Such mortal Quarrels to compose in Peace
As Nature bred and Int'rest did encrease.
We sigh'd to hear the fair *Iberian* Bride
Must grow a Lillie to the Lilies side, [bed
While Our cross Stars deny'd us *Charles* his
Whom Our first Flames and Virgin Love did
wed.
For his long absence Church and State did
groan; [Throne:
Madness the Pulpit, Faction seiz'd the
Experienc'd Age in deep despair was lost
To see the Rebel thrive, the Loyal crost:
Youth that with Joys bad unacquainted been
Envy'd gray hairs that once good Days had
seen: [content,
We thought our Sires, not with their own
Had ere we came to age our Portion spent.
Nor could our Nobles hope their bold Attempt
Who ruin'd Crowns would Coronets exempt:
For when by their designing Leaders taught
To strike at Pow'r which for themselves they
sought,

The vulgar gull'd into Rebellion, arm'd,
Their blood to action by the Prize was
warm'd;
The Sacred Purple then and Scarlet Gown,
Like sanguine Dye, to Elephants was shewn.
Thus when the bold *Typhoeus* scal'd the Sky
And forc'd great *Jove* from his own Heaven
to fly,
(What King, what Crown from Treasons
reach is free,
If *Jove* and *Heaven* can violated be?), 40
The lesser Gods that shar'd his prosp'rous
State
All suffer'd in the Exil'd Thunderer's Fate.
The Rabble now such Freedom did enjoy,
As Winds at Sea, that use it to destroy:
Blind as the *Cyclops*, and as wild as he,
They own'd a lawless savage Libertie,
Like that our painted Ancestors so priz'd
Ere Empire's Arts their Breasts had Civiliz'd.
How Great were then Our *Charles* his woes,
who thus
Was forc'd to suffer for Himself and us! 50
He toss'd by fate, and hurried up and down,
Heir to his Fathers Sorrows, with his Crown,
Could taste no sweets of Youths desired Age,
But found his Life too true a Pilgrimage.
Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn Estate,
His Manly Courage overcame his Fate.
His Wounds he took like *Romans* on his
Breast,
Which by his Vertue were with Laurels drest.
As Souls reach Heav'n, while yet in Bodies
pent,
So did he live above his Banishment. 60
That Sun, which we beheld with couz'ned eyes
Within the Water, mov'd along the Skies.
How easie 'tis when Destiny proves kind,
With full spread Sails to run before the Wind,
But those that 'gainst stiff Gales laveering go
Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too.

Text from the second edition, 1688 The first
edition was in 1660.

46 savage] salvage 1660.

He would not like soft *Otho* hope prevent,
But stay'd and suffer'd Fortune to repent.
These Virtues *Galba* in a Stranger sought;
And *Piso* to Adopted Empire brought. 70
How shall I theo my doubtful Thoughts
express

That must his Sufferings both regret and bless!
For when his early Valour Heav'n had crost,
And all at *Worcester* but the honour lost,
Forc'd into exile from his rightful Throne,
He made all Countries where he came his own,
And viewing Monarchs secret Arts of sway
A Royal Factor for their Kingdoms lay.
Thus banish'd *David* spent abroad his time,
When to be Gods Anointed was his Crime, So
And when restor'd, made his proud Neigh-
bours rue [drew:

Those choise Remarks he from his Travels
Nor is be only by Afflictions shown
To conquer others Realms, but rule his own:
Recor'ring hardly what he lost before,
His Right indears it much, his Purchase more.
Inur'd to suffer ere he came to reign,
No rash procedure will his Actions stain.
To bus'ness ripened by digestive thought,
His future rule is into Method brought: 90
As they who first Proportion understand,
With easie Practice reach a Master's hand.
Well might the Ancient Poets then confer
On Night, the honour'd name of *Coinceller*,
Since struck with rayes of prosp'rous Fortune
blind,

We Light alone in dark Afflictions find.
In such adversities to Scepters train'd,
The name of *Great* his famous Grandsire
gain'd:

Who yet a King alone in Name and Right,
With hunger, cold and angry *Jove* did fight;
Shock'd by a Covenanted Leagues vast
Pow'rs, 101

As holy and as Catholick as ours: [known
Till Fortunes fruitless spight had made it
Her blows not shook but riveted his Throne.

Some lazy Ages, lost in Sleep and Ease
No action leave to busie Chronicles;
Such, whose supine felicity but makes
In story *Casmes*, in *Epoche's* mistakes;
O're whom *Time* gently shakes his wings of
Down, 109

Till with his silent Sickle they are mown:
Such is not *Charles* his too too active age.
Which govern'd by the wild distemper'd rage

108 *Casmes*] *Chasmes* 1660.

Of some black Star infecting all the Skies,
Made him at his own cost like *Adam* wise.
Tremble ye Nations who secure before,
Laught at those Arms that 'gainst our selves
we bore;

Rous'd by the lash of his own stubborn Tail,
Our Lion now will foreign Foes assail.

With *Alga* who the sacred Altar strows?
To all the Sea-Gods *Charles* an Offering owes;
A Bull to thee *Portunus* shall be slain 121
A Lamb to you the Tempests of the Main:
For those loud Storms that did against him
rore

Have cast his shipwrack'd Vessel on the shore.
Yet, as wise Artists mix their Colours so
That by degrees they from each other go,
Black steals unheeded from the neighb'ring
white

Without offending the well couz'ned sight,
So on us stole our blessed change; while we
Th' effect did feel but scarce the manner see.
Frosts that constrain the ground, and birth
deny 131

To Flow'rs that in its womb expecting lie,
Do seldom their usurping Pow'r withdraw,
But raging Floods persue their hasty Thaw:
Our Thaw was mild, the Cold not chas'd away,
But lost in kindly heat of lengthned day.
Heav'n would no bargain for its Blessings
drive,

But what we could not pay for, freely give.
The Prince of Peace would, like himself, confer
A Gift unhop'd without the price of war. 140
Yet, as he knew his Blessings worth, took care
That we should know it by repeated Pray'r,
Which storm'd the skies and ravish'd *Charles*
from thence,

As Heav'n itself is took by violence.
Booth's forward Valour only serv'd to shew
He durst that duty pay we all did owe:
Th' Attempt was fair; but Heav'n's prefixed
hour

Not come; so like the watchful Traveller,
That by the Moons mistaken light did rise,
Lay down again and clos'd his weary eyes.
'Twas *MONK*, whom Providence design'd
to loose 151

Those real bonds false Freedom did impose.
The blessed Saints that watch'd this turning
Scene

Did from their Stars with joyful wonder leau,

148 Travel] Travellour 1660.

151 *MONK*] *MONCK* 1660.

To small Clues draw vast weights along,
Not in their bulk but in their order strong.
Thus Pencils can by one slight touch restore
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
With ease such fond *Chymists* we pursue
As Fancy frames for Fancy to subdue; 160
But when ourselves to action we betake,
It shuns the Mint, like Gold that Chymists
make:

How hard was then his Task, at once to be,
What in the body natural we see;
Mans Architect distinctly did ordain
The charge of Muscles, Nerves, and of the
Brain.

Through viewless Conduits Spirits to dispense,
The Springs of Motion from the Seat of Sense.
Twas not the hasty product of a day,
But the well ripened Fruit of wise delay. 170
He like a patient Angler ere he stroak,
Would let them play a while upon the hook.
Our healthful food the Stomach labours thus,
At first embracing what it strait doth crush.
Wise Leeches will not vain Receipts obtrude,
While growing Pains pronounce the Humors
crude;

Deaf to complaints they wait upon the Ill,
Till some safe *Crisis* authorize their Skill.
Nor could his Acts too close a Vizard wear
To scape their Eyes whom Guilt had taught
to fear, 180

And guard with caution that polluted nest,
Whence Legion twice before was dispossess'd.
Once Sacred house, which when they enter'd in,
They thought the place could sanctify a sin;
Like those that vainly hop'd kind Heav'n
would wink,

While to excess on Mortyrs Tombs they
drink.

And as devouter *Turks* first warn their Souls
To part, before they taste forbidden Bowls,
So these when their black Crimes they went
about,

First timely charm'd their useless Conscience
out. 190

Religions Name against it self was made;
The Shadow serv'd the Substance to invade:
Like Zealous Missions they did Care pretend
Of Souls in shew, but made the Gold their end.
The incensed Pow'r beheld with scorn from
high

An Heaven so far distant from the Sky,

171 stroak] strooke 1660.

Which durst, with horses hoofs that beat the
Ground

And Martial Brass bely the Thunders Sound.
'Twas hence at length just Vengeance
thought it fit 199

To speed their Ruin by their impious wit.
Thus *Sforza* curs'd with a too fertile brain,
Lost by his wiles the Pow'r his Wit did gain.
Henceforth their Fogue must speed at lesser
rate,

Than in its flames to wrap a Nations Fate.
Suffer'd to live, they are like *Helois* set
A virtuous Shame within us to beget.

For by example most we sinn'd before 207
And glass-like clearness mixt with frailty bore,
But since, reform'd by what we did amiss,
We by our sufferings learn to prize our bliss.
Like early Lovers, whose unpractis'd hearts
Were long the May-game of malicious arts,
When once they find their Jealousies were
vain,

With double heat renew their Fires again.
'Twas this produc'd the Joy, that hurried o're
Such swarms of *English* to the Neighb'ring
shore

To fetch that Prize, by which *Batavia* made
So rich amends for our impoverish'd Trade
Oh had you seen from *Scheveliner* barreo Shore,
(Crowded with troops, and barren now no
more,) 220

Afflicted *Holland* to his Farewel bring
True sorrow, *Holland* to regret a King;
While waiting him his Royal Fleet did ride,
And willing Winds to their low'd Sails
denied. 221

The wavering Streamers, Flags, and Standart
The merry Seamens rude but chearful Shout;
And last the Cannoes voice that shook the
Skies,

And, as it fares in sudden Extasies, 228
At once bereft us both of Ears and Eyes.

The *Naseby* now no longer *Englands* shame,
But better to be lost in *Charles* his name
(Like some unequal Bride in nobler sheets)
Receives her Lord: The joyful *London* meets
The Princely *York*, himself alone a freight;
The *Swiss*-sure groans beneath great *Glouc'*'s
weight. [these,

Secure as when the *Halcyon* breeds, with
He, that was born to drown might cross the
Seas.

Heav'n could not own a Providence, and take
The wealth three Nations ventur'd at a stake.

The same indulgence *Charles* his Voyage
bless'd, 240

Which in his right had Miracles confess'd.
The Winds that never Moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or out of breath with joy could not enlarge
Their straightned Lungs, or conscious of
their Charge.

The British *Amphitryte* smooth and clear
In richer Azure never did appear;
Proud her returning Prince to entertain
With the submitted Fasces of the Main.

And welcom now (*Great Monarch*) to your
own; 250

Behold th' approaching Cliffs of *Albion*;
It is no longer Motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the Land approacheth you.
The Land returns, and in the white it wears
The marks of Penitence and Sorrow bears.
But you, whose Goodness your Descent doth
show,

Your Heav'nly Parentage and Earthly too;
By that same mildness which your Fathers
Crown

Before did ravish, shall secure your own.
Not ty'd to rules of Policy, you find 260
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when th' Almighty would to *Moses* give
A sight of all he could behold and live;
A voice before his Entry did proclaim

Long-Suffering, Goodness, Mercy in his
Name. [Cause,

Your Pow'r to Justice doth submit your
Your Goodness only is above the Laws;
Whose rigid Letter, while pronounc'd by you,
Is softer made. So winds that tempests brew
When through Arabian Groves they take
their flight 270

Made wanton with rich Odours, lose their
spight.

And as those Lees, that trouble it, refine
The agitated Soul of Generous Wine,
So tears of Joy for your returning spilt,
Work out and expiate our former Guilt.
Methinks I see those Crowds on *Dover's*
Strand,

Who in their haste to welcom you to Land
Clook'd up the Beach with their still growing
store,

And made a wilder Torrent on the Shore:
While, spurr'd with eager thoughts of past
Delight, 280

Those who had seen you court a second sight;
Preventing still your Steps and making hast
To meet you often whereso-e're you past.
How shall I speak of that triumphant Day
When you renew'd the expiring Pomp of
May!

(A month that owns an Interest in your
Name:

You and the Flow'rs are its peculiar Claim)
That Star, that at your Birth shone out so
bright,

It stain'd the duller Suns Meridian light,
Did once again its potent Fires renew, 290
Guiding our Eyes to find and worship you.

And now times whiter Series is begun,
Which in soft Centuries shall smoothly run;
Those Clouds that overcast your Morn shall
fly,

Dispell'd to farthest corners of the Sky.
Our nation, with united Int'rest blest,
Not now content to poize, shall sway, therest.
Abroad your Empire shall no Limits know,
But like the Sea in boundless Circles flow.
Your much lov'd Fleet shall with a wide
Command 300

Besiege the petty Monarchs of the Land:
And as Old Time his Off-spring swallow'd
down,

Our Ocean in its depths all Seas shall drown.
Their wealthy Trade from Pyrate's Rapine
free,

Our Merchants shall no more Advent'ers be:
Nor in the farthest East those Dangers fear
Which humble *Holland* must dissemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her *Judies* owes;
For what the Pow'ful takes not he bestows
And *France* that did an Exiles presence Fear
May justly apprehend you still too near. 310
At home the hateful names of Parties cease
And factious Souls are weary'd into peace.
The discontented now are only they
Whose Crimes before did your Just Cause

betray:

Of those your Edicts some reclaim from sins,
But most your Life and Best Example wins.
Oh happy Prince whom Heav'n hath taught
the way 318

By paying Vows to have more Vows to pay!
Oh Happy Age! Oh times like those alone,
By Fate reserv'd for great *Augustus* throne!
When the joint growth of Arms and Arts
forshew

The World a Monarch, and that Monarch You.

TO HIS SACRED
MAIESTY,
A
PANEGYRICK
ON HIS
CORONATION.

BY JOHN DRYDEN.



L O N D O N, ^a

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the *Anchor* on the Lower walk in the
New Exchange. 1661.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY, A PANEGYRICK ON HIS CORONATION.

1661.

<p>In that wild Deluge where the world was drown'd, When life and sin one common Tomb^t had found, The first small prospect of a rising lull With various notes of Joy the Ark did fill: Yet when that flood in its own depths was drown'd, It left behind it false and slipp'ry ground, And the more solemn pomp was still deferr'd Till new-born Nature in fresh looks appear'd; Thus (Royall Sir,) to see you landed here Was cause enough of triumph for a year: Nor would your care those glorious joyes repeat Till they at once might be secure and great: Till your kind beams by their continu'd stay Had warm'd the ground and call'd the Damps away. Such vapours, while your pow'rful Influence dries, Then soonest vanish when they highest rise. Had greater hast these sacred rights pre- par'd, Some guilty Moneths had in your Triumphs shar'd: But this untainted year is all your own, Your glory's may without our crimes be shown. We had not yet exhausted all our store, When you refresh'd our joyes by adding more: As Heav'n, of old, dispenc'd Cœlestial dew, You gave us Manna and still give us new, Now our sad ruines are remov'd from sight, The Season too comes fraught with new delight; Time seems not now beneath his years to stoop, Nor doe his wings with sickly feathers droop: Soft western winds waft o're the gaudy spring, And open'd Scenes of flow'rs and blossoms bring To grace this happy day, while you appear Not King of us alone but of the year.</p>	<p>All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart, Of your own pomp your self the greatest part: Loud shouts the Nations happiness proclaim, And Heav'n this day is feasted with your Name. Your Cavalcade the fair Spectators view, From their high standings, yet look up to you. From your brave train each singles out a Prey And longs to date a Conquest from your day. Now charg'd with blessings while you seek repose, Officious slumbers haste your eyes to close; And glorious dreams stand ready to restore The pleasing shapes of all you saw before. Next to the sacred Temple you are led, Where waits a Crown for your more sacred Head: How justly from the Church that Crown is due, Preserv'd from ruine and restor'd by you! The gratefull quire their harmony employ Not to make greater, but more solemn joy. Wrapt soft and warm your Name is sent on high, As flames do on the wings of Incense fly: Musique herself is lost, in vain she brings Her choisest notes to praise the best of Kings: Her melting strains in you a tombe have found And lye like Bees in their own sweetness drown'd. He that brought peace and discord could attone, His Name is Musick of itself alone. Now while the sacred oyl anoints your head, And fragrant scents, begun from you, are spread Through the large Dome, the peoples joyfull Sound Sent back, is still preserv'd in hallow'd ground: Which in one blessing mixt descends on you, As heightned spirits fall in richer dew. Not that our wishes do increase your store, Full of your self, you can admit no more:</p>
---	---

We add not to your glory, but employ
Our time like Angels in expressing Joy
Nor is it duty or our hopes alone
Create that joy, but full fruition : 70
We know those blessings which we must
possesse

And judge of future by past happinesse,
No promise can oblige a Prince so much
Still to be good, as long to have been such.
A noble Emulation heats your breast,
And your own fame now robs you of your
rest ;

Good actions still must be maintain'd with
good,

As bodies nourish'd with resembling food.
You have already quench'd sedition's brand;
And zeal (which burnt it) only worms the
Land. 80

The jealous Sects, that dare not trust their
cause

So farre from their own will as to the Laws,
You for their Umpire and their Synod take,
And their appeal alone to *Cæsar* make.

Kind Heav'n so rare a temper did provide
That guilt repenting might in it confide
Among our crimes oblivion may be set,
But 'tis our Kings perfection to forget.
Virtues unknown to these rough Northern
climes

From milder heav'ns you bring, without
their crimes. 90

Your calmnesse does no after Storms provide
Nor seeming patience mortal anger hide.
When Empire first from families did spring,
Then every Father govern'd as a King ;
But you that are a Sovereign Prince, allay
Imperial pow'r with your paternal sway.

From those great cares when ease your soul
unbends,

Your Measures are design'd to noble ends :
Born to command the Mistress of the Seas,
Your Thoughts themselves in that blue
Empire please. 100

Hither in Summer ev'nings you repair
To take the fraischeur of the purer air :
Undaunted here you ride when Winter raves,
With *Cæsars* heart that rose above the waves.
More I could sing, but fear my Numbers
stays ;

No Loyal Subject dares that courage praise.

In stately Frigats most delight you find,
Where well-drawn Battels fire your martial
mind.

What to your cares we owe is learnt from
hence,

When ev'n your pleasures serve for our
defence. 110

Beyond your Court flows in the admitted tide,
Where in new depths the wond'ring fishes
glide :

Here in a Royal bed the waters sleep,
When tur'd at Sea within this bay they
creep.

Here the mistrustfull soul no harm suspects,
So safe are all things which our King pro-
tects.

From your lov'd *Thames* a blessing yet is due,
Second alone to that it brought in you ;

A Queen, from whose chaste womb, ordain'd
by Fate, 119

The souls of Kings unborn for bodies wait.
It was your Love before made discord cease ;
Your love is destined to your Countries
peace.

Both *Indies* (Rivalls in your bed) provide
With Gold or Jewels to adorn your bride.

Thus to a mighty King presents rich ore
While that with Incense does a God implore.

Two Kingdoms wait your Doom ; and, as
you choose,

This must receive a Crown or that must
loose.

Thus from your Royal Oke, like *Jove's* of old,
Are Answers sought, and Destinies fore-told :

Propitious Oracles are beg'd, with Vows 121
And Crowns that grow upon the sacred
boughs.

Your Subjects, while you weigh the Nations
fate,

Suspend to both their doubtfull love or hate :
Choose only, (Sir,) that so they may possesse
With their own peace their Childrens happi-
nesse.

119 from] Some editors give near. It is clear
that ed. 1 is right, since doubtless Dryden had in
mind *Virgil, Æneid* vi. 713 sqq.

122 Your] Your your 1661, a misprint

123 Nations] Most editors give Nation's, but
Christie gives Nations'. The word is probably
genitive plural.

To my Lord CHANCELLOR,
presented on New-Years-Day, 1662.

MY LORD,
WHILE flattering Crowds officiously appear
To give themselves, not you, an happy Year,
And by the Greatness of their Presents prove
How much they hope, but not how well they
love,

The *Muses*, who your early Courtship boast,
Though now your Flames are with their
Beauty lost,

Yet watch their Time, that, if you have
forgot

They were your Mistresses, the world may not:
Decay'd by Time and Wars, they only prove
Their former Beauty by your former Love,
And now present, as Ancient Ladies do
That courted long at length are forc'd to woo.
For still they look on you with such kind
Eyes

As those that see the Church's Sovereign rise,
From their own Order chose, in whose high
State

They think themselves the second Choise of
Fate.

When our great Monarch into Exile went,
Wit and Religion suffer'd Banishment.

Thus once, when *Troy* was wrapt in Fire and
Smoke,

The helpless Gods their burning Shrines for-
sook;

They with the vanquished Prince and Party
go

And leave their Temples empty to the Foe.
At length the *Muses* stand restor'd again

To that great Charge which Nature did
ordain,

And their lov'd Druids seem reviv'd by Fate,
While you dispense the Laws and guide the
State.

The Nation's Soul, our Monarch, does dis-
pense

Through you to us his vital Influence;
You are the Channel where those Spirits flow
And work them higher as to us they go

I open Prospect nothing bounds our Eye
Until the Earth seems join'd unto the Sky:
So in this Hemisphere our utmost View
Is only bounded by our King and you.

Our Sight is limited where you are join'd:
And beyond that no farther Heav'n can find.
So well your Virtues do with his agree
That, though your Orbs of different Great-
ness be,

Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,
His to enclose, and yours to be enclos'd: so
Nor could another in your Room have been,
Except an Emptiness had come between.

Well may he then to you his Cares impart
And share his Burden where he shares his
Heart.

In you his Sleep still wakes; his pleasures find
Their Share of Business in your labouring
Mind.

So, when the weary Sun his Place resigns,
He leaves his Light and by Reflection shines.

Justice, that sits and frowns where publick
Laws

Exclude soft Mercy from a private Cause, so
In your Tribunal most herself does please;
There only smiles because she lives at Ease,
And, like young *David*, finds her Strength the
more

When disencumber'd from those Arms she
Heaven would your Royal Master should
exceed

Most in that Virtue, which we most did need;
And his mild Father, who too late did find
All Mercy vain but what with Pow'r was
join'd,

His fatal Goodness left to fitter Times,
Not to increase but to absolve our Crimes:
But when the Heir of this vast Treasure
knew

How large a Legacy was left to you,
Too great for any Subject to retain,
He wisely tied it to the Crown again:
Yet, passing through your Hands, it gathers
more,

As Streams through Mines bear Tincture of
their Ore.

While Emp'rick Politicians use Deceit,
Hide what they give and cure but by a Cheat,
You boldly show that Skill which they pre-
tend

And work by Means as noble as your End:
Which should you veil, we might unwind the
Clue

As Men do Nature, till we came to you.

And as the *Indies* were not found before
Those rich Perfumes which from the happy
Shore

The Winds upon their balmy Wings convey'd,
Whose guilty Sweetness first their world
betray'd,

So by your Counsels we are brought to view
A rich and undiscover'd World in you.

By you our Monarch does that Fame assure
Which Kings must have, or cannot live
secure: 80

For prosperous Princes gain the Subjects
Heart,

Who love that Praise in which themselves
have part. *

By you he fits those Subjects to obey,
As Heaven's Eternal Monarch does convey
His Pow'r unseen, and Man to his Designs
By his bright Ministers, the Stars, inclines.

Our setting Sun from his declining Seat
Shot Beams of Kindness on you, not of Heat:
And, when his Love was bounded in a few 89
That were unhappy that they might be true,
Made you the Favourite of his last sad Times,
That is, a Sufferer in his Subjects' Crimes:
Thus those first Favours you receiv'd were
sent,

Like Heaven's Rewards, in earthly Punish-
ment.

Yet Fortune, conscious of your Destiny,
Even then took Care to lay you softly by,
And wrapt your Fate among her precious
Things,

Kept fresh to be unfolded with your Kings.
Shown all at once, you dazzled so our Eyes
As new-born *Pallas* did the Gods surprise;
When, springing forth from *Jove's* new-
closing Wound, 101

She struck the warlike Spear into the Ground;
Which sprouting Leaves did suddenly enclose,
And peaceful Olives shaded as they rose.

How strangely active are the Arts of Peace,
Whose restless Motions less than War's do
cease! * [Noise,

Peace is not freed from Labour, but from
And War more Force, but not more Pains
employs.

Such is the mighty Swiftmess of your Mind
That, like the Earth's, it leaves our Sense
behind, 110

While you so smoothly turn and roll our
Sphere

That rapid Motion does but Rest appear.

For as in Nature's Swiftmess, with the Tbrong
Of flying Orbs while ours is borne along,
All seems at rest to the deluded Eye,
Mov'd by the Soul of the same Harmony,
So, carried on by your unwearied Care,
We rest in Peace and yet in Motion share.

Let Envy then those Crimes within you see
From which the happy never must be free;
Envy that does with Misery reside, * 121
The Joy and the Revenge of ruin'd Pride.

Think it not hard, if at so cheap a Rate
You can secure the Constancy of Fate,
Whose kindness sent what does their Malice
seem

By lesser ills the greater to redeem;
Nor can we this weak Shower a Tempest call,
But Drops of Heat that in the Sunshine fall
You have already wearied Fortune so, 129
She cannot farther be your Friend or Foe;
But sits all breathless, and admires to feel
A Fare so weighty that it stops her Wheel.

In all things else above our humble Fate,
Your equal Mind yet swells not into State,
But like some Mountain in those hoppy Isles,
Where in perpetual Spring young Nature
smiles,

Your Greatness shows; no horror to affright,
But Trees for Shade and Flowers to court
the Sight;

Sometimes the Hill submits itself a while
In small Descents, which do its Height
beguile; 140

And sometimes mounts, but so as Billows
play,

Whose rise not hinders but makes short our
way.

Your Brow, which does no fear of Thunder
know,

Still rolling Tempests vainly beat below;
And, like *Olympus' Top*, the Impression
wears

Of Love and Friendship writ in former Years.
Yet, unimpair'd with Labours or with Time.
Your Age but seems to a new Youth to climb,
(Thus heavenly Bodies do our Tune beget
And measure Change, but share no part of it.)
And still it shall without a Weight increase,
Like this New-year, whose Motions never
cease; 152

For since the glorious Course you have begun
Isled by *Charles*, as that is by the Sun,
It must both weightless and immortal prove,
Because the Centre of it is above.

[Title-page of Original Edition.]

ANNUS MIRABILIS:.

The Year of
WONDERS,
1666.

AN HISTORICAL
POEM:

CONTAINING

The Progress and various Successes of our Naval
War with *Holland*, under the Conduct of His
Highness Prince RUPERT, and His Grace the
Duke of ALBEMARL. †

And describing

THE FIRE
OF
LONDON.

By JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

Multum interest res pascat, an homines latius imperare velint.

Trajan. Imperator. ad Plin^o

urbis antiqua vixit, multos dominata per annos

Virg

London, Printed for Henry Herringman, at the An-
chor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1667.

[Title-page of Second Edition.]

ANNUS MIRABILIS.
The YEAR of
WONDERS,
M. DC. LXVI.
AN
Historical Poem.

ALSO
A POEM on the Happy RESTORATION and RETURN of
His Late Sacred MAJESTY

Charles the Second.

LIKEWISE
A PANEGYRICK on His CORONATION.
TOGETHER

With a POEM to My LORD CHANCELLOR
Presented on *New-Years-Day*. 1662.

By **JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;**

LONDON, Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and sold by
Jacob Tonson at the Judges-Head in *Chancery-Lane*. 1688

TO THE
METROPOLIS
OF
GREAT BRITAIN

The most renowned and late flourishing
City of London,
in its

REPRESENTATIVES

The LORD MAYOR and Court of ALDERMEN,
the SHERIFFS and COMMON COUNCIL of it.

10

As perhaps I am the first who ever presented a work of this nature to the Metropolis of any Nation, so is it likewise consonant to Justice, that he who was to give the first Example of such a Dedication should begin it with that City, which has set a pattern to all others of true Loyalty, invincible Courage, and unshaken Constancy. Other Cities have been prais'd for the same Virtues, but I am much deceiv'd if any have so dearly purchas'd their Reputation; their Fame has been won them by cheaper trials than an expensive, though necessary, War, a consuming Pestilence, and a more consuming Fire. To submit yourselves with that humility to the Judgments of Heaven, and at the same time to raise yourselves with that vigour above all human Enemies; to be combated at once from
20 above and from below, to be struck down and to triumph; I know not whether such Trials have been ever parallel'd in any Nation, the resolution and successes of them never can be. Never had Prince or People more mutual reason to love each other, if suffering for each other can indear affection. You have come together a pair of matchless Lovers, through many difficulties; He, through a long Exile, various traverses of Fortune, and the interposition of many Rivals, who violently ravish'd and withheld You from Him: and certainly you have had your share in sufferings.⁶ But Providence has cast upon you want of Trade, that you might appear bountiful to your Country's necessities; and the rest of your afflictions are not more the effects of God's Displeasure (frequent examples of them having been in the Reign of the most excellent Princes) than occasions for the
30 manifesting of your Christian and Civil virtues. To you, therefore, this *Year of Wonders* is justly dedicated, because you have made it so. You, who are to stand a wonder to all Years and Ages, and who have built yourselves an Immortal Monument on your own Ruins. You are now a *Phoenix* in her ashes, and, as far as Humanity can approach, a great Emblem of the suffering Deity. But Heaven never made so much Piety and Virtue, to leave it miserable. I have heard indeed of some virtuous Persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous Nation: Providence is engag'd too deeply, when the Cause becomes so general. And I cannot imagine it has resolv'd the ruin of that People at home, which it has blessed abroad with such Successes. I am, therefore, to conclude that your Sufferings are at an end, and that one part of my Poem
40 has not been more an History of your destruction, than the other a Prophecy of your restoration. The accomplishment of which happiness, as it is the wish of all true Englishmen, so is by none more passionately desired than by

The greatest of Your Admirers,
and most humble of your Servants,
JOHN DRYDEN.

AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE
ENSUING POEM,
IN
A LETTER
TO THE HONOURABLE
S^r ROBERT HOWARD.

SIR,

I am so many ways obliged to you and so little able to return your Favours that, like 10
those who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only
been careful of my Fortune, which was the effect of your Nobleness, but you have been solicitous
of my Reputation, which is that of your Kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble
of perusing a Play for me, and now, instead of an Acknowledgment, I have given you a greater
in the Correction of a Poem. But since you are to bear this Persecution, I will at least give
you the encouragement of a Martyr, you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I have
chosen the most heroic Subject which any Poet could desire: I have taken upon me to describe
the motives, the beginning, progress, and successes of a most just and necessary War, in it
the core, management, and prudence of our King; the conduct and valour of a Royal Admiral
and of two incomparable Generals; the invincible courage of our Captains and Seamen, and 20
three glorious Victories, the result of all. After this, I have in the Fire the most deplorable,
but withal the greatest Argument that can be imagined; the destruction being so swift, so
sudden, so vast and miserable, as nothing can parallel in Story. The former part of this
Poem, relating to the War, is but a due expiation for my not serving my King and Country
in it. All Gentlemen are almost obliged to it: and I know no reason we should give that
advantage to the Commonalty of England, to be foremost in brave actions, which the noblesse
of France would never suffer in their Peasants. I should not have written this but to a Person
who has been ever forward to appear in all Employments, whither his Honour and Generosity
have called him. The latter part of my Poem, which describes the Fire, I owe, first, to the
Piety and Fatherly Affection of our Monarch to his suffering Subjects; and, in the second 30
place, to the Courage, Loyalty, and Magnanimity of the City; both which were so conspicuous
that I have wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve. I have called my Poem Historical,
not Epick, though both the Actions and Actors are as much Heroick as any Poem can contain.
But since the Action is not properly one, nor that accomplish'd in the last successes, I have
judg'd it too bold a title for a few Stanzo's, which are little more in number than a single Iliad
or the longest of the Æneids. For this reason (I mean not of length, but broken action, it'd
too severely to the laws of History) I am apt to agree with those who rank Lucan rather among
Historians in Verse than Epique poets; in whose room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus,
though a worse Writer, may more justly be admitted. I have chosen to write my poem in
quatrains or stanza's of four in alternate rhyming, because I have ever judg'd them more noble 40
and of greater dignity both for the Sound and Number than any other Verse in use amongst
us; in which I am sure I have your approbation. The learned Languages have certainly
a great advantage of us in not being tied to the slavery of any Rhyme, and were less constrained

in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with Spondaes or Dactiles, besides so many other helps of Grammatical Figures for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the Modern are in the close of that one Syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our Rhymes, I have always found the counterpoise most easy (though not so proper for this occasion), for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the Poet: but in Quatrains he is to carry it farther on; and not only so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those who write correctly in this kind must needs acknowledge that the last line of the Stanza is to be considered in the composition of the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a Verse for the sake of Rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of Female Rhymes; all which our Fathers practised. And for the Female Rhymes, they are still in use amongst other Nations: with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately, as those who have read the *Alarique*, the *Pucelle*, or any of their latter Poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrins or Verses of six feet, such as, amongst us, is the old Translation of Homer by Chapman; All which by lengthening of their Chain makes the sphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my Stanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the Preface to *Gondibert*; and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general I will only say I have never yet seen the description of any Naval Fight in the proper terms which are used at Sea; and if there be any such in another Language, as that of Lucan in the third of his *Pharsalia*, yet I could not prevail myself of it in the English; the terms of Art in every Tongue bearing more of the Idiom of it than any other words. We hear, indeed, among our Poets, of the Thundring of Guns, the Smoke, the Disorder and the Slaughter; but all these are common notions. And certainly as those who, in a Logical dispute, keep in general terms, would hide a fallacy, so those who do it in any Poetical description would veil their Ignorance.

Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, Poeta salutor?

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the Sea, yet I have thought it no shame to learn: and if I have made some few mistakes, 'tis only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted opportunity to correct them; the whole Poem being first written, and now sent you from a place where I have not so much as the converse of any Sea-man. Yet though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was more than recompens'd by the pleasure; I found myself so warm in celebrating the Praises of Military men, two such especially as the Prince and General, that it is no wonder if they inspired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well satisfied, that as they are incomparably the best subject I have ever had, excepting only the Royal Family, so also that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forc'd to help out other Arguments; but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praise, and I have exalted them and made them fruitful: but here—*Omnia sponte sua reddidit justissima tellus*. I have had a large, a fair, and a pleasant field; so fertile, that, without my cultivating, it has given me two Harvests in a Summer, and in both oppress'd the reaper. All other greatness in Subjects is only counterfeit, it will not endure the test of danger; the greatness of arms is only real: other greatness burdens a Nation with its weight, this supports it with its strength. And as it is the happiness of the Age, so is it the peculiar goodness of the best of Kings, that we may praise his Subjects without offending him: Doubtless it proceeds from a just confidence of his own Virtue, which the lustre of no other can be so great as to darken in him; for the Good or the Valiant are never safely praised under a bad or a degenerate Prince. But to return from this digression to a farther account of my Poem, I must crave leave to tell you, that, as I have endeavour'd to adorn it with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution. The Composition of all Poems is or ought to be of wit; and wit in the Poet, or wit writing (if you

will give me leave to use a School distinction), is no other than the faculty of Imagination in the Writer & which, like a nimble Spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of Memory, till it springs the Quarry it hunted after; or, without metaphor, which searches over all the Memory for the Species or Ideas of those things which it designs to represent. W^h written, is that which is well defin'd, the happy result of Thought, or product of Imagination. But to proceed from wit in the general notion of it to the proper wit of an Heroique or Historical Poem; I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imoging of Persons, Actions, Passions, or Things. 'Tis not the jerk or sting of an Epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor Antithesis (the delight of an ill-judging Audience in a Play of Rhyme), nor the gingle of a more poor Paronomasia; neither is it so much the morality of a grave Sentence, affected by Lucan, 1c but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech, that it sets before your eyes the absent object, as perfectly and more delightfully than nature. So then, the first happiness of the Poet's Imagination is properly Invention, or finding of the thought; the second is Fancy, or the variation, deriving or moulding of that thought as the Judgment represents it proper to the subject; the third is Elocution, or the Art of clothing and adorning that thought so sound and varied, in apt, significant and sounding words: The quickness of the Imagination is seen in the Invention, the fertility in the Fancy, and the accuracy in the Expression. For the two first of these, Ovid is famous amongst the poets, for the later Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions, or extremely dispos'd by one: his words 2c therefore are the least part of his care; for he pictures Nature in disorder, such which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of Dialogue or Discourse, and, consequently, of the Drama, where all that is said is to be suppos'd the effect of sudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickness of Wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of Tropes, or, in fine, anything that shows remoteness of thought, or labour, in the Writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own, he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other, to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour as the force of his Imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and notrolly, in the violence of her 3c Passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa of Ovid; for as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge that, if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them: And that convinces me that Ovid has touch'd those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when Action or Persons are to be described, when any such Image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he represents us within their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them, so beautiful in themselves. We see the Soul of the Poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his Pictures, Totamque infusa per artus Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet; we behold him embellishing his Images, as he makes Venus breathing 4c beantly upon her son Æneas.

lumenque juvenæ

Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflrat honores:

Quale manus addunt Ebori decus, aut ubi flavo

Argentum, Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.

See his Tempest, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas, and in his Georgicks, which I esteem the Divinest part of all his writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battel of Bulls, the labour of the Bees, and those many other excellent Images of Nature, most of which are neither great in themselves nor have any natural ornament to bear them up: But the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well apply'd to him which was said 50 by Ovid, Materiam superabat opus: The very Sound of his Words has often somewhat that is cannatural to the subject; and, while we read him, we sit, as in a Play, beholding the Scenes

of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of Tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification; and this is it which Horace means in his Epistle to the Pisos:

Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum.

But I am sensible I have presum'd too far to entertain you with a rude discourse of that Art which you both know so well, and put into practice with so much happiness. Yet before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my Master in this Poem: I have followed him everywhere, I know not with what success, but I am
10 sure with diligence enough: My Images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My Expressions also are as near as the Idioms of the two Languages would admit of in translation. And this, Sir, I have done with that boldness, for which I will stand accountable to any of our little Criticks, who, perhaps, are not better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this Poem, you have taken notice of some words which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say refin'd) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper nor altogether unpleasant in Verse; and, in this, Horace will again defend me.

Et nova, fictaque nuper, habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parçè detorta.

20 The inference is exceeding plain; for if a Roman Poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he used this liberty but seldom, and with modesty: How much more justly may I challenge that privilege to do it with the same prerequisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin Writers? In some places, where either the Fancy, or the Words, were his or any others, I have noted it in the Margin, that I might not seem a Plagiary; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediousness as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images, well wrought, which I promise not for mine, are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroic Poesie; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the Images of the Burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same reason beget laughter; for the one shows Nature beautified,
30 as in the Picture of a fair Woman, which we all admire; the other shows her deformed, as in that of a Lazar, or of a Fool with distorted face and antique gestures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from Nature. But though the same Images serve equally for the Epique Poesie, and for the historique and panegyrique, which are branches of it, yet a several sort of Sculpture is to be used in them: If some of them are to be like those of Juvenal, Stantes in curribus Æmiliani, Heroes drawn in their triumphal Chariots and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, Sprantia mollius æra: there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shown in them. You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have seen a paper of Verses which I wrote last year to her Highness the Dutches, have accus'd them of that only thing I could defend in them; they
40 have said, I did humi serpere, that I wanted not only height of Fancy, but dignity of Words to set it off; I might well answer with that of Horace, Nunc non erat his locus, I knew I address'd them to a Lady, and accordingly I affected the softness of expression and the smoothness of measure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to say, I have succeeded. I detest arrogance; but there is some difference betwixt what and a just defence. But I will not farther bribe your candor, or the Readers. I leave them to speak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

*Verses to Her Highness the DUTCHES on the
Memorable Victory gained by the DUKE against
the Hollanders, June the 3^d. 1665. And
on Her Journey afterwards into the North.*

MADAM,

WHEN for our sakes your *Heroe* you resign'd
To swelling Seas and every faithless wind;
When you releas'd his Courage and set free
A Valour fatal to the Enemy,
You lodg'd your Countries cares within your
breast,

(The mansion where soft love should only
rest:)

And e're our Foes abroad were overcome,
The noblest conquest you had gain'd at
home.

Al, what concerns did both your Souls
divide!

Your Honour gave us what your Love deny'd:
And 'twas for him much easier to subdue
Those Foes he fought with, than to part from
you.

That glorious day, which two such Navies
saw

As each, unmatch'd, might to the world give
Law,

Nephtie, yet doubtful whom he should obey,
Held to them both the Trident of the Sea:
The Winds were hush'd, the Waves in ranks
were cast,

As awfully as when God's People past:
Those, yet uncertain on whose Sails to blow,
These, where the wealth of Nations ought
to flow.

Then with the Duke your Highness rul'd
the day:

While all the Brave did his Command obey,
The Fair and Pious under you did pray.
How pow'rful are chaste Vows! the Wind
and Tyde

You brib'd to combat on the *English* side.
Thus to your much loved Lord you did
convey

Aa unknown succour, sent the nearest way.

New vigour to his wearied arms you brought
(So *Moses* was upheld while *Israel* fought)
While, from afar, we heard the Cannon
play,

Like distant Thunder on a shiny day.

For absent Friends we were asham'd to fear,
When we consider'd what you ventur'd there.
Ships, Men and Arms our Country might
restore,

But such a Leader could supply no more.
With generous thoughts of Conquest he did
burn,

Yet fought not more to vanquish than return.
Fortune and Victory he did pursue

To bring them as his Slaves, to wait on you:
Thus Beauty ravish'd the rewards of Fame
And the Fair triumph'd when the Brave
o'recame.

Then, as you meant to spread another way
By Land your Conquests far as his by Sea,
Leaving our Southern Clime, you march'd
along

The stubborn North, ten thousand *Cupid's*
strong.

Like Commons the Nobility resort,
In crowding heaps, to fill your moving Court:
To welcome your approach the Vulgar run,
Like some new Envoy from the distant Sun,
And Country Beauties by their Lovers go,
Blessing themselves, and wondring at the
show.

So, when the New-born *Phoenix* first is seen,
Her feather'd Subjects all adore their Queen,
And, while She makes her Progress through
the East,

From every Grove her numerous Train's
increase:

Each Poet of the air her Glory sings,
And round him the pleas'd Audience clap
their Wings.

And now, Sir, 'tis time I should relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the Publick to detain you longer. In conclusion, I must leave my Poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the Printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of those.

of whom the younger Pliny speaks; Nec sunt parum multi, qui carpere amicos suos judicium vocant; I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your candor in pardoning my Errors may make you more remiss in correcting them; if you will not withal consider that they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greatest favour you can confer upon an absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my Fame and Reputation; and, therefore, I hope it will stir you up to make my Poem fairer by many of your blots. If not, you know the story of the Gamster who married the rich Man's Daughter and, when her Father denied the Portion, Christened all the Children by his Surname, that, if in conclusion they must beg, they should do so by one Name as well as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, 'tis but reason I should do you that justice to the Readers to let them know, that, if there be anything tolerable in this Poem, they owe the Argument to your choice, the Writing to your encouragement, the Correction to your judgment, and the Care of it to your friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things, who is,

Sir,

The most Obedient and most

Faithful of your Servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

From Charlton, in
Wiltshire, Nov.
10, 1666.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS,

M DC LXVI

<p>¹ IN thriving Arts long time had <i>Holloud</i> grown, Crouching at home, and cruel when abroad: Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own; Our King they courted, and our Merchants aw'd.</p>	<p>³ For them alone the Heav'ns had kindly heat; * In Eastern Quarries ripening precious Dew: For them the Idumæan Balm did sweat, And in hot Ceylon Spicy Forrests grew.</p>
<p>² Trade, which like Blood should circularly flow, Stopp'd in their Channels, found its Freedom lost: Thither the Wealth of all the World did go, And seem'd but Shipwrack'd on so base a Coast.</p>	<p>⁴ The Sun but seem'd the Lab'rer of their Year; * Each waxing Moon supplied her watry store, To swell those Tides, which from the Line did bear Their brim-full Vessels to the <i>Bel'an</i> shore.</p>

Text from the second edition, 1688, except where noted. In the first edition, 1667, some faults 'escaped the press'. The readings of the first edition are given wherever there was a deliberate change. The current texts have bad errors in 23 4 and 224 1. No editor seems to have observed the earliest text of 105.

* In Eastern Quarries, &c. Precious Stones at first are dew, condens'd, and harden'd by the warmth of the Sun, or subterranean Fires
* Each waxing, &c. According to their opinion, who think that great heap of Waters under the Line is depressed into Tides by the Moon toward the Poles.

4-2 waxing] waxing 1667.

THE YEAR OF WONDERS.

5
Thus, mighty in her Ships, stood *Carthage*
long,
And swept the Riches of the world from far,
Yet stoop'd to *Rome*, less wealthy, but more
strong;
And this may prove our second Punick War.

6
What peace can be, where both to one pre-
tend?
(But they more diligent, and we more strong)
Or if a peace, it soon must have an end;
For they would grow too pow'rful were it
long.

7
Behold two nations then, engag'd so far,
That each seven years the Fit must shake
each Land;
Where *France* will side to weaken us by
War,
Who only can his vast Designs withstand.

8
See how he feeds th' *Iberian* * with delays,
To render us his timely Friendship vain;
And, while his secret soul on *Flanders* preys,
He rocks the Cradle of the babe of *Spain*.

9
Such deep designs of Empire does he lay
O're them, whose Cause he seems to take in
hand;
And, prudently would make them Lords at
Sea,
To whom with ease he can give Laws by
Land.

10
This saw our King; and long within his
breast
His pensive counsels ballanc'd too and fro;
He griev'd the Layd he freed should be
oppress'd,
And he less for it than Usurpers do.

11
His gen'rous mind the fair *Ideas* drew
Of Fame and Honor, which in dangers lay;
Where wealth, like Fruit on precipices, grew,
Not to be gather'd but by Birds of prey.

12
The Loss and Gain each fatally were great;
And still his Subjects call'd aloud for War:
But peaceful Kings, o're martial people set,
Each other's poize and counter-balance are.

13
He, first, survey'd the Charge with careful
eyes,
Which none but mighty Monarchs could
maintain;
Yet judg'd, like vapours that from Limbecks
rise,
It would in richer showers descend again.

14
At length resolv'd t' assert the watry Ball,
He in himself did whole Armado's bring:
Him aged Sea-men might their Master call,
And choose for General were he not their
King.

15
It seems as every Ship their Sovereign knows,
His awful Summons they so soon obey;
So hear the skaly herd when *Proteus* blows,
And so to Pasture follow through the Sea.

16
To see this Fleet upon the Ocean move,
Angels drew wide the Curtains of the Skies:
And Heav'n, as if there wanted Lights above,
For Tapers made two glaring Comets rise.

17
Whether they unctuous Exhalations are,
Fir'd by the Sun, or seeming so alone;
Or each some more remote and shippery
Star,
Which loses footing when to Mortals shown.

18
Or one that bright companion of the Sun,
Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-born
King;
And now, a round of greater years begun,
New influence from his walks of light did
bring.

* when *Proteus blaus*, or *Cœruleus Proteus*
inmania ponti amenta, & *magnas pascit salu*
gurgie phocas Virg

* th' *Iberian*. *The Spaniard*

19

Victorious *York* did first, with fam'd success,
To his known valour make the *Dutch* give
place:
Thus Heav'n our Monarch's fortune did
conless,
Beginning conquest from his Royal Race.

20

But since it was decreed, Auspicious King,
In *Britains* right that thou shouldst wed
the Main,
Heav'n, as a gage, would cast some preeious
thing,
And therefore doom'd that *Lawson* should
be slain.

21

Lawson amongst the formost met his fate,
Whom Sea-green *Syrens* from the Rocks
lament:
Thus as an off'ring lor the *Grecian* state,
He first was kill'd who first to Battel went.

22

Their Chief † blown up in air, not waves
expir'd,
To which his pride presum'd to give the
Law;
The *Dutch* confess'd Heav'n present, and
retir'd,
And all was *Britain* the wide Ocean saw.

23

To nearest Ports their shatter'd Ships repair,
Where by our dreadlul Canon they lay
aw'd:
So reverently Men quit the open nir,
When Thunder speaks the angry Gods
abroad.

24

And now approach'd their Fleet from *India*,
fraught
With all the riches ol the rising *The*
Sun; *attempt at*
And precious Sand from 'Southern *Berghen*.
Climates brought,
(The fatal Regions where the War begun.)

† *The admiral of Holland*
‡ *Southern Climates, Guinny.*

23 4 When] *The editors wrongly give Where*

25

Like hunted *Castors*, conscious of their Store,
Their way-laid wealth to *Norways* coasts
they bring:
There first the North's cold bosome spices
bore,
And Winter brooded on the Eastern Spring.

26

By the rich scent we found our perfum'd
Prey,
Which flank'd with Rocks, did close in
covert lie;
And round about their murdering Canon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the Eye.

27

Fiercer than Canon, and than Rocks more
hard,
The English undertake th' unequal War:
Seven Ships alone, by which the Port is
barr'd,
Besiege the *Indies*, and all *Denmark* dare.

28

These fight like Husbands, but like Lovers
those:
These fain would keep, and those more lain
enjoy:
And to such height their frantick Passion
grows,
That what both love, both hazard to destroy.

29

Amidst whole heaps ol Spices lights a Ball,
And now their Odours arm'd against them
lie:
Some preeiously by shatter'd Porcelain fall,
And some by Aromatick Splinters die.

30

And though by Tempests of the Prize berelt,
In Heavens inclemency some ease we find;
Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,
And only yielded to the Seas and Wind.

31

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey;
For storms, repenting, part of it restor'd:
Which, as a tribute from the Baltick Sea,
The British Ocean sent her mighty Lord.

27 2 undertake] undertook 1667.

32

Go, Mortals, now, and vex yourselves in vain
For Wealth, which so uncertainly must come:
When what was brought so far, and with
such pain
Was only kept to lose it nearer home.

33

The Son, who twice three months on th'
Ocean tost,
Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before,
Now sees in *English Ships* the *Holland* coast,
And parents Arms, in vain, stretcht from
the shore.

34

This careful Husband had been long away,
Whom his chaste Wife and little Children
mourn;
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
On which their Father promis'd to return.

35

'Such are the proud Designs of human kind,
And so we suffer Shipwrack every where!
Alas! what port can such a Pilot find,
Who in the mght of Fate must blindly steer

36

The undistinguish'd Seeds of Good and Ill,
Heaven, in his bosom, from our knowledge
hides;
And draws them in contempt of human skill,
Which oft, for friends, mistaken foes, pro-
vides.

37

Let *Munsters* Prelate ever be accurst,
In whom we seek the *German* Faith in
vain:
Alas, that he should teach the *English* first,
That Fraud and Avarice in the Church could
reign!

38

Happy who never trust a Strangers will,
Whose Friendship's in his Interest under-
stood!
Since Money giv'n but tempts him to be ill,
When pow'r is too remote to make him good.

39

Till now, alone the Mighty Nations strove;
The rest, at gaze, without the Lists
did stand:
And threatening *France*, plac'd like *War de-
clared by
France.*
a painted *Jove*,
Kept idle Thunder in his lifted hand.

40

That Eunuch Guardian of rich *Holland's*
trade,
Who envies us what he wants pow'r t' enjoy;
Whose noiseful valour does no Foe invade,
And weak assistance will his Friends destroy.

41

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his secret Hate to
show:
Which *Charles* does with a mind so calm
receive,
As one that neither seeks, nor shuns his Foe.

42

With *France*, to aid the *Dutch*, the *Danes*
unite,
France as their Tyrant, *Denmark* as their
slave.
But when with one three Nations join to
fight,
They silently confess that one more brave.

43

Lewis had chas'd the *English* from his shore;
But *Charles* the *French* as Subjects does
invite:
Would Heav'n for each some *Solomon* restore,
Who, by their mercy, may decide their right.

44

Were Subjects so but only by their choice,
And not from Birth did forc'd Dominion
take,
Our Prince alone would have the publique
voice;
And all his Neighbours Realms would desarts
make.

45

He, without fear a dangerous War pursues,
Which without rashness he began before.
As Honour made him first the danger choose,
So still he makes it good on virtues score.

¹ Such are, &c from Petronius SI bene cal-
culum ponas, ubique sit naufragium

² The German faith Tacitus saith of them,
Nullo mortalium fide aut armis ante Germanos
esse.

46

The doubled charge his Subjects love supplies,
Who, in that bounty, to themselves are kind:
So glad Egyptians see their *Nilus* rise,
And in his plenty their abundance find.

47

With equal pow'r he does two Chiefs create,
Two such, as each seem'd
worthiest when alone ;
Each able to sustain a Nations
fate,
Since both had found a greater
in their own.

Prince Rupert and Duke Albemarle sent to sea.

48

Both great in Courage, Conduct and in Fame,
Yet neither envious of the other's Praise ;
Their Duty, Faith, and Int'rest too the same,
Like mighty Partners equally they raise.

49

The Prince long time had courted Fortune's love,
But once possess'd did absolutely reign ;
Thus with their *Amazons* the *Heroes* strove,
And conquer'd first those Beauties they would gain.

50

The Duke beheld, like *Scipio*, with disdain,
That *Carthage* which be ruin'd, rise once more ;
And shook aloft the *Fasces* of the Main,
To fright those Slaves with what they felt before.

51

Together to the watry Camp they haste,
Whom Matrons passing to their children shew :
Infants first vows for them to Heav'n are cast.
And future ^b people bless them as they go.

52

With them no riotous pomp, nor *Asian* train,
T^r infect a Navy with their gaudy fears :
To make slow fights, and victories but vain ;
But war, severely, like it self, appears. ^c

^b future people] Examina infantum futurusque populus. Plin Jun in Pan. ad Traj

53

Diffusive of themselves, where'e're they pass,
They make that warmth in others they expect ;
Their Valour works like Bodies on a glass,
And does its Image on their men project.

54

Our Fleet divides, and straight the *Dutch* appear,
In number, and a fam'd Com- *Duke of*
mander, bold : *Albemarle's*
The Narrow Seas can scarce *Battel, first*
their Navy bear *day*
Or crowded Vessels can their Soldiers hold.

55

The Duke, less numerous, but in Courage more,
On wings of all the winds to Combat flies ;
His murdering Guns a loud Defiance roar,
And bloody Crosses on his Flag-staffs rise.

56

Both furl their Sails, and strip them for the Fight,
Their folded Sheets dismiss the useless Air :
'Th' *Elean* plains could boast no nobler sight,
When struggling Champions did their Bodies bare.

57

Born each by other in a distant Line,
The Sea-built Forts in dreadful order move :
So vast the noise, as if not Fleets did join,
^a But lands unfixt, and floating Nations strove.

58

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly tack,
Both strive to intercept and guide the wind :
And, in its eye, more closely they come back,
To finish all the Deaths they left behind.

59

On high-rais'd Decks the haughty *Belgians* ride,
Beneath whose shade our humble Frigats go :
Such port the *Elephant* bears, and so defi'd
By the *Rhinocero's* her unequal foe.

^a Th' Elean, &c. Where the Olympick Games were celebrated.

^b lands unfix'd, from Virgil. Credas unare revulsas Cyciadas, &c.

60

And as the Builit, so different is the Fight,
Their mounting Shot is on our Sails design'd:
Deep in their Hulls our deadly Bullets light,
And through the yielding Planks a passage find.

61

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat,
Whose batter'd Rigging their whole war receives;
All bare, like some old Oak which Tempests beat,
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

62

Heroes of old, when wounded, Shelter sought;
But he, who meets all Danger with disdain,
Ev'n in their Face his Ship to Anchor brought,
And Steeple-high stood propt upon the Main.

63

At this excess of Courage all amaz'd,
The foremost of his Foes a while withdraw:
With such respect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,
Whoon high Chairs the God-like Fathers saw.

64

And now, as where *Patroclus* Body lay,
Here *Trojan* Chiefs advanc'd, and there the
Greek:
Ours o're the Duke their pious wings display,
And theirs the noblest Spoils of *Britain* seek.

65

Mean time his busie Marmors he hasts,
His shatter'd Sails with Rigging to restore,
And willing Pines ascend his broken Masts,
Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

66

Streight to the *Dutch* he turns his dreadful
Prow,
More fierce th' important Quarrel to decide:
Like Swans, in long array his vessels shew,
Whose creasts, advancing, do the waves divide.

67

They charge, recharge, and all along the Sea
They drive, and squander the huge *Belgian*
Fleet;

Berkley alone, who nearest Danger lay,
Did a like Fate with lost *Creusa* meet.

67 3 who etc] not making equal way 1667.

68

The night comes on, we eager to persue
The Combat still, and they asham'd to leave:
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful Moon-light did our rage deceive.

69

In th' *English* fleet each Ship resounds with
Joy,
And loud applause of their great Leader's
Fame:
In fiery dreams the *Dutch* they still destroy,
And slumbring, smile at the imagin'd Flame.

70

Not so the *Holland* fleet, who tired and done,
Stretch'd on their Decks like weary Oxen lie:
Faint Sweats all down their mighty Members
run;
(Vast bulks which little Souls but ill supply.)

71

In Dreams they fearful Precipices tread:
Or, shipwrack'd, labour to some distant shore;
Or in dark Churches walk among the Dead;
They wake with horror and dare sleep no
more.

72

The Morn they look on with unwilling eyes,
Till from their Main-top joyful
news they hear *Second*
Of Ships, which by their mould *days*
bring new Supplies, *Battel.*
And in their colours *Belgian* Lions bear.

73

Our watchful General had discern'd from far
This mighty succour, which made glad the
Foe:
He sigh'd, but, like a Father of the War,
His face spake hope, while deep his Sorrows
flow.

74

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,
(Never, till now, unwilling to obey.)
They, not their wounds but want of Strength
deplete,
And think them happy who with him can
stay.

His face, &c. Spem vultu simulat, premit
altum corde dolorem. *Virg.*

69 2 Leader's] 1667: Lead'rs 1688.

75

Then to the rest, Rejoyce (said he) to-day ;
In you the fortune of *Great Britain* lies :
Among so brave a people, you are they
Whom Heav'n has chose to fight for such
a Prize.

76

If number *English* courages could quell,
We should at first have shun'd, not met
our Foes :
Whose numerous Sails the fearful only tell ;
Courage from hearts, and not from numbers,
grows.

77

He said ; nor needed more to say : with
hast
To their known Stations chearfully they go ;
And all at once, disdaining to be last,
Solite every Gale to meet the Foe.

78

Nor did th' incourag'd *Belgians* long delay,
But, bold in others, not themselves, they
stood :
So thick, our Navy scarce could sheer their
way,
But seem'd to wander in a moving wood

79

Our little Fleet was now engag'd so far,
That, like the Sword-fish in the Whale, they
fought.
The Combat only seem'd a Civil War,
Till through their Bowels we our Passage
wrought.

80

Never had Valour, no not ours, before, c
Done ought like this upon the Land or
Main :
Where not to be o'come was to do more
Than all the Conquests former Kings did
gain.

81

The mighty ghosts of our great *Harries* rose,
And armed *Edwards* look'd with anxious
eyes,
To see this Fleet among unequal Foes,
By which fate promis'd them their *Charles*
should rise.

78 & sheer] 1667: steer 1688. Probably a mis-
print

82

Mean time the *Belgians* tack upon our Reer,
And raking Chase-guns through our Sterns
they send ;
Close by, their fire-ships, like *Jackals*, appear,
Who on their Lions for the Prey attend.

83

Silent in smoke of Cannons they come on
(Such Vapours once did fiery *Cacus* hide.)
In these the height of pleas'd Revenge is
shewn,
Who burn contented by anothers side.

84

Sometimes from fighting Squadrons of each
Fleet,
(Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some
Friend,)
Two grappling *Etna's* on the Ocean meet,
And *English* Fires with *Belgian* Flames con-
tend.

85

Now, at each tack, our little Fleet grows less ;
And, like maim'd Fowl, swim lagging on the
Main ;
Their greater loss their Numbers scarce con-
fess,
While they lose cheaper than the *English*
gain.

86

Have you not seen, when, whistled from the
Fist,
Some Falcon stoops at what her Eye design'd,
And, with her eagerness, the quarry miss'd,
Streight flies at check, and clips it down
the Wind ?

87

The dastard Crow that to the Wood made
wing,
And sees the Groves no shelter can afford,
With her loud Kaws her Craven kind does
bring,
Who, safe in numbers, cuff the noble Bird.

88

Among the *Dutch* thus *Albemarle* did fare :
He could not conquer, and disdain'd to flie ;
Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,
Like falling *Cæsar*, decently to die.

83 & Cannons] The editors give Cannon
86 & Wind?] Wind. 1667 and 1688.

89

Yet Pity did his manly Spirit move,
To see those perish who so well had fought;
And, generously, with his despair he strove,
Resolv'd to live till he their safety wrought.

90

Let other Muses write his prosp'rous fate,
Of conquer'd Nations tell, and Kings restor'd:
But mine shall sing of his eclips'd estate,
Which, like the Sun's, more wonders does
afford.

91

He drew his mighty Frigats all before,
On which the Foe his fruitless Force em-
ployes:

His weak ones deep into his Reer he bore
Remote from Guns, as Siek-men from the
noise.

92

His fiery Canon did their passage guide,
And following Smoke obscur'd them from
the Foe:

Thus *Israel*, safe from the *Egyptian's* pride,
By flaming Pillars, and by Clouds did go.

93

Elsewhere the *Belgian* force we did defeat,
But here our Courages did theirs subdue:
So *Xenophon* once led that fam'd Retreat,
Which first the *Asian* Empire overthrew.

94

The Foe approach'd, and one, for his bold
Sin,
Was sunk, (as he that touch'd the Ark was
slain:)

The wild Waves master'd him and suck'd
him in,
And smiling *Eddies* dimpled on the Main.

95

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood;
As if they had been there as Servants set,
To stay, or to go on, as he thought good,
And not persue, but wait on his Retreat.

96

So *Lybian* Huntsmen on some Sandy plain,
From shady coverts rous'd, the Lion chace:
The Kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,
And slowly moves, unknowing to give place.

*m The Smile is Virgil's. Vestigia retro im-
propetrala refert, &c.*

91, 4 from the noise] are from noise 1667
96 [Lybian] The editors correct to Libyan

97

But if some one approach to dare his Force,
He swings his Tail, and swiftly turns him
round:

With one Paw seizes on his trembling Horse,
And with the other tears him to the ground

98

Amidst these Toils succeeds the balmy
night;

Now hissing waters the quench'd Guns
restore;

"And weary waves, withdrawing from the
Fight,

Lie lull'd and panting on the silent Shore.

99

The Moon shone clear on the becalmed fload,
Where, while her beams like glittering silver
play,

Upon the Deck our careful General stood,
And deeply mus'd on the "succeeding day.

100

That happy Sun, said he, will rise again,
Who twice victorious did our Navy see:
And I alone must view him rise in vain,
Without one ray of all his Star for me.

101

Yet like an *English* Gen'ral will I die,
And all the Ocean make my spacious grave:
Women and Cowards on the Land may lie,
The Sea's a Tomb that's proper for the Brave.

102

Restless he pass'd the remnants of the Night,
Till the fresh Air proclaim'd the Morning
nigh:

And burning Ships, the Martyrs of the Fight,
With paler fires beheld the Eastern sky.

103

But now, his Stores of Ammunition spent,
His naked Valour is his only
guard;

Rare Thunders are from his dumb
Cannon sent,

And solitary Guns are scarcely heard.

*weary waves, from Statius Sylv.
Nec trucibus fluvii idem sonus: Occidit horror
regum, et terris maria acclinata quiescent.*

"The third of June, famous for two former
Victories.

104

Thus far had Fortune pow'r, here forc'd to stay,
Nor longer durst with Virtue be at strife:
This, as a Ransom, *Albemarl* did pay
For all the Glories of so great a Life.

105

For now brave *Rupert* from afar appears,
Whose waving Streamers the glad General
knows:
With full-spread Sails his eager Navy steers,
And every Ship in swift proportion grows.

106

The anxious Prince had heard the Cannon
long,
And from that length of time dire *Owens* drew
Of *English* over-match'd, and *Dutch* too
strong,
Who never fought three days but to persue.

107

Then, as an eagle, (who, with pious care,
Was beating widely on the wing for prey.)
To her now silent *Eiry* does repair,
And finds her callow Infants forc'd away.

108

Stung with her Love, she stoops upon the
Plain,
The broken Air loud whistling as she flies:
She stops, and listens, and shoots forth again,
And guides her Pinions by her Young ones
cries.

109

With such kind passion hasts the Prince to
fight,
And spreads his flying Canvass to the sound:
Him, whom no danger, were he there could
fright,
Now, absent, every little noise can wound.

110

As in a drought the thirsty Creatures cry,
And gape upon the gather'd Clouds for Rain;
And first the Martlet meets it in the Sky,
And, with wet wings, joys all the feather'd
Train.

105 The text of 1688 is that of later copies of
1687. The earliest copies of 1667 have

For now brave *Rupert's* Navy did appear,
Whose waving streamers from afar he knows:
As in his fate something divine there were
Who dead and buried the third day arose.

111

With such glad hearts did our despairing Men
Salute the appearance of the Princes Fleet;
And each ambitiously would claim the Ken,
That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

112

The *Dutch*, who came like greedy Hinds
before,
To reap the harvest their ripe Ears did yield;
Now look like those, when rowling Thunders
rear,
And sheets of Lightning blast the standing
Field.

113

Full in the Princes Passage, hills of Sand
And dang'rous Flats in secret Ambush lay,
Where the false tides skim o'er the cover'd
Land,
And Sea-men with dissembled Depths betray.

114

The wily *Dutch*, who, like fall'n Angels,
fear'd
This new *Messia's* coming, there did wait,
And round the verge their braving Vessels
steer'd,
To tempt his Courage with so fair a Bait.

115

But he, unmov'd, contemns their idle threat,
Secure of fame when e're he please to fight:
His cold Experience tempers all his heat,
And inbred worth doth boasting Valour
slight.

116

Hernick Virtue did his Actions guide,
And he the substance not th' appearance
chose:
To rescue one such Friend he took more
pride,
Than to destroy whole Thousands of such
Foes.

117

But when approach'd, in strict Embraces
bound,
Rupert and *Albemarl* together grow:
He joys to have his Friend in safety found,
Which he to none but to that Friend would
owe.

115 & doth does 1667.

118

The chearful Soldiers, with new stores supplied,
Now long to execute their spleenful Will ;
And, in revenge for those three days they try'd,
Wish one, like *Joshuah's*, when the Sun stood still.

119

Thus re-inforc'd, against the adverse Fleet,
Still doubling ours, brave *Rupert* leads the way ;
With the first blushes of the Morn *Fourth days Battle.*
they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

120

His presence soon blows up the kindling Fight,
And his loud Guns speak thick like angry men :
It seem'd as Slaughter had been breath'd all night,
And Death new pointed his dull Dart agen.

121

The *Dutch* too well his mighty Conduct knew,
And matchless Courage since the former Fight !
Whose Navy like a stiff-stretch'd cord did show,
Till he bore in, and bent them into flight.

122

The wind he shares, while half their Fleet offends
His open side, and high above him shews,
Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,
And, doubly barr'd, he double harms bestows.

123

Behind, the Gen'ral mends his weary Pace,
And sullenly to his Revenge he sails :
" So glides some trodden Serpent on the Grass,
And long behind his wounded Volume trails.

P So glides, &c. from Virgil: Quum mediis nexu extremæque agmina caudæ solvantur, tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbes, &c.

DR

124

Th' increasing Sound is born to either shore,
And for their stakes the throwing Nations fear :
Their Passion, double with the Cannons roar,
And with warm wishes each Man^o combats there.

125

Pli'd thick and close as when the Fight begun,
Their huge unwieldy Navy wasts away ;
So sick'ning waning Moons too near the Sun,
And blunt their Crescents on the edge of day.

126

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
Their Ships like wasted Patrimonies show ;
Where the thin scatt'ring Trees admit the light,
And shun each others Shadows as they grow.

127

The warlike Prince had sever'd from the rest
Two giant Ships, the pride of all the Main ;
Which, with his one, so vigorously he press'd,
And flew so home they could not rise again.

128

Already batter'd, by his Lee they lay,
In vain upon the passing Winds they call :
The passing Winds through their torn Canvas play,
And flapping Sails on heartless Sailors fall.

129

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,
Dreadful as day let in to shades below :
Without, grim death rides bare-fac'd in their sight,
And urges ent'ring billows as they flow.

130

When onedire shot, the last they could supply,
Close by the board the Prince's Main-mast bore :
All three now, helpless, by each other lie,
And this offends not, and those fear no more.

131

So have I seen some fearful Hare maintain
A Course, till try'd before the Dog she lay,
Who, stretch'd behind her, pants upon the Plain,
Past pow'r to kill as she to get away.

124 3 Passion] Some editors give Passions

C

132

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his
Prey,
His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies ;
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

133

The Prince unjustly does his Stars accuse,
Which hinder'd him to push his Fortune on ;
For what they to his Courage did refuse,
By mortal Valour never must be done.

134

This lucky hour the wise *Batavian* takes,
And warns his tatter'd Fleet to follow home :
Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,
Where 'twas a Triumph not to be o're-come.

135

The General's force, as kept alive by fight,
Now, not oppos'd, no longer can persue :
Lasting till Heav'n had done his courage
right ;
When he had conquer'd he his Weakness
knew.

136

He casts a Frown on the departing Foe,
And sighs to see him quit the watry Field :
His stern fix'd eyes no satisfaction shew,
For all the glories which the Fight did yield.

137

Though, as when Fiends did Miracles avow,
He stands confess'd e'en by the boastful
Dutch,

He only does his Conquest disavow,
And thinks too little what they found too
much.

c 138

Return'd, he with the Fleet resolv'd to stay ;
No tender thoughts of Home his heart divide ;
Domestick Joys and Cares he puts away ;
For Realms are households which the Great
must guide.

139

As those who unripe veins in Mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm Turf lay,
Till time digests the yet imperfect Ore,
And know it will be Gold another day : c

c

140

So looks our Monarch on this early Fight,
Th' essay and rudiments of great Success,
Which all-maturing time must bring to Light,
While he, like Heav'n, does each days labour
bless.

141

Heav'n ended not the first or second day,
Yet each was perfect to the work design'd :
God and Kings work, when they their work
survey,
And passive aptness in all Subjects find.

142

In burden'd Vessels first, with speedy care,
His plenteous Stores do season'd
Timber send
Thither the brawny Carpenters
repair,
And as the Surgeons of maim'd Ships
attend.

143

With Cord and Canvass from rich *Hamburg*
sent,
His Navies molted wings he imps once more ;
Tall *Norray* Fir, their Masts in Battel spent,
And *English* Oak spring Leaks and Planks
restore.

144

All hands employ'd the Royal work grows
warm :
Like labouring Bees on a long Summers day,
Some sound the Trumpet for the rest to
swarm,
And some on bells of tasted Lillies play.

145

With glewy wax some new Foundations lay
Of Virgin-combs, which from the Roof are
hung :
Some arm'd within doors, upon Duty stay
Or tend the Sick, or educate the Young.

146

So here some pick out Bullets from the side,
Some drive old Okum through each Seam
and Rift :
Their left-hand does the Calking-iron guide,
The rattling Mallet with the right they lift.

* *Fervet opus the same similitude in Virgil*

142 & Surgeons] Chyrurgions 1667.

145 & Foundations] Foundation 1667.

146 & side] sides 1667 and 1655

* From Horace : quos opimus
Fallere & effugere est triumphus

147

With boiling Pitch another near at hand,
 (From friendly Sweden brought) the seams
 instops:
 Which well paid o'r, the salt-Sea waves with-
 stand,
 And shake them from the rising Beak in
 drops.

148

Some the gall'd Ropes with dawby Marling
 bind,
 Or sear-cloth Masts with strong Tarpawling
 coats:
 To try new Shrouds one mounts into the
 wind,
 And one, below, their Ease or Stiffness notes.

149

Our careful Monarch stands in Person by,
 His new-cast Cannons Firmness to explore:
 The strength of big-corn'd Powder loves to
 try,
 And Ball and Cartrage sorts for every bore.

150

Each day brings fresh supplies of Arms and
 Men,
 And Ships which all last Winter were
 abroad:
 And such as fitted since the Fight had
 been,
 Or new from Stocks were fall'n into Road.

151

The goodly London in her gallant Trim,
 (The Phoenix daughter of the
 vanish'd old :)
 Like a rich Bride does to the Loyal
 Ocean swim, London
 And on her shadow rides in Floating-gold. described

152

Her Flag aloft spread ruffling to the Wind,
 And sanguine Streamers seem the Floud to
 fire:
 The Weaver charm'd with what his Loom
 design'd,
 Goes on to Sea, and knows not to retire.

1474 shake) shakes 1667 and 1688

1504 Road) Some editors wrongly give the Road

153

With roomy Decks, her Guns of mighty
 strength,
 Whose low-laid Mouths each mounting
 Billow laves:
 Deep in her Draught, and warlike in her
 Length,
 She seems a Sea-wasp flying on the Waves.

154

This martial Present, piously design'd,
 The Loyal City give their best-lov'd King:
 And with a Bounty ample as the wind,
 Built, fitted and maintain'd to aid him bring.

155

By viewing Nature, Nature's Hand-maid
 Art
 Makes mighty things from small *Digression*
 beginnings grow: *concerning*
 Thus Fishes first to Shipping did *Shipping*
 impart, *and Naviga-*
 Their Tail the Rudder, and their Head the
 Prow. *tion.*

156

Some Log, perhaps, upon the waters swam,
 An useless drift, which rudely cut within,
 And, hollow'd, first a floating Trough became
 And cross some Riv'let Passage did begin.

157

In shipping such as this, the Irish Keru,
 And untaught Indian, on the Stream did
 glide:
 Ere sharp-keel'd Boats to stem the Floud did
 leam,
 Or fin-like Oars did spread from either side.

158

Add but a sail, and Saturn so appear'd,
 When from lost Empire he to Exile went,
 And with the Golden age to Tyber steer'd,
 Where Coin and first Commerce he did
 invent.

159

Rude as their Ships was Navigation, then;
 No useful Compass or Meridian known;
 Coasting, they kept the Land within their
 ken,
 And knew no North but when the Pole-star
 shone.

160

Of all who since have used the open Sea,
Than the bold *English* none more Fame have
won ;

* Beyond the Year, and out of Heav'n's
high-way,

They made discoveries where they see no Sun.

161

But what so long in vain, and yet unknown,
By poor man-kinds benighted Wit is sought,
Shall in this Age to *Britain* first be shewn,
And hence be to admiring Nations taught.

162

The Ebbs of Tides and their mysterious Flow,
We, as Arts Elements shall understand,
And as by Line upon the Ocean go,
Whose Paths shall be familiar as the Land.

163

* Instructed ships shall sail to quick Com-
merce,

By which remotest Regions are alli'd ;
Which makes one City of the Universe ;
Where some may gain, and all may be sup-
pli'd.

164

Then we upon our Globes last verge shall go,
And view the Ocean leaning on the Sky :
From thence our rolling Neighbours we shall
know,

And on the Lunar world securely pry.

165

This I fore-tel from your auspicious Care,
Who great in search of God and

Nature grow ;

Who best your wise Creator's

Praise declare,

Since best to praise his works is best to know.

*Apostrophe
to the Royal
Society*

166

O truly Royal ! who behold the Law,
And rule of Beings in your Makers mind :
And thence, like Limbecks, rich Idea's draw,
To fit the level'd use of Human-kind.

167

But first the toils of War we must endure,
And from th' injurious *Dutch* redeem the Seas,
War makes the valiant of his right secure,
And gives up Fraud to be chastis'd with ease.

* Extra anni solisque vias. *Virg.*

* By a more exact measure of Longitude.

168

Already were the *Belgians* on our Coast,
Whose Fleet more mighty every day became
By late success, which they did falsely boast,
And now by first appearing seem'd to claim.

169

Designing, Subtil, Diligent, and Close,
They knew to manage War with wise delay :
Yet all those arts their Vanity did cross,
And, by their pride, their prudence did
betray.

170

Nor staid the *English* long : But well sup-
pli'd,
Appear as numerous as th' insulting Foe :
The Combat now by Courage must be
tri'd,
And the Success the braver Nation shew.

171

There was the *Plimouth* Squadron new come
in,
Which in the Streights last Winter was
abroad ;
Which twice on *Biscay's* working-Bay had
been,
And on the Mid-land sea the *French* had
aw'd.

172

Old expert *Allen*, Loyal all along,
Fam'd for his action on the *Smirna* fleet :
And *Holmes*, whose name shall live in Epick
Song,
While Musick Numbers, or while Verse has
Feet.

173

Holmes, the *Achates* of the Gen'ral's Fight ;
Who first bewitch'd our eyes with *Guinny*
gold :
As once old *Cato* in the *Roman's* sight
The tempting Fruits of *Africk* did unfold.

174

With him went *Sprag*, as bountiful as brave,
Whom his high Courage to command had
brought :
Harman, who did the twice fir'd *Harry* save,
And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

[1711 new] 1667: now 1668. Probably a mis-
print.

175

Young *Hollis* on a *Muse* by *Mars* begot,
 Born, *Cæsar*-like, to write and act great
 Deeds:
 Impatient to revenge his fatal Shot,
 His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

176

Thousands were there in darker fame that
 dwell,
 Whose Deeds some nobler Poem shall adorn:
 And though to me unknown, they, sure,
 fought well,
 Whom *Rupert* led, and who were *British* born.

177

Of every size an hundred fighting Sail,
 So vast the Navy now at Anchor rides,
 That underneath it the press'd Waters fail,
 And, with its weight, it shoulders off the
 Tides.

178

Now Anchors weigh'd, the Sea-men shout
 so shrill,
 That Heav'n, and Earth, and the wide Ocean
 rings:
 A Breeze from Westward waits their Sails to
 fill,
 And rests, in those high beds, his downy
 Wings.

179

The wary *Dutch* this gathering storm fore-
 saw,
 And durst not bide it on the *English*-coast:
 Behind their treacherous Shallows they with-
 draw,
 And there lay Snares to catch the *British*
 Host.

180

So the false Spider, when her Nets are spread,
 Deep ambush'd in her silent Den does lie:
 And feels, far off, the trembling of her
 thread,
 Whose filmy Cord should bind the struggling
 Fly.

181

Then, if at last she find him fast beset,
 She issues forth, and runs along her Loom:
 She joys to touch the Captive in her Net,
 And drag the little Wretch in triumph
 home.

182

The *Belgians* hop'd that, with disorder'd
 haste,
 Our deep-cut Keels upon the Sands might
 run:
 Or, if with caution leisurely were past,
 Their numerous Gross might charge us one
 by one.

183

But with a Fore-wind pushing them above,
 And swelling Tide that heav'd them from
 below,
 O'er the blind Flats our warlike Squadrons
 move,
 And, with spread Sails, to welcom Battel go.

184

It seem'd as there the *British Neptune*
 stood,
 With all his hosts of Waters at Command,
 Beneath them to submit th' officious Floud;
 "And, with his Trident, shov'd them off the
 Sand.

185

To the pale Foes they suddenly draw near,
 And summon them to unexpected Fight;
 They start like Murderers when Ghosts
 appear,
 And draw their Curtains in the dead of night.

186

Now Van to Van the foremost Squadrons
 meet,
 The midmost Battels hastning up *Second*
 behind: *Battel*
 Who view, far off, the storm of falling Sleet;
 And hear their Thundergating in the wood.

187

At length the adverse Admirals appear;
 (The two bold Champions of each Countries
 right)
 Their Eyes describe the lists as they come
 near,
 And draw the lines of Death before they fight.

15 Levat ipse tridenti & vastas apert Syries.
Virg.

181 2 hosts] host 1667
 186 2 basining] basing 1667.

ANNUS MIRABILIS,

188

The distance judg'd for Shot of every size,
The Linstocks touch, the pond'rous Ball
expires:
The vigorous Sea-man every Port-hide plies,
And adds his heart to every Gun he fires.

189

Fierce was the Fight on the proud *Belgians*
side,
For Honour, which they seldom sought
before:
But now they by their own vain Boasts were
ti'd
And fore'd, at least in show, to prize it more.

190

But sharp remembrance on the *English*
part
And shame of being match'd by such a
Foe,
Rouse conscious Virtue up in every heart,
"And seeming to be stronger makes them so.

191

Nor long the *Belgians* could that Fleet sus-
tain,
Which did two Gen'als fates, and *Cæsar's*
bear:
Each several Ship a Victory did gain,
As *Rupert* or as *Albemar* were there.

192

Their batter'd Admiral too soon withdrew,
Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd Fight;
But be the Minds of his *Dutch* Masters knew,
Who call'd that providence which we call'd
flight.

193

Never did Men more joyfully obey,
Or sooner understood the sign to flee:
With such alacrity they bore away,
As if to praise them All the States stood by.

194

O famous leader of the *Belgian* fleet,
Thy Monument inscrib'd such praise shall
wear,
As *Varro* timely flying once did meet,
Because he did not of his *Rome* despair.

* Possunt, quia posse videntur. *Virg*

195

Behold that Navy, which a while before
Provok'd the tardy *English* close to Fight;
Now draw their beaten Vessels close to
shore,
As Larks lie dar'd to shun the Hobbies flight.

196

Who e're would *English* Monuments survey,
In other Records may our Courage know:
But let them hide the Story of this day,
Whose Fame was blenish'd by too base
a Foe.

197

Or if too busily they will enquire
Into a Victory which we disdain:
Then let them know, the *Belgians* did
retire
* Before the Patron Saint of injur'd *Spain*.

198

Repenting *England* this revengeful day
To *Philip's* *Manes** did an offering bring
England, which first, by leading them astray,
Hatch'd up Rebellion to destroy her King.

199

Our Fathers bent their baneeful industry,
To check a Monarchy that slowly grew;
But did not *France* or *Holland's* late fore-
see,
Whose rising Pow'r to swift Dominion flew.

200

In fortunes Empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathless Destiny;
Whose dark resorts since Prudence cannot
know,
In vain it would provide for what shall be.

201

But what e're *English* to the bless'd shall go,
And the fourth *Harry* or first *Orange* meet;
Find him disowning of a *Burbon* foe,
And him detesting a *Batavian* Fleet.

* *Patron Saint*: St James, on whose day this
Victory was gain'd.

* *Philip's Manes*: Philip the Seventh of Spain,
against whom the Hollanders rebell'd, were
aided by Queen Elizabeth.

195 2 Fight] the Fight 1667.

202

Now on their Coasts our conquering Navy
rides,
Way-lays their Merchants, and their Land
besets;
Each day new Wealth without their Care
provides;
They lie asleep with Prizes in their Nets.

203

So, close behind some Promontory lie
The huge Leviathans t' attend their Prey;
And give no Chace, but swallow in the
Frie,
Which through their gaping Jaws mistake
the way.

204

Nor was this all: In Ports and Roads remote,
Destructive Fires among whole
Fleets we send;
Triumphant Flames upon the
Water flote,
And out-bound Ships at home
their Voyage end.

*Burning of
the fleet in
the Vly by
Sir Robert
Holmes.*

205

Those various Squadrons, variously design'd
Each Vessel freighted with a several
Load,
Each Squadron waiting for a several wind,
All find but one, to burn them in the Road.

206

Some bound for *Gwynny*, golden Sand to find,
Bore all the Gauds the simple Natives
wear:
Some for the pride of *Turkish* Courts design'd,
For folded *Turbants* finest *Holland* bear.

207

Some *English* wool, vex'd in a *Belgian* Loom,
And into Cloth of spongy softness made,
Did into *France* or colder *Denmark* doom,
To ruine with worse ware our staple Trade.

208

Our greedy Sea-men rummage every hold,
Smile on the Booty of each wealthier Chest;
And, as the Priests who with their Gods
make bold,
Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

206 4 *Turbants*] *Turbans* 1667.
207, 2 made,] made 1667 and 1688

209

But, ah! how unsincere are all our Joys!
Which, sent from Heav'n, like
Lightning, make no stay: *Transit to
the Fire of
London.*
Their palling Taste the Journeys
Length destroys,
Or Grief, sent post, o'takes them on the
way.

210

Swell'd with our late Successes on the Foe,
Which *France* and *Holland* wanted power
to cross,
We urge an unseen Fate to lay us low,
And feed their envious Eyes with *English*
loss.

211

Each Element his dread Command obeys,
Who makes or ruins with a Smile or Frown;
Who as by one he did our Nation raise,
So now, he with another pulls us down.

212

Yet *London*, Empress of the Northern Clime,
By an high Fate thou greatly didst expire:
Great as the Worlds, which, at the death
of time,
Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by fire.

213

As when some dire Usurper Heav'n provides
To scourge his Country with a lawless sway:
His birth perhaps some petty Village hides,
And sets his Cradle out of Fortune's way.

214

Till fully ripe his swelling Fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty Mischiefs on:
His Prince, surpriz'd at first, no ill could
doubt,
And wants the pow'r to meet it when 'tis
known.

215

Such was the Rise of this prodigious fire,
Which in mean Buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open Streets aspire,
And straight to Palaces and Temples spread.

216

The diligence of Trades and noiseful Gain,
And luxury, more late, asleep were laid:
All was the nights, and in her silent reign
No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

z Quam mare, quon tellus, correptaque regia
cell, ardeat, &c. *Ovid*

217

In this deep quiet, from what scource un-
known,
Those seeds of Fire their fatal Birth disclose ;
And first, few scatt'ring Sparks about were
blown,
Big with the flames that to our Ruin rose.

218

Then, in some close-pent Room it crept
along,
And, smouldring as it went, in silence fed ;
Till th' infant Monster, with devouring
strong,
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

219

Now like some rich or mighty Murderer,
Too great for Prison, which he breaks with
Gold,
Who fresher for new Mischiefs does appear
And dares the World to tax him with the old :

220

So scapes th' insulting Fire his narrow Jail
And makes small outlets into open air :
There the fierce Winds his tender Force assail,
And beat him down-ward to his first repair.

221

* The Winds, like crafty Courtizans, with-
held
His Flames from burning, but to blow them
more :
And every fresh attempt he is repell'd
With faint Denials, weaker than before.

222

And now, no longer letted of his Prey,
He leaps up at it with irrag'd desire :
O'relooks the Neigh'ours with a wide survey,
And nods at every House his threatening Fire.

223

The Ghosts of Traitors from the Bridge
descend,
With bold Fanatick Spectres to rejoyce :
About the fire into a Dance they bend,
And sing their Sabbath Notes with feeble
voice.

* like crafty, &c., Hæc arte tractabat cupidum
vrum, ut illius animum inopia necenderet.

221 note. Some editors correct the misquota-
tion.

224

Our Guardian Angel saw them where he sate
Above the Palace of our slumbring King ;
He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to Fate,
And, drooping, oft lookt back upon the wing.

225

At length the crackling noise and dreadful
blaze
Call'd up some waking Lover to the sight ;
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
Whose heavy Eye-lids yet were full of Night.

226

The next to Danger, hot persu'd by Fate,
Half-cloth'd, half-naked, hastily retire :
And frighted Mothers strike their Breasts,
too late,
For helpless Infants left amidst the Fire.

227

Their Cries soon waken all the Dwellers near ;
Now murmuring Noises rise in every Street ;
The more remote run stumbling with their
fear,
And, in the dark, Men jostle as they meet.

228

So weary Bees in little Cells repose ;
But if Night-robbers lift the well-stor'd Hive,
An humming through their waxen City
grows,
And out upon each others wings they drive.

229

Now Streets grow throng'd and busie as by
day ;
Some run for Buckets to the hallow'd Quire :
Some cut the Pipes, and some the Engines
play ;
And some more bold mount Ladders to the
fire.

230

In vain : For from the East a Belgian wind
His hostile Breath through the dry Rafters
sent ;
The Flames impell'd soon left their Foes
behind
And forward, with a wanton fury went.

224 1 he] By a most thoughtless error all Eng-
lish editors give they

231

A Key of Fire ran all along the Shore,
 And lightn'd all the River with a blaze:
 The waken'd Tides began again to roar,
 And wond'ring Fish in shining waters gaze.

232

Old Father Thames rais'd up his reverend
 head,
 But fear'd the fate of *Sinuois* would return:
 Deep in his *Ooze* he sought his sedgy Bed,
 And shrunk his Waters back into his Urn.

233

The Fire, mean time walks in a broader gross;
 To either hand his Wings he opens wide:
 He wades the Streets, and straight he reaches
 cross,
 And plays his longing Flames on th' other
 side.

234

At first they warm, then scorch, and then
 they take;
 Now with long Necks from side to side they
 feed:
 At length, grown strong, their Mother-fire
 forsake,
 And a new Colony of Flames succeed.

235

To every nobler Portion of the Town
 The curling Billows roll their restless Tide:
 In parties now they straggle up and down,
 As Armies, unoppos'd, for Prey divide.

236

One mighty Squadron with a Side-wind sped,
 Through narrow Lanes his cumber'd Fire
 does haste:
 By pow'rful charms of Gold and Silver led,
 The *Lombard* Banquers and the *Change* to
 waste.

237

Another backward to the *Taw'r* would go,
 And slowly eats his way against the Wind:
 But the main body of the marching Foe
 Against th' Imperial Palace is design'd.

^b *Sigæa igni freta lata reluctant. Virg.*

238

Now Day appears, and with the day the
 King,
 Whose early Care had robb'd him of his rest:
 Far off the Cracks of Falling houses ring,
 And Shrieks of Subjects pierce his tender
 Breast.

239

Near as he draws, thick barhingers of Smoke
 With gloomy Pillars cover all the place:
 Whose little intervals of Night are broke
 By Sparks, that drive against his Sacred
 Face.

240

More than his Guards his Sorrows made him
 known,
 And pious Tears, which down his Cheeks did
 show'r:
 The Wretched in his Grief forgot their own;
 (So much the Pity of a King has pow'r.)

241

He wept the Flames of what he lov'd so well,
 And what so well had merited his love:
 For never Prince in Grace did more excel,
 Or Royal City more in Duty strove.

242

Nor with an idle Care did he behold:
 (Subjects may grieve, but Monarchs must
 redress.)
 He cheers the Fearful and commends the
 Bold,
 And makes Despairers hope for good Success.

243

Himself directs what first is to be done,
 And orders all the Succours which they bring:
 The Helpful and the Good about him run,
 And form an Army worthy such a King.

244

He sees the dire Contagion spread so fast
 That where it seizes, all Relief is vain:
 And therefore must unwillingly lay waste
 That Country, which would, else, the Foe
 maintain.

245

The Powder blows up all before the Fire:
 Th' amazed flames stand gather'd on a heap;
 And from the precipices-brink retire,
 Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

235 3 straggle] 1667: straggle 1682. *A mis-
 print.*

238 3 Falling houses] 1667: Falling houses 1682

246

Thus fighting Fires a while themselves consume,
But streight like *Turks*, fore'd on to win or die;
They first lay tender Bridges of their fume,
And o're the Breach in unctuous vapours flie.

247

Part stays for Passage, 'till a gust of wind
Ships o're their Forces in a shining Sheet :
Part, creeping under ground, their Journey blind,
And, climbing from below, their Fellows meet.

248

Thus to some desert Plain, or old Wood-side,
Dire Night-hags come from far to dance their round :
And o're broad rivers, on their Fiends, they ride,
Or sweep in Clouds above the blasted ground.

249

No help avails : for, *Hydra*-like, the Fire
Lifts up his Hundred heads to aim his way :
And scarce the wealthy can one half retire,
Before he rushes in to share the Prey.

250

The Rich grow suppliant, and the Poor grow proud :
Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more ;
So void of pity is th' ignoble Crowd,
When others Ruin may increase their Store.

251

As those who live by Shores with joy behold
Some wealthy Vessel split or stranded nigh ;
And from the Rocks leap down for ship-
wreck'd Gold,
And seek the Tempest which the others flie :

252

So these but wait the Owners last despair,
And what's permitted to the flames invade :
Ev'n from their Jaws they hungry morsels tear,
And, on their backs, the Spoils of *Vulcan*
lade.

246 2 die,] die. 1667 and 1688.
251.4 Tempest] 1667. Tempests 1688. A mis-
print.

253

The days were all in this lost labour spent ;
And when the weary King gave place to Night,
His Beams he to his Royal Brother lent,
And so shone still in his reflective Light.

254

Night came, but without darkness or repose,
A dismal Picture of the gen'ral Doom ;
Where Souls distracted when the Trumpet blows,
And half unready with their Bodies come.

255

Those who have Homes, when Home they do repair,
To a last Lodging call their wand'ring Friends :
Their short uneasy Sleeps are broke with Care,
To look how near their own Destruction tends.

256

Those who have none, sit round where once it was,
And with full Eyes each wonted Room require :
Haunting the yet warm Ashes of the place,
As murder'd Men walk where they did expire.

257

Some stir up Coals, and watch the Vestal fire,
Others in vain from sight of Ruin run ;
And, while through burning Lab'rinth they retire,
With loathing Eyes repeat what they would shun.

258

The most in Feilds like herded Beasts lie down,
To Dews obnoxious on the grassie Floor ;
And while their Babes in Sleep their Sorrows drown,
Sad Parents watch the remnants of their Store.

259

While by the Motion of the Flames they guess
What Streets are burning now, and what are near,
An infant waking to the Paps would press,
And meets, instead of Milk, a falling Tear.

260

No thought can ease them but their Sovereign's Care,
Whose Praise th' afflicted as their Comfort sing;
Ev'n those, whom Want might drive to just despair,
Think Life a Blessing under such a King.

261

Mean time he sadly suffers in their Grief,
Out-weeps an Hermite, and out-prays a Saint:
All the long night he studies their relief,
How they may be suppl'd, and he may want.

262

O God, said he, thou Patron of my Days,
Gunde of my Youth in Exile and Distress!
Who me unfriended brought'st
by wondrous ways,
The Kingdom of my Fathers to possess:

King's Prayer.

263

Be thou my Judge, with what unwearied Care
I since have labour'd for my People's good;
To bind the Bruises of a Civil War,
And stop the Issues of their wasting Blood

264

Thou, who hast taught me to forgive th' Ill,
And recompense, as Friends, the Good misled:
If Mercy be a Precept of thy Will,
Return that Mercy on thy Servants head.

265

Or, if my heedless Youth has stept astray,
Too soon forgetful of thy gracious hand;
On me alone thy just Displeasure lay,
But take thy Judgments from this mourning Land.

266

We all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us low,
As humble Earth from whence at first we came:
Like flying Shades before the Clouds we shew,
And shrunk like Parchment in consuming Flame.

267

O let it be enough what thou hast done;
When spotted Deaths ran arm'd thro' every Street,
With poison'd Darts which not the Good could shun,
The Speedy could out-flie, or Valiant meet.

268

The living few, and frequent Funerals then,
Proclaim'd thy Wrath on this forsaken place:
And now those few, who are return'd agen,
Thy searching Judgments to their dwellings trace.

269

O pass not, Lord, an absolute Decree,
Or bind thy Sentence uncouditional:
But in thy Sentence our Remorse foresee,
And, in that foresight, this thy Doom recall.

270

Thy Threatings, Lord, as thine thou maist revoke:
But, if immutable and fix'd they stand,
Continue still thy self to give the stroke,
And let not Foreign-foes oppress Thy Land.

271

Th' Eternal beard, and from the Heav'nly Quire
Chose out the Cherub with the flaming Sword:
And bad him swiftly drive th' approaching Fire
From where our Nuval Magazins were stor'd.

272

The blessed Minister his Wings display'd,
And like a shooting Star he cleft the night;
He charg'd the Flames, and those that disobey'd
He lash'd to duty with his Sword of light.

273

The fugitive Flames, chastis'd, went forth to prey
On pious Structures, by our Fathers rear'd;
By which to Heav'n they did affect the way,
Ere Faith in Church-men without Works was heard.

270.1 Threatings] threatnings 1607.

274

The wanting Orphans saw with watry Eyes
Their Founders Charity in Dust laid low,
And sent to God their ever-answer'd cries,
(For he protects the Poor, who made them so)

275

Nor could thy Fabriek, *Paul's*, defend thee
long,
Though thou wert Sacred to thy Makers
praise:

Though made Immortal by a Poet's Song,
And Poets Songs the *Theban* walls could
raise.

276

The daring Flames peep't in, and saw from
far

The awful Beauties of the Sacred Quire:
But, since it was prophan'd by Civil War,
Heav'n thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

277

Now down the narrow Streets it swiftly
came,
And, widely opening, did on both sides prey:
This benefit we sadly owe the Flame,
If only Ruin must enlarge our way.

278

And now four days the Sun had seen our
Woes;
Four nights the Moon beheld th' incessant
fire;
It seem'd as if the Stars more sickly rose,
And farther from the feav'rish North retire.

279

In th' Empyrean Heav'n (the Bless'd abode,
The Thrones and the Dominions prostrate lie.
Not daring to behold their angry God:
And an bush'd silence damps the tuneful Sire.

280

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying Eye,
And Mercy softly touch'd his melting Breast:
He saw the Towns one half in Rubbish lie,
And eager flames drive on to storm the rest.

281

An hollow chrystal Pyramid he takes,
In firmamental Waters dipt above;
Of it a broad Extinguisher he makes
And hoods the Flames that to their quagry
strove.

274 2 Dust] the Dust 1667.

280 4 drive] give 1667.

282

The vanquish'd Fires withdraw from every
place,
Or, full with feeding, sink into a sleep:
Each household Genius shows again his face,
And, from the hearths, the little Lares creep.

283

Our King this more than natural change
beholds;
With sober Joy his heart and eyes abound:
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

284

As when sharp Frosts had long constrain'd
the earth,
A kindly Thaw unlocks it with mild Rain,
And first the tender Blade peeps up to birth,
And streight the Green fields laugh with
promis'd grain:

285

By such degrees the spreading Gladness grew
In every heart, which Fear had froze before:
The standing Streets with so much joy they
view,
That with less grief the Perish'd they deplore.

286

The Father of the People open'd wide
His Stores, and all the Poor with Plenty fed:
Thus God's Anointed God's own place sup-
pl'd,
And fill'd the Empty with his daily Bread.

287

This Royal bounty brought its own Reward,
And, in their Minds, so deep did print the
sense;
That if their Ruins sadly they regard,
Tis but with fear the sight might drive him
thence.

288

But so may he live long, that Town to sway,
Which by his Auspice they will
nobler make,
As he will hatch their Ashes by
his stay,
And not their humble Ruins
now forsake.

*Cities re-
quest to the
King not to
leave them*

289

They have not lost their Loyalty by Fire;
Nor is their Courage or their Wealth so low,
That from his Wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the Pity of a vanquish'd Foe.

284, 2 mild] Editors till *Christie* give cold

290

Not with more Constancy the *Jews* of old,
By *Cyrus* from rewarded Exile sent,
Their Royal City did in Dust behold,
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

291

The utmost Malice of their Stars is past,
And two dire Comets, which have scourg'd
the Town
In their own Plague and Fire have breath'd
their last,
Or, dimly, in their sinking sockets frown.

292

Now frequent Trines the happier lights
among,
And high rais'd *Jove* from his dark Prison
freed,
(Those Weights took off that on his Planet
hung.)
Will gloriously the new-laid Works succeed.

293

Me-thinks already, from this Chymick flame,
I see a city of more precious mold:
Rich as the town which gives the *Indies*
name,
With Silver pav'd, and all divine with Gold.

294

Already l-bouring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the Rubbish from her mounting
Brow,
And seems to have renew'd her Charters date,
Which Heav'n will to the death of time
allow.

295

More great than human now, and more
^d *August*,
New deified she from her Fires does rise:
Her widening Streets on new Foundations
trust,
And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

296

Before, she like some Shepherdess did shew,
Who sate to bathe her by a River's side;
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous Arts of Modern
pride.

^c Mexico^d Augusta, the old name of London.

292 & Works] 1683. Work 1667.

297

Now, like a Maiden Queen, she will behold,
From her high Turrets, hourly Sutors come:
The East with Incense, and the West with
Gold,
Will stand, like Suppliants, to receive her
Doom.

298

The silver *Thames*, her own domestick Floud,
Shall bear her Vessels, like a sweeping Tram,
And often wind (as of his Mistress proud.)
With longing eyes to meet her Face again.

299

The wealthy *Tagus*, and the wealthier *Rhine*,
The glory of their Towns no more shall boast,
And *Sein*, that would with *Belgian* Rivers
join,
Shall find her Lustre stam'd, and Traffick
lost.

300

The vent'rous Merchant who design'd more
far,
And touches on our hospitable Shore,
Charm'd with the Splendour of this Northern
Star,
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

301

Our pow'ful Navy shall no longer meet,
The wealth of *France* or *Holland* to invade:
The beauty of this Town without a Fleet,
From all the World shall vindicate her Trade.

302

And, while this fam'd Emporium we prepare,
The *British* Ocean shall such Triumphs boast,
That those, who now disdain our Trade to
share,
Shall rob like Pyrats on our wealthy Coast.

303

Already we have conquer'd half the War,
And the less dang'rous part is left behind:
Our Trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not so great to Vanquish as to Find.

304

Thus to the Eastern wealth through Storms
we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no
more:
A constant Trade-wind will securely blow,
And gently lay us on the Spiey shore.

[Title-page of First Edition.]

ABSALOM

A N D

ACHITOPHEL.

A

P O E M.

-----*Si Propius Iles*
Te Capiet Magis-----

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. T. and are to be Sold by W. Davis in
Amen-Corner, 168 1.

[Title-page of Second Edition.]

ABSALOM
AND
ACHITOPHEL.

A
POEM

-----*Si Propius stes*
Te Capiet Magis-----

The Second Edition ; Augmented and Revised.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. T. and are to be Sold by
W. Davis in Amen-Corner, 1681.

TO THE
READER.

[illegible]

The first edition and the second were both of 1854. The text before the latter, except as noted below, has been taken from the following terms.

16 provisions of 11. *provisions* of 2
 40 only of 11. *only* of 2

The first edition and the second were both of 1958. The text is from the latter, except as noted. The current text has several serious errors.

and to hope with Origea, that the Devil himself may, at last, be sav'd. For which reason, in this Poem, he is neither brought to set his House in order, nor to dispose of his Person afterwards, as he in wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful; and his Vicerent is only not so, because he is not Infinite.

The true end of Satyre is the amendment of Vices by correction. And he who writes honestly, is no more an Enemy to the Offender than the Physician to the Patient, when he prescribes harsh Remedies to an inveterate Disease: for those, are only in order to prevent the Chyrurgeon's work of an Ense rescindendum, which I wish not to my very Enemies. To conclude all, If the Body Politique have any Analogy to the Natural, in my weak judgment, an Act of Oblivion were as necessary in a Hot, Distemper'd State, as an Opiate woud be in a Raging Fever. 10

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

A POEM.

In pious times, e'r Priest-craft did begin,
Before Polygamy was made a Sin;
When Man on many multipl'd his kind,
E'r one to one was cursedly confin'd,
When Nature prompted aad no Law deni'd
Promiscuous Use of Concubine and Bride;
Then Israel's Monarch, after Heavens own
heart,
His vigorous warmth did, variously, impart
To Wives and Slaves: And, wide as his Com-
mand,
Scatter'd his Maker's Image through the
Land. 10

Michal, of Royal Blood, the Crown did wear,
A soil ungrateful to the Tiller's care:
Not so the rest; for several Mothers bore
To God-like David several sons before.
But since like Slaves his Bed they did ascend,
No True Succession could their Seed attend.
Of all this Numerous Progeny was none
So Beautiful so Brave as Absalom:
Whether, inspir'd by some diviner Lust, 20
His father got him with a greater Gust,
Or that his Conscious Destiny made way
By manly Beauty to Imperial Swoy.
Early in Foreign Fields he won Renown
With Kings and States allied to Israel's
Crown:

In Peace the thoughts of Wor he cou'd re-
move

And seem'd as he were onely born for Love.
What e'r he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone, 'twas Natural to please;
His motions all accompanied with grace;
And Paradise was open'd in his face. 30
With secret Joy, indulgent David view'd
His Youthful Image in his Son renew'd;
To all his wishes Nothing he deni'd
And made the Charming Annabel his Bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is
free?)

His fother cou'd not or he woud not see.
Some warm excesses, which the Law forbore,
Were constru'd Youth that purg'd by boil-
ing o'r:

And Amnon's Murther, by a specious Name,
Was call'd a Just Revenge for injur'd Fame.
Thus Prais'd and Lov'd, the Noble Youth
remain'd, 41

While David, undisturb'd, in Zion reign'd.
But Life can never be sincerely blest:
Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the
best.

The Jews, a Headstrong, Moody, Murm'ring
race

As ever tri'd th' extent and stretch of grace;
God's panper'd People, whom, debauch'd
with ease,

No King could govern nor no God could
please;

TO THE READER 4 only] ed 1: only ed. 2.
10 Fever] ed. 1: Favour ed. 2.
19 by] with ed. 1.

— 4 —

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Abstract

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i

Their busie Teachers mingled with the Jews
And rak'd for Converts even the Court and
Stews:

Which *Hebrew* Priests the more unkindly
took,

Because the Fleece accompanies the Flock.
Some thought they God's Anointed meant to
slay

By Guns, invented since full many a day:
Our Author swears it not; but who can
know

How far the Devil and *Jebusites* may go?
This Plot, which fail'd for want of common
Sense,

Had yet a deep and dangerous Consequence;
For as, when raging Fevers boil the Blood
The standing Lake soon floats into a Flood;
And ev'ry hostile Humour which before
Slept quiet in its Channels bubbles o're:

So, several Factions from this first Ferment
Work up to Foam, and threat the Govern-
ment.

Some by their Friends, more by themselves
thought wise,
Oppos'd the Pow'r to which they could not
rise.

Some had in Courts been Great and, thrown
from thence,
Like Fiends were hardened in Impenitence.
Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown,
From Pardon'd Rebels, Kinsmen to the
Throne

Were rais'd in Pow'r and Publick Office
high;

Strong Bands, if Bands ungrateful men could
tie.

Of these the false *Achitophel* was first, 150
A Name to all succeeding Ages curst.

For close Designs and crooked Counsels fit,
Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixt in Principles and Place,
In Pow'r unpleased, impatient of Disgrace;
A fiery Soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the Pigmy Body to decay:
And o'r informed the Tenement of Clay. }

A daring Pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves
went high

He sought the Storms; but, for a Calm unfit,
Would Steer too nigh the Sands to boast his
Wit.

Great Wits are sure to Madness near all'd
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide;
Else, why should he, with Wealth and
Honour blest,

Refuse his Age the needful hours of Rest?
Punish a Body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of Ease?
And all to leave what with his Toil he won
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a
Son: 170

Got, while his Soul did buddled Notions trie:
And born a shapeless Lump, like Anarchy.
In Friendship false, implacable in Hate,
Resolv'd to Ruine or to Rule the State;
To Compass this the Triple Bond he broke;
The Pillars of the Publick Safety shook,
And fitted *Israel* for a Foreign Yoke;
Then, seiz'd with Fear, yet still affecting
Fame,

Usurp'd a Patriot's All-attoning Name.
So easie still it proves in Factious Times 180
With publick Zeal to cancel private Crimes:

How safe is Treason and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the Peoples Will,
Where Crouds can wink; and no offence be
known,

Since in anothers guilt they find their own.
Yet, Fame deserv'd, no Enemy can grudge;
The Statesman we abhor, but praise the
Judge.

In *Israel's* courts ne'er sat an *Abbehdin*
With more discerning Eyes or Hands more
clean,

Unbri'd, unsought, the Wretched to re-
dress; 190

Swift of Dispatch and easie of Access.

Oh, had he been content to serve the Crown
With Vertues onely proper to the Gown,
Or had the rankness of the Soil been freed
From Cockle that opprest the Noble Seed,
David for him his tuneful Harp had strung,
And Heav'n had wanted one Immortal Song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortunes Ice prefers to Vertues Land.

Achitophel, grown weary to possess 200
A lawful Fame, and lazie Happiness,
Disdain'd the Golden Fruit to gather free
And lent the Crowd his Arm to shake the
Tree.

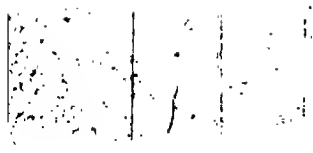
Now, manifest of Crimes, contriv'd long since,
He stood at bold Defiance with his Prince:

152 Counsels] Counsel *ed. 1.*

154 Principles] Principle *ed. 1.*

179 Usurp'd] Assum'd *ed. 1.*

180-91 Not in *ed. 1.*



If *Pharaoh's* doubtful succour he should use,
A Foreign Aid would more incense the *Jews* :
Proud *Egypt* woud dissembled Friendship
• bring ;

Foment the War, but not support the King :
Nor woud the Royal Party e'r unite
With *Pharaoh's* arms t' assist the *Jebusite* ;
Or if they shoud, their Interest soon would
break,

And, with such odious Aid, make *David*
weak.

All sorts of men, by my successful Arts
Abhorring Kings, estrange their altered
Hearts 290

From *David's* Rule : And 'tis the general Cry,
Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty.

If you, as Champion of the Publique Good,
Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood,
What may not *Israel* hope, and what Ap-
plause

Might such a General gain by such a Cause ?
Not barren Praise alone, that Gaudy Flow'r,
Fair onely to the sight, but solid Pow'r :
And Nobler is a limited Command, 299
giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land,
Than a Successive Title, Long, and Dark,
Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of *Noah's* ark.

What cannot Praise effect in Mighty
Minds,
When Flattery Sooths and when Ambition
Blinds !

Desire of Pow'r, on Earth a Vitious Weed,
Yet, sprung from High is of Celestial Seed ;
A God 'tis Glory : And when Men Aspire,
'Tis but a Spark too much of Heavenly Fire.
Th' Ambitious Youth, too Covetous of Fame,
Too full of Angels Metal in his Frome, 310
Inwardly was led from Vertues ways,
Jade Drunk with Honour, and debauch'd
with Praise.

Half loath and half consenting to the Ill,
For Loyal Blood within him struggled still,
He thus repli'd—And what Pretence have I
To take up Arms for Publick Liberty ?
My Father Governs with unquestion'd Right ;
The Faith's Defender and Mankinds Delight,
Good, Gracious, Just, observant of the Laws ;
And Heav'n by Wonders has espous'd his
Cause. 320

Whom has he Wrong'd in all his Peaceful
Reign ?

Who sues for Justice to his Throne in Vain ?

What Millions has he pardoned of his Foes
Whom Just Revenged did to his Wrath expose ?
Mild, Easie, Humble, Studious of our Good,
Enclin'd to Mercy, and averse from Blood.
If Mildness Ill with Stubborn *Israel* Suit,
His Crime is God's beloved Attribute.
What could he gain, his People to Betray
Or change his Right, for Arbitrary Sway ?
Let Haughty *Pharaoh* Curse with such a
Reign 331

His Fruitful Nile, and Yoak a Servile Train.
If *David's* Rule *Jerusalem* Displease,
The Dog-star heats their Brains to this
Disease.

Why then should I, Encouraging the Bad,
Turn Rebel and run Popularly Mad ?
Were he a Tyrant who, by Lawless Might,
Opprest the *Jews* and rais'd the *Jebusite*,
Well might I Mourn ; but Nature's holy
Bands

Would Curb my Spirits, and Restrain my
Hands ; 340
The People might assert their Liberty ;
But what was Right in them, were Crime in
me.

His Favour leaves me nothing to require ;
Prevents my Wishes and out-runs Desire
What more can I expect while *David* lives ?
All but his Kingly Diadem he gives :
And that : But there he paus'd ; then Sigh-
ing, said,

Is Justly destin'd for a Worthier head.
For when my Father from his Toyls shall
Rest 349

And late Augment the Number of the Blest :
His Lawful Issue shall the Throne ascend,
Or the Collat'ral Line, where that shall end.
Ere Brother, though Opprest with Vulgar
Spight,

Yet Dauntless and Secure of Native Right,
Of every Royal Vertue stands possess ;
Still Dear to all the Bravest and the Best.
His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth
Proclaim ;

His Loyalty the King, the World his Fame.
His Mercy ev'n th' Offending Croud will
find,

For sure he comes of a Forgiving Kind. 360
Why shoud I then Repine at Heavens Decree
Which gives me no Pretence to Royalty ?

Yet oh that Fate, Propitiously inclin'd,
Had rais'd my Birth, or had dehas'd my
Mind ;

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

To my large Soul, not all her Treasure leat,
And then betray'd it to a mean Deseent.
I find, I find my mounting Spirits Bold,
And *David's* part disdains my Mothers Mold.
Why am I scanted by a Niggard Birth? 369
My soul Disclaims the Kindred of her Earth:
And, made for Empire, Whispers me within;
Desire of Greatness is a God-like Sin.

Him Staggering so when Hells dire Agent
found,
While fainting Vertue scarce maintain'd her
Ground,
He pours fresh Forces in, and thus Replies:
Th' eternal God, Supreamly Good and
Wise,

Imparts not these Prodigious Gifts in vain;
What Wonders are Reserv'd to bless your
Reign?

Against your will your Arguments have
shown, 379

Such Vertue's only giv'n to guide a Throne.
Not that your Father's Mildness I condemn,
But manly Force becomes the Diadem.

'Tis true he grants the People all they crave;
And more perhaps than Subjects ought to
have:

For Lavish Grants suppose a Monarch tame
And more his Goodness than his Wit pro-
claim.

But when should People strive their Bonds
to break,

If not when Kings are Negligent or Weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thirsty Sanhedrin shall keep him poor:
And every Sheckle which he can receive 391
Shall cost a Limb of his Prerogative.

To ply him with new Plots shall be my care;
Or plunge him deep in some Expensive War;
Which, when his Treasure can no more
supply,

He must, with the Remains of Kingship, buy.
His faithful Friends our Jealousies and Fears
Call *Jebusites*; and *Pharaoh's* Pensioners,
Whom, when our Fury from his Aid has torn,
He shall be naked left to publick Scorn. 400
The next Successor, whom I fear and hate,
My Arts have made obnoxious to the State;
Turn'd all his Vertues to his Overthrow.
And gain'd our Elders to pronounce a F&L.
His Right, for Sums of necessary Gold,
Shall first be Pawn'd, and afterwards be
Sold;

Till time shall Ever-wanting *David* draw,
To pass your doubtful Title into Law.
If not: the People have a Right Supreme
To make their Kings; for Kings are made
for them. 410

All Empire is no more than Pow'r in Trust,
Which, when resum'd, can be no longer Just.
Succession, for the general Good design'd,
In its own wrong a Nation cannot bind:

Il altering that, the People can relieve,
Better one suffer, than a Nation grieve.
The *Jews* well know their pow'r: e'r *Saul*
they chose

God was their King. and God they durst
Depose.

Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name,
A Father's Right and Fear of future Fame;
The Publick Good, that Universal Call, 421
To which even Heav'n submitted, answers
nil.

Nor let his Love enchant your generous
Mind;

'Tis Natures trick to propagate her Kind.
Our fond Begetters, who would never die,
Love but themselves in their Posterity.
Or let his Kindness by th' Effects be tried
Or let him lay his vain Pretence aside.

God said he loved your Father; could he
bring

A better Proof than to anoint him King? 439
It surely shew'd, He lov'd the Shepherd well
Who gave so fair a Flock as *Israel*.

Would *David* have you thought his Darling
Son?

What means he then, to Alienate the Crown?
The name of Godly he may blush to bear:
'Tis alter Gods own heart to Cheat his
Heir.

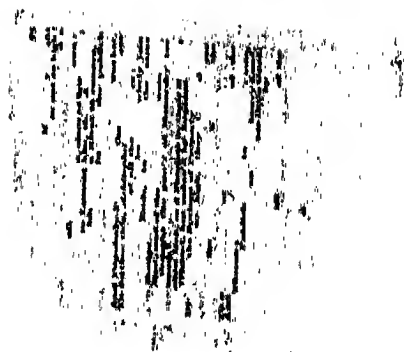
He to his Brother gives Supreme Command;
To you a Legacie of Barren Land:
Perhaps th' old Harp on which he thrums
his Lays:

Or some dull *Hebrew* Ballad in your Praise.
Then the next Heir, a Prince, Severe and
Wise, 441

Already looks on you with Jealous Eyes,
Sees through the thin Disguises of your Arts,
And marks your Progress in the Peoples
Hearts.

416 Nation] Million ed. 1.

436 'Tis] *Derrick* and others absurdly give
Is't



ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Where Sanhedrin and Priest enslav'd the Nation
 And justifi'd their Spoils by Inspiration :
 For who so fit for Reign as *Aaron's* Race,
 If once Deminion they could found in Grace?
 These led the Pack ; though not of surest
 scent,
 Yet deepest mouth'd against the Govern-
 ment.
 A numerous Host of dreaming Saints suc-
 ceed ;
 Of the true old Enthusiastick Breed : 530
 'Gainst Form and Order they their Pow'r
 employ.
 Nothing to Build, and all things to Destroy.
 But far more numerous was the Herd of such,
 Who think too little, and who talk too much
 These, out of meer instinct, they knew not
 why,
 Adored their Fathers' God, and Property :
 And, by the same blind Benefit of Fate,
 The Devil and the *Jehsute* did hate :
 Born to be sav'd, even in their own despit ;
 Because they could not help believing right.
 Such were the Tools ; but a whole Hydra
 more 541
 Remains, of sprouting head too long to sear.
 Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land ;
 In the first Rank of these did *Zimri* stand :
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
 Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong ;
 Was Everything by starts, and Nothing long :
 But, in the course of one revolving Moon,
 Was Chymist, Fidler, States-man, and
 Buffoon ; 550
 Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming,
 Drinking,
 Besides ten thousand Freaks that died in
 thinking.
 Blest Madman, who could every hour employ,
 With something New to wish, or to enjoy !
 Railing and praising were his usual Theams ;
 And both (to shew his Judgment) in Extreams :
 So over Violent, or over Civil,
 That every Man, with him, was God or Devil.
 In squandering Wealth was his peculiar Art :
 Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert. 560
 Begg'd by fools, whom still he found too
 late :

He had his Jest, and they had his Estate,
 He laugh'd himself from Court ; then sought
 Relief
 By forming Parties, but could ne'r be Chief :
 For, spite of him, the weight of Business fell
 On *Absalom* and wise *Achitophel* :
 Thus wicked but in Will, of Means bereft,
 He felt not Faction, but of that was left.
 Titles and Names 'twere tedious to Re-
 herse
 Of Lords, below the Dignity of Verse. 570
 Wits, Warriors, Commonwealths-men were
 the best :
 Kind Husbands and meer Nobles all the rest
 And, therefore in the name of Dulness, be
 The well-hung *Balaam* and cold *Caleb* free ;
 And Canting *Nadab* let Oblivion damn,
 Who made new Porridge for the Paschal
 Lamb.
 Let Friendships holy Band some Names
 assure,
 Some their own Worth, and some let Scorn
 secure.
 Nor shall the Rascal Rabble here have Place,
 Whom Kings no Titles gave, and God no
 Grace : 580
 Not Bull-fac'd *Jonas*, who could Statutes draw
 To mean Rebellion, and make Treason Law.
 But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
 The Wretch, who Heav'n's Anointed dar'd
 to Curse.
Shimei, whose Youth did early Promise bring
 Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King ;
 Did wisely from Expensive Sins refrain,
 And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain :
 Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,
 Or Curse, unless against the Government.
 Thus, heaping Wealth, by the most ready
 way 591
 Among the *Jews*, which was to Cheat and
 Pray ;
 The City, to reward his pious Hate
 Against his Master, chose him Magistrate :
 His Hand n Vare of Justice did uphold ;
 His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold.
 During his Office, Treason was no Crime.
 The Sons of *Belial* had n Glorious Time :
 For *Shimei*, though not prodigal of pelf, 599
 Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himself :

525 for] *ed. 1* to *ed. 2*.
 542 long] *ed. 3* : long, *edd. 1* and *2*.

585 Youth did early Promise] early Youth did
 Promise *ed. 1*.
 595 Vare] *Derrick, Scott, and others wrongly*
give Vase

When two or three were gather'd to declaim }
 Against the Monarch of *Jerusalem*, }
Shimei was always in the midst of them. }
 And, if they Curst the King when he was by,
 Would rather Curse, than break good Com-
 pany.

If any durst his Faction's Friends accuse,
 He pact a jury of dissenting *Jews* :
 Whose fellow-feeling, in the godly Cause
 Would free the suffer'g Saint from Humane
 Laws. 609

For Laws are onely made to Punish those
 Who serve the King, and to protect his Foes.
 If any leisure time he had from Pow'r,
 (Because 'tis Sin to misemploy an hour ;)
 His bus'ness was by Writing to persuade
 That kings were Useless, and a Clog to Trade :
 And that his noble Stile he might refine,
 No *Rehabite* more shund the fumes of Wine.
 Chaste were his Cellars ; and his Shrieval
 Board

The Grossness of a City Feast abhor'd :
 His Cooks, with long disuse, their Trade
 forgot ; 620
 Cool was his Kitchin, though his Brauns
 were hot.

Such frugal Vertue Malice may accuse ;
 But sure 'twas necessary to the *Jews* :
 For Towns once burnt, such Magistrates
 require

As dare not tempt Gods Providence by Fire.
 With Spiritual Food he fed his Servants well,
 But free from Flesh that made the *Jews* rebel :
 And *Moses's* Laws he held in more account,
 For forty days of Fasting in the Mount.
 To speak the rest, who better are forgot, 630
 Would tire a well-breath'd Witness of the
 Plot :

Yet, *Corah*, thou shalt from Oblivion pass ;
 Erect thy self thou Monumental Brass :
 High as the Serpent of thy Metal made,
 While Nations stand secure beneath thy
 shade.

What though his Birth were base, yet
 Comets rise

From Earthly Vapours, e'r they shine in Skies.
 Prodigious Actions may as well be done
 By Weaver's issue as by Prince's son.
 This Arch-Attestor for the Publick Good 640
 By that one Deed enobles all his Bloud.
 Who ever ask'd the Witnesses high race
 Whose Oath with Martyrdom did *Stephen*
 grace ?

Ours was a *Levite*, and as times went then,
 His tribe were God-almighties Gentlemen.
 Sunk were his Eyes, his Voice was harsh and
 loud,

Sure signs he neither Cholerick was, nor
 Proud :

His long Chin prov'd his Wit ; his Saint-like
 Grace

A Church Vermilion, and a *Moses's* Face.
 His Memory, miraculously great, 650
 Could Plots, exceeding mans belief, repeat ;
 Which, therefore cannot be accounted Lies,
 For humane Wit could never such devise.
 Some future Truths are mingled in his Book ;
 But where the Witness fail'd, the Prophet
 spoke :

Some things like Visionary flights appear ;
 The Spirit caught him up, the Lord knows
 where :

And gave him his *Rabbinical* degree,
 Unknown to Foreign University.

His Judgment yet his Mem'ry did excel, 660
 Which piec'd his wondrous Evidence so well :
 And suited to the temper of the Times ;
 Then groaning under *Jehusitic* Crimes.
 Let *Israel's* foes suspect his Heav'nly call,
 And rashly judge his Writ Apocryphal ;
 Our Laws for such affronts have Forfeits
 made :

He takes his Life, who takes away his Trade.
 Were I myself in Witness *Corah's* place,
 The Wretch who did me such a dire disgrace
 Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
 To make him an Appendix of my Plot. 671
 His Zeal to Heav'n, made him his Prince
 despise,

And load his Person with indignities :
 But Zeal peculiar privilege affords,
 Indulging latitude to deeds and words :
 And *Corah* might for *Agag's* murder call.
 In terms as course as *Samuel* us'd to *Saul*.
 What others in his Evidence did join,
 (The best that could be had for love or com,) 680
 In *Corah's* own predicament will fall.
 For *Witness* is a Common Name to all.

Surrounded thus with Friends of every
 sort,

Deluded *Absalom* forsakes the Court :
 Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
 And Fir'd with near possession of a Crown,
 The admiring Croud are dazzled with surprize
 And on his goodly person feed their eyes :

His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show ;
On each side bowing popularly low :
His looks, his gestures, and his words he
frames 690
And with familiar ease repeats their Names.
Thus, form'd by Nature, furnished out with
Arts,

He glides unfelt into their secret hearts :
Then with a kind compassionating look,
And sighs, bespeaking pity e'er he spoke,
Few words he said, but easie those and fit,
More slow than Hybla drops, and far more
sweet.

I mourn, my Country-men, your lost
Estate,

Though far unable to prevent your Fate :
Behold a Banish'd man, for your dear cause
Expos'd a prey to Arbitrary Laws ! 701

Yet oh ! that I alone could be undone,
Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son !
Now all your Liberties a spoil are made ; }
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your Trade, }
And Jebusites your Sacred Rites invade. }

My Father, whom with reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into Ease, is careless of his Fame :
And, brib'd with petty sums of Foreign Gold,
Is grown in *Balthisba's* Embraces old : 710

Exalts his Enemies, his Friends destroys,
And all his pow'r against himself employs.
He gives, and let him give my right away ;
But why should he his own and yours betray ?
He onely, he can make the Nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears (with that he wiped his
Eyes)

'Tis all the Aid my present pow'r supplies :
No Court-Informer can these Arms accuse ;
These Arms may Sons against their Fathers
use ; 720

And, 'tis my wish, the next Successor's reign
May make no other *Israelite* complain.

Youth, Beauty, Graceful Action seldom
fail :

But Common Interest always will prevail :
And pity never Ceases to be shown
To him, who makes the Peoples wrongs his
own.

The Croud, (that still believe their Kings
oppress,)

With lifted hands their young *Messiah* bless :

Who now begins his Progress, to ordain
With Chariots, Horsemen, and a numerous
train ; 730

From East to West his Glories he displays :
And, like the Sun, the Promis'd Land sur-
veys.

Fame runs before him as the Morning-Star,
And shouts of Joy salute him from afar :
Each house receives him as a Guardian God ;
And Consecrates the Place of his abode :
But hospitable Treats did most commend
Wise *Issachar*, his wealthy Western Friend.
This moving Court that caught the Peoples
Eyes,

And seem'd but Pomp, did other Ends
disguise : 740

Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To sound the depths, and fathom where it
went,

The Peoples hearts distinguish Friends from
Foes ;
And trie their strength before they came to
Blows.

Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
Of specious love, and duty to their Prince.
Religion, and Redress of Grievances,
Two names, that always cheat and always
please,

Are often urg'd ; and good King *David's* life
Endanger'd by a Brother and a Wife. 750

Thus, in a Paganst Shew, a Plot is made ;
And Peace it sell is War in Masquerade.

Oh foolish *Israel* ! never warn'd by Ill :
Still the same Bait, and circumvented still !

Did ever men forsake their present ease,
In midst of health imagine a Disease :

Take pains Contingent mischiefs to foresee,
Make Heirs for Monarchs, and for God
decree ?

What shall we think ! Can People give away
Both for themselves and Sons their Native
sway ? 760

Then they are left Defenceless, to the Sword
Of each unbounded, Arbitrary Lord :

And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy,
If Kings unquestion'd can those Laws de-
stroy.

Yet if the Croud be Judge of Fit and Just,
And Kings are onely Officers in Trust,
Then this resuming Cov'nant was declar'd
When Kings were made, or is for ever bard :

If those who gave the Scepter, could not tie
By their own Deed their own Posterity, 770
How then could *Adam* bind his future Race?
How could his Forfeit on Mankind take
place?

Or how could heavenly Justice damn us all
Who ne'r consented to our Fathers Fall?
Then Kings are Slaves to those whom they
command,

And Tenants to their Peoples pleasure stand.
Add that the Pow'r, for Property allow'd,
Is mischievously seated in the Croud;
For who can be secure of private Right,
If Sovereign Sway may be dissolv'd by
Night? 780

Nor is the Peoples Judgment always true:
The Most may err as grossly as the Few.
And faultless Kings run down, by Common
Cry,

For Vice, Oppression, and for Tyranny.
What Standard is there in a sickle rout,
Which, flowing to the Mark, runs faster out?
Nor onely crouds, but Sanhedrims may be
Infected with this publick Lunacy:
And Share the madness of Rebelious Times,
To Murder Monarchs for Imagin'd crimes.
If they may Give and Take when e'r they
please, 791

Not Kings alone, (the Godheads Images,)
But Government it self at length must fall
To Natures state, where all have Right to
all.

Yet, grant our Lords the People, Kings can
make,
What prudent men a settled Throne would
shake?

For whatsoe'r their Sufferings were before,
That Change they Covet makes them suffer
more.

All other Errors but disturb a State;
But Innovation is the Blow of Fate. 800
If ancient Fabricks nod, and threat to fall,
To Patch the Flaws, and Buttress up the
Wall,

Thus far 'tis Duty; but here fix the Mark:
For all beyond it is to touch our Ark.
To change Foundations, cast the Frame
anew,

Is work for Rebels who base Ends pursue:

777 Add that the Pow'r] That Pow'r which is
ed. 1.

802 the Flaws] Many editors give their Flaws
804 our] Many editors give the

At once Divine and Humane Laws controul,
And mend the Parts by ruine of the Whole.
The tamp'ring World is subject to this Curse,
To Physick their Disease into a Worse. 810

Now what Relief can Righteous *David*
bring?

How Fatal 'tis to be too good a King!
Friends he has few, so high the madness
grows;

Who dare be such, must be the People's
Foes:

Yet some there were ev'n in the worst of
days;

Some let me name, and Namiog is to praise.

In this short File *Barzilai* first appears,
Barzilai crown'd with Honour and with
Years:

Long since, the rising Rebels he withstood
In Regions Waste, beyond the *Jordaus* Flood:
Unfortunately Brave to buoy the State; 821
But sinking underneath his Master's Fate:
In Exile with his God-like Prince he Mourn'd,
For him he Suffer'd, and with him Return'd
The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's
Art:

Large was his Wealth, but larger was his
Heart:

Which, well the Noblest Objects knew to
chuse,

The Fighting Warriour, and Recording Muse.
His Bed could once a Fruitful Issue boast:
Now more than half a Father's Name is lost.
His Eldest Hope, with every Grace adorn'd,
By me (so Heav'n will have it) always
Mourn'd

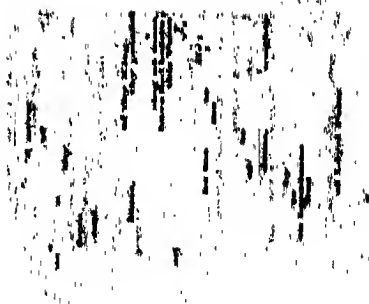
And always honour'd, snatch'd in manhoods
prime

B' unequal Fates and Providences crime:
Yet not before the Goal of Honour won,
All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son;
Swift was the Race, but short the Time to
run.

Oh Narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,
Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line!
By Sea, by Land, thy Matchless Worth was
known; 840

Arms thy Delight, and War was all thy Own:
Thy force, infus'd, the fainting *Tyrans*
prop'd;

And haughty *Pharaoh* found his Fortune
stop'd.



These Ills they saw, and, as their Duty bound,
 They shew'd the King the danger of the Wound;
 That no Concessions from the Throne woud please;
 But Lemtives fomented the Disease;
 That *Absalom*, ambitious of the Crown,
 Was made the Lure to draw the People down:
 That false *Achitophel's* pernicious Hate
 Had turn'd the Plot to ruine Church and State; 930
 The Council violent, the Rabble worse:
 That *Shimei* taught *Jerusalem* to Curse.

With all these loads of Injuries oppress,
 And long revolving in his careful Brest
 Th' event of things; at last his patience tir'd,
 Thus from his Royal Throne, by Heav'n inspir'd,
 The God-like *David* spoke; with awful fear
 His Train their Maker in their Master hear.

Thus long have I by Native Mercy snay'd,
 My Wrongs dissembl'd, my Revenge delay'd;
 So willing to forgive th' Offending Age; 941
 So much the Father did the King assuage.
 But now so far my Clemency they slight,
 Th' Offenders question my Forgiving Right.
 That one was made for many, they contend;
 But 'tis to Rule, for that's a Monarch's End.
 They call my tenderness of Blood, my Fear,
 Though Manly tempers can the longest bear.
 Yet since they will divert my Native course,
 'Tis time to show I am not Good by Force.
 Those heap'd Affronts that haughty Subjects bring, 951

'Are burdens for a Camel, not a King:
 Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,
 Born to sustain and prop the Nations weight:
 If my young *Sampson* will pretend a Call
 To shake the Column, let him share the Fall:
 But oh that yet he woud repent and live!
 How easie 'tis for Parents to forgive!
 With how few Tears a Pardon might be won
 From Nature, pleading for a Darling Son!
 Poor pitied youth, by my Paternal care, 961
 Rais'd up to all the Height his Frame could bear:

Had God ordain'd his Fate for Empire born,
 He woud have giv'n his Soul another turn:

Gull'd with a Patriot's name, whose Modern sense
 Is one that woud by Law supplant his Prince:

The Peoples Brave, the Politicians Tool;
 Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool.
 Whence comes it that Religion and the Laws
 Should more be *Absalom's* than *David's* Cause? 970

His old Instructor, e'r he lost his Place,
 Was never thought indu'd with so much Grace.

Good heav'n's, how Faction can a Patriot Paint!

My Rebel ever proves my Peoples Saint:
 Woud They impose an Her upon the Throne?
 Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their Own.
 A king's at least a part of Government;
 And mine as requisite as their Consent:
 Without my leave a future King to choose,
 Infers a Right the present to Depose: 980
 True, they petition me t' approve their Choice:

But *Esau's* Hands suit ill with *Jacob's* Voice.
 My Pious Subjects for my Safety pray,
 Which to Secure, they take my Pow'r away.
 From Plots and Treasons Heav'n preserve my Years,

But save me most from my Petitioners.
 Unsatiat as the barren Womb or Grave;
 God cannot Grant so much as they can Crave.
 What then is left but with a Jealous Eye
 To guard the Small remains of Royalty? 990
 The Law shall still direct my peaceful Sway,
 And the same Law teach Rebels to obey:
 Votes shall no more Established Pow'r controul,

Such Votes as make a Part exceed the Whole:
 No groundless Clamours shall my Friends remove
 Nor Crouds have pow'r to Punish e'r they Prove;
 For Gods and God-like kings their Care express,

Still to defend their Servants in distress.
 Oh that my Pow'r to Saving were confin'd:
 Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, against my mind, 1000

To make Examples of another Kind?
 Must I at length the Sword of Justice draw?
 Oh curst Effects of necessary Law!

How ill my Fear they by my Mercy scan,
Beware the Fury of a Patient Man.

Law they require, let Law then shew her
Face;

They would not be content to look on
Grace, 1007

Her hinder parts, but with a daring Eye
To tempt the terror of her Front, and Die.

By their own Arts 'tis Righteously decreed,
Those dire Artificers of Death shall bleed.

Against themselves their Witnesses will
Swear,

Till, Viper-like, their Mother Plot they tear,
And suck for Nutriment that bloody gore

Which was their Principle of Life before.
Their *Belial* with their *Belzebub* will fight;

Thus on my Foes, my Foes shall do me Right.

1007 Grace.] Some editors omit the comma and
thereby destroy the sense.

Nor doubt th' event; for Faction's croud
engage

In their first Onset, all their Brutal Rage;
Then let 'em take an unresisted Course;

Retire and Traverse, and Delude their
Force: 1011

But when they stand all Breathless, urge
the fight,

And rise upon 'em with redoubled might:
For Lawful Pow'r is still Superiour found,

When long driv'n back, at length it stands
the ground.

He said. Th' Almighty, nodding, gave
consent;

And peals of Thunder shook the Firmament.
Henceforth a Series of new time began, 1013

The mighty Years in long Procession ran:
Once more the God-like *David* was Restor'd,

And willing Nations knew their Lawful Lord.

[Title-page of Original Edition. Scale A.]

THE
SECOND PART
OF
ABSALOM
AND
ACHITOPHEL.

A
P O E M.

—*Si Quis tamen Hæc quoque, Si Quis
Captus Amore Leget*—

L O N D O N.

Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges Head in
Chancery-Lane, near Fleet-Street. 1682.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

THE SECOND PART.

SINCE Men, like Beasts, each others Prey
were made,
Since Trade began, and Priesthood grew a
Trade,
Since Realms were form'd, none sure so eurst
as those
That madly their own Happiness oppose ;
There Heaven itself, and Godlike Kings, in
vain
Shower down the *Manna* of a gentle Reign ;
While pamper'd Crowds to mad Sedition run,
And Monarchs by Indulgence are undone.
Thus *David's* Goodness was e'en fatal grown,
While wealthy Faction aw'd the wanting
Throne. 10
For now their Sov'reign's Orders to condemn
Was held the Charter of *Jerusalem* ;
His Rights t' invade, his Tributes to refuse,
A Privilege peculiar to the *Jews* ;
As if from Heav'nly Call this Licence fell
And *Jacob's* seed were chosen to rebel !

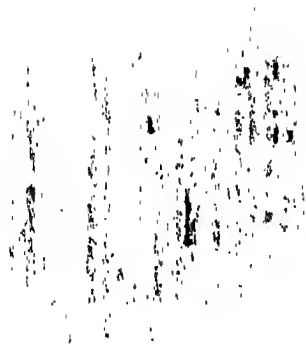
Achitophel with triumph sees his Crimes
Thus suited to the madness of the Times ;
And *Absalom*, to make his hopes succeed,
Of Flatteries Charms no longer stands in
need ; 20
While fond of Change, though ne'er so dearly
bought,
Our Tribes out-strip the Youth's Ambitious
Thought ;
His swiftest Hopes with swifter Homage
meet,
And crowd their servile Necks beneath his
Feet.
Thus to his aid while pressing Tides repair,
He mounts and spreads his Streamers in the
Air.

PART II. Text from the original edition, 1682.
Most of this part is by Nahum Tate. The only
part known to be Dryden's is ll 310-509. In the
second edition, 1716, there are some changes which
may have been made by Tate who died the year
before.

9 Goodness was e'en] Clemency was 1716.
20 Flatteries] Flattering 1716.

The Charms of Empire might his Youth
mis-lead,
But what can our besotted *Israel* plead ?
Sway'd by a Monarch, whose serene Com-
mand
Seems half the Blessing of our promis'd
Land. 30
Whose only Grievance is excess of Ease,
Freedome our Pain, and Plenty our Disease !
Yet since all Folly wou'd lay claim to Sense,
And Wickedness ne'er wanted a Pretence,
With Arguments they'd make their Treason
good
And righteous *David's* self with Slanders load:
That Arts of foreign Sway he did affect,
And guilty *Jebusites* from Law protect,
Whose very Chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay, we have seen their Sacrificers bleed !
Accusers Infamy is urg'd in vain, 41
While in the bounds of Sense they did con-
tain,
But soon they launght into th' unfathom'd
Tide
And in the Depths they knew disdain'd to
Ride ;
For probable Discoveries to dispence
Was thought below a pensioned Evidence ;
Mere Truth was dull, nor suited with the port
Of pamper'd *Corah*, when advanc'd to Court.
No less than Wonders now they will impose
And Projects void of Grace or Sense disclose.
Such was the Charge on pious *Michal*
brought, 51
Michal, that ne'er was cruel e'en in thought,
The best of Queens, and most obedient Wife,
Impeach'd of eurst Designs on *David's* Life !
His Life, the Theam of her eternal Pray'r,
'Tis scarce so much his Guardian Angels Care.
Not Summer Morns such Mildness can dis-
close,
The *Hermon* Lilly nor the *Sharon* Rose.
Neglecting each vain Pomp of Majesty,
Transported *Michal* feeds her thoughts on
high. 60

33 since] The editors give us



Ev'n when at Helm a Course so dang'rous
mov'd,
To Land your Hopes, as my Removal prov'd.

I not dispute (the Royal youth replies)
The known Perfection of your Policies,
Nor in *Achitophel* yet grudge, or blame,
The Privilege that Statesmen ever claim;
Who private Interest never yet persu'd,
But still pretended 'twas for Others good:
What Politician yet e'er seap't his Fate 270
Who saving his own Neck not sav'd the
State?

From hence on ev'ry hum'urous Wind that
veer'd

With shifted Sayls a sev'ral Course you
Steer'd.

What Form of Sway did *David* e'er persue
That seem'd like Absolute but sprung from
You?

Who at your instance quasht each penal
Law,

That kept dissenting factious *Jews* in awe;
And who suspends fixt Laws, may abrogate,
That done, form New, and so enslave the
State.

Ev'n Property, whose Champion now you
stand, 220

And seem for this the Idol of the Land,
Did ne'er sustain such Violence before
As when your Counsel shut the Royal Store;
Advice, that Ruine to whole Tribes procur'd,
But secret kept till your own Banks secur'd.
Recount with this the tripple Cov'nant broke,
And *Israel* fitted for a Foreign Yoke,
Nor here your Counsels fatal Progress staid,
But sent our levied Pow'rs to *Pharaoh's* Aid.
Hence *Tyre* and *Israel*, low in Ruins laid,
And *Egypt*, once their Scorn, their common
Terror made. 231

Ev'n yet of such a Season we can dream,
When Royal Rights you made your darling
Theain.

For Pow'r unlimited could Reasons draw,
And place Prerogative above the Law;
Which on your fall from Office grew Unjust,
The Laws made King, the King a Slave in
Trust:

Whom with State-craft, to Int'rest onely
True,

You now Accuse of ills contriv'd by You.

To this Hell's Agent—Royal Youth fix
here, 240

Let Int'rest be the Star by which I Steer.
Hence to repose your Trust in Me was wise,
Whose Int'rest most in your Advancement
lies.

A Tye so firm as always will avail
When Friendship, Nature and Religion fail;
On ours the Safety of the Crowd depends,
Secure the Crowd and we obtain our Ends,
Whom I will cause so far our Guilt to share
Till they are made our Champions by their
Fear.

What Opposition can your Rival bring, 250
While Sanhedrims are Jealous of the King?
His strength as yet in *David's* Friendship lies,
And what can *David's* Self without supplis?
Who with Exclusive Bills must now dispence,
Debar the Heir, or Starve in his Defence.
Conditions which our Elders ne'er will quit
And *David's* Justice never can admit.

Or forc't by Wants his Brother to betray,
To your Ambition next he clears the Way;
For if Succession once to Nought they bring
Their next Advance removes the present
King: 261

Persisting else his Senates to dissolve
In equal Hazard shall his Reign involve.
Our Tribes, whom *Pharaoh's* Pow'r so much
Alarms,

Shall rise without their Prince t' oppose his
Arms;

Nor boots it on what Cause at first they Joyn
Their Troops once up, are Tools for our
Design.

At least such subtle Covenants shall be made,
Till peace it self is War in Masquerade.

Associations of Mysterious Sense, 270
Against, but seeming for the King's Defence:
Ev'n on their Courts of Justice Fetters draw,
And from our Agents Muzzle up their Law
By which, a Conquest if we fail to make,
'Tis a drawn Game at worst, and we secur
our Stake.

He said, and for the dire Success depends
On various Sects, by common Guilt made
Friends.

Whose Heads, though ne'er so diff'ring in
their Creed,

I' th' point of Treason yet were well Agreed.

214 Form of] *Derrick and others give from a*

241 I Steer] you steer 1716, a false and feeble
reading which Dr. Saintsbury prefers.

'Mongst these, Extorting *Ishban* first appears,
Persu'd b' a meagre Troop of Bankrupt
Heirs 281

Blest times when *Ishban*, He whose Occupa-
tion

So long has been to Cheat, Reformes the
Nation!

Ishban of Conscience suited to his Trade,
As good a Saint as Usurer e'er made.

Yet *Mammon* has not so engrost him quite
But *Belial* lays as large a Claim of Spight;
Who, for those Pardons from his Prince he
draws

Returns Reproaches, and cries up the Cause.

That Year in which the City he did sway,
He left Rebellion in a hopefull way; 291

Yet his Ambition once was found so bold
To offer Talents of Extorted Gold;

Could *David's* Waots have So been brib'd to
shame

And scandalize our Peerage with his Name;
For which, his dear Sedition he'd forswear,
And e'en turn Loyal, to be made a Peer.

Next him, let Railing *Rabshakeh* have place,
So full of Zeal He has no need of grace; 299

A Saint that can both Flesh and Spirit use,
Alike haunt Conventicles and the Stews:

Of whom the Question difficult appears,
If most i' th' Preachers or the Bawds arrears.

What Caution cou'd appear too much in Him
That keeps the Treasure of *Jerusalem*!

Let *David's* Brother but approach the Town,
Double our guards, He cries, *We are undone*.

Protesting that He dares not Sleep in 's Bed,
Lest he shou'd rise next Morn without his

Head. 309

Next these, a Troop of buisy Spirits press,
Of little Fortunes and of Conscience Less;

With them the Tribe, whose Luxury had
drain'd

Their Banks, in former Sequestrations gain'd.
Who Rich and Great by past Rebellions

grew,
And long to fish the troubled Waves anew.

Some future Hopes, some present Payment
draws,

To Sell their Conscience and espouse the
Cause, 317

Such Stipends those vile Hirelings best befit,
Priests without Grace, and Poets without wit,

Shall that false *Hebronite* escape our Curse,
Judas that keeps the Rebels Pension-Purse;
Judas that pays the Treason-writers Fee,
Judas that well deserves his Namesake's
Tree;

Who at *Jerusalem's* own Gates Erects

His College for a Nursery of Sects.

Young Prophets with an early Care secures,

And with the Dung of his own Arts manures,

What have the Men of *Hebron* here to doe?

What part in *Israel's* promis'd Land have
you?

Here *Phaleg* the Lay *Hebronite* is come, 330

Cause like the rest he could not live at

Home;

Who from his own Possessions cou'd not
drain

An Omer even of *Hebronitish* Grain,
Here Struts it like a Patriot, and talks high

Of Injur'd Subjects, alter'd Property:
An Emblem of that buzzing Insect Just,

That mounts the Wheel, and thinks she
raises Dust.

Can dry Bones Live? or *Skeletons* produce
The Vital Warmth of Cuckoldizing Juice?

Slim *Phaleg* cou'd, and at the Table fed, 340

Return'd the gratefull product to the Bed.
A Waiting-man to Trav'ling Nobles chose,

He, his own Laws wou'd Sawcily impose;
Till Bastinado'd back again he went,

To Learn those Manners he to Teach was
sent.

Christiz'd, he ought to have retreated Home,
But He reads politicks to *Absalom*.

For never *Hebronite*, though Kick and
Scorn'd,

To his own Country willingly return'd.
—But leaving famish'd *Phaleg* to be fed 350

And to talk Treason for his daily Bread,
Let *Hebron*, nay let Hell produce a Man

So made for Mischief as *Ben Jochanan*,
A Jew of humble Parentage was Ile,

By Trade a Levite, though of low Degree:
His Pride no higher than the Desk aspir'd,

But for the Drudgery of Priests was hir'd
To Reade and Pray in Linen Ephod brave,

And pick up single Sheekles from the Grave.
Married at last, and finding Charge come

faster, 360
He cou'd not live by God, but chang'd his
Master:

Iwd, Levi, thou art a Lord, I'll lay thee down,
 And shew Rebellion bare, without a Gown;
 Poor Slaves in metre, dull and adle-pated,
 Who Rhime below ev'n David's Psalms
 translated.
 ver, double Some in my Speedy pace I must outrun,
 As lame *Mephibosheth* the Wisard's Son;
 To make quick way I'll Leap o'er heavy
 blocks,
 Gains. 369 Shun rotten *Ussa* as I woud the Pox;
 a Shame, And hasten *Og* and *Dorg* to rehearse,
 ; Two Fools that Crutch their Feeble sense
 on Verse,
 Rogue he Who by my Muse, to all succeeding times
 Shall live in spite of their own Dogrell
 Rhimes. 411
 as Jewish *Dorg*, though without knowing how or
 why,
 ; Made still a blund'ring kind of Melody;
 xst Spurd boldly on, and Dash'd through Thick
 and Thin,
 and Through Sense and Non-sense, never out
 nor in;
 Flock: Free from all meaning, whether good or
 bad,
 in their And in one word, Heroically mad,
 381 He was too warm on Picking-work to dwell,
 Whore, But Faggotted his Notions as they fell,
 up before. And, if they Rhim'd and Rattl'd, all was
 well. 420
 ? Spightfull he is not, though he wrote a Satyr,
 For still there goes some *thinking* to ill-
 Nature:
 He needs no more than Birds and Beasts
 to think,
 All his ons are to eat and drink.
 If he call Rogue and from a Garrat,
 He means you no more Mischief than a Parat:
 The words for Friend and Foe stiks were
 made,
 To Fetter 'em in Verse is all his Trade.
 For Almonds he'll cry Whore to his own
 Mother:
 call as Absalom David's
 430
 Let he Gallows-Free by my consent,
 And nothing since he nothing meant:
 Hanging Supplices e Soul and reason,
 This Animal's below committing T
 he be hang'd who never cou'd 19
 That's a preferment for *Achitophel*.
 The W that ited
 Was rightly Requird by the Law to die;

But 'twas hard Fate that to the Gallows led
The Dog that never heard the Statute read.
Railing in other Men may be a crime, 441
But ought to pass for mere instinct in him ;
Instinct he follows and no farther knows,
For to write Verse with him is to *Transprose*.
'Twere pity treason at his Door to lay
Who makes Heaven's gate a Lock to its own
Key :

Let him rayl on, let his invective muse
Have four and Twenty letters to abuse,
Which if he Jumbles to one line of Sense,
Indict him of a Capital Offence. 450
In Fire-works give him leave to vent his
spight,
Those are the only Serpents he can write ;
The height of his ambition is we know
But to be Master of a Puppet-show ;
On that one Stage his works may yet appear,
And a months Harvest keeps him all the
Year.

Now stop your noses, Readers, all and
some,
For here's a tun of Midnight work to come,
Of from a Treason Tavern rowling home.
Round as a Globe, and Liquored ev'ry
chink, 460
Goodly and Great he Says behind his Link ;
With all this Bulk there's nothing lost in *Og*,
For ev'ry inch that is not Fool is Rogue :
A Monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
As all the Devils had spew'd to make the
batter.

When wine has given him courage to Blas-
pheme,
He curses God, but God before Curst him ;
And if man cou'd have reason, none has
more,
That made his Paunch so rich and him so
poor.

With wealth he was not trusted, for Heav'n
knew 470
What 'twas of Old to pamper up a Jew ;
To what would he on Quail and Pheasant
swell,
That ev'n on Tripe and Carrion cou'd rebel ?
But though Heaven made him poor, (with
rev'rence speaking.)

He never was a Poet of God's making ;
The Midwife laid her hand on his Thick
Skull,
With this Prophetick blessing—*Be thou Dull* ;

Drink, Swear, and Roar, forbear no lew'd
delight

Fit for thy Bulk, doe anything but write.
Thou art of lasting Make, like thoughtless
men, 480

A strong Nativity—but for the Pen ;
Eat Opium, mingle Arsenick in thy Drink,
Still thou mayst live, avoiding Pen and Ink.
I see, I see, 'tis Counsell given in vain,
For Treason botel'd in Rhime will be thy
bane ;

Rhime is the Rock on which thou art to
wreck,

'Tis fatal to thy Fame and to thy Neck.
Why should thy Metre good King *David* blast ?
A Psalm of his will Surely be thy last.

Dar'st thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
Thou whom the Penny Pamphlet sol'd in
prose ? 491

Doeg, whom God for Mankinds mirth has
made,

O'er-tops thy tallent in thy very Trade ;
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so Course,
A Poet is, though he's the Poets Horse.

A Double Noose thou on thy Neck dost pull
For Writing Treason and for Writing dull ;
To die for Faction is a common Evil,
But to be hang'd for Non-sense is the Devil.

Hadst thou the Glories of thy King exprest,
Thy praises had been Satyr at the best ; 501
But thou in Clumsy verse, unlickt, unpointed,
Hast Shamefully defi'd the Lord's Anointed :
I will not rake the Dunghill of thy Crimes,
For who would reade thy Life that reads thy
rhimes ?

But of King *David's* Foes be this the Doom,
May all be like the Young-mnn *Absalom* ;
And for my Foes may this their Blessing be,
To talk like *Doeg* and to Write like Thee.

Achitophel each Rank, Degree, and Age
For various Ends neglects not to Engage,
The Wise and Rich for Purse and Counsell
brought, 512
The Fools and Beggars for their Number
sought :

Who yet not only on the Town depends,
For Ev'n in Court the Faction had its
Friends.

These thought the Places they possess too
small,
And in their Hearts wisht Court and King
to fall :

Whose Names the Muse, disdaining, holds
 i' th' dark,
 Thrust in the Villain Herd without a Mark ;
 With Parasites and Libell-spawning Imps,
 Intriguing Poppes, dull Jesters, and worse
 Pimps. 521
 Disdain the Rascal Rabble to persue,
 Their Sett Caballs are yet a viler Crew ;
 See where involv'd in Common Smoak they
 sit ;
 Some for our Mirth, some for our Satyr fit ;
 These Gloomy, Thoughtfull and on Mischief
 bent,
 While those for mere good Fellowship fre-
 quent
 Th' appointed Clubb can let Sedition pass,
 Sense, Non-sence, anything t' employ the
 Glass ;
 And who believe in their dull honest Hearts,
 The Rest talk Treason but to show their
 Parts ; 531
 Who ne'er had Wit or Will for Mischief yet,
 But pleased to be reputed of a Set.
 But in the Sacred Annals of our Plot,
 Industrious AROD never be forgot :
 The Labours of this Midnight-Magistrate,
 May vie with *Corah's* to preserve the State ;
 In search of Arms, He failed not to lay hold
 On Wur's most powerfull dang'rous Weapon,
 GOLD. 539
 And last, to take from *Jebusites*, all odds,
 Their Altars pillaged, stole their very Gods.
 Oft wou'd he Cry, when Treasure he sur-
 priz'd,
 'Tis Baalish Gold in David's Coyne Disguis'd.
 Which to his House with *richer Relicks* came
 While Lumber Idols onely fed the Flame :
 For our wise Rabble ne'er took pains t'
 inquire,
 What 'twas he burnt, so 't made a rousiog
 Fire.
 With which our Elder was enricht no more
 Than False *Gehaai* with the *Syrian's* Store ;
 So Poor, that when our Choosing-Tribes were
 met, 550
 Even for his Stinking Votes He ran in Debt ;
 For Meat the Wicked, and, as Authours
 think,
 The Saints He Choused for His Electing
 Drink ;
 Thus, ev'ry Shift and subtle Method past,
 And All to be no *Zaken* at the Last.

Now, rais'd on *Tyre's* sad Ruines, *Pharaoh's*
 Pride
 Soar'd high, his Legions threatning far and
 wide ;
 As when a battring Storm ingendred high,
 By Winds upheld, hangs hov'ring in the
 Skye,
 Is gaz'd upon by ev'ry trembling Swain, 560
 This for his Vineyard fears, and that his
 Grain,
 For blooming Plants and Flow'rs new Open-
 ing, These
 For Lambs eon'd lately, ond far-lab'ring
 Bees ;
 To Guard his Stock each to the Gods does call,
 Uncertain where the Fire-charg'd Clouds will
 Fall :
 Even so the doubtfull Nations watch his
 Arms,
 With Terror each expecting his Alarms.
 Where, *Judah*, where was now thy Lyons
 Roar ?
 Thou onely cou'dst the Captive Lands restore ;
 But Thou, with inbred Broils and Faction
 prest, 570
 From *Egypt* oeedst a Guardian with the
 Rcst.
 Thy Prince from Sanhedrims no Trust
 allow'd,
 Too much the Representers of the Crow'd,
 Who for their own Defence give no Supply
 But what the Crowns Prerogatives must buy :
 As if their Monarch's Rights to violate,
 More needfull were than to preserve the
 State !
 From present Dangers they divert their Core,
 And all their Fears are of the Royal Fleer ;
 Whom now the reigniog Molice of his Foes
 Unjudged wou'd Sentence and e'er Crown'd,
 Depose : 581
 Religion the Pretence, but their Decree
 To barr his Reign, whate'er his Faith shall
 be !
 By Sanhedrims, and clam'rous Crowds, thus
 prest
 What passions rent the Righteous *David's*
 Breast ?
 Who knows not how t' oppose or to comply,
 Unjust to Grant and dangerous to Deny !
 How near in this dark Juncture *Israel's* Fate,
 Whose Peace one sole Expedient could create,

Which yet th' extremest Virtue did require,
Ev'n of that Prince whose Downfall they
conspire ! 591

His Absence *David* does with Tears advise,
T' appease their Rage, Undaunted He Com-
plies ;

Thus he who, prodigal of Blood, and Ease,
A Royal Life expos'd to Winds and Seas,
At once contending with the Waves and
Fire,

And heading Danger in the Wars of *Tyre*,
Inglorious now forsakes his Native Sand
And, like on Exile, quits the promis'd Land !
Our Monarch scarce from pressing Tears
refrains, 600

And painfully his Royal State maintains.
Who, now embracing on th' extremest Shore.
Almost Revokes what he Injoyn'd before :
Concludes at last more Trust to be allow'd
To Storms and Seas than to the raging
Crow'd !

Forbear, rash Muse, the parting Scene to
draw,

With Silence charm'd as deep as theirs that
saw !

Not only our attending Nobles weep,
But hardy Saylers swell with Tears the
Deep !

The Tyde restrained her Course, and more
amaz'd, 610

The Twyn Stars on the Royol Brothers gaz'd ;
While this sole Fear—

Does Trouble to our suffering Heroe bring,
Lest next the Popular Rage oppress the King.
Thus parting, eac'h for th' Oth'rs Danger
griev'd,

The Shore the King, and Seas the Prince
receiv'd

Go injur'd Heroe, while propitious Gales,
Soft as thy Consorts breath, inspire thy
Soils ;

Well may She trust her Beauties on a Flood,
Where thy Triumphant Fleets so oft have
rode ! 620

Safe on thy Breast reclin'd, her Rest be deep,
Rockt like a *Nereid* by the waves asleep ;
While happiest Dreams her Fancy entertain,
And to *Elysian Fields* convert the Main !

Go injur'd Heroe, while the shores of *Tyre*,
At thy Approach so Silent shall admire,
Who on thy Thunder still their thoughts
imploy,

Aud greet thy Landing with a trembling Joy.

On Heroes thus the Prophet's Fate is
thrown, 629

Admir'd by ev'ry Nation but their Own ;
Yet while our factious *Jees* his Worth
deny,

Their Aking Conscience gives their Tongue
the Lye.

Ev'n in the worst of Men the noblest Parts
Confess him, and he Triumphs in their
Hearts,

Whom to his King the best Respects com-
mend

Of Subject, Souldier, Kinsman, Prince and
Friend !

All Sacred Names of most divine Esteem,
And to Perfection all sustained by Him,
Wise, Just and Constant, Courty without
Art,

Swift to discern and to reward Desert ; 630
No Hour of His in fruitless Ease destroy'd,
But on the noblest Subjects still employ'd ;
Whose stiddy Soul ne'er learnt to Separate
Between his Monarch's Int'rest and the
State,

But heaps those Blessings on the Royal
Head,

Which He well knows must be on Subjects
shed.

On what Pretence cou'd then the Vulgar
Rage

Against his Worth, and native Rights en-
gage ?

Religious Fears their Argument are made,
Religious Fears his Sacred Rights invade !
Of future Superstition They complain 651
And *Jebusitic* Worship in his Reign ;

With such Alarms his Foes the Crowd
deceive,

With Dangers fright, which not Themselves
believe.

Since nothing can our Sacred Rites remove,
Whate'er the Faith of the Successor prove,
Our *Jees* their Ark shall undisturb'd retain,
At least while their Religion is their Gain,
Who know by old Experience *Baul's* Com-
mands.

Not only clam'd their Conscience but their
Lands ; 660

They grutch God's Tythes, how therefore
shall they yield ?

An Idol full possession of the Field ?

Grant such a Prince enthron'd, we must
confess

The People's Sufferings than that Monarch's
less,

Who must to hard Conditions still be bound
And for his Quiet with the Crowd compound,
Or shou'd his thoughts to Tyranny incline,
Where are the means to compass the design?
Our Crowns Revenues are too short a Store,
And Jealous Sanedrims would give no more!

As vain our Fears of Egypt's potent Aid;
Not so has Pharaoh learnt Ambition's Trade,
Nor ever with such Measures can comply 673
As Shock the common Rules of Policy;

None dread like Him the growth of Israel's
King,

And He alone sufficient Aids can bring;
Who knows that Prince to Egypt can give
Law

That on our Stubborn Tribes his Yoke cou'd
draw.

At such profound Expense He has not stood.
Nor dy'd for this his Islands so deep in blood.
Wou'd nere through Wrong and Right his
Progress take, 681

Grudge his own Rest, and keep the World
awake,

To fix a Lawless Prince on Judah's Throne,
First to Invade our Rights, and then his
Own;

His dear-gain'd Conquests cheaply to despoil,
And Reap the Harvest of his Crimes and
Toil.

We grant his Wealth Vast as our Ocean's
Sand

And Curse its Fatal Influence on our Land,
Which our Bribe'd Jews so num'rously per-
take

That ev'n an Host his Pensioners wou'd
make; 690

From these Deceivers our Divisions spring,
Our Weakness, and the Growth of Egypt's
King;

These with pretended Friendship to the State
Our Crowd's Suspicion of their Prince Create,
Both pleas'd and frightened with the specious
Cry,

To Guard their Sacred Rights and Property;
To Ruin, thus, the Chosen Flock are Sold,
While Wolves are tanc for Guardians of the
Fold;

Seduc'd by these, we groundlessly complain,
And loath the Manna of a gentle Reign: 700

Thus our Fore-fathers crook'd Paths are trod,
We trust our Prince, no more than They
their God.

But all in vain our Reasoning Prophets
Preach,

To those whom sad Experience ne'r could
Teach,

Who can commence new Broils in Bleeding
Scars

And fresh Remembrance of Intestine Wars;
When the same Household Mortal Foes did
yield,

And Brothers stain'd with Brothers Blood
the Field;

When Sons Curse Steel the Fathers Gore did
Stain,

And Mothers Mourn'd for Sons by Fathers
Slain! 710

When thick, as Egypt's Locusts on the Sand,
Our Tribes lay Slaughter'd through the
promis'd Land,

Whose few Survivors with worse Fate remain,
To drag the Bondage of a Tyrant's Reign.

Which Scene of Woes, unknowing We renew,
And madly, ev'n those ills we Fear, pursue;

While Pharaoh laughs at our Domestick
Broils

And safely crowds his Tents with Nations
Spoils.

Yet our fierce Sanedrims in restless Rage,
Against our absent Heroe still engage, 720

And chiefly urge, (such did their frenzy prove),
The only Suit their Prince forbids to move,

Which till obtain'd, they cease Affairs of
State,

And real Dangers wave, for groundless Hate.
Long David's patience waits relief to bring,

With all th' Indulgence of a lawful King,
Expecting till the troubled Waves wou'd

cease,

But found the raging Billows still increase.
The Crowd, whose Insolence Forbearance

swells, 729

While he forgives too far, almost Rebels.

At last his deep Resentments silence broke,
Th' imperial Palace shook, while thus He

spoke,

Then Justice wake, and Rigour take her
time,

For Lo! Our Mercy is become our Crime
While haulting Punishment her stroke delays,

Our Sov'reign Right, Heav'n's Sacred Trust,
decays;

For whose support ev'n Subjects Interest
calls,
Wo! to that Kingdom where the Monarch
Falls.
That Prince who yields the least of Regal
Sway,
So far his Peoples Freedom does Betray. 740
Right lives by Law, and Law subsists by
Pow'r;
Disarm the Shepherd, Wolves the Flock
devour.
Hard Lot of Empire o're a stubborn Race,
Which Heav'n it Self in vain has try'd with
Grace!
When will our Reasons long-charin'd Eyes
uncluse,
And *Israel* judge between her Friends and
Foes?
When shall we see expir'd Deceivers Sway,
And credit what our God and Monarchs say?
Dissembled Patriots bribed with *Egypt's*
Gold 749
Even Sanedrims in blind Obedience hold;
Those Patriots Falshood in their Actions see,
And judge by the pernicious Fruit the Tree;
If ought for which so loudly they declaim
Religion, Laws, and Freedom, were their Aim;
Our senates in due Methods they had led,
T' avoid those Mischiefs which they seem'd
to dread;
But first e're yet they propt the sinking State,
T' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private
Hate;
Proves that they ne're believ'd the Fears
they prest, 759
But Barb'rously destroy'd the Nations Rest!
O! Whither will ungovern'd Senates drive,
And to what Bounds licentious Votes arrive?
When their Injustice We are prest to share,
The Monarch urg'd t' exclude the lawful
Heir;
Are princes thus distinguish'd from the
Crowd,
And this the Privilege of Royal Blood?
But grant we shou'd Confirm the Wrongs
they press,
His Sufferings yet were than the Peoples less;
Condemn'd for Life the Mord'ring Sword to
wield, 769
And on their Heirs entail a Bloody Feud.
Thus madly their own Freedom they betray,
And for th' Oppression which they fear,
make way;

Succession fixt by Heav'n the Kingdoms Bar,
Which once dissolv'd, admits the Flood of
War;
Wast, Rapine, Spoil, without th' Assault begin,
And our mad Tribes Supplant the Fence
within.
Since then their Good they will not under-
stand,
'Tis time to take the Monarchs Power in
Hand;
Authority, and Force to joyn with Skill,
And save the Lunaticks against their Will.
The same rough Means that swage the
Crowd, appease 781
Our senates raging with the Crowds Disease.
Henceforth unbiass'd Measures let 'em draw
From no false Gloss, but Genuine text of
Law;
Nor urge those Crimes upon Religious score
Themselves so much, in Jebusites abhor.
Whom Laws convict (and only they) shall
Bleed,
Nor Pharisees by Pharisees be Freed.
Impartial Justice from our Throne shall
shon'r,
All shall have Right, and We our Sov'reign
Pow'r. 790
He said, th' Attendants heard with awful
Joy,
And glad Presages their fixt Thoughts em-
ploy:
From *Hebron* now the Suffering Heir Re-
turn'd,
A Realm that long with Civil Discord
Mourn'd;
Till his Approach, like some Arriving God,
Compos'd, and heal'd the place of his Abode;
The Deluge checkt that to *Judea* spread,
And stopt Sedition at the Fountain's Head.
Thus in forgiving *David's* Paths he drives,
And, chas'd from *Israel*, *Israel's* Peace con-
trives. 800
The Field contest his Pow'r in Arms before,
And Seas proclaim'd his Triumphs to the
Shore;
As nobly has his Sway in *Hebron* shown.
How fit t' inherit Godlike *David's* Throne.
Through *Sion's* Streets his glad Arrivals
spread
And Censurous Faction shrinks her snaky
head;

His Train their Sufferings think o'repaid, to
 see
 The Crouds Applause with Vertue once
 agree.
 Success charms All, but Zeal for Worth
 distrust
 A Virtue proper to the Brave and Best; So
 'Mongst whom was *Jothran*, *Jothran* always
 bent
 To serve the Crown and Loyal by Descent.
 Whose Constancy so Firm, and Conduct Just,
 Deserv'd at once Two Royal Masters Trust;
 Who Tyre's proud Arms had Manfully with-
 stood
 On Seas, and gather'd Lawrels from the
 Flood;
 Of Learning yet no Portion was deny'd.
 Friend to the Muses, and the Muses Pride.
 Nor can *Banajah's* Worth forgotten lie,
 Of steady Soul when Publick Storms were
 high; 820
 Whose Conduct, while the *Moor* fierce Onsets
 made,
 Secur'd at once our Honour and our Trade.
 Such were the Chiefs, who most his Suf'rings
 mourn'd,
 And viend with silent Joy the Prince
 return'd;
 While those that sought his Absence to
 Betray,
 Press first their Nauseous False Respects to
 pay,
 Him still th' officious Hypocrites Molest,
 And with malicious Duty break his Rest
 While real Transports thus his Friends Em-
 ploy, 829
 And Foes are Loud in their dissembled Joy,
 His Triumphs so resounded Ear and ear,
 Mist not his Young Ambitious Rival's Ear;
 And as when joyful Hunters clam'rous Train,
 Some Shouting Lion Wakes in *Moad's*
 Plain,
 Who oft had forc'd the bold Assaults yield,
 And scatter'd his Pursuers through the Feild,
 Disdaining, furls his Mann, and tears the
 Ground,
 His Eyes enflaming all the Desert Round,
 With Roar of Seas directs his Chasers Way,
 Provokes from Ear, and dares them to the
 Fray; 830
 Such Rage storm'd non in *Abraham's* fierce
 Breast,
 Such Indignation his Fir'd Eyes Contest;

Where now was the Instructor of his Prade?
 Slept the Old Pilot in so rough a Tide?
 Whose Wiles had from the happy Shore
 betray'd,
 And thus on Shelves the cred'ulous Youth
 convey'd;
 In deep revolving Thoughts He weighs his
 State,
 Secure of Craft, nor doubts to baffle Fate,
 At least, if his storm'd Bark must go adrift,
 To Laulk his Charge and for himself to shift,
 In which his dextrous Wit had oft been
 show'n, 851
 And in the wreck of Kingdoms sav'd his
 own;
 But now with more than Common Danger
 prest,
 Of various Resolutions stands possest,
 Perceives the Crouds unstable Zeal decay,
 Least their Recanting Chief the Cause betray,
 Who on a Father's Grace his Hopes n ay
 ground,
 And for his Pardon with their Heads com-
 pound.
 Him therefore, e're his Fortune slip her Time,
 The Statesman Plots t' engage in some bold
 Crime 860
 Past Pardon, whether to Attempt his Bid,
 Or Threat with open Arms the Royal Head
 Or other daring Method, and Unjust,
 That may secure him in the Peoples Trust
 But finding thus t' ensnare him, nor secure
 How long his foild Ambition may endure,
 Plots next to lay him by, as past his Date,
 And try some new Pretenders luckier Fate,
 Whose Hopes with equal Toil he wou'd
 persue,
 Nor cares what Cloaker's Crown'd, except
 the True 870
 Wake *Abraham*, approaching Ruin shou,
 And see, O see, for whom thou art Undone!
 How are thy Honours, and thy Fame be-
 tray'd,
 The Property of desp'rate Villains made!
 Lost Pow'r and Conscious Fears their Crimes
 Create,
 And Guilt in them was little less than Fate;
 But why shou'dst Thou, from ev'ry Grievance
 free,
 Forsake thy Vineyards for their Stormy Sea?

821 secure confirm 1716
 874 made 1710. made 1682.

For Thee did *Canaan's* Milk and Honey flow,
Love drest thy Bow'rs and Lawrels sought
thy Brow, 880
Preferment, Wealth and Pow'r thy Vassals
were,

And of a Monarch all things but the Care.
Oh shou'd our Crimes, again, that Curse
draw down,

And Rebel-Arms once more attempt the
Crown,

Sure Ruin waits unhappy *Absalom*,
Alike by Conquest or Defeat undone;

Who cou'd relentless see such Youth and
Charms,

Expire with wretched Fate in Impious
Armes?

A Prince so form'd with Earth's, and
Heaven's Applause,

To Triumph o'er Crown'd Heads in *Dana's*
Cause: 890

Or grant him Victor, still his Hopes must fail,
Who, Conquering, wou'd not for himself pre-
vail;

The Faction whom He trusts for future
Sway,

Him and the Publique wou'd alike Betray;
Amongst themselves divide the Captive
State,

And found their *Hydra*-Empire in his Fate!
Thus having beat the Clouds with painful
Flight,

The pitty'd Youth with Scepters in his Sight;
(So have their Cruel Politicks Decreed,)

Must by that Crew that made him Guilty,
Bleed. 900

For cou'd their Pride brook any Prince's
Sway,

Whom but mild *David* would they choose
t' Obey?

Who once at such a gentle Reign Repine,
The Fall of Monarchy it self Design;

From Hate to That their Reformations
spring,

And *David* not their Grievance, but the
King.

Seiz'd now with pannick Fear the Faction
lies,

Least this clear Truth strike *Absalom's*
charm'd Eyes;

Least He perceive, from long Enchantment
free,

What all, beside the flatter'd Youth, must
see. 910

But what're doubts his troubled Bosome
swell,

Fair Carriage still became *Achitophel*.
Who now an envious Festival enstall,

And to survey their Strength the Faction
calls,

Which Fraud, Religious Worship too must
Guild;

But oh how weakly does Sedition Build!
For Lo! the Royal Mandate issues Forth,

Dashing at once their Treason, Zeal, and
Mirth!

So have I seen disastrous Chance invade,
Where careful Emmits had their Forrage

laid, 920
Whether fierce *Vulcan's* rage the Furzy Plain
Had seiz'd, Engendred by some careless
Swain;

Or swelling *Neptune* lawless Inroads made
And to their Cell of Store his Flood convey'd;

The Common-Wealth broke up distracted go,
And in wild Haste their loaded Mates o're-
throw:

Ev'n so our scatter'd Guests confus'dly meet,
With Boil'd, Bak'd, Roast, all justling in
the Street:

Dejected all, and ruefully dismay'd, 929
For *Sherlock* without Trial, or Treason paid.

Seditious dark Eclipse now fainter shows,
More bright each Hour the Royal Plannet
grows,

Of Force the Clouds of Envy to disperse,
In kind Conjunction of Assisting Stars.

Here lib'ring Muse those Glorious Chiefs
relate

That turned the doubtful Scale of *David's*
Fate;

The rest of that Illustrious Band rehearse,
Immortaliz'd in Lawrell'd *Asaph's* Verse:

Hard task! yet will not I thy Flight recall,
View Heav'n, and then enjoy thy glorious
Fall. 910

First Write *Bezaiel*, whose Illustrious
Name

Foretells our Praise, and gives his Poet
Fame.

The *Kenites* Rocky Province has Command,
A barren Limb of Fertile *Canaan's* Land;

Which for its gen'rous Natives yet cou'd be
Held Worthy such a President as He!

Bezalel with such Grace, and Virtue Fraught,
Serene his Looks, Serene his Lite and
Thought,

On whom so largely Nature heapt her Store,
There scarce remain'd fur Arts to give him
more!

To Aid the Crown and State his greatest
Zeal,

His Second Care that Service to Conceal;
Of Dues Observant, Firm in ev'ry Trust,
And to the Needy always more than just.

Who Truth from specious falsehood can
divide,

Has all the Govern-mens Skill without their
Pride:

Thus crown'd with worth from heights of
honor won,

Sees all his Glories copied in his Son,
Whose forward Fame should every Muse
Engage:

Whose Youth boasts skill denied to others
Age.

Men, Manners, Language, Books of noblest
kind

Already are the Conquest of his Mind.
Whose Loyalty before it's Date was prime,
Nor walted the dull course of rowling Time:

The Monster *Faction* early he dismay'd,
And *David's* Cause long since confest his
Aid.

Brave *Abdael* o're the Prophets' School
was plac'd;

Abdael, with all his Father's Virtue grac'd;
A Heroe, who, while Stars look'd wondring
down,

Without one *Hebrew's* Blood restor'd the
Crown.

That praise was His; what therefore did
reunum

For following Chiefs, but boldly to maintain
That Crown restor'd? and in this Rank of
Fame,

Brave *Abdael* with the First a place must
claim.

Proceed, illustrious, happy, Chief, proceed,
Foreize the Garlands for thy Brow decreed,
While th' inspir'd Tribe attend with noblest
strein

To Register the Glories thou shalt gain:

For sure, the Dew shall *Gilboa's* Hills for-
sake,

And *Jordan* mix his Stream with *Sodom's*
Lake;

Or Seas retir'd their Secret stores disclose.
And to the Sun their scaly Brood expose,

Or swell'd above the Clifts, their Billows
raise,

Before the Muses leave their Patron's Praise.
Eliab our Next labour do's invite,

And hard the Task to do *Eliab* right:
Long with the ruyal Wanderer he rovd,

And firm in all the Turns of Fortune prov'd!
Such ancient Service and Desert so large,

Well claim'd the Royal Household for his
Charge.

His Age with only one mild Heiress blest,
In all the Bloom of smiling Notore drest,

And blest again to see his Flow'r ally'd
To *David's* Stock, and made young *Othnel's*
Bride!

The bright Restorer of his Father's Youth,
Devoted to a Son's and Subject's Truth:

Resolv'd to bear that prize of Duty home,
So bravely sought (while sought) by *Absalom*.

Ah Prince! th' illustrious Planet of thy
Birth,

And thy more powerful Virtue guard thy
worth;

That no *Achitophel* thy Roine boast;
Israel too much in one such Wreck has
lost.

Ev'n Envy must consent to *Hecion's* Worth,
Whose Soul (tho' *Egypt* glories in his Birth)

Cou'd for our Captive-Ark its Zeal retain,
And *Pharaoh's* Altars in their Pomp disdain:

T'aslight his Gods was small; with nobler
pride,

He all th' Allurements of his Court def'd.
Whom Profit nor Example cou'd betray

But *Israel's* friend, and true to *David's*
Sway.

What acts of favour in his Province fall
On Merit he confers, and Freely all

Our List of Nobles next let *Amri* Grace,
Whose Merits claim'd the *Abethdins* high
place;

Who, with a Loyalty that did excel,
Brought all th' endowments of *Achitophel*.

Sincere was *Amri*, and not only knew,
But *Israel's* Sanctions into practice drew;

Our Laws, that did a boundless Ocean seem,
Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by Him.

953 in] 10 2716

967 Prophets' 1716. Prophet's 1682.

973 restor'd] 1716 restor'd; 1682.

No *Rabbin* speaks like him their mystick
Sense, 1021

So just, and with such Charms of Eloquence:
To whom the double Blessing does belong:
With *Mose's* Inspiration *Aaron's* Tongue.

Thou *Shem*, none more loyal Zeal have
shown,

Wakeful as *Judah's* Lion for the Crown.
Who for that Cause still combats in his Age,
For which his Youth with danger did engage.

In vain our factious Priests the Cant revive;
In vain seditious Scribes with Labels strive
To cull me the Crow'd, while He with watch-
ful Eye 1031

Observes, and shoots their Treasons as They
fly;

Their weekly Frauds his keen Replies detect,
He undeceives more fast than they infect.
So *Moses*, when the Pest on *Legions* prey'd,
Advanced his Signal and the Plague was
stay'd.

Once more my fainting Muse thy Pinnions
try,

And Strengths exhausted store let *Lore*
supply.

What Tribute *Asaph* shall we render Thee?
We'll crown thee with a Wreath from thy
own Tree! 1040

Thy Lawrel Grove no *Eurye's* slash can blast.
The Song of *Asaph* shall for ever last!

With wonder late Posterity shall dwell
On *Absalom*, and false *Achitophel*:

Thy strains shall be our slumbering Prophets
dream,

And, when our *Sion* Virgins sing their Theam,
Our *Jubilee* shall with thy Verse be grac'd,
The Song of *Asaph* shall for ever last!

How fierce his Satyr loo'd, restrain'd, how
tame 1050

How tender of th' offending Young man's
Fame!

How well his worth, and brave Adventures
still'd,

Just to his Vertues, to his Error mild.
No Page of thine that fears the strictest
view,

But teems with just Reproof, or Praise, as
due;

Not *Eden* cou'd a fairer Prospect yield,
All *Paradise* without one barren Field;

Whose Wit the Censure of his Foes has
past,

The Song of *Asaph* shall for ever last!

What Praise for such rich Streams shall we
allow?

What just Rewards the grateful Crown
bestow? 1060

While Bees in Flow'rs rejoice, and Flow'rs
in Dew.

While Stars and Fountains to their Course
are true;

While *Judah's* Throne and *Sion's* Rock stand
fast,

The Song of *Asaph* and the Fame shall last.

Still *Hebron's* honour'd happy Soil retain
Our Royal Heroes' beauteous dear remains;
Who now sails off, with Winds nor Wishes
slack,

To bring his Sufferings bright Companion
back,

But e're such Transport can our sense em-
ploy 1070

A bitter grief must poison half our Joy;
Nor can our Courts restor'd thine Blessings
see

Without a Bribe to envious Destiny!
Curs'd *Salem's* Doom for ever by the Tyde,

Where, by inglorious Chance, the Valiant
dy'd.

Give not insulting *Achalom* to know,
Nor let *Goth's* Daughters triumph in our
Woe!

No Sailer with the News swell *Levi's* Pride
By what inglorious Fate our Valiant dy'd!

Weep, *Arnon*! *Jordan* weep thy fountains
dry 1079

While *Sion's* Rock dissolves for a supply!

Calm were the Elements, Night's silence
deep,

The Waves scarce murmur'ing, and the Wind
asleep;

Yet Fate for Ruine takes so still an hour,
And treacherous Sands the Princely Barque
devour;

Then Death unworthy seiz'd ingenuous Race,
To Virtues scandal, and the Stars disgrace!

Oh! had th' Indulgent Pow'rs condescend'd
to yield,

Instead of faithless Shelves, a listed Field;

A listed Field of Heav'n's and *David's*
Foes,

Fierce as the Troops that did his Youth
oppose, 1090

Each Lile had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not Tamely, and Unconqu'ring thus expir'd:

But Destiny is now their only Foe,
 And dying, even o're that they triumph too ;
 With loud last Breaths their Master's Scape
 applaud,
 Of whom kind Force cou'd scarce the Fates
 defraud ;
 Who for such Followers lost, O matchless
 mind !
 At his own Safety now almost repin'd !
 Say Royal Sir, by all your Fame in Arms,
 Your Praise in Peace, and by *Urania's*
 Charms ; 1100
 If all your Sufferings past so nearly prest,
 Or pierc'd with half so painful Grief your
 Breast ?
 Thus some Diviner Muse her *Heroe* forms,
 Not sooth'd with soft Delights, but tost in
 storms.
 Not stretch'd on Roses in the Myrtle Grove,
 Nor Crowns his Days with Mirth, his Nights
 with Love
 But far remov'd in Thundring Camps is
 found,
 His Slumbers short, his Bed the herbless
 Ground ;
 In Tasks of Danger always seen the First,
 Feeds from the Hedge, and slakes with Ice
 his Thirst. 1110
 Long must his Patience strive with Fortunes
 Rage,
 And long, opposing Gods themselves engage,
 Must see his Country Flame, his Friends
 destroy'd,
 Before the promis'd Empire be enjoy'd,
 Such Toil of Fate must build a Man of Fame,
 And such, to *Israel's* Crown, the God-like
David came.

What sudden Beams dispel the Clouds so
 fast !
 Whose drenching Rains laid all our Vine-
 yards waste ? 1118
 The Spring so far behind her Course delay'd
 On th' Instant is in all her Bloom array'd ;
 The Winds breathe low, the Element serene,
 Yet mark what Motion in the Waves is seen !
 Thronging and busie as *Hyblaean* Swarms,
 Or stragled Souldiers Summon'd to their
 Arms.
 See where the Princely Barque in loosest
 Pride,
 With all her Guardian Fleet, Adorns the
 Tide !
 High on her Deck the Royal Lovers stand,
 Our Crimes to Pardon e're they toucht our
 Land.
 Welcome to *Israel* and to *David's* Breast !
 Here all your Toils, here all your Sufferings
 rest. 1130

This year did *Ziloah* Rule *Jerusalem*,
 And boldly all Sedition's Syrges stem,
 How e're incumb'd with a viler Pair
 Than *Ziph* or *Shimei*, to assist the Chair ;
 Yet *Ziloah's* loyal Labours so prevail'd
 That Faction at the next Election Fail'd,
 When ev'n the common Cry did Justice
 Sound,
 And Merrit by the Multitude was Crown'd :
 With *David* then was *Israel's* peace restor'd,
 Crowds Mourn'd their Errour and Obey'd
 their Lord. 1140

1132 Syrges] Syrges 1716 This is a false cor-
 rection The original reading is right, the later
 spelling being Surges

But then the sufferings of Ulysses, which are a Considerable part of that Sentence, are omitted :

[Ὅτι μάλα πολλά πλάγχθη.]

The Consideration of these difficulties, in a servile, literal, Translation, not long since made two of our Famous Wits, Sir John Denham, and Mr. Cowley, to contrive another way of turning Authors into our Tongue, called, by the latter of them, Imitation. As they were Friends, I suppose they communicated their thoughts on this Subject to each other ; and, therefore, their reasons for it are little different : though the practice of one is much more moderate. I take Imitation of an Author, in their sense, to be an Endeavour of a later Poet to write like one, who has written before him, on the same Subject : that is, not to translate his Words, as to be confin'd to his Sense, but only to set him as a Pattern, and to write, as he supposes that Author would have done, had he liv'd in our Age, and in our Country. Yet I dare not say that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering Authors (as Mr. Cowley calls it) so far as my Definition reaches. Far in the Pindarick Odes, the Customs and Ceremonies of Ancient Greece are still preserv'd : but I know not what mischief may arise hereafter from the Example of such an innovation, when Writers of unequal parts to him, shall imitate so bold an undertaking ; to add and to diminish what we please, which is the way us'd by him, might only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too only in his translation of Pindar ; because he alone was able to make him omend, by giving him better of his own, when ever he refus'd his Authors thoughts. Pindar is generally known to be a dark Writer, to want Connexion, (I mean as to our understanding) to soar out of sight, and leave his Reader at a Gaze. So wild and ungovernable a Poet cannot be translated literally, his Genius is too strong to bear a Chain, and, Sampson-like, he shakes it off : A Genius so elevated and unconfin'd as Mr. Cowley's was but necessary to make Pindar speak English, and that was to be perform'd by no other way than Imitation. But if Virgil, or Ovid, or any regular intelligible Authors be thus us'd, 'tis no longer to be called their work, when neither the thoughts nor words are drawn from the Original : but instead of them there is something new produced, which is almost the Creation of another hand. By this way 'tis true, somewhat that is Excellent may be invented, perhaps more Excellent than the first design ; though Virgil must be still excepted, when that perhaps takes place : Yet he who is inquisitive to know an Authors thoughts, will be disappointed in his expectation. And 'tis not always that a man will be contented to have a Present made him, when he expects the payment of a Debt. To state it fairly, Imitation of an Author is the most advantageous way for a Translator to shew himself, but the greatest wrong which can be done to the Memory and Reputation of the dead. Sir John Denham (who advis'd more Liberty than he took himself,) gives this Reason for his innovation, in his admirable Preface before the Translation of the second Æneid. Poetry is of so subtil a Spirit, that, in pouring out of one Language into another, it will all Evaporate ; and, if a new Spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a Caput Mortuum. I confess this Argument holds good against a literal Translation ; but who defends it ? Imitation and verbal Version are, in my opinion, the two extremes, which ought to be avoided : and therefore when I have propos'd the mean betwixt them, it will be seen how far his Argument will reach.

No man is capable of translating Poetry, who, besides a Genius to that Art, is not a Master both of his Authors Language, and of his own : Nor must we understand the Language only of the Poet, but his particular turn of Thoughts and of Expression, which are the Characters that distinguish, and as it were individuate him from all other Writers. When we are come thus far, 'tis time to look into our selves, to confirm our Genius to his, to give his thought either the same turn, if our tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the dress, not to alter or destroy the substance. The like Care must be taken of the more outward Ornaments, the Words ; when they appear (which is but seldom) literally graceful, it were an injury to the Author that they

[Title-page of Original Edition.]

The Medal
A
S A T Y R E
A G A I N S T
SEDITION

y the Authour of *Absalom* and *Achitophel*.

*Per Graiûm populos, mediæque per Elidis Urbem
Ibat ovans; Divumque sibi poscebat Honores.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Jacob Tonson* at the *Judge's Head* in
Chancery-lane, near Fleet-street. 1682.

EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS.

For to whom can I dedicate this Poem, with so much justice, as to you? 'Tis the representation of your own Heroe: 'tis the Picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your Ornaments are wanting; neither the Landscap of the Tower, nor the Rising Sun, nor the Anna Domini of your New Sovereign's Coronation. This must needs be a gratefull undertaking to your whole Party: especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the Original. I hear the Graver has made a good Market of it: all his Kings are bought up already; at the value of the remainder so inhand'd, that many a poor Polande who would be glad to scorch the Image is not able to go to the cost of him: But
 10 must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great artist; but Sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a Friend by, especially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort the likenesses are true; and though he sale not five times to me, as he did to B., yet I have consulted History, as the Italian Painters do, when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they have not seen the Man, they can help their Imagination by a Statue of him, and find out the Colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spar'd one side of your Medall: the Head wou'd be seen to more advantage, if it were plac'd on a Spike of the Tower; a little nearer to the Sun. Which wou'd then break out to better purpose. You tell us in your Preface to the No-Protestant Plot, that you shall be
 20 forc'd hereafter to leave off your Modesty: I suppose you mean that little which is left you; for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medall. Never was there practis'd such a piece of notorious Impudence in the face of an Establish'd Government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in Thumb-Rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his Bones to preserve you against Monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not onely zeal for the Publick good; but a due veneration for the person of the King. But all men who can see an inch before them, may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a Faction. But I would ask you one civil question, what right has any man among you, or any Association of men, (as come nearer to you,) who out of Parliament cannot be consider'd in a publick Capacity, to meet, as you daily doe, in Faction's Clubs, to vilify
 30 the Government in your Discourses and to libel it in all your Writings? Who made you Judges in Israel? or how is it consistent with your Zeal of the publick Welfare to promote Sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to serve the King according to the Laws, allow you the licence of traducing the Executive Power with which you own he is invested? You complain that his Majesty has lost the love and confidence of his People; and by your very urging it you endeavour what in you lies, to make him lose them. All good Subjects abhor the thought of Arbitrary Power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the Patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the Multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the King's Disposition, or his Practice, or even, where you would odiously lay it, from his Ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the Government and the benefit of laws under
 40 which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our Posterity. You are not the Trustees of the Publick liberty: and if you have not right to petition in a Crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of Affairs, or to arraign what you do not like: which in effect is everything that is done by the King and Councill. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your Seditious Pamphlets are stuff'd with particular Reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis easy to be evinc'd from a thousand Passages, which I onely forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perus'd many of your Papers: and to show you that I have, the third part of your No-Protestant Plot is much of it stolen, from your dead Author's Pamphlet, call'd the Growth of Popery, as manifestly as Milton's defence of

the English People is from Buchanan, *de Jure regni apud Scotos*, or your First Covenant and new Association, from the holy League of the French Guisards. Any one who reads Davila may trace your Practices all along. There were the same pretences for Reformation, and Loyalty, the same Aspersions of the King, and the same grounds of a Rebellion. I know not whether you will take the Historian's word, who says it was reported that Poltrot, a Huguenot, murdered Francis, Duke of Guise, by the instigations of Theodore Beza : or that it was a Huguenot Minister, otherwise call'd a Presbyterian (for our Church obhors so detestful a Tenent) who first writ a Treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murdering kings of a different Perswasion in Religion : But I am able to prove from the doctrine of Calvin, and Principles of Buchanan, that they set the People above the Magistrate ; which if I mistake not, is your 10 own Fundamental, and which carries your Loyalty no farther than your liking. When a vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it as if it were pass'd into a Law : But when you are pinch'd with any former, and yet unrepealed Act of Parliament, you declare that, in same cases, you will not be oblig'd by it. The Passage is in the same third part of the No-Protestant Plat ; and is too plain to be denied. The late Copy of your intended Association you neither wholly justify nor condemn ; But, as the Popists, when they are oppos'd, fly out into all the Pagantry's of Worship ; but in times of War, when they are hard press'd by Arguments, lie close and crouch'd behind the Council of Trent ; So, now, when your Affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal Combination, but whenever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintain'd and justify'd to purpose. 20 For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the Sword : 'tis the proper time to say anything, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time, you wou'd fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this Association and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other : one with the Queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it ; the other, without either the consent, or knowledge of the King, against whose Authority it is manifestly designed. Therefore, you doe well to have recourse to your last Evasion, that it was contriv'd by your Enemies, and shuffled into the Papers that were sent ; which yet you see the nation is not so easy to believe as your own Jury ; But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in New-gate, who would acquit a Malefactor. 30

I have one only favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this Poem, you wou'd employ the same Pens against it who have combated with so much success against Absalom and Achitophel : for then you may assure yourselves of a clear Victory, without the least reply. Raile at me abundantly, and, not to break a Custome, doe it without wit : By this method you will gain a considerable point, which is wholly to waive the answer of my Arguments. Never own the bottom of your Principles, for fear they should be Treason. Foll severely on the miscarriages of Government : for, if scandal be not allow'd, you are no freemen subjects. If God has not bless'd you with the Talent of Rhinng, make use of my poor Stock and wellcome : let your Verses run upon my feet ; and for the utmost refuge of notorious Block-heads, reduc'd to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me ; and, in utter 40 despaire of your own Satyre, make me Satyrize my self. Some of you have been driven to this Bay already ; But above all the rest commend me to the Non-conformist Porson, who writ the Whip and Key. I am afraid it is not read so much as the Pree deserves, because the book-seller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to doe him a kindness, that it may be publish'd as well as printed ; and that so much skill in Hebrew Derivations may not lie for Waste-paper in the Shop. Yet I half suspect he went no farther for his learning, than the Index of Hebrew Names and Etymologies, which is printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achitophel signify the Brother of a Fool, the Author of that Poem will pass with his Readers for the next of kin. And perhaps 'tis the Relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the Verses are, buy 'em up I beseech you out 50 of pity ; for I hear the Conventicle is shut up, and the Brother of Achitophel out of service

Now Footmen, you know, have the generosity to make a Purse for a Member of their Society, who has had his Livery pull'd over his Ears; and even Protestant Socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A Dissenter in Poetry from Sense and English will make as good a Protestant Rhymner, as a Dissenter from the Church of England a Protestant Person. Besides; if you encourage a young Beginner, who knows but he may elevate his stile a little above the vulgar epithets of prophane and saucy Jack, and Atheistick Scribler, with which he treats me, when the fit of Enthusiasm is strong upon him: by which well-manucred and choritable Expressions I was certain of his Set, before I knew his name. What would you have more of a man? he has dam'd me in your Cause from Genesis to the Revelations: 10 And has half the Texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to your selves as to take him for your Interpreter; and not to take them for Irish Witnasses. After all, perhaps you will tell me, that you retain'd him only for the opening of your Cause, and that your main Lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his Predecessours, you may either conclude that I trust to the goodness of my Cause, or fear my Adversary, or disdain him, or what you please, for the short on't is, 'tis indifferent to your humble servant, whatever your Party says or thinks of him.

THE MEDALL.

A SATYRE AGAINST SEDITION.

Or all our Antick Sights and Pageantry
Which English Idiots run in crowds to see,
The Polish Medal bears the prize alone:
A Monster, more the Favourite of the Town
Than either Fairs or Theatres have shown.
Never did Art so well with Nature strive,
Nor ever Idol seem'd so much alive:
So like the Man; so golden to the sight,
So base within, so counterfeit and light.
One side is fill'd with Title and with Face; 10
And, lest the King shou'd want a regal
Place,
On the reverse, a Tow'r the Town surveys,
O'er which our mounting Sun his beams dis-
plays.
The Word, pronounc'd aloud by Shrieval
voice,
Latomur, which in Polish is rejoyce,
The Day, Month, Year, to the great Act are
join'd,
And a new Canting Holiday design'd.
Five daies he sate for every cast and look;
Four more than God to finish Adam took.
But who can tell what Essence angels are 20
Or how long Heav'n was making Lucifer?

Text from the second edition, 1683, except as noted. The first edition was of 1682.
7 alive. 1682? alive? 1683?
21 Lucifer? 1682? Lucifer? 1683.

Oh, cou'd the Style that copy'd every grace
And plough'd such furrows for an Eunuch
face,
Cou'd it have formed his ever-changing Will,
The various Piece had tir'd the Graver's
Skill!
A Martial Heroe first, with early care
Blown, like a Pigeon by the Winds, to war.
A Fearless Chief, a Rebel e'er a Man.
(So young his hatred to his Prince began.)
Next this, (How wildly will Ambition steer!)
A Vermin wriggling in th' Usurper's ear, 31
Bart'ring his venal wit for sums of gold,
He cast himself into the Saint-like mould;
Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while Godliness
was gain,
The lowliest Bag-pipe of the Squeaking train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a Juggler's Eyes,
His open lewdness he cou'd ne'er disguise.
There split the Saint: for Hypocritique Zeal
Allows no Sins but those it can conceal.
Whoring to Scandal gives too large a scope;
Saints must not trade; but they may inter-
lope. 41
Th' ungodly Principle was all the same;
But a gross Cheat betrays his Partner's
Game.
Besides, their pace was formal, grave, and
slack;

His nimble Wit out-ran the heavy Pack.
Yet still he found his Fortune at a stay,
Whole droves of Blockheads choaking up his way;

They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
Villain and Wit exact a double price.

Pow'r was his aim; but, thrown from that
pretence, 50

The Wretch turned loyal in his own defence,
And Malice reconciled him to his Prince.

Him, in the anguish of his Soul he serv'd;
Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.

Behold him, now exalted into trust;
His Counsels oft convenient, seldom just;

Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave
He had a grudging still to be a Knave.

The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatique years
Made him uneasie in his lawfull gears. 60

At best as little honest as he cou'd:

And, like white Witches, mischievously good.

To his first byass, longingly he leans;

And rather would be great by wicked means

Thus tram'd for ill, he loos'd our Triple hold;

(Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold)

From hence those tears! that *Hum* of our
woe!

Who helps a pow'rful Friend fore-arms a foe.
What wonder if the Waves prevail so far,

When He cut down the Banks that made the
bar? 70

Seas follow but their Nature in invade;

But he by Art our native Strength betray'd

So *Sampson* to his Foe his force confest,

And, to beshorn, lay slumb'ring on her breast

But, when this fatal Counsel, found too late,

Expos'd its Authour to the publike hate;

When his just Sovereign, by no impious way,

Cou'd be seduced to Arbitrary sway;

Forsaken of that hope, he shifts the sayle;

Drives down the Current with a pop'largale;

And shows the Fiend confess'd without a
vail. 81

He preaches to the Crowd that Pow'r is lent,

But not convey'd to Kingly Government;

That Claimess successive bear no binding force;

That Corouation Oaths are things of course;

Maintains the Multitude can never err;

And sets the People in the Papal Chair.

The reason's obvious; *Int'rest never lyes*;

The most have still their Int'rest in their

eyes;

The pow'r is always theirs, and pow'r is ever
wise. 90

Almighty crowd, thou shorten'st all dispute;
Power is thy Essence; Wit thy Attribute!
Nor Faith nor Reason make thee at a stay,
Thou leapest o'er all Eternal truths in thy

Pindarique way!

Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide,
When *Phocion* and when *Socrates* were try'd;
As righteously they did those dooms repent;
Still they were wise, whatever way they
went.

Crowds err not, though to both extremes
they run;

To kill the Father and recall the son. 100
Some think the Fools were most as times
went then,

But now the World's o'er stock'd with pru-
dent men.

The common Cry is ev'n Religion's Test;

The *Turk's* is, at *Constantinople*, best,

Idols in *India*, Popery at *Rome*,

And our own Worship onely true at home,

And true, but for the time, 'tis hard to
know

How long we please it shall continue so;

This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns,

So all are God's mighties in their turns. 110

A Tempting Doctrine, plausible and new;

What Fools our Fathers were, if this be
true!

Who, to destroy the seeds of Civil War,

Inherent right in Monarchs did declare

And, that a lawfull Pow'r might never cease,

Secur'd Succession, to secure our Peace

Thus Property and Sovereign Sway, at last

In equal Balances were justly cast:

But this new *Jehu* spurs the hot mouth'd
horse;

Instructs the Beast to know his native force:

To take the Bit between his teeth and fly. 121

To the next headlong Steep of Anarchy.

Too happy *England*, if our good we knew;

Wou'd we possess the freedom we pursue!

The lavish Government can give no more;

Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.

God try'd us once; our Rebel-fathers fought;

He glutted 'em with all the Pow'r they
sought,

Till, master'd by their own usurping Brave,

The free-born Subject sunk into a Slave. 130

We loath our *Manoa*, and we long for

Quails;

Ah, what is man, when his own wish pre-
vails!

How rash, how swift to plunge him-self in ill;
Proud of his Pow'r and boundless in his Will!
That Kings can doe no wrong we must believe;
None can they do, and must they all receive?
Help Heav'n! or sadly we shall see an hour,
When neither wrong nor right are in their
pow'r!

Already they have lost their best defence,
The benefit of Laws which they dispence. 110
No justice to their righteous Cause allow'd;
But hadd by an Arbitrary Crowl;
And Medalls giv'd, their Conquest to record,
The Stamp and Cohn of their adoptet Lord.

The Man who laugh'd but once, to see an
Ass

Mumbling to make the cross-grained Thistle-
pass,

Might laugh again, to see a Jury draw
The prickles of unpalatable Law.

The Witnesses that, Leech-like, liv'd on
bloud,

Sucking for them were med'cinally good; 150
But, when they fasten'd on their fester'd

Sore,
Then Justice and Religion they for-swore,

Their Maiden Oaths deliv'ring up to Where,
Thus Men are rais'd by Factions and decri'd;

And Rogue and Saint distinguish'd by their
Side.

They rack ev'n Scripture to confess their
Cause;

And plead a Call to preach in spite of Laws
But that's no news to the poor injur'd Page,

It has been us'd as ill in every Age;
And is constrain'd, with patience, all to

take; 160
For what defence can Greek and Hebrew
make?

Happy who can this talking Trumpet seize;
They make it speak whatever Sense they

please!
'Twas fram'd at first our Oracle to enquire;

But since our Suits in prophecy grow higher,
The Text inspires not them; but they the

Text inspire.

Loudon, thou great Emporion of our Isle,
O, thou too bounteous, thou too frugall

Nile!
How shall I praise or curse to thy desert!

Or separate thy sound, from thy corrupted
part! 170

I call'd thee Nile; the parallel will stand;
Thy tydes of Wealth o'erflow the fatter'd
Land;

Yet Monsters from thy large increase we find
Engender'd on the Slyme thou leav'st behind.

Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee,
Thy nobler Parts are from infection free.

Of Israel's Tribes thou hast a numerous
band;

But still the *Canaanite* is in the Land.
Thy military Chicks are brave and true,

Not are thy disenchanted Burglers few. 180
The Head is loyal which thy Heart com-

mands,
But what's a Head with two such gony
Hands?

The wise and wealthy love the surest way;
And are content to thrive and to obey,

But Wisdom is to Sloth too great a Slave;
None are so busy as the Fool and Knave.

Those let me curse; what vengeance will
they urge,

Whose Ordures neither Plague nor Fire can
purge;

Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry Heaven nor a forgiving King! 190

In Gospel phrase their Chymen they betray;
Their Ships are Dens, the Buyer is their

Prey.
The Knack of Trades is living on the Spoil;

They boast ev'n when cank'other they beguile.
Customs to steal is such a trivial thing,

That 'tis their Charter to defraud their King.
All hands unite of every jarring Sect;

They cheat the Country first, and then infect
They, for God's Cause their Monarchs dare

dethrone,
And they'll be sure to make his Cause their

own. 200
Whether the plotting Jesuite lov'd the plan

Of murthering Kings, or the French Puritan,
Our Saniclegimus Sets their guides outgo;

And Kings and Kingly Pow'r would murther
too.

What means their Tarrantulous Combination
Here,

Too plain 't'evale, too shamefull to confess?
But Treason is not own'd when 'tis decri'd;

Successfull Crimes alone are justify'd.
The Men, who no Conspiracy wou'd find,

Who doubt's but, had it talen, they had
join'd? 210

Join'd in a Mutual Cov'nant of defence;
At first without, at last against their Prince;
If Sovereign Right by Sovereign Pow'r they
seem,
The same bold Maxime holds in God and
Man:

God were not safe; his Thunder cou'd they
shun

He shou'd be forc'd to crown another Son.
Thus, when the Heir was from the Vineyard
thrown,

The rich Possession was the Murth'ers own.
In vain to Sophistry they have recourse;
By proving theirs no Plot they prove 'tis
worse, 220

Unmask'd Rebellion, and audacious Force,
Which, though not Actual, yet all Eyes may
see

'Tis working, in th' immediate Pow'r to be;
For from pretended Grievances they rise,
First to dislike, and offer to despise;
Then, *Cyclop-like*, in humane Flesh to deal,
Chop up a Minister of every mol;
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King,
But clip his regal rights within the Ring
From thence to assume the pow'r of Peace
and War; 230

And ease him by degrees of publique Care.
Yet, to consult his Dignity and Fame,
He shou'd have leave to exercise the Name,
And hold the Cards while Commons play'd
the game.

For what can Pow'r give more than Food
and Drink,

To live at ease, and not be bound to think;
These are the cooler methods of their Crime,
But their hot Zealots think 'tis loss of time:
On utmost bounds of Loyalty they stand,
And grin and whet like a *Croatian* band; 240
That waits impatient for the last Command
Thus Out-laws open Villamy maintain;
They steal not, but in Squadrons scour the
Plain;

And, if their Pow'r the Passengers subdue,
The Most have right, the wrong is in the Few
Such impious Avonies foolishly they show.
For in some Soils Republicks will not grow.
Our Temperate Isle will no extremes sustain
Of popular Sway or Arbitrary Regn:
But slits between them both into the best,
Secure in freedom, in a Monarch blest. 251

And through the Climate, vex't with various
Winds,
Works through our yielding Bodies, on our
Minds,
The wholesome Tempest purges what it
breeds,
To recommend the Calmness that succeeds.

But thou, the Pander of the Peoples hearts,
(O crooked Soul and Serpentine in Arts;)
Whose blandishments a Loyal Land have
whor'd,
And broke the Bonds she plighted to her
Lord;
What Curses on thy blasted Name will fall!
Which Age to Age their Legacy shall call;
For all must curse the Woes that must
descend on all.

Religion thou hast none: thy *Mercury*
Has pass'd through every Sect, or theirs
through Thee.

But what thou giv'st, that Venom still
remains,
And the pox'd Nation feels Thee in their
Brains.

What else inspires the Tongues & swells the
Breasts

Of all thy bellowing Renegade Priests,
That preach up thee for God, dispence thy
Laws,

And with thy Stumm ferment their fainting
Cause? 270

Fresh Fumes of Madness raise; and toils and
sweat,

To make the formidable Cripple great
Yet, shou'd thy Crimes succeed, shou'd law-
less Power

Compass those Ends thy greedy Hopes
devour,

Thy Canting Friends thy Mortal Foes wou'd
be,

Thy God and Thiers will never long agree;
For thine, (if thou hast any,) must be one
That lets the World and Humane Kind
alone,

A jolly God that passes hours too well
To promise Heav'n, or threaten us with
Hell 280

That unconcern'd can at Rebellion sit,
And wink at Crimes he did himself commit
A Tyrant theirs, the Heav'n their Priest-
hood paints

A Conventicle of gloomy sullen Saints;

A Heav'n, like *Bedlam*, slovenly and sad,
Fore-doomed for Souls with false Religion
mad.

Without a Vision Poets can fore-show
What all but Fools by common Sense may
know :

If true Succession from our Isle should fail,
And Crowds profane with impious Arms
prevail, 290

Not thou nor those thy Faction's Artsingage }
Shall reap that Harvest of Rebellious Rage, }
With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit Age. }

The swelling Poison of the sev'ral Sects,
Which, wanting vent, the Nations Health
infects

Shall burst its Bag ; and fighting out their
way,

The various Venoms on each other prey.

The *Presbyter*, puffed up with spiritual Pride,
Shall on the Necks of the lewd Nobles
ride :

His Brethren damn, the Civil Pow'r defy ; 300
And parcel out Republique Prelacy.

But short shall be his Reign ; his rigid Yoke
And Tyrant Pow'r will puny Sects provoke,
And Frogs, and Toads, and all the Tadpole
Train

Will croak to Heav'n for help from this
devouring Crane.

The Cut-throat sword and clattering Gown
shall jar

In sharing their ill-gotten Spoils of War ;
Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they
pretend,

Lords envy Lords, and Friends with every
Friend

About their impious Merit shall con-
tend. 310

The surly Commons shall respect deny ;
And justle Peerage out with Property

Their Gen'ral either shall his Trust betray
And force the Crowd to Arbitrary sway ;

Or they suspecting his ambitious Aim,
In hate of Kings shall cast anew the
Frame ;

And thrust out *Collatine* that bore their
Name.

Thus in-born broils the Factions would
ingage ; 318

Or Wars of Evil'd Heirs, or Foreign Rage,
Till halting Vengeance overtook our Age :

And our wild Labours, wearied into Rest,
Reclin'd us on a rightfull Monarch's Breast.

*Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.*

[Title-page of First Edition.]

Mac' Flecknoe.

OR A

S A T Y

UPON THE

TRUE-BLEW-PROTESTAN
P O E T, T.

By the Author of .

ABSALOM & ACHITOPHE

L O N D O N,

Printed for D. Green, 1682.

MAC FLECKNOE.

ALL humane things are subject to decay,
And, when Fate summons, Monarchs must
obey:

This *Fleckno* found, who, like *Augustus*,
young

Was call'd to Empire and had govern'd long:
In Prose and Verse was own'd, without
dispute

Through all the realms of Non-sense, absolute.
This aged Prince now flourishing in Peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the Succession of the State; 10
And pond'ring which of all his Sons was fit
To Reign, and wage immortal War with Wit,
Cry'd, 'tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads
that He

Should only rule, who most resembles me:
Sh— alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullness from his tender years;
Sh— alone of all my Sons is he
Who stands confirm'd io full stupidity.

The rest to some faint meaoing make pre-
tence,

But *Sh—* never deviates into sense. 20
Some Beams of Wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid intervall;
But *Sh—*'s genuine night admits no ray,
His rising Fogs prevail upon the Day:
Besides, his goodly Fabrick fills the eye
And seems design'd for thoughtless Majesty:
Thoughtless as Monarch Oakes that shade
the plaio,

And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and *Shirley* were but Types of thee,
Thou last great Prophet of Tautology: 30
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way:
And coarsely clad in *Norwich* Drugget came
To teach the Nations in thy greater name.

Text from the second and corrected edition, 1684. The first, 1682, has several errors of the press. There is at Lambeth Palace a manuscript of the poem, which Todd collated. It is of no authority and most of its variants are manifestly wrong. One of them has by inadvertence been admitted into the texts of Scott, Christie, and Saintsbury.

15 *Sh—*] Here and throughout the editors print Shadwell Shod— 1682.

My warbling Lute, the Lute I whilom strung,
When to King *John* of *Portugal* I suog,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver *Thames* did'st cut thy
way,

With well tim'd oars before the Royal Barge,
Swelled with the Pride of thy Celestial
charge; 40

And, big with Hymn, Commander of an
Host,

The like was ne'er in *Epsom* blankets tost.
Methinks I see the new *Arion* Sail,
The Lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well sharpened thumb from Shore to
Shore

The Treble squeaks for fear, the Bases roar:
Echoes from Pissing-Ally, *Sh—* call,
And *Sh—* they resound from *A— Holl*.
About thy boat the little Fishes throng,
As at the Morning Toast that Floats along. 50
Sometimes, as Prince of thy Harmonious
band,

Thou wield'st thy Papers in thy threshing
hand.

St. *André's* feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Psyche's*
rhime:

Though they in number as in sense excell,
So just, so like tautology they fell
That, pale with envy, *Singleton* forswore
The Lyte and Sword which he in Triumph
bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act *Villierius*
more.

Here stopt the good old Syre; and wept for
joy, 60

In silent raptures of the hopefull boy. .
All Argumets, but most his Plays, per-
swade

That for anointed dulness he was made
Close to the Walls which fair *Augusta*
bind,

(The fair *Augusta* much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient labrick raised t' inform the
sight,

There stood of yore, and *Barbican* it hight:

48 *A—*] Aston 1682.

50 And gently waft the over all along. 1682.

A watch Tower once, but now, so Fate ordains,
Of all the Pile an empty name remains.
From its old Ruins Brothel-houses rise, 70
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vast Courts the Mother-Strumpets keep,
And, undisturb'd by Watch, in silence sleep
Near these a Nursery erects its head,
Where Queens are formed, and future Hero's bred;
Where unfledged Actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant Punks their tender voices try,
And little *Maximus* the Gods defy.
Great *Fletcher* never treads in Buskins here,
Nor greater Johnson dares in Socks appear
But gentle *Sunkin* just reception finds 81
Amidst this Monument of vanish'd minds;
Pure Clinches, the suburban Muse affords;
And *Panton* waging harmless war with words.
Here *Flecknoe*, as a place to Fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Sh—'s throne.
For ancient *Decker* prophes'd long since,
That in this Pile should Reign a mighty Prince,
Born for a scourge of Wit, and slayle of Sense,
To whom true dulness should some *Psyches* owe, 90
But Worlds of *Misers* from his pen should flow;
Humorists and Hypocrites it should produce,
Whole *Raymond* Families and Tribes of *Bruce*.
Now Empress Fame had publish'd the renown
Of Sh—'s Coronation through the Town
Row'd by report of Fame, the Nations meet,
From near *Bun-Hill* and distant *Wailing-street*.
No *Persian* Carpets spread th' imperial way,
But scatter'd Limbs of mangled Poets lay;
From dusty shops neglected Authors come,
Martyrs of Pies and Reliques of the Bum 101
Much *Heywood*, *Shirley*, *Ogleby* there lay,
But loads of Sh— almost choakt the way
Bilk't *Stationers* for Yeomen stood prepar'd
And H— was Captain of the Guard.

The hoary Prince in Majesty appear'd,
High on a Throne of his own Labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young *Ascanius* sat
Rome's other hope and Pillar of the State.
His Brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace, 110
And lambent dullness plaid around his face.
As *Hannibal* did to the Altars come,
Swore by his Syre a mortal Foe to *Rome*;
So Sh—swore, nor should his Vow bee vain,
That he till Death true dullness would maintain;
And, in his father's Right, and Realms defence,
Ne'er to have Peace with Wit, nor truce with Sense.
The King himself the sacred Unction made,
As King by Office, and as Priest by Trade:
In his sinister hand, instead of Ball, 120
He plac'd a mighty Mug of potent Ale;
Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his Sceptre and his rule of Sway;
Whose righteous Lore the Prince had practis'd young
And from whose Loyns recorded *Psyche* sprung.
His temples, last, with Poppies were o'er-spread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head:
Just at that point of time, if Fame not lye,
On his left hand twelve reverend *Owls* did fly.
So *Romulus*, 'tis sung, by *Tyber's Brook*, 130
Presage of Sway from twice six Vultures took
Th' admiring throog loud acclamations make
And Omens of his future Empire take.
Thy Syre then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dullness: Long he stood,
Repelling from his Breast the raging God;
At length burst out in this prophetick mood:
Heavens bless my Soo, from *Ireland* let him reign
To far *Barbadoes* on the Western main; 140
Of his Dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his Father's be his Throne.
Beyond loves Kingdom let him stretch his Pen;
He paused, and all the people cry'd Amen.

113 Swore] *The Lambeth MS gives Sworn, but swore is here a participle.*

117 Would bid Defiance unto Wit and Sense.
1652

Then thus continued he, my son, advance
Still in new Impudence, new Ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless Industry.
Let *Virtuoso's* in five years be Writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toy of
Wit. 150

Let gentle *George* in triumph tread the stage,
Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Locust* rage;
Let *Cully*, *Cockwood*, *Fopling*, charm the Pit,
And in their folly show the Writers wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence
And justify their Author's want of sense.
Let 'em be all by thy own model made
Of dulness and desire no foreign aid,
That they to future ages may be known,
Not Copies drawn, but Issue of thy own. 160
Nay let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name;
But let no alien *S—d—y* interpose
To lard with wit thy hungry *Epsom* prose.
And when false flowers of *Rhetorick* thou
would'st cull,

Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy best, and top; and in each
line
Sir *Formal's* oratory will be thine.
Sir *Formal*, though unsought, attends thy
quill,

And does thy *Northern Dedications* fill. 170
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to
fame,

By arrogating *Johnson's* Hostile name.
Let Father *Flecknoe* fire thy mind with praise
And Uncle *Ogleby* thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where *Johnson* has no
part:

What share have we in Nature or in Art?
Where did his wife on learning fix a brand
And rail at Arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in Prince *Nicander's*
vein,

Or swept the dust in *Psyche's* humble strain?
Where sold he Bargains, Whip-stick, kiss
my Arse, 181

Promis'd a Play and dwindled to a Farce?

When did his Muse from *Fletcher* scenes
purloin,
As thou whole *Elfridg* dost transfuse to
thine?

But so transfused as Oyls on waters flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy Province, this thy wondrous way,
New Humours to invent for each new Play:
This is that boasted Byas of thy mind,
By which one way, to dullness, 'tis inclined,
Which makes thy writings lean on one side
still, 191

And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense,
A Tun of Man in thy large Bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a Kilderkin of wit.
Like mine thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy *Tragick Muse gives smiles*, thy *Comick*
sleep.

With what'er gall thou sett'st thy self to
write,

Thy inoffensive Satyrs never bite. 200
In thy felonious heart though Venom lies,
It does but touch thy *Irish* pen, and dyes.
Thy Genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Iambicks, but mild Anagram;
Leave writing Plays, and chuse for thy
command

Some peacefull Province in Acrostick Land.
Therc thou maist wings display, and Altars
raise,

And torture one poor word Ten thousand
ways;

Or, if thou would'st thy diff'rent talents suit,
Set thy own Songs, and sing them to thy lute.
He said, but his last words were scarcely
heard, 211

For *Bruce* and *Longvil* had a *Trap* prepar'd,
And down they sent the yet declaiming
Bard.

Sinking he left his Drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
The Mantle fell to the young Prophet's part
With double portion of his Father's Art.

[Title-page of Original Edition.]

RELIGIOLAICI

OR A

Laymans Faith.

A

P O E M.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

Ornari res ipsa negat ; contenta doceri.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson at the Judge's Head in
Chancery-lane, near Fleet-street. 1682.

THE PREFACE.

A POEM with so bold a Title, and a Name prefix'd from which the handling of so serious a Subject wou'd not be expected, may reasonably oblige the Author to say somewhat in defence both of himself, and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me that, being a *Layman*, I ought not to have concern'd myself with Speculations which belong to the Profession of *Divinity*, I cou'd answer that perhaps Laymen, with equal advantages of Parts and Knowledge, are not the most incompetent Judges of Sacred things; But in the due sense of my own weakness and want of Learning, I plead not this: I pretend not to make myself a Judge of Faith in others, but onely to make a Confession of my own; I lay no unhallow'd hand upon the Ark, but wait on it with the Reverence that becomes me at a distance: In the next place I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have us'd in this small Treatise, were many of them taken from the works of our own Reverend Divines of the Church of England; so that the Weapons with which I Combat Irreligion are already Consecrated, though I suppose they may be taken down as lawfully as the Sword of *Goliath* was by *David*, when they are to be employed for the common Cause, against the Enemies of Piety. I intend not by this to intitle them to any of my errours, which yet I hope are only those of Charity to Mankind; and such as my own Charity has caus'd me to commit, that of *others* may more easily excuse. Being naturally inclin'd to Scepticism in Philosophy, I have no reason to impose my Opinions, in a Subject which is above it: but whatever they are, I submit them with all reverence to my Mother Church, accounting them no further mine, than as they are Authoriz'd, or at least, uncondemn'd by her. And, indeed, to secure my self on this side, I have us'd the necessary Precaution of showing this Paper, before it was Publish'd, to a judicious and learned Friend, a Man indefatigably zealous in the service of the Church and State: and whose Writings, have highly deserv'd of both. He was pleas'd to approve the body of the Discourse, and I hope he is more my Friend than to do it out of Complaisance; 'Tis true he had too good a tast to like it all; and amongst some other faults recommended to my second view, which I have written perhaps too boldly on St. *Athanasius*, which he advis'd me wholly to omit. I am sensible enough that I had done more *prudently* to have followed his opinion; But then I could not have satisfied myself that I had done honestly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my *thought*, that Heathens who never did, nor without Miracle cou'd, hear of the name of Christ, were yet in a possibility of Salvation. Neither will it enter easily into my belief, that before the coming of our Saviour the whole World, excepting only the Jewish Nation, shou'd lye under the inevitable necessity of everlasting Punishment, for want of that Revelation, which was confin'd to so small a spot of ground as that of *Palestine*. Among the Sons of *Noah* we read of one onely who was accus'd; and if a blessing in the ripeness of time was reserv'd for *Japhet* (o whose Progeny we are,) it seems unaccountable to me, why so many Generations of the same Offspring as preceeded our Saviour in the Flesh should be all involv'd in one common condemnation, and yet that their Posterity should be entitled to the hopes of Salvation as if a Bill of Exclusion had passed only on the Fathers, which debar'd not the Sons from their Succession. Or that so many Ages had been *deliver'd over* to Hell, and so many reserv'd for Heaven, and that the Devil had the first choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think, that the revealed Religion which was taught by *Noah* to all his Sons might continue for some Ages in the whole Posterity. That afterwards it was includ'd wholly in the Family of *Shem* is manifest: but when the Progenies of *Cham* and *Japhet* swarm'd into Colonies, and those Colonies were subdivided into many others, in process of time their Descendants lost by little and little the Primitive and Purer Rites of Divine Worship, retaining onely the notion of one Deity; to which succeeding Generation

added others; (for Men took their Degrees in those Ages from Conquerours to Gods) Revelation being thus Eclips'd to almost all Mankind, the Light of Nature as the next in Dignity was substituted; and that is it which St. *Paul* concludes to be the Rule of the Heathens; and by which they are hereafter to be judg'd. If my supposition be true, then the consequence which I have assum'd in my Poem may be also true; namely, that Deism, or the Principles of Natural Worship, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of reveal'd Religion in the Posterity of *Noah*: and that our Modern Philosophers, nay and some of our Philosophising Divines have too much exalted the faculties of our Souls, when they have maintain'd that by their force, mankind has been able to find out that there is one Supream Agent or Intellectual Being which we call God: that Praise and 10 Prayer are his due Worship; and the rest of those deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of Revelation, and unattainable by our Discourse, I mean as simply considered, and without the benefit of Divine Illumination. So that we have not lifted up our selves to God by the weak Pimons of our Reason, but he has been pleas'd to descend to us: and what *Socrates* said of him, what *Plato* writ, and the rest of the Heathen Philosophers of several Nations, is all no more than the Twilight of Revelation, after the Sun of it was set in the Race of *Noah*. That there is some thing above us, some Principle of motion, our Reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is by its own Vertue. And indeed, 'tis very improbable, that we, who by the strength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledg of any Being, not so much as of our own, should be able to find 20 out by them that Supream Nature, which we cannot otherwise define than by saying it is Infinite; as if Infinite were definable, or Infinity a Subject for our narrow understanding. They who wou'd prove Religion by Reason, do but weaken the cause which they endeavour to support: 'tis to take away the Pillars from our Faith, and to prop it only with a rug: 'tis to design a Tower like that of *Babel*, which, if it were possible (as it is not) to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confusion of the Workmen. For every man is Building a several way; importently conceiv'd of his own Model, and his own Materials: Reason is always striving, and always at a loss; and of necessity it must so come to pass, while 'tis exercis'd about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content 'at last, to know God, by his own methods; at least, so much of him, as he is pleas'd to reveal to 30 us in the sacred Scriptures; to apprehend them to be the word of God, is all our Reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of Faith, which is the Seal of Heaven unpress'd upon our humane understanding.

And now for what concerns the Holy Bishop *Athanasius*, the Preface of whose Creed seems inconsistent with my opinion; which is, That Heathens may possibly be sav'd; in the first place, I desire it may be consider'd that it is the Preface onely, not the Creed it self, which, (till I am better informed) is of too hard a digestion for my Charity. 'Tis not that I am ignorant how many several Texts of Scripture seemingly support that Cause; but neither am I ignorant how all those Texts may receive a kinder, and more mollified Interpretation. Every man who is read in Church History, knows that Belief 40 was drawn up after a long contestation with *Arius* concerning the Divinity of our Blessed Saviour, and his being one Substance with the Father; and that, thus compild, it was sent abroad among the Christian Churches, as a kind of Test, which whosoever took, was look'd on as an Orthodox Believer. 'Tis manifest from hence, that the Heathen part of the Empire was not concerned in it: for its busiess was not to distinguish betwixt Pagans and Christians, but betwixt Hereticks and true Believers. This, well consider'd, takes off the heavy weight of Censure, which I wou'd willingly avoid from so venerable a Man; for if this Proportion, *whosoever will be saved*, be restrain'd onely to those to whom it was intended, and for whom it was compos'd, I mean the Christians, then the Anathema, reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Christ and were nothing 50 interested in that dispute. After all, I am far from blaming even that Prefatory addition to the Creed, and as far from cavilling at the continuation of it in the Liturgy of the Church, where on the days appointed, 'tis publickly read: for I suppose there is the same

reason for it now, in opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arrians; the one being a Heresy, which seems to have been refin'd out of the other; and with how much more plausibility of Reason it combats our Religion, with so much more caution to be avoided: and therefore the prudence of our Church is to be commended, which has interposed her Authority for the recommendation of this Creed. Yet to such as are grounded in the true belief, those explanatory Creeds, the *Nicene* and this of *Athanasius*, might perhaps be spar'd: for what is supernatural will always be a mystery in spite of Exposition: and for my own part the plain Apostles Creed, is most suitable to my weak understanding; as the simplest diet is the most easy of Digestion.

10 I have dwelt longer on this Subject than I intended; and longer than perhaps I ought; for having laid down, as my Foundation, that the Scripture is a Rule; that in all things needfull to Salvation it is clear, sufficient, and ordain'd by God Almighty for that purpose, I have left my self no-right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal happiness to Heathens: because whatsoever is obscure is concluded not necessary to be known.

But, by asserting the Scripture to be the Canon of our Faith, I have unavoidably created to my self two sorts of Enemies: The Papists indeed, more directly, because they have kept the Scripture from us, what they cou'd; and have reserved to themselves a right of Interpreting what they have deliver'd under the pretence of Infallibility: and the
20 Fanatiicks more collaterally, because they have assum'd what amounts to an Infallibility in the private Spirit: and have detorted those Texts of Scripture, which are not necessary to Salvation, to the damnable uses of Sedition, disturbance and destruction of the Civil Government. To begin with the Papists, and to speak freely, I think them the less dangerous, (at least in appearance) to our present State; for not onely the Penal Laws are in force against them, and their number is contemptible; but also their Pecage and Commons are excluded from Parliaments, and consequently these Laws in no probability of being Repeal'd. A General and Uninterrupted Plot of their Clergy, ever since the Reformation, I suppose all Protestants believe; for 'tis not reasonable to think but that so many of their Orders, as were outed from their fat possessions, wou'd endeavour
30 a reentrance against those whom they account Hereticks. As for the late design, Mr. *Colemans* Letters, for ought I know are the best Evidence; and what they discover, without wyre-drawing their Sense or malicious Glosses, all Men of reason conclude credible. If there be anything more than this requir'd of me, I must believe it as well as I am able, in spite of the Witnesses, and out of a decent conformity to the Votes of Parliament: for I suppose the Fanatiicks will not allow the private Spirit in this Case: Here the Infallibility is at least in one part of the Government; and our understandings as well as our wills are represented. But to return to the Roman Catholics, how can we be secure from the practice of Jesuited Papists in that Religion? For not two or three of that Order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole Body of them are of opinion, that their Infallible Master has a right over Kings, not onely in Spirituals but Temporals.
40 Not to name *Mariana*, *Bellarmino*, *Emanuel Sa*, *Alolina*, *Santarel*, *Sinancha*, and at least twenty others of Foreign Countries; we can produce of our own Nation, *Campion*, and *Doleman* or *Parsons*, besides many are nam'd whom I have not read, who all of them attest this Doctrine, that the Pope can depose and give away the Right of any Sovereign Prince, *si vel paulum deflexerit*, if he shall never so little Warpe: but if he once comes to be Excommunicated, then the Bond of obedience is taken off from Subjects; and they may and ought to drive him like another *Nebuchadnezzar*, *ex hominum Christianorum Dominatu*, from exercising Dominion over Christians: and to this they are bound by virtue of Divine Precept, and by all the ties of Conscience, under no less Penalty than
50 Damnation. If they answer me (as a Learned Priest has lately written,) that this Doctrine of the Jesuits is not *de fide*, and that consequently they are not oblig'd by it, they must pardon me, if I think they have said nothing to the purpose; for 'tis a Maxim in their Church, where Points of Faith are not decided, and that Doctors are of contrary opinions,

they may follow which part they please; but more safely the most receiv'd and most Authoriz'd. And their champion *Bellarmino* has told the World, in his Apology, that the King of England is a vassal to the Pope, *ratione directi Domini*, and that he holds in Villanage of his Roman Landlord. Which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his Authentique Witnesses, that King *John* was depos'd by the same plea, and *Philip Augustus* admitted Tenant. And which makes the more for *Bellarmino*, the French King was again ejected when our King submitted to the Church, and the Crown receiv'd under the sordid Condition of a Vassalage.

'Tis not sufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning Papists (of which I doubt not there are many) to produce the Evidences of their Loyalty to the late King, and to declare their Innocency in this Plot; I will grant their behaviour in the first, to have been as loyal and as brave as they desire; and will be willing to hold them excus'd as to the second (I mean when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for 'tis a madness to be sober alone, while the Nation continues Drunk:) but that saying of their Father *Cres*: is still running in my head, that they may be dispens'd with in their Obedience to an Heretick Prince, while the necessity of the times shall oblige them to it: (for that (as another of them tells us,) is only the effect of Christian Prudence) but when once they shall get power to shake him off, an Heretick is no lawful King, and consequently to rise against him is no Rebellion. I should be glad therefore, that they wou'd follow the advice which was charitably given them by a Reverend Prelate of our Church; namely, that they would joyn in a publick Act of disowning and detesting those Jesuitick Principles; and subscribe to all Doctrines which deny the Popes Authority of Deposing Kings, and releasing Subjects from their Oath of Allegiance: to which I shou'd think they might easily be induced, if it be true that this present Pope has condemn'd the doctrine of King-killing (a thesis of the Jesuites) amongst others *ex Cathedra* (as they call it) or in open consistory.

Leaving them, therefore, in so fair a way (if they please themselves) of satisfying all reasonable Men of their sincerity and good meaning to the Government, I shall make bold to consider that other extream of our Religion, I mean the Fanaticks, or Schismatics, of the English Church. Since the Bible has been Translated into our Tongue, they have us'd it so, as if their business was not to be sav'd, but to be damn'd by its Contents. If we consider onely them, better had it been for the English Nation that it had still remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latine of *St. Jerome*, than that several Texts in it, should have been prevaricated to the destruction of that Government which put it into so ungrateful hands.

How many Heresies the first translation of *Tyndal* produced in few years, let my Lord *Herbert's* History of *Henry* the Eighth inform you; Insomuch that for the gross errors in it, and the great mischiefs it occasion'd, a Sentence pass'd on the first Edition of the Bible, too shameful almost to be repeated. After the short reign of *Edward* the Sixth (who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun) every one knows that not onely the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whose Consciences wou'd not dispence with Popery, were forc'd, for fear of persecution, to change Climates: from whence returning at the beginning of Queen *Elizabeth's* reign, many of them who had been in *France*, and at *Geneva*, brought back the rigid opinions and imperious discipline of *Calvin*, to graffe upon our Reformation. Which, though they cunningly conceal'd at first, (as well knowing how nauseously that Drug wou'd go down in a lawful Monarchy which was prescrib'd for a rebellious Common-wealth) yet they always kept it in reserve, and were never wanting to themselves, either in Court or Parliament, when either they had any prospect of a numerous Party of Fanatique Members in the one, or the encouragement of any Favourite in the other, whose Covetousness was gaping at the Patrimony of the Church. They who will consult the Works of our venerable *Hooker*, or the account of his Life, or more particularly the Letter written to him on this Subject, by *George Cranmer*, may see by what gradations they proceeded; from the dislike of Cap and

Surprise, the very next step was Admonitions to the Parliament against the whole Government Ecclesiastical; then came out Volumes in English and Latin in defence of their Tenets: and immediately, practices were set on foot to erect their Discipline without Authority. Those not succeeding, Satyre and Rayling was the next: and *Martin Marprelate* (the *Marvel* of those times) was the first Presbyterian Scribler who sanctify'd Libels and Scurrility to the use of the Good Old Cause. Which was done, (says my Authour,) upon this account; that (their serious Treatises having been fully answered and refuted) they might compass by rayling what they had lost by reasoning; and, when their Cause was sunk in Court and Parliament, they might at least hedge in a stake amongst the Rabble; 10 for to their ignorance all things are Wit which are abusive; but if Church and State were made the Theme, then the Doctoral Degree of Wit was to be taken at *Billingsgate*: even the most Saintlike of the Party, though they durst not, excuse this contempt and villifying of the Government, yet were pleas'd, and grind at it with a pious smile; and call'd it a judgment of God against the Hierarchy. Thus Sectaries, we may see, were bom with teeth, foul-mouthed and scurrilous from their Infancy: and if Spiritual Pride, Venome, Violence, Contempt of Superiours, and Slander had been the marks of Orthodox Belief; the Presbytery and the rest of our Schismatics, which are their Spawn, were always the most visible Church in the Christian World.

'Tis true, the Government was too strong at that time for a Rebellion; but to shew 20 what proficiency they had made in *Calvin's School*, even *Then* their mouths water'd at it: for two of their gifted Brotherhood (*Hacket* and *Coppinger*) as the Story tells us, got up into a Pease-Cart, and harangued the People, to dispose them to an insurrection and to establish their Discipline by force; so that, however it comes about, that *non* they celebrate Queen *Elizabeth's* Birth-night, as that of their Saint and Patroness, yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by Arms against her; and in all probability they wanted but a Fanatique Lord Mayor and two Sheriffs of their Party to have compass'd it.

Our venerable *Hooker*, after many Admonitions which he had given them, toward the end of his Preface breaks out into this Prophetick speech. "*There is in every one* 30 "*of these Considerations most just cause to fear, lest our hastiness to embrace a thing of so* "*perilous Consequence, (meaning the Presbyterian discipline) should cause Posterity to* "*feel those Evils which as yet are more easy for us to prevent, than they would be for them* "*to remedy.*"

How fatally this *Cassandra* has foretold, we know too well by sad experience: the Seeds were sown in the time of Queen *Elizabeth*, the bloody Harvest ripened in the Reign of King *Charles* the Martyr: and, because all the Sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loose Grains, another Crop is too like to follow; nay, I fear 'tis unavoidable, if the Conventiders be permitted still to scatter.

A man may be suffer'd to quote an Adversary to our Religion, when he speaks Truth: And 'tis the observation of *Meunbourg* in his History of Calvinism, that, where-ever that 40 Discipline was planted and embrac'd, Rebellion, Civil War, and Misery attended it. And how indeed should it happen otherwise? Reformation of Church and State has always been the ground of our Divisions in *England*. While we were Papists, our Holy Father rid us by pretending authority out of the Scriptures to depose Princes, when we shook off his Authority, the Sectaries furnish'd themselves with the same Weapons; and out of the same Magazine, the Bible. So that the Scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest security of Governours, as commanding express obedience to them, are now turned to their destruction; and never since the Reformation, has there wanted a Text of their interpreting to authorize a Rebel. And 'tis to be noted by the way, that the Doctrines of King-killing and Deposing, which have been taken up onely by the worst Party of 50 the Papists, the most frontless Flatterers of the Pope's Authority, have been espous'd defended, and are still maintain'd by the whole Body of Nonconformists and Republicans 'Tis but dubbing themselves the People of God, which 'tis the interest of their Preachers to tell them they are, and their own interest to believe; and, after that, they cannot dis

into the Bible, but one Text or another will turn up for their purpose: If they are under Persecution (as they call it,) then that is a mark of their Election; if they flourish, then God works Miracles for their Deliverance, and the Saints are to possess the earth.

They may think themselves to be too roughly handled in this Paper; but I who know best how far I could have gone on this Subject, must be bold to tell them they are spar'd: though at the same time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildness of a Writer to them, as they do the mercy of the Government; in the one they think it Fear, and conclude it Weakness in the other. The best way for them to confute me, is, as I before advised the Papists, to disclaim their Principles, and renounce their Practices. We shall all be glad to think them true Englishmen, when they obey the King, and true Protestants, when they conform to the Church Discipline.

It remains that I acquaint the Reader, that the Verses were written for an ingenious young Gentleman, my Friend, upon his Translation of *The Critical History of the Old Testament*, composed by the learned Father Simon: The Verses therefore are address'd to the Translatour of that Work, and the style of them is, what it ought to be, Epistolary.

If any one be so lamentable a Critique as to require the Smoothness, the Numbers, and the Turn of Heroique Poetry in this Poem; I must tell him, that, if he has not read *Horace*, I have studied him, and hope the style of his Epistles is not ill imitated here. The Expressions of a Poem designed purely for Instruction ought to be Plain and Natural, and yet Majestic: for here the Poet is presumed to be a kind of Law-giver, and those three qualities which I have nam'd are proper to the Legislative style. The Florid, Elevated, and Figurative way is for the Passions; for Love and Hatred, Fear and Anger, are begotten in the Soul by shewing their Objects out of their true proportion; either greater than the Life, or less; but Instruction is to be given by shewing them what they naturally are. A Man is to be cheated into Passion, but to be reason'd into Truth.

RELIGIO LAICI.

Div, as the borrow'd beams of Moon and Stars

To lonely, weary, wandring Travellers
Is Reason to the Soul: And as on high
Those rowling Fires discover but the Sky
Not light us here; So Reason's glimmering Ray

Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better Day.
And as those nightly Tapers disappear
When Day's bright Lord ascends our Hemisphere;

So pale grows Reason at Religions sight; so
So dyes, and so dissolves in Supernatural Light.

Some few, whose Lamp shone brighter, have been led

From Cause to Cause to Natures secret head;
And found that one first principle must be;
But what, or who, that UNIVERSAL HE;

Whether some Soul encompassing this Ball,
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving All;
Or various Atom's, interfering Dance
Leapt into Form (the Noble work of Chance)
Or this great All was from Eternity; }
Not ev'n the Stagirate himself could see; }
And Epicurus Guess'd as well as He. }

As blindly grop'd they form future State,
As rashly judg'd of Providence and Fate:
But least of all could their Endeavours find

What most concern'd the good of Humane kind:

For Happiness was never to be found;

But vanish'd from 'em, like Enchanted ground.

One thought Content the Good to be enjoyed:

This, every little Accident destroyed: }
The wiser Madmen did for Virtue toyl, }
A Thorny, or at best a barren Soil:

Opinions of the several sects of Philosophers concerning the Summum Bonum.

In *Pleasure* some their glutton Souls would steep,
But found their Line too short, the Well too deep,
And leaky Vessels which no *Bliss* cou'd keep.
Thus, *onxious Thoughts* in *endless Circles* roul,
Without a *Centre* where to fix the *Soul* :
In this wilde Maze their vain Endeavours end :
How can the *less* the *Greater* comprehend ?
Or *finite Reason* reach *Infinity* ? 40
For what cou'd *Fathom* GOD were *more* than *He*.

The *Deist* thinks he stands on firmer ground,
Cries *εὐπεκα*: the mighty Secret's *Systeme of Deism.*
foud: *God* is that *Spring of Good* ; *Supreme* and *Best*,
We, made to *serve*, and in that *Service* *blest* ;
If so, some *Rules* of *Worship* must be given,
Distributed alike to all by *Heaven* :
Else *God* were *partial*, and to *some* deny'd
The Means His *Justice* shou'd for all provide.
This *general Worship* is to *PRAISE*, and *PRAY* :
One part to *borrow* Blessings, one to *pay* : 51
And when frail *Nature* slides into *Offence*,
The *Sacrifice* for *Crimes* is *Penitence*.
Yet, since th' *Effects* of *Providence*, we find
Are variously dispensed to *Humane* kind ;
That *Vice Triumphs* and *Vertue* suffers here,
(A *Brand* that *Sovereign justice* cannot bear ;)
Our *Reason* prompts us to a *future State*,
The last *Appeal* from *Fortune*, and from *Fate*,
Where *God's* all-righteous ways will be declar'd, 60
The *Bad* meet *Punishment*, the *Good*, *Reward*.

Thus *Man* by his own strength to *Heaven* wou'd soar :
And wou'd not be *Obliged* to *Of Reveal'd Religion.*
God for more.
Vain, wretched *Creature*, how art thou misled
To think thy *Wit* these *God-like* notions bred !
These *Truths* are not the product of thy *Mind*,
But dropt from *Heaven*, and of a *Nobler* kind.

Reveal'd Religion first inform'd thy sight,
And *Reason* saw not till *Faith* sprung the *Light*.

Hence all thy *Natural Worship* takes the *Source* : 70

'Tis *Revelation* what thou thinkst *Discourse*.
Else how com'st *Thou* to see these truths so clear,

Which so obscure to *Heathens* did appear ?
Not *Plato* these, nor *Aristotle* found.

Nor *He* whose wisdom *Oracles* *Socrates* renown'd.

Hast thou a *Wit* so deep, or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb ?
Canst *Thou*, by *Reason*, more of *God-head* know

Than *Plutarch*, *Seneca*, or *Cicero* ?

Those *Gyant Wits*, in happier *Ages* born, 80
(When *Arms*, and *Arts* did *Greece* and *Rome* adorn,)

Knew no such *Systeme* : no such *Piles* cou'd raise

Of *Natural Worship*, built on *Pray'r* and *Praise*,

To *One* sole *GOD* :

Nor did *Remorse*, to *Expiate Sin*, prescribe :
But slew their fellow *Creatures* for a *Drib* :

The guiltless *Victim* groan'd for their *Offence* ;
And *Cruelty* and *Blood*, was *Penitence*.

If *Sheep* and *Oxen* cou'd *Atton* for *Men*

Ah ! at how cheap a rate the *Rich* might *Sin* ! 90

And great *Oppressours* might *Heavens* *Wrath* beguile

By offering his own *Creatures* for a *Spoil* !

Dar'st thou, poor *Worm*, offend *Infinity* ?
And must the *Terms* of *Peace* be given by

Thee ?

Then *Thou* art *Justice* in the last *Appeal* ;
Thy *easy God* instructs *Thee* to *rebell* :

And, like a *King* remote, and weak, must take

What *Satisfaction* *Thou* art pleased to make.

But if there be a *Pow'r* too *Just*, and *strong*

To wink at *Crimes* and bear unpunish'd *Wrong* ; 100

Look humbly upward, see his *Will* disclose
The *Forfeil* first, and then the *Fine* impose

A *Mild* thy poverty cou'd never pay
Had not *Eternal Wisdom* found the way

And with Celestial Wealth supply'd thy
Store;

*His Justice makes the Fine, his Mercy quits
the Score.*

See God descending in thy Humane Frame;
Th' *offended*, suffering in th' *Offenders* name:
All thy Misdeeds to Him imputed see,
And all his Righteousness devolv'd on thee.

For granting we have Sin'd, and that th'
offence 117

Of *Man*, is made against *Onnipotence*,
Some Price, that bears *proportion*, must be
paid

And *Infinite* with *Infinite* be weigh'd.

See then the *Deist* lost: *Remorse* for *Vice*

Not paid, or paid, inadequate in price:

What farther means can *Reason* now direct,
Or what Relief from *humane* *Wis* expect?

That shews us *sick*; and sadly are we sure
Still to be *Sick*, till *Heav'n* reveal the
Cure: 120

If then *Heaven's* *Will* must needs be under-
stood,

(Which must, if we want *Cure*, and *Heaven*
be *Good*.)

Let all Records of *Will* reveal'd be shown;
With *Scripture*, all in equal ballance thrown,
And our one Sacred Book will be *That one*.)

Proof needs not here; for whether we
compare

That *Impious*, *Idle*, *Superstitious* Ware
Of *Rites*, *Lustrations*, *Offerings*, (which before,

In various Ages, various Countries bore,
With *Christian Faith* and *Vertues*, we shall
find 130

None ans'ring the great ends of humane
kind,

But *This one rule of Life*; That shews us
best

How *God* may be *appeas'd*, and *mortals* *blest*.
Whether from length of *Time* its worth we
draw,

The *World* is scarce more *Ancient* than the
Law:

Heav'n's early Care prescrib'd for every Age;
First, in the *Soul*, and after, in the *Page*.

Or, whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the *Writers*, or the *written Book*,

Whence, but from *Heav'n* cou'd men, un-
skilled in Arts, 140

In several Ages born, in several parts,

Weave such agreeing *Truths*? or *how* or *why*
Shou'd all conspire to cheat us with a *Lye*?
Unask'd their *Pains*, ungratefull their *Advice*,
Starving their *Gain* and *Martyrdom* their
Price.

If on the Book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent *Heathens* prove the *Story True*:
The *Doctrine*, *Miracles*; which must con-
vince,

For *Heav'n* in *Them* appeals to *humane*
Sense;

And though they prove not, they *Confirm*
the Cause, 150

When what is *Taught* agrees with *Natures*
Laws.

Then for the *Style*, *Majestick* and *Divine*,
It speaks no less than *God* in every *Line*;
Commanding words; whose *Force* is still the
same

As the first *Fiat* that produc'd our *Frame*.

All *Faiths* beside, or did by *Arms* ascend;

Or *Sense* indulg'd has made *Mankind* their
Friend;

This *and* *Doctrines* does our *Lusts* oppose:

Unfed by *Natures* *Soul*, in which it grows;

Cross to our *Interests*, curbing *Sense* and
Sin; 160

Opress'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives through pain; its own *Torment*-
tours tires;

And with a stubborn patience still aspires.

To what can *Reason* such *Effects* assign,

Transcending *Nature*, but to *Laws Divine*?

Which in that Sacred Volume are contain'd;

Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordained.

But stay: the *Deist* here will urge anew,
No *Supernatural* *Worship* can be *Objection* of
True: the *Deist*.

Because a *general Law* is that alone 170

Which must to all and every *where* be known:

A *Style* so large as not *this Book* can claim,

Nor aught that bears reveal'd *Religions*
Name.

'Tis said the sound of a *Messiah's Birth*

Is gone through all the habitable *Earth*:

But still that *Text* must be confin'd alone

To what was *Then* inhabited, and known:

And what *Provision* could from *thence* accrue

To *Indian* *Souls*. and *Worlds* discovered

New?

In other parts it helps, that Ages past, 180
The Scriptures there were *known*, and were
inbrae'd,

Till Sin spread once again the Shades of
Night :

What's that to these wha never saw the Light ?

Of all Objections this indeed is chief *The objec-*
tion an-

Ta startle Reason, stagger frail Belief :

We grant, 'tis true, that Heav'n from
humane Sense

Has hid the secret paths of *Providence* ;

But *boundless Wisdom*, *boundless Mercy*,
may

Find ev'n for those *be-wildred* Souls, a way :
If from his *Nature* *Faer* may Pity claim, 190

Much more may *Strangers* who ne'er heard
his *Name*.

And though *na Nanie* be far *Salvation* known,
But that of His *Eternal* *Sais* alone ;

Who knows how far transcending Goodness
can

Extend the *Merits* of that *Son* to *Mau* ?

Who knows what *Reasons* may his *Mercy*
lead ;

Or *Ignorance* *invincible* may plead ?

Not only *Charity* bids hope the *best*,

But *more* the great *Apostle* has exprest : 199
Thot, if the *Gentiles*, (whom no *Law* inspir'd,) *By Nature* did *whot* was by *Law* required,

They, who the *written Rule* had never known,
Were to themselves both *Rule* and *Law* alone :

Ta *Natures* plain indictment they shall plead ;
And, by their *Conscience*, be condemn'd or
freed.

Most Righteous Doom ! because a *Rule*
reveal'd *

Is *name* to *Thase*, fram wham it was cou-
ceal'd.

Then those who fallow'd *Reasons* Dictates
right ;

Liv'd up, and lifted high their *Natural* *Light* ;
With *Sacrares* may see their *Maker's* *Face*,

While *Thousand* *Rubrick-Martyrs* want a
place. 211

Nar daes it baulk my *Charity* to find
Th' *Egyptian* *Bishop* of another mind :

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Th' *Egyptian* *Bishop* of another mind :

Nar daes it baulk my *Charity* to find
Th' *Egyptian* *Bishop* of another mind :

For, though his *Creed* *Eternal* *Truth* contains,
'Tis hard for *Mau* to doom to *endless* *pains*

All who believ'd not all, his *Zeal* requir'd ;
Unless he first cou'd prove he was inspir'd.

Then let us either think he meant to say
This *Faith*, where *publish'd*, was the only

way ;

Or else conclude that, *Arius* to confute, 220
The good old *Man*, too eager in dispute,

Flew high ; and, as his *Christian* *Fury* rose,
Damn'd all for *Hereticks* who durst oppose.

Thus far my *Charity* this path has
try'd,

(A much unskillfull, but well *Digression*
meaning guide :) *to the Trans-*

Yet what they are, even these *latur*
crude thoughts were bred *of*

By reading that, which better *Father* *Si-*
thou hast read, *mon's* *Critical*

Thy Matchless *Author's* work : which thou,
my *Friend*,

By well translating better dost commend :

Those youthfull hours, which of thy *Equals*
most 23a

In *Toys* have squander'd, or in *Vice* have lost,
Those hours hast thou to *Nobler* use

employ'd ;

And the severe *Delights* of *Truth* enjoy'd.
Witness this weighty *Book*, in which appears

The crabbed *Toil* of many thoughtfull
years,

Spent by thy *Authour* in the *Sifting* *Care*
Of *Rabbins'* old *Sophisticated* *Ware*

Fram *Gold* *Divine*, which he who well can
sort

May afterwards make *Algebra* a *Sport*.
A *Treasure* which, if *Country-Curates* buy, 24a

They *Junius*, and *Trenellius* may defy :

Save *pains* in various readings, and *Transla-*
tians,

And without *Hebrew* make most learn'd
quotations.

A *Work* so full with various *Learning* fraught,
So nicely pondred, yet so strongly wrought,

As *Natures* height and *Arts* last hand
requir'd :

As much as *Man* cou'd compass, uninspir'd.
Where we may see what *Errours* have been

made

Bath in the *Copiers* and *Translators* *Trade* :

Haw *Jewish*, *Papish*, *Interests* have prevail'd,
And where *Infallibility* has fail'd. 251

193 Sons] This is genitive singular. Scott
wrongly wished to read Son

For some, who have his secret meaning
ghes'd,
Have found our Authour not too much
a Priest;

For *Fashion*-sake he seems to have recourse
To *Pope*, and *Councils*, and *Traditions* force:
But he that *old Traditions* cou'd subdue,
Cou'd not but find the weakness of the *New*:
If *Scripture*, though deriv'd from heav'nly
birth,

Has been but carelessly preserved on *Earth*;
If *God's own People*, who of *God* before 260
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd
more,

In fuller Terms of Heaven's assisting Care,
And who did neither *Time*, nor *Study* spare
To keep this Book untainted, unperplex'd;
Let in gross *Errors* to corrupt the *Text*,
Omitted *paragraphs*, embroy'd the *Sense*,
With vain *Traditions* stopt the gaping Fence,
Which every common hand pull'd up with
ease:

What Safety from such *brushwood*-helps as
these?

If *written words* from time are not secur'd, 270
How can we think have *oral Sounds* endur'd?
Which thus transmitted, if one Mouth has
fail'd,

Immortal Eyes on *Ages* are intail'd;
And that some such have been, is prov'd too
plain;

If we consider *Interest*, *Church*, and *Gout*,

Oh but, says one, *Tradition*
set aside,
Where can we hope for an un-
erring Guid?

For since th' *original Scripture*
has been lost,

All Copies disagreeing, main'd the most,
Or *Christian Faith* can have no certain
ground 280

Or *Truth* in *Church Tradition* must be found.

Such an *Omniscient Church* we wish indeed;
'Twere worth *Both Testaments*, and cast in
the *Creed*:

But if this *Mother* be a *Guid* so sure
As can all *doubts* resolve, all *truth* secure,
Then her *Infallibility*, as well
Where Copies are corrupt, or *lone*, can tell;

*Of the In-
fallibility
of Tradi-
tion in
General*

Restore *last Canon* with as little pains,
As *truly explicate* what still remains: 260
Which yet no *Council* dare pretend to doe,
Unless like *Esdras*, they could write it new:
Strange Confidence, still to interpret true,
Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd,
Is in the blest *Original* contain'd.
More Safe, and much more modest 'tis to say
God won't not leave *Mankind* without a way.
And that the *Scriptures*, though not every
where

Free from Corruption, or intire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, intire,
In all things which our needfull *Forth*
require. 300

If *others* in the *same Glass* better see,
'Tis for *Themselves* they look, but not for me:
For MY *Salvation* must its Doom receive
Not from what *OTHERS*, but what I believe

Must all *Tradition* then he
set aside? *Objection in
behalf of
Tradition,*
This to affirm were Ignorance
or Pride. *urg'd by
Father
Simon*

Are there not many points,
some needfull sure
To saving Faith, that *Scripture* leaves
obscure?

Which every Sect will wrest a several way
(For what one Sect interprets, all Sects may.)
We hold, and say we prove from *Scripture*
plain, 311

That *Christ* is *God*; the bold *Socinian*
From the same *Scripture* urges he's but *MAN*.
Now what Appeal can end th' important
Suit;

Both parts talk loudly, but the *Rule* is *unle*.

Shall I speak plain, and in a Nation free
Assume an honest *Lawson's Liberty*?
I think (according to my little Skill,
To my own Mother-Church submitting still)
That many have been sav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this Question brought in
play. 321

Th' *unletter'd* Christian, who believes in *gross*,
Plods on to *Heaven* and ne'er is at a loss:
For the *Straight-gate* would be made *straighter*
yet,

Were none admitted there but men of *it*.
The few, by Nature form'd, with Learning
fraught,

Born to instruct, as others to be taught.

Must Study well the Sacred Page ; and see
Which Doctrine, this, or that, does best
agree

With the whole *Tenour* of the Work Divine :
And plainlyest poiots to Heave's reveal'd
Design : 331

Which Exposition flows from genuine Sense ;
And which is forc'd by Wit and Eloquence.

Not that Traditions parts are useless here :
Wheo general, old, disinterest'd and clear :

That Ancient Fathers thus expound the Page
Gives *Truth* the reverend Majesty of Age,

Confirms its force by biding every Test ;
For best *Authority's*, next *Rules*, are best.

And still the nearer to the Spring we go 340
More limpid, more unsoyl'd, the Waters flow.

Thus, *first Traditions* were a proof alone ;
Cou'd we be certain such they were, so
known :

But since some Flaws in long descent maybe,
They make not *Truth* but *Probability*.

Even *Arius* and *Pelagius* durst provoke
To what the *Centuries* preceding spoke.

Such difference is there in an oft-told Tale :
But *Truth* by its own Sinews will prevail.

Tradition written therefore more commends
Authority, thao what from *Voice* descends :

And this, as perfect as its kind can be, 352
Rouls down to us the Sacred History :

Whieb, from the *Universal Church* receiv'd,
Is try'd, and after for its self believed.

The partial *Papists* wou'd infer from
heoce,

Their Church, in last resort, *The Second*
shou'd Judge the *Sense*. *Objection.*

But first they would assume,
with wondrous Art, *Answer*

Themselves to be the whole, *to the*
who are but part *Objection.*

Of that vast Frame, the Church ; yet grant
they were 360

The handers down, cao they from thence
infer

A right t' interpret ? or wou'd they alone
Who brought the Present claim it for their
own ?

The *Book's* a *Common Largess* to Mankind ;
Not more for them than every Man design'd ;

The welcome News is in the Letter sound ;
The *Carrier's* not Commission'd to expound.

It speaks it Self, and what it does contain,
In all things needfull to be known, is plain.

In times o'ergrown with Rust and
Ignorance, 370

A gainfull Trade their Clergy did advance :
When want of Learning kept the *Laymen*
low,

And none but *Priests* were *Authoriz'd* to
know ;

When what small Knowledge was, in them
did dwell ;

And he a *God* who cou'd but *Reade* or *Spell* ;
Then *Mother Church* did mightily prevail :

She parcel'd out the Bible by retail :
But still expounded what She sold or gave ;

To keep it in her Power to *Dam* and *Sore* :
Scripture was scarce, and as the Market went,

Poor *Laymen* took *Salvation* on Content ; 381
As needy men take Money, good or bad :

God's Word they had not, but the *Priests*
they had.

Yet, whate'er false *Conveyances* they made,
The *Lawyer* still was certain to be paid.

Io those dark times they learn'd their knack
so well,

That by long use they grew *Insoluble* :
At last, a knowing Age began t' enquire

If they the *Book*, or *That* did them inspire :
And, making narrower search they found,

tho' late, 390
That what they thought the *Priest's* was
Their Estate,

Taught by the *Will* produc'd, (the written
Word),

How long they had been cheated on *Record*.
Then, every man who saw the title fair,

Claim'd a Child's part, and put in for a Share :
Consulted Soberly his private good ;

And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he cou'd.

'Tis true, my Friend, (and far be Flattery
hence)

This good had full as bad a Consequence :
The *Book* thus put in every vulgar hand, 400

Which each presum'd he best cou'd under-
stand,

The *Common Rule* was made the *common*
Prey ;

And at the mercy of the *Rabble* lay.
The tender Page with horney Fists was

gaul'd ;
And he was gifted most that loudest baul'd ;

The *Spirit* gave the *Doctoral Degree*,
And every member of a *Company*

Was of his Trade and of the Bible free.

Plain *Truths* enough for needfull use they
found ; 409

But men wou'd still be itching to *expound* ;
Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place,
No measure ta'n from *Knowledge*, all from
GRACE.

Study and *Pains* were now no more their
Care ;

Texts were explain'd by *Fasting* and by
Prayer :

This was the Fruit the *private Spirit* brought ;
Occasion'd by great *Zeal* and little *Thought*.
While Clouds unlearn'd, with rude *Devotion*
warm,

About the Sacred *Vands* buz and swarm,
The *Fly-blown Text* creates a *crawling Brood* ;
And turns to *Maggots* what was meant for
Food. 420

A Thousand daily Sects rise up, and dye ;
A Thousand woe the perish'd Race supply :
So all we make of Heavens discover'd Will
Is, not to have it, or to use it ill.

The Danger's much the same ; on several
Shelves

If *others* wreck us or we wreck our selves.

What then remains, but, waving each
Extreme,
The Tides of Ignorance, and Pride to stem ?
Neither so rich a Treasure to forgo ;
Nor proudly seek beyond our pow'r to know :

Faith is not built on disquisitions vain ; 431
The things we *must* believe, are *few* and
plain :

But since men *will* believe more than they
need ;

And every man will make *himself* a Creed,
In doubtfull questions 'tis the safest way
To learn what unsuspected Ancients say :
For 'tis not likely *we* should higher Soar
In search of Heav'n than *all the Church* before :
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see

The *Scripture* and the *Fathers disagree*. 440
If after all, they stand suspected still,
(For no man's Faith depends upon his Will ;)
'Tis some Relief, that points not clearly
known,

Without much hazard may be let alone :
And after hearing what our Church can say,
If still our Reason runs another way,
That private Reason 'tis more Just to curb,
Than by Disputes the publick Peace disturb.
For points obscure are of small use to learn :
But *Common* quiet is *Mankind's* concern. 450

Thus have I made my own Opinions clear :
Yet neither Praise expect, not Censure fear :
And this unpolish'd, rugged Verse I chose ;
As fittest for Discourse, and nearest prose :
For while from *Sacred Truth* I do not swerve,
Tom Sternhold's or *Tom Sha—ll's Rhimes*
will serve.

FINIS.

[Title-page of Original Edition.]

THRENODIA AUGUSTALI :

A

Funeral-Pindarique
P O E M

dedicated to the Happy Memory

OF

KING CHARLES II

by **JOHN DRYDEN,**

Servant to His late MAJESTY, and to the
Present KING.

*Fortunati Ambo, si quid mea Carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo!*

London, Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judge's Head
in Chancery-lane, near Fleet-street, 1685. 9. March.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS

A

FUNERAL PINDARIQUE

POEM

Sacred to the Happy Memory

OR

KING CHARLES II.

I

THUS long my Grief has kept me dumb :
 Sure there's a Lethargy in mighty Woe,
 Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow ;
 And the sad Soul retires into her inmost

Room :

Tears, for a Stroke foreseen, afford Relief ;
 But, unprovided for a sudden Blow,
 Like *Niobe* we Marble grow ;
 And Petrifie with Grief.

Our *British* Heav'n was all Serene,
 No threatening Cloud was nigh, 20
 Not the least wrinkle to deform the Sky ;
 We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
 As the first Age in Natures golden Scene ;
 Supine amidst our flowing Store,
 We slept securely, and we dreamt of more :
 When suddenly the Thunder-clap was

heard,

It took us unprepar'd and out of guard,
 Already lost before we fear'd.
 Th' amazing News of *Charles* at once were

spread,

At once the general Voice declar'd, 20
Our Gracious Prince was dead.

No Sickness known before, no slow Disease,
 To soften Grief by Just Degrees ;
 But, like an Hurricane on Indian seas,
 The Tempest rose :

An unexpected Burst of Woes :

With scarce a breathing space betwixt,
 This *Now* becalm'd, and perishing the next.
 As if great *Atlas* from his Height

Shou'd sink beneath his heavenly Weight, 30
 And, with a mighty Flaw, the flaming Wall
 (As once it shall)

Shou'd gape immense, and rushing down,
 o'erwhelm this neather Ball ;
 So swift and so surprizing was our fear ;
 Our *Atlas* fell indeed ; But *Hercules* was near.

II

His Pious Brother, sure the best

Who ever bore that Name,

Was newly risen from his Rest,

And, with a fervent Flame,

His usual morning Vows had just address 40

For his dear Sovereign's Health ;

And hop'd to have 'em heard,

In long increase of years,

In Honour, Fame, and Wealth :

Guiltless of Greatness, thus he always
 pray'd,

Nor knew nor wisht those Vows he made
 On his own head shou'd be repay'd.

Soon as th' ill-omen'd Rumour reacht his Ear,

(Ill news is wing'd with Fate and flies apace)

Who can describe th' Amazement in his
 Face ! 50

Horror in all his Pomp was there,

Mute and magnificent, without a Tear :

And then the *Hero* first was seen to fear.

Half unarray'd he ran to his Relief,

So hasty and so artless was his Grief :

Approaching Greatness met him with her
 Charms

Of Power and future State ;

But looked so ghastly in a Brother's Fate,

He shook her from his Arms.

Text from the second edition, 1685. The first
 was of the same year.

Arriv'd within the mournfull Room, he saw
A wild Distraction, void of Awe, 6r
And arbitrary Grief unbounded by a Law.
God's Image, God's Anointed, lay
Without Motion, Pulse or Breath,
A senseless Lump of sacred Clay,
An Image, now, of Death.
Amidst his sad Attendants' Groans and
Cries,

The Lines of that ador'd, forgiving Face,
Distorted from their native grace; 69
An Iron Slumber sat on his Majestick Eyes.
The Pious Duke—forebear, audacious Muse,
No Terms thy feeble Art can use
Are able to adorn so vast a Woe:
The grief of all the rest like subject-grief did
show,

His like a sovereign did transcend;
No Wife, no Brother such a Grief cou'd know,
Nor any name, but Friend.

III

O wondrous Changes of a fatal Scene,
Still varying to the last!
Heav'n, though its hard Decree was past,
Seem'd pointing to a gracious Turn agen: 81
And Death's up-lifted Arme arrested in its
hast.

Heav'n half repented of the doom,
And almost griev'd it had foreseen,
What by Foresight it wou'd eternally to
come.

Mercy above did hourly plead
For her Resemblance here below;
And mild Forgiveness intercede
To stop the coming Blow.

New Miracles approach'd th' Ethereal Throne,
Such as his wondrous Life had oft and lately
known, 91

And urg'd that still they might be shown.
On Earth his Pious Brother pray'd and
vow'd.

Renouncing Greatness at so dear a rate,
Himself defending what he cou'd
From all the Glories of his future Fate.
With him th' innumerable Croud
Of armed Prayers

Knock'd at the Gates of Heav'n, and knock'd
aloud;

The first well-meaning rude Petitioners.
All for his Life assay'd the Throne, 101
All wou'd have brib'd the Skyes by offering
up their own.

So great a Throng not Heav'n it self cou'd
bar;

'Twas almost born by force, as in the Giants
War.

The Pray'rs, at least, for his Reprieve were
heard;

His Death, like *Hecchiak's*, was deferr'd:

Against the Sun the Shadow went;
Five days, those five Degrees, were lent,

To form our Patience and prepareth' Event
The second Causes took the swift Command.

The med'cal Head, the ready Hand, 111
All eager to perform their Part,

All but Eternal Doom was conquer'd by their
Art:

Once more the fleeting Soul came back

T' inspire the mortal Frame,
And in the Body took a doubtful Stand,
Doubtfull and hovering, like expiring
Flame,

That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles
o'er the Brand.

IV

The joyful short-liv'd news soon spread
around,

Took the same Train, the same impetuous
bound: 120

The drooping Town in smiles again was drest,
Gladness in every Face exprest,

Their eyes before their Tongues confest.

Men met each other with erected look,

The steps were higher that they took;

Friends to congratulate their friends made
haste;

And long inveterate Foes saluted as they
past:

Above the rest Heroick *James* appear'd
Exalted more, because he more had fear'd;

His manly heart, whose Noble pride 130
Was still above

Dissembled hate or varnish'd love,
Its more than common transport cou'd not
hide;

But like an Eagle * rode in triumph o're the
ride.

* An Eagle is a Tyde swelling above another
Tyde, which I have my self observ'd on the
River Trent.

126 Friends to congratulate [their friends] Each
to congratulate his Friend *ad. 1.*

Thus, in alternate Course
 The Tyrant passions, hope and fear,
 Did in extreams appear,
 And flasht upon t'he Soul with equal force.
 Thus, at half Ebb, a rowling Sea
 Returns, and wins upon the shoar; 140
 The wat'ry Herd, affrighted at the roar,
 Rest on their Fins a while, and stay,
 Theo backward take their wondring way;
 The Prophet wonders more than they,
 At Prodigies but rarely seen before,
 And eries a *King* must fall, or Kingdoms
 change their sway.
 Such were our counter-tydes at land, and so
 Presaging of the fatal blow,
 In their prodigious Ebb and flow.
 The Royal Soul, that, like the labouring
 Moon, 150
 By Charms of Art was hurried down,
 Fore'd with regret to leave her Native
 Spbear,
 Came but a while on liking here:
 Soon weary of the painful strife,
 And made but faint Essays of Life:
 An Evening light
 Soon shut in Night;
 A strong distemper, and a weak relief,
 Short intervals of joy, and long returns of
 grief.

v

The Sons of Art all Med'cines try'd, 160
 And every Noble remedy applied,
 With emulation each essay'd
 His utmost skill, nay more they pray'd:
 Never was losiog game with better conduct
 plaid.

Death never won a stake with greater toyl,
 Nor e're was Fate so near a foil:
 But, like a fortress on a Rock,
 Th' impregnable Disease their vain attempts
 did mock;

They min'd it near, they batter'd from a far
 With all the Cannon of the Med'cinal War;
 No gentle means could be essay'd, 171
 'Twas beyond parly when the siege was laid:
 The extreamest ways they first ordain,
 Prescribing such intolerable pain
 As none but *Cæsar* could sustain;
 Undaunted *Cæsar* underwent
 The malice of their Art, nor bent
 Beneath what e're their pious rigour cou'd
 invent.

In five such days he suffer'd more
 Than any suffer'd in his reign before; 180
 More, infinitely more than lie
 Against the worst of Rebels cou'd decree,
 A Traytor, or twice pardon'd Enemy.
 Now Art was tir'd without success,
 No Racks could make the stubborn malady
 confess.

The vain *Insurancers* of life,
 And He who most perform'd and promis'd
 less,
 Even *Short* himself forsook the unequal
 strife.

Death and despair was in their looks,
 No longer they consult their memories or
 books; 190
 Like helpless friends, who view from shoar
 The labouring Ship and hear the tempest roar,
 So stood they with their arms across;
 Not to assist; but to deplore
 Th' inevitable loss.

vi

Death was denounc'd; that frightful sound
 Which even the best can hardly bear;
 He took the Summons void of fear;
 And, unconcern'dly, cast his eyes around;
 As if to find and dare the griesly Chal-
 lenger. 200

What death cou'd do he lately try'd,
 When in four days he more then dy'd.
 The same assurance all his words did grace;
 The same Majestick mildness held its place,
 Nor lost the Monarch in his dying face.
 Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
 He lookt as when he conquer'd and forgave.

vii

As if some Angel had been sent
 To lengthen out his Government,
 And to foretel as many years again, 210
 As he had number'd in his happy reign,
 So cheerfully he took the doom

Of his departing breath;
 Nor shrunk, nor stept aside for death
 But, with unalter'd pace, kept on;
 Providing for events to come,

When he resigned the Throne.
 Still he maintained his Kingly State;
 And grew familiar with his fate.
 Kind, good and græcious to the last, 220
 On all he lov'd before his dying beams he
 cast

Oh truly good^d and truly great,
 For glorious as he rose benignly so he set !
 All that on earth he held most dear
 He recommended to his Care,
 To whom both heav'n
 The right had^d giv'n,
 And his own Love bequeath'd supream com-
 mand :

He took and prest that ever loyal hand,
 Which cou'd in Peace secure his Reign, 230
 Which cou'd in wars his Pow'r maintain,
 That hand on which no plighted vows were
 ever vain.

Well for so great a trust, he chose
 A Prince who oever disobey'd :
 Not when the most severe commands were
 laid ;

Nor want, nor Exile with his duty weigh'd ;
 A Prince on whom (if Heav'n its Eyes cou'd
 close)

The Welfare of the World it safely might
 repose.

VIII

That King who liv'd to Gods own heart,
 Yet less serenely died than he ; 240

Charles left behind no harsh decree

For Schoolmen with laborious art

To save from cruelty :

Those, for whom love cou'd no excuses frame,
 He graciously forgot to name.

Thus far my Muse, though rudely, has
 design'd

Some faint resemblance of his Godlike mind :
 But neither Pen nor Pencil can express

The parting Brothers tenderness : 249

Though thats a term too mean and low ;

(The blest above a kinder word may know :))

But what they did, and what they said,

The Monarch who triumphant went,

The Militant who staid,

Lake Painters, when their heighthniog arts
 are spent,

I cast into a shade.

That all-forgiving King,

The type of him above,

That inexhausted spring

Of clemency and Love ; 260

Himself to his next self accus'd,

And ask'd that Pardon which he ne're
 refus'd :

For faults not his, for guilt and Crimes

Of Godless men, and of Rebellious times :

For an hard Exile, kindly meant,
 When his ungrateful Country sent
 Their best *Camillus* into banishment :
 And forc'd their Sov'rain's Act, they could
 not lus consent.

Oh how much rather had that injur'd
 Chief

Repeated all his sufferings past, 270

Then hear a pardon beg'd at last,

Which given cou'd give the dying no relief :

He bent, he sunk beneath his grief :

His dauntless heart wou'd fain have held

From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd.

Perhaps the Godlike Heroe in his breast

Disdain'd, or was asham'd to show

So weak, so womanish a woe,

Which yet the Brother and the Friend so
 plenteously confest.

IX

Amidst that silent show'r, the Royal mind

An Easy passage found, 281

And left its sacred earth behind :

Nor murr'ring groan express, nor labour-
 ing sound,

Nor any least tumultuous breath ;

Calm was his life, and quiet was his death.

Soft as those gentle whispers were,

In which th' Almighty did appear ;

By the still Voice, the Prophet knew him
 there.

That Peace which made thy Prosperous
 Reign to shine,

That Peace thou leav'st to thy Imperial
 Line, 290

That Peace, oh happy Shade, be ever thine !

X

For all those Joys thy Restauration brought,
 For all the Miracles it wrought,

For all the healing Balm thy Mercy pour'd

Into the Nations bleeding Wound,

And Care that after kept it sound,

For numerous Blessings yearly shouer'd,

And Property with Plenty crown'd ;

For Freedom, still maintain'd alive,

Freedom which in no other Land will thrive,

Freedom an *English* Subject's sole Preroga-
 tive, 301

Without whose Charms ev'n Peace would be
 But a dull, quiet Slavery :

For these and more, accept our Pious
Praise ;

'Tis all the Subsidy

The present Age can raise,

The rest is charg'd on late Posterity.

Posterity is charg'd the more,

Because the large abounding store

To them and to their Heirs, is still entail'd
by thee. 310

Succession of a long descent,

Which Chast'ly in the Chanells ran,

And from our Demi-gods began,

Equal almost to Time in its extent,

Through Hazzards numberless and great,

Thou hast deriv'd this mighty Blessing
down,

And fixt the fairest Gemm that decks th'
Imperial Crown :

Not Faction, when it shook thy Regal Seat,
Not senates, insolently loud,

(Those Echoes of a thoughtless Croud,) 320

Not Foreign or Domestick Treachery,

Could Warp thy Soul to their Unjust Decree.

So much thy Foes thy manly Mind mistook,

Who judg'd it by the Mildness of thy look :

Like a well-temper'd Sword, it bent at
will ;

But kept the Native toughness of the Steel.

XI

Be true, O *Clio*, to thy Hero's name !

But draw him strictly so 328

That all who view, the Piece may know,

He needs no Trappings of fictitious Fame :

The Load's too weighty ; Thou may'st chuse

Some Parts of Praise, and some refuse ;

Write, that his Annals may be thought more
lavish than the Muse.

In scanty Truth thou hast confin'd

The Vertues of a Royal Mind,

Forgiving, bounteous, humble, just and
kind :

His Conversation, Wit, and Parts,

His Knowledge in the Noblest, useful Arts,

Were such Dead Authors could not give ;

But habitudes of those who live ; 340

Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive :

He drain'd from all, and all they knew ;

His Apprehension quick, his Judgment
true :

That the most Learn'd, with shame, confess

His Knowledge more, his Reading only less.

XII

Amidst the peaceful Triumphs of his Reign,

What wonder if the kindly beams he shed

Reviv'd the drooping Arts again,

If Science rais'd her Head,

And soft Humanity that from Rebellion
fled ; 350

Our Isle, indeed, too fruitful was before ;

But all uncultivated lay

Out of the *Solar* walk and Heavens high
way ;

With rank *Geneva* Weeds run o're,

And Cockle, &c the best, amidst the Corn it
bore :

The Royal Hushandman appear'd,

And Plough'd and Sow'd and Till'd,

The Thorns he rooted out, the Rubbish
clear'd,

And blest th' obcdient Field.

When, straight, a double Harvest rose, 360

Such as the swarthy Indian mowes ;

Or happier Climates near the Line,

Or Paradise manur'd, and drest by hands
Divine.

XIII

As when the New-born Phoenix takes his
way,

His rich Paternal Regions to Survey,

Of airy Choristers a numerous Train

Attends his wondrous Progress o're the
Plain ;

So, rising from his Fathers Urn,

So Glorious did our *Charles* return ;

Th' officious Muses came along, 370

A gay Harmonious Quire, like Angels ever
Young ;

(The Muse that mourns him now his happy
Triumph sung.)

Even *they* cou'd thrive in his Auspicious
reign ;

And such a plenteous Crop they bore,

Of purest and well winow'd Grain

As *Britain* never knew before.

Tho little was their Hire, and light their
Gain,

Yet somewhat to their share he threw ;

Fed from his hand, they sung and flew,

Like Birds of Paradise that liv'd on morning
dew. 380

371 Quire, like Quire of *ed. 1.*

Oh never let their Lays his Name forget !
 The Pension of a Prince's Praise is great.
 Live then, thou great Encourager of Arts,
 Live ever in our Thankful Hearts ;
 Live blest Above, almost invok'd Below ;
 Live and receive this Pious Vow,
 Our Patron once, our Guardian Angel now.
 Thou *Fabius* of a sinking State,
 Who didst by wise delays, divert our Fate,
 When Faction like a Tempest rose 390
 In Death's most hideous form,
 Then, Art to Rage thou didst oppose,
 To weather out the Storm :
 Not quitting thy Supream command,
 Thou heidst the Rudder with a steady hand,
 Till safely on the Shore the Bark did land :
 The Bark that all our Blessings brought,
 Charg'd with thy Self and *James*, a doubly
 Royal freight.

XIV

Oh frail Estate of Humane things,
 And slippery hopes below ! 400
 Now to our Cost your Emptiness we know,
 (For 'tis n Lesson dearly bought)
 Assurance here is never to be sought.
 The Best, and best belov'd of kings,
 And best deserving to be so,
 When scarce he had escap'd the fatal blow
 Of Faction and Conspiracy,
 Death did his promis'd hopes destroy :
 He toy'd, He gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
 What mists of Providence are these 410
 Through which we cannot see !
 So Saints, by supernatural Pow'r set free,
 Are left at last in Martyrdom to dye ;
 Such is the end of oft repeated Miracles.
 Forgive me, Heav'n, that Impious thought,
 'Twas Grief for *Charles* to Madness wrought,
 That Questioned thy Supream Decree !
 Thou didst his gracious Reign Prolong,
 Even in thy Saints and Angels wrong.
 His Fellow Citizens of Immortality : 420
 For Twelve long years of Exile, born,
 Twice Twelve we number'd since his blest
 Return :
 So strictly wcr't thou Just to pay,
 Even to the driblet of a day.
 Yet still we murmur, and Complain
 The Quails and Manna shou'd no longer rain :
 Those Miracles 'twas needless to renew ;
 The Chosen Flock has now the Promis'd
 Land in view.

XV

A Warlike Prince ascends the Regal State,
 A Prince, long exercis'd by Fate : 430
 Long may he keep, tho he obtains it late
 Heroes, in Heaven's peculiar Mold are
 cast,
 They and their Poets, are not formed in
 hast ;
 Man was the first in God's design, and Man
 was made the last.
 False Heroes made by Flattery so,
 Heav'n can strike out, like Sparkles, at
 a blow ;
 But e're a Prince is to Perfection brought,
 He costs Omnipotence a second thought.
 With Toyl and Sweat, 439
 With hardning Cold, and forming Heat,
 The Cyclops did their strokes repeat,
 Before th' impenetrable Shield was wrought.
 It looks ns if the Maker wou'd not own
 The Noble work for his,
 Before 'twas try'd and found a Masterpiece.

XVI

View then a *Monarch* ripen'd for a Throne
Alcides thus his race began,
 O're Infancy he swiftly ran ;
 The future God, at first was more than
 Man :
 Dangers and Toils, and *Juno's* Hate, 450
 Even o're his Cradle lay in wait ;
 And there he grappled first with Fate :
 In his young Hands the hissing Snakes he
 prest,
 So early was the Deity confest ;
 Thus, by degrees, he rose to *Jove's* Im-
 perial Seat ;
 Thus difficulties prove n Soul legitimately
 great.
 Like his, our Hero's Infancy was try'd ;
 Betimes the Furies did their Snakes pro-
 vide ;
 And, to his Infant Arms oppose
 His Father's Rebels, and his Brother's
 Foes ; 460
 The more oppress the higher still he rose.
 Those were the Preludes of his Fate,
 That form'd his Manhood, to subdue
 The *Hydra* of the many-headed, hissing
 Crew.

XVII

As after *Numa's* peaceful Reign
 The Martial *Ancus* did the Scepter
 wield,
 Furbish'd the rusty Sword again,
 Resum'd the long forgotten Shield,
 And led the *Latins* to the dusty Field;
 So *James* the drowsy *Genius* wakes 470
 Of *Britain* long entranc'd in Charms,
 Restiff and slumbring on its Arms:
 'Tis rows'd, & with a new strung Nerve the
 Spear already shakes.
 No neighing of the Warriour Steeds,
 No Drum, or louder Trumpet, needs
 T' inspire the Coward, warm the Cold,
 His Voice, his sole Appearance makes 'em
 bold.
Gaul and *Bataria* dread th' impending
 blow;
 Too well the Vigour of that Arm they know;
 They lick the dust, and Crouch beneath their
 fatal Foe. 480
 Long may they fear this awful Prince,
 And not Provoke his lingring Sword;
 Peace is their only sure Defence,
 Their best Security his Word:
 In all the Changes of his doubtful State,
 His Truth, like Heav'n's, was kept inviolate,
 For him to Promise is to make it Fate.
 His *Valour* can Triumph o're Land and Main;
 With broken Oaths his Fame he will not
 stain;
 With Conquest basely bought, and with
 Inglorious gain. 490

XVIII

For once, O Heav'n, unfold thy *Adamantine*
 Book;
 And let his wondring *Senate* see,
 If not thy firm Immutable Decree,
 At least the second Page of strong con-
 tingency:
 Such as consists with wills, Originally free:
 Let them, with glad amazement, look
 On what their happiness may be:
 Let them not still be obstinately blind,
 Still to divert the Good thou hast design'd,
 Or with Malignant penury, 500
 To starve the Royal Vertues of his Mind.
 Faith is a Christian's and a Subject's Test,
 Oh give them to believe, and they are surely
 blest!
 They do: and, with a distant view, I see
 Th' amended Vows of English Loyalty;
 And all beyond that Object, there appears
 The long Retinue of a Prosperous Reign,
 A Series of Successful years,
 In orderly Array, a Martial, manly Train.
 Behold ev'n to remoter Shores. 510
 A Conquering Navy proudly spread:
 The British Cannon formidably roars.
 While starting from his Oozy Bed,
 Th' asserted Ocean rears his reverend Head:
 To View and Recognize his ancient Lord
 again:
 And, with a willing hand, restores
 The *Farres* of the main.

494 strong] great *et. z.*

THE
HIND
AND THE
PANTHER.
A
POEM,

In Three Parts.

———*Antiquam exquirite matrem.* } Virg.
Et vera, incessu, patuit Dea. ———

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N,
Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges Head in
Chancery Lane near Fleetstreet, 1687.

TO THE READER.

The nation is in too high a Ferment, for me to expect either fair War or even so much as fair Quarter from a Reader of the opposite Party. All Men are engag'd either on this side or that : and tho' Conscience is the common Word which is given by both, yet if a Writer fall among Enemies and cannot give the Marks of Their Conscience, he is knock'd down before the Reasons of his own are heard. A Preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of Favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the Reader should know concerning me, he will find in the Body of the Poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this Advertisement let him
10 take before hand, which relates to the Merits of the Cause. No general Characters of Parties (call 'em either Sects or Churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn as to comprehend all the several Members of 'em ; at least all such as are receiv'd under that Denomination. For example ; there are some of the Church by Law established who envy not Liberty of Conscience to Dissenters ; as being well satisfied that, according to their own Principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fervency, I could not distinguish from the Numbers of the rest, with whom they are Embodied in one common Name : On the other side there are many of our Sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hop'd, who have withdrawn themselves from the Communion of the Panther ; and embrac'd this Gracious Indulgence of His Majesty in point of Toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this Satyr any way intended :
20 'tis aim'd only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those who are come over to the Royal Party are consequently suppos'd to be out of Gunshot. Our physicians have observ'd, that in Process of Time, some Diseases have abated of their Virulence and have in a manner worn out their Malignity, so as to be no longer Mortal : and why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those who have formerly been Enemies to Kingly Government as well as Catholick Religion ? I hope they have now another Notion of both, as having found by Comfortable Experience that the doctrine of Persecution is far from being an Article of our Faith.

'Tis not for any Private Man to Censure the Proceedings of a Foreign Prince ; but without suspicion of Flattery I may praise our own, who has taken contrary Measures, and those
30 more suitable to the Spirit of Christianity. Some of the Dissenters, in their Addresses to His Majesty, have said that he has restor'd God to his Empire over Conscience : I Confess I dare not stretch the Figure to so great a boldness ; but I may safely say, that Conscience is the Royalty and Prerogative of every Private man. He is absolute in his own Breast, and accountable to no Earthly Power for that which passes only betwixt God and Him. Those who are driven into the Fold are, generally speaking, rather made Hypocrites than Converts.

This Indulgence being granted to all the Sects, it ought in reason to be expected that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For at this time of day to refuse the Benefit and adhere to those whom they have esteem'd their Persecutors, what is it else, but publicly
40 to own that they suffer'd not before for Conscience sake, but only out of Pride and Obstinacy to separate from a Church for those Impositions which they now judge may be lawfully obey'd ? After they have so long contended for their Classcal Ordination (not to speak of Rites and Ceremonies) will they at length submit to an Episcopal ? If they can go so far out of Complaisance to their old Enemies, methinks a little reason should persuade 'em to take another step, and see whether that won'd lead 'em.

Of the receiving this Toleration thankfully, I shall say no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will consider from what hands they receiv'd it. 'Tis not from a Cyrus, a Heathen

Aod here, a Suppliant, from the Natives
hands

I buckle the Ground on which my City
stands,

With all the Coast that stretches to the Sea ;
Ev'n to the friendly Port that sheltred Thee:
Then rais'd these Walls, which mount into
the Air,

At once my Neighbours wonder, and their
fear. 130

For now they Arm ; and round me Leagues
are made,

My scarce Establish'd Empire to invade.

To Man my new built walls I must prepare,
An helpless Woman, and unskill'd in War.

Yet thousand Rivals to my Love pretend ;
And for my Person, would my Crown
defend :

Whose jarring Votes in one complaint agree,
That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.

To proud *Hyarbas* give me up a prey ; 139
(For that must follow, if thou go'st away :)
Or to my Husbands Murd'rer leave my life.

That to the Husband he may add the Wife.
Go then, since no Complaints can move thy
Mind :

Go, perjur'd Man, but leave thy Gods behind.
Touch not those Gods, by whom thou art
forsworn,

Who will in impious Hands no more be born.
Thy Sacrilegious worship they disdain,

And rather wou'd the *Grecian* fires sustain.
Perhaps my greatest Shame is still to come ;

And part of thee lies hid within my
Womb. 150

The Babe unborn must perish by thy Hate,
And perish guiltless in his Mothers Fate.

Some God, thou say'st, thy Voyage does
command ;

Wou'd the same God had barr'd thee from
my Land !

The same, I doubt not, thy departure Steers,
Who kept thee out at Sea so many Years ;

While thy long Labours were a Price so great,
As thou to purchase *Troy* wou'dst not repeat.

But *Tyber* now thou seek'st ; to be at best,
When there arriv'd, a poor precarious
Ghest. 160

Yet it deludes thy Search : Perhaps it will
To thy Old Age lie undiscover'd still.

A ready Crown and Wealth to Dower I bring,
And, without Conquer'ing, here thou art
a King.

Here thou to *Carthage* may'st transfer thy
Troy :

Here young *Ascanus* may his Arms employ ;
And, while we live secure in soft Repose,

Bring many Laurels home from Conquer'd
Foes.

By *Cupids* Arrows, I adjure thee stay ;
By all the Gods, Companions of thy way. 170

So may thy *Trojans*, who are yet alive
Live still, and with no future Fortune
strive ;

So may thy Youthful Son old Age attain,
And thy dead Fathers Bones in Peace
remain ;

As thou hast Pity on unhappy me,
Who knew no Crime, but too much Love
of thee.

I am not born from fierce *Achilles* Line,
Nor did my Parents against *Troy* combine.

To be thy Wife if I unworthy prove,
By some inferiour Name admit my Love. 180

To be secur'd of still possessing thee,
What wou'd I do, and what wou'd I not be !

Our *Lybian* Coasts their certain Seasons
know,

When Ice from Tempests Passengers may
go :

But now with Northern Blasts the Billows
roar,

And drive the floating Sea-weed to the
Shore.

Leave to my care the time to Sail away ;
When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.

Thy weary Men wou'd be with ease content ;
Their Sails are tatter'd, and their Masts are
spent. 190

If by no Merit I thy Mind can move,
What thou deny'st my Merit, give my
Love.

Stay, till I learn my Loss to undergo ;
And give me time to struggle with my
Woe.

If not ; Know this, I will not suffer long ;
My Life's too loathsome, and my Love too
strong.

Death holds my Pen, and dictates what I
say,

While cross my Lap Thy *Trojan* Sword
I lay.

My Tears flow down ; the sharp Edge cuts
their Flood,

And drinks my Sorrows, that must drink my
blood. 200

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A Milk white *Hind*, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns and in the forest rang'd ;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds

And Scythian shafts ; and many winged wounds

Aim'd at her Heart ; was often fore'd to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to dy.

Not so her young ; for their unequal line
Was Heroe's make, half humane, half divine.
Their earthly mold ohnoxious was to fate, 11
Th' immortal part assum'd immortal state.
Of these a slaughtered army lay in bloud,
Extended o'er the *Caledonian* wood,
Their native walk ; whose vocal bloud arose
And cry'd for pardon on their perjurd foes ;
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguin seed,
Endu'd with souls, encreas'd the sacred breed.

So Captive *Israel* multiply'd in chains,
A numerous Exile ; and enjoy'd her pains.
With grief and gladness mixt, their mother view'd 21

Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd ;

Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass'd.

Panting and pensive now she ranged alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms once Her own.
The common Hunt, though from their rage restrain'd

By sov'reign power, her company disdain'd ;
Grin'd as They pass'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity. 30

'Tis true, she bounded by, and trip'd so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight,
For truth has such a face and such a meen
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.

The bloody *Bear*, an *Independent* beast,
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate express'd.

Among the timorous kind the *Quaking Hare*
Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.
Next her, the *Buffoon Ape*, as Atheists use,
Mimick'd all Sects and had his own to chuse:
Still when the *Lyon* look'd, his knees he bent,
And pay'd at Church a Courtier's Complement. 42

The bristl'd *Baptist Boar*, impure as He,
(But whitn'd with the foam of sanctity)
With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place
And mountains levell'd in his furious race, }
So first rebellion founded was in grace.
But, since the mighty ravage which he made
In *German* Forests, had his guilt betray'd,
With broken tusks, and with a horror'd name, 50

He shun'd the vengeance, and concealed the shame ;

So lurk'd in Sects unseen. With greater guile
False *Reynard* fed on consecrated spoil ;
The graceless beast by *Athanasius* first
Was chased from *Nice* ; then by *Socinus* nurs'd.

His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,
And natures King through nature's opticks view'd.

Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,

Nor in an Infant could a God descry : 59
New swarming Sects to this obliquely tend
Hence they began, and here they all will end.

What weight of ancient witness can prevail,

If private reason hold the publick scale ?
But, gracious God, how welldost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring Guide !
Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight ;

O teach me to believe Thee thus conceal'd,
And search no farther than Thy self reveal'd ;

But her alone for my Directour take 70
Whom Thou hast promis'd never to forsake !
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires,

My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Follow'd false lights ; and when their glimps was gone,

My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.

Text from the second edition, 1687, except for a few corrections of the stops, where the first edition, which was of the same year, is right, and for a few corrections noted.

Such was I, such by nature still I am,
Be Thine the glory and be mine the shame.
Good life be now my task: my doubts are
done,

(What more could fright my faith, than
Three in One?)

Can I believe eternal God could lye 80
Disguis'd in mortal mold and infancy?
That the great Maker of the world could dye?
And after that, trust my imperfect sense
Which calls in question his omnipotence?
Can I my reason to my faith compell,
And shall my sight, and touch, and taste
rebell?

Superiour faculties are set aside,
Shall their subservient organs be my guide?
Then let the moon usurp the rule of day, 89
And winking tapers shew the sun his way;
For what my senses can themselves perceive
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they, who say the Host should be
descri'd

By sense, define a body glorify'd?
Impossible, and penetrating parts?
Let them declare by what mysterious arts
He shot that body through th' opposing
might

Of bolts and harrs impervious to the light,
And stood before his train confess'd in
open sight.

For since thus wondrously he pass'd, 'tis
plain 100

One single place two bodies did contain,
And sure the same Omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.
Let reason then at Her own quarry fly,
But how can finite grasp Infinity?

'Tis urg'd again, that faith did first com-
mence

By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
And thence concluded that our sense must be
The motive still of credibility.

For latter ages must on former wait, 110
And what began belief, must propagate.

But winnow well this thought, and you
shall find,

'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
Were all those wonders wrought by pow'r
divine

As means or ends of some more deep design?
Most sure as means, whose end was this
alone,

To prove the god-head of th' eternal Son.

God thus asserted: man is to believe
Beyond what Sense and Reason can con-
ceive.

And for mysterious things of faith rely 120
On the Proponent, heaven's authority.

If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther search of human wit,
As when the building gains a surer stay,
We take th' unuseful scaffolding away:
Reason by sense no more can understand,
The game is play'd into another hand.

Why chuse we then like *Bilarders* to creep
Along the coast, and land in view to keep,
When safely we may launch into the
deep? 130

In the same vessel which our Saviour bore
Himself the pilot, let us leave the shoar,
And with a better guide a better world
explore.

Could He his god-head veil with flesh and
bloud

And not veil these again to be our food?
His grace in both is equal in extent;
The first affords us life, the second nourish-
ment.

And if he can, why all this frantick pain
To construe what his clearest words con-
tain,

And make a riddle what He made so
plain? 140

To take up half on trust, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling biggotry.
Both knave and fool the Merchant we may
call

To pay great sums and to compound the
small.

For who wou'd break with heav'n, and
wou'd not break for all?

Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish
freed;

Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.
Faith is the best ensurer of thy bliss;

The Bank above must fail before the venture
miss.

But heav'n and heav'n-born faith are far
from Thee, 150

Thou first Apostate to Divinity.

Unkenel'd range in thy *Polonian Plains*;
A fiercer foe the insatiate *Wolf* remains.

To^d boastful *Britain* please thyself no
more,

That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy
shoar;

The *Bear*, the *Boar*, and every salvage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissfull
bow'r,

And, muzzle'd though they seem, the mutes
devour.

More haughty than the rest, the *wolfish*
race

Appear with belly Gaunt and famish'd
face :

Never was so deform'd a beast of Grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears
Close clasp'd for shame, but his rough crest
be rears,

And pricks up his predestinating ears.
His wild disorder'd walk, his hagger'd eyes,
Did all the bestial citizens surprize.

Though fear'd and hated, yet he ruled awhile,
As Captain or Companion of the spoil. 169

Full many a year his hatefull head had been
For tribute paid, nor since in *Cambria* seen :

The last of all the Litter scap'd by chance,
And from *Geneva* first infested *France*.

Some Authors thus his Pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upstart Race :

Because of *Wickliff's* Brood no mark he
brings

But his innate Antipathy to Kings.
These last deduce him from th' *Hebrean*
kind

Who near the *Leman lake* his Consort lin'd.
That fir'y *Zuzyngius* first th' Affection bred,
And meagre *Calvin* blest the Nuptial Bed.

In *Israel* some believe him whelp'd long since,
When the proud *Sanhedrim* op-

press'd the Prince,
Or, since he will be *Jew*, derive
him higher,

When *Coral* with his Brethren
did conspire,

From *Moses* Hand the Sov'reign sway to
wrest,

And *Aaron* of his Ephod to devest :

Till opening Earth made way for all to pass,
And cou'd not bear the Burd'n of a *class*.

The *For* and be came shuffl'd in the Dark,
If ever they were stow'd in *Noah's* Ark : 191

Perhaps not made ; for all their barking train
The Dog (a common species) will contain.

And some wild currs, who from their
masters ran,

Abhorring the supremacy of man,
In woods and caves the rebel-race began.

O happy pair, how well have you increas'd,
What ills in Church and State have you
redress'd !

With Teeth untry'd and rudiments of Claws,
Your first essay was on your native Laws :

Those having torn with Ease and tramp'd
down,

Your Fangs you fasten'd on the miter'd
Crown,

And freed from God and Monarchy your
Town.

What though your native kennel still be
small

Bounded betwixt a Puddle and a Wall,
Yet your Victorious Colonies are sent

Where the North Ocean girds the Cootenut.
Quickned with fire below, your Monsters
Breed,

In *Fenny Holland* and in fruitful *Tweed*.
And like the first the last effects to be

Drawn to the dreges of a Democracy.
As, where in Fields the fairy rounds are
seen,

A rank sow'r herbage rises on the Green ;
So, springing where these mid-night Elves
advance,

Rebellion Prints the Foot-steps of the Dance.
Such are their Doctrines, such contempt
they show

To Heaven above, and to their Prince
below,

As none but Traytors and Blasphemers
know.

God, like the Tyrant of the Skies is plac'd,
And Kings, like slaves, beneath the Crowd
debas'd.

So fulsome is their food that Flocks refuse
To bite ; and only Dogs for Physick use.

As, where the Lightning runs along the
Ground,

No husbandry can heal the blasting Wound,
Nor blinded Grass nor bearded Corn succeeds,
But Scales of Scurl, and Putrefaction breeds :

Such Warrs, such Waste, such fiery tracks of
Dearth

Their Zeal has left, and such a teemless
Earth.

But as the Poisons of the deadliest kind
Are to their own unhappy Coasts confin'd,

As only *Indian* Shades of sight deprive, 231
And *Magick* Plants will but in *Colchos* thrive ;

So Presby'try and Pestilential Zeal
Can only flourish in a Common-weal.

From *Celtique Woods* is chased the *wolfish*
Crew ;

But ah ! some Pity e'en to Brutes is due,
Their native Walks, methinks, they might
enjoy,

Curb'd of their native Mahce to destroy.

Of all the Tyrannies on humane kind 239

The worst is that which Persecutes the mind.

Let us but weigh at what offence we strike,

'Tis but because we cannot think alike.

In punishing of this, we overthrow

The Laws of Nations and of Nature too

Beasts are the Subjects of Tyrannick sway,

Where still the stronger on the weaker Prey.

Man only of a softer mold is made ;

Not for his Fellows ruine, but their Aid.

Created kind, beneficent and free,

The noble Image of the Deity. 250

One Portion of informing Fire was giv'n

To Brutes, the Inferiour Family of Heav'n :

The Smith Divine, as with a careless Beat,

Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat :

But when arriv'd at last to humane Race,

The Godhead took a deep consid'ring space :

And, to distinguish Man from all the rest,

Unlock'd the sacred Treasures of his Breast :

And Mercy mixt with reason did impart,

One to his Head, the other to his Heart :

Reason to Rule, but Mercy to forgive : 261

The first is Law, the last Prerogative.

And like his Mind his outward form

appear'd

When issuing Naked to the wond'ring

Herd,

He charm'd their Eyes, and for they lov'd

they fear'd.

Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,

Or Claws to seize their furrspoils in Fight,

Or with increase of Feet t' o'ertake 'em in

their flight.

Of easie shape, and pliant ev'ry way,

Confessing still the softness of his Clay,

And kind as Kings upon their Coronation-

day : 271

With open Hands, and with extended space

Of Arms to satisfy a large embrace.

Thus kneaded up with Milk, the new made

Man

His Kingdom o'er his Kindred world began :

Till Knowledg mis-apply'd, mis-understood,

And pride of Empire sour'd his Balm Blood.

Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins ;

The Murth'rer *Cain* was latent in his Loins ;

And Blood began its first and loudest Cry

For diff'ring worship of the Deity. 281

Thus persecution rose, and farther Space

Produc'd the mighty hunter of his Race.

Not so the blessed *Pan* his flock encreased,

Content to fold 'em from the famish'd Beast

Mild were his laws ; the Sheep and harmless

Hind

Were never of the persecuting kind.

Such pity now the pious Pastor shows,

Such mercy from the *British Lyon* flows,

That both provide protection for their

foes. 290

Ob bappy Regions, *Italy* and *Spain*,

Which never did those monsters entertain !

The *Wolfe*, the *Bear*, the *Boar*, can there

advance

No native claim of just inheritance.

And self preserving laws, severe in show,

May guard their fences from th' invading foe.

Where birth has plac'd 'em, let 'em safely

share

The common benefit of vital air ;

Themselves unharmed, let them live un-

harm'd ;

Their jaws disabl'd, and their claws disarm'd :

Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold, 301

They dare not seize the Hind nor leap the

fold.

More pow'rful, and as vigilant as they,

The *Lyon* awfully forbids the prey.

Their rage repress'd, though pinch'd with

famine sore,

They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar ;

Much is their hunger, but their fear is

more.

These are the chief ; to number o'er the

rest

And stand, like *Adam*, naming ev'ry beast,

Were weary work ; nor will the Muse de-

scribe 310

A slumy-born and sun-begotten Tribe :

Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,

In fields their sullen conventicles found :

These gross, half animated lumps I leave ;

Nor can I think what thoughts they can

conceive.

But if they think at all, 'tis sure no high'r

Than matter, put in motion, may aspire.

Souls that can scarce ferment their mass

of clay ;

So drossy, so divisible are They, 319

As wou'd but serve pure bodies for alloy :

Such souls as *Shards* produce, such beetle things

As only buz to heaven with ev'ning wings ;
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
Such are the blind-fold blows of ignorance.
They know not beings, and but hate a name,
To them the *Hind* and *Panther* are the same.

The *Panther* sure the noblest, next the *Hind*,

And fairest creature of the spotted kind :
Oh, could her in-born stains be wash'd away,
She were too good to be a beast of Prey !
How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,
Or bow divide the frailty from the friend ?
Her faults and virtues lye so mix'd, that she
Nor wholly stands condemn'd nor wholly free.
Then, like her injured *Lyon*, let me speak,
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
The *Wolfe* begins to share her wandring heart.

Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits, who sins but in Her will.

If, as our dreaming *Platonists* report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heav'n, and yet too white for hell,

Who just dropt half-way done, nor lower fell ;
So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismission from the skie.

Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence
Her clergy Heraulds make in her defence.

A second century not half-way run
Since the new honours of her blood begun.

A *Lyon* old, obscene, and furious made
By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade.

Then by a left-hand marr'ageweds the Dame,
Covering adult'ry with a specious name :

So schism begot ; and sacrilege and she,
A well-match'd pair, got graceless heresie.

God's and Kings rebels have the same good cause,

To trample down divine and humane laws :
Both would be call'd Reformers, and their hate,

Alike destructive both to Church and State :
The fruit proclaims the plant ; a lawless

Prince
By luxury reform'd incontinence,
By ruins, charity ; by riots abstinence.

Confessions, fasts and penance set aside ;
Oh with what ease we follow such a guide !
Where souls are starv'd and senses grati-
fy'd !

Where marr'age pleasures midnight pray'r
supply,

And matten bells (a melancholy cry)
Are tun'd to merrier notes, *encrease and*

multiply.
Religion shows a Rosie colour'd face,

Not hatter'd out with drudging works of
grace ;

A down-hill Reformation rolls apace.
What flesh and blood would croud the

narrow gate,
Or, till they waste their pamper'd paunches,
wait ?

All wou'd be happy at the cheapest rate.
Though our lean faith these rigid laws has

giv'n,
The full fed *Musulman* goes fat to heav'n ;

For his *Arabian* Prophet with delights
Of sense, allur'd his eastern Proselytes.

The jolly *Luther*, reading him, began
T' interpret Scriptures by his *Alcoran* ;

To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet
And make the paths of *Paradise* more sweet :

Bethought him of a wife, e'er half way gone,
(For 'twas uneasie travelling alone.)

And in this masquerade of mirth and love,
Mistook the bliss of heav'n for *Bacchanals*

above.
Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to

stock
Th' etherial pastures with so fair a flock ;

Burnish'd, and bat'ning on their food, to
show

The diligence of carefull herds below.
Our *Panther*, though like these she chang'd

her head,
Yet, as the mistress of n monarch's bed,

Her front erect with majesty she bore,
The Crozier wielded and the Miter wore.

Her upper part of decent discipline
Shew'd affectation of an ancient line :

And fathers, councils, church and church's
head,

Were on her reverend *Phylacteries* read.
But what disgrace'd and disavow'd the rest

Was *Catth's* brand, that stigmatiz'd the
beast.

Thus, like a creature of a double kind.
In her own labyrioth she lives confin'd.

'o foreign lands no sound of Her is come,
 lumbly content to be despis'd at home.
 neli is her faith, where good cannot be had,
 at least she leaves the refuse of the bad.
 lice in her choice of ill, though not of
 best,
 .nd least deform'd, because reform'd the
 least.
 n doubtful points betwixt her diff'ring
 friends, 410
 Where one for substnnee, one for sign con-
 tends,
 'heir contradicting terms she strives to joyn
 ign shall be substance, substance shall be
 sign.
 a real presenee all her sons allow,
 and yet 'tis flat Idolatry to bow,
 because the God-head's there they know
 not how.
 Ier Novices are taught that bread and
 wine
 Are but the visible and outward sign, 418
 Receiv'd by those who in communion joyn.
 But th' inward grace or the thing signify'd,
 'is blood and body who to save us dy'd,
 'the faithful this thing signify'd receive.
 'What is't those faithful then partake or
 leave?
 For what is signify'd and understood,
 ls, by her own confession, flesh and blood.
 Then, by the same acknowledgment, we
 know
 They take the sign, and take the substance
 too.
 The lit'ral sense is hard to flesh and blood,
 But nonsense never can be understood.
 Her wild belief on ev'ry wave is tost, 430
 But sure no Church can better morals boast.
 True to her King her principles are found;
 Oh that her practice were but half so sound!
 Steadfast in various turns of state she stood,
 And seal'd her vow'd affection with her
 blood;
 Nor will I meanly tax her constaney,
 That int'rest or obligation made the tie,
 (Bound to the fate of murdr'd Monarehy:)
 (Before the sounding Ax so falls the Vine,
 Whose tender branches round the Poplar
 twine.) 440
 She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,
 In death undaunted as an *Indian* wife:
 A rare example: But some souls we see
 Grow hard, and stiffen with odversity:

Yet these by fortunes favours ore undone,
 Resolv'd into o baser form they run,
 And bore the wind, but cannot bear the
 sun.
 Let this be natures frailty or her fate,
 Or *Isgrim's** counsel, her new chosen * *The*
 mate; *Wolfe*.
 Still she's the fairest of the fallen
 Crew, 450
 No mother more indulgent but the true.
 Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
 Because she wants innate auctority;
 For how can she constrain them to obey
 Who has her self cast off the lawful sway?
 Rebellion equals all, and those who toil
 In common theft, will share the common
 spoil.
 Let her produce the title ond the right
 Against her old superiours first to fight;
 If she reform by Text, ev'n that's as plain
 For her own Rebels to reform again. 461
 As long as words a diff'rent sense will bear,
 And each may be his own Interpreter,
 Our air'y faith will no foundation find
 The word's a weathertock for ev'ry wind:
 The *Bear*, the *For*, the *Wolfe* by turns prevail,
 The most in pow'r supplies the present gale.
 The wretched *Panther* crys aloud for aid
 To church and counels, whom she first
 betray'd; 469
 No help from Fatliers or traditions train
 Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain.
 And by that scripture which she once abus'd
 To Reformation, stands herself accus'd.
 What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
 Expounding which she owns her self may err?
 And, after oll her winding ways are try'd,
 If doubts arise, she slips herself aside
 And leaves the private conscience for the
 guide.
 If then that conscience set th' offender free,
 It bars her claim to church auctority. 480
 How can she censure, or what crime pretend,
 But Scripture may be constru'd to defend?
 Ev'n those whom for rebellion she transmits
 To civil pow'r, her doctrine first acquits;
 Because no disobedience can ensue,
 Where no submission to a Judge is due;
 Each judging for himself, by her consent,
 Whom thus absolv'd she sends to punish-
 ment.
 Suppose the Magistrate revenge her cause,
 'Tis only for transgressing humane laws. 490

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

How answ'ring to its end a church is made,
Whose pow'r is but to counsel and persuade?
O solid rock, on which secure she stands!
Eternal house, not built with mortal hands!
Oh sure defence against th' infernal gate,
A patent during pleasure of the state!

Thus is the *Panther* neither lov'd nor
fear'd,

A mere mock Queen of a divided Iserd;
Whom soon by lawful pow'r she might con-
troll,

Her self a part submitted to the whole. 500
Then, as the Moon who first receives the light
By which she makes our nether regions bright,
So might she shine, reflecting from afar
The rays she borrowed from a better Star:
Big with the beams which from her mother
flow

And reigning o'er the rising tides below:
Now, mixing with a salvage croud, she goes,
And meanly flatters her invet'rate foes,
Rul'd while she rules, and losing ev'ry hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious pow'r.

One evening, while the cooler shade she
sought, 511

Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
With rueful visage for her vanish'd train:
None of her sylvan subjects made their court;
Levees and counsellors pass'd without resort.
So hardly can Usurpers manage well
Those whom they first instructed to rebel:
More liberty begets desire of more,
The hunger still encreases with the store.
Without respect they brush'd along the
wood, 521

Each in his clau, and fill'd with loathsome
food,

Ask'd no permission to the neighb'ring
flood.

The *Panther*, full of inward discontent,
Since they wou'd goe, before 'em wisely went:
Supplying want of pow'r by drinking first,
As if she gave 'em leave to quench their
thirst.

Among the rest, the *Hind*, with fearful face
Beheld from far the common wat'ring-place,
Nor durst approach; till with an awful
roar 530

The sovereign *Lyon* had her fear no more.
Encourag'd thus, she brought her younglings
nigh,

Watching the motions of her Patron's eye,

And drank a sober draught; the rest amaz'd
Stood mutely still, and on the stranger gaz'd;
Survey'd her part by part, and sought to
find

The ten-horn'd monster in the harmless
Hind,

Such as the *Wolfe* and *Panther* had design'd:
They thought at first they dream'd, for 'twas
offence 539

With them, to question certitude of sense,
Their guide in faith; but nearer when
they drew,

And had the faultless object full in view,
Lord, how they all admir'd her heav'nly
hiew!

Some, who before her fellowship disdain'd,
Scarce, and but scarce, from inborn rage
restrain'd,

Now frisk'd about her and old kindred
feign'd.

Whether for love or int'rest, every sect
Of all the salvage nation shew'd respect:
The Vice-roy *Panther* could not awe the
herd, 549

The more the company the less they fear'd.
The surly *Wolfe* with secret envy burst,
Yet cou'd not howl, the *Hind* had seen
him first:

But what he durst not speak, the *Panther*
durst.

For when the herd suffis'd, did late repair
To ferny heaths and to their forest lair,
She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
Proffering the *Hind* to wait her hall the way:
That since the Skie was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was em-
brace'd, 560

To chat a while on their adventures pass'd:
Nor had the grateful *Hind* so soon forgot
Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot.
Yet wond'ring how of late she grew estrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy and her count'nance
chang'd,

She thought this hour th' occasion would
present

To learn her secret cause of discontent,
Which, well she hop'd, might be with ease
redress'd,

Considering her a well-bred civil beast,
And more a Gentlewoman than the rest. 570
After some common talk what rumours ran,
The Lady of the spotted-muff began.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

THE SECOND PART.

DAME, said the *Panther*, times are mended well
 Since late among the *Philistines* you fell.
 The Toils were pitch'd, o spacious tract of ground
 With expert Huntsmen was encompas'd round;
 The Enclosure narrow'd; the sagacious pow'r
 Of Hounds, and Death drew neerer, ev'ry Hour.
 'Tis true, the younger *Lyon* scap'd the snare,
 But all your priestly Calves lay struggling there;
 As sacrifices on their Altars laid;
 While you their careful mother wisely fled }
 Not trusting destiny to save your head. }
 For, whate'er Promises you have apply'd }
 To your unfailing Church, the surer side }
 Is four fair Leggs in danger to provide. }
 And whate'er tales of *Peter's* Chair you tell, }
 Yet, saving Reverence of the Miracle, }
 The better luck was yours to 'scape so well. }
 As I remember, said the sober *Hind*,
 Those Toils were for your own dear self design'd, }
 As well as me; and with the self same throw, }
 To catch the Quarry and the Vermin too, }
 (Forgive the scandalous Tongues that call'd }
 you so.) }
 Howe'er you take it now, the common Cry
 Then ran you down for your rank Loyalty;
 Besides, in Popery they thought you nurst,
 (As evil tongues will ever speak the worst,)
 Because some forms, and ceremonies some
 You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.
 Dumb you were born indeed; hut thinking long
 The *Test*, it seems, nt last has loos'd your tongue. }
 And, to explain what your forefathers meant, }
 By real presence in the Sacrament, }
 (After long feneing push'd against a wall,) }
 Your *salvo* comes, that he's not there at all: }
 There chang'd your faith, and what may }
 change may fall. }

Who can believe what varies every day,
 Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay?
 Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,
 And I ne'er own'd my self infallible,
 Reply'd the *Panther*; grant such Presence were, }
 Yet in your sense I never own'd it there. }
 A real *verine* we by faith receive, }
 And that we in the sacrament believe. }
 Then, said the *Hind*, as you the matter state,
 Not only *Jesuits* can equivocate;
 For real, as you now the Word expound,
 From Solid Substance dwindles to o Sound.
 Methinks an *Esop's* fable you repeat;
 You know who took the Shadow for the Meat;
 Your Churchs substance thus you change at will, }
 And yet retain your former figure still. }
 I freely grant you spoke to save your Life,
 For then you lay beneath the Butchers Knife.
 Long time you fought, redoub'd Batt'ry bore,
 But, after all, against your self you swore;
 Your former self, for ev'ry Hour your form
 Is chop'd and chang'd, like Winds before a Storm.
 Thus Fear and Int'rest will prevail with some,
 For all have not the Gift of Martyrdom.
 The *Panther* grn'd at this, and thus reply'd; }
 That men may err was never yet deny'd. }
 But, if that common principle be true, }
 The Cannon, Dame, is level'd full at you. }
 But, shunning long disputes, I fain wou'd see }
 That wond'rous Wight, infallibility. }
 Is he from Heav'n this mighty Champion come }
 Or lodg'd below in subterranean Rome? }
 First, seat him somewhere, and derive his Race, }
 Or else conclude that nothing has no place. }

64 Cannon] Warton, Scott, and others give Canon

Suppose, (though I disown it,) said the
Hind, 70
 The certain Mansion were not yet assign'd,
 The doubtful residence no proof can bring
 Against the plain existence of the thing.
 Because *Philosophers* may disagree, }
 If sight b' emissioo or reception be, }
 Shall it be theocoe iofer'd I do not see? }
 But you require an Answer positive, }
 Which yet, when I demand, you dare not }
 give; }
 For Fallacies io Universals live. }
 I then affirm that this unfailing guide 80
 In Pope and gen'ral Councils must reside;
 Both lawful, both combin'd; what one }
 decrees }
 By numerous Votes, the other Ratifies: }
 On this undoubted Sense the Church relies. }
 'Tis true some Doctors in a scantier space,
 I mean in each apart contract the Place.
 Some, who to greater length extend the
 Line,
 The Churches after acceptation joio.
 This last Circumference appears too wide,
 The Church diffus'd is by the Council ty'd;
 As members by their Representatives 90
 Oblig'd to Laws which Prince and Senate
 gives:
 Thus some contract, and some enlarge the }
 space; }
 In Pope and Council who denies the place, }
 Assisted from above with God's unfailing }
 grace? }
 Those Canons all the needful points contain;
 Their sense so obvious, and their words so
 plain,
 That no disputes about the doubtful Text
 Have, hitherto, the lab'ring world perplex'd:
 If any shou'd ig after times appear, 100
 New Councils must be call'd, to make the
 meaoing clear.
 Because in them the pow'r supreme resides;
 And all the promises are to the Guides.
 This may be taught with sound and safe
 Defence:
 But mark how sandy is your own pretence,
 Who, setting Couocils, Pope, and Church
 aside,
 Are ev'ry Man his own presuming Guide.
 The sacred Books, you say, are full and plain,
 And ev'ry needful point of Truth contain;
 All who can read, Interpreters may be: 110
 Thus though your several Churches disagree,

Yet ev'ry Saint has to himself alone
 The Secret of this Philosophick Stone.
 These Principles your jarring Sects unite,
 When diff'ring Doctors and Disciples fight.
 Though *Luther*, *Zuinglius*, *Calvin*, holy
 Chiefs,
 Have made a Battel Royal of Beliefs;
 Or like wild Horses sev'ral ways have whirr'd
 The tortur'd Text about the Christian
 World;
 Each *Jehu* lashing on with furious force, 120
 That *Turk* or *Jew* cou'd not have us'd it:
 worse.
 No matter what dissension leaders make
 Where ev'ry private man may save a stake.
 Ru'd by the Scripture and his own advice,
 Each has a blind by-path to Paradise;
 Where driving io a Circle slow or fast,
 Opposing Sects are sure to meet at last.
 A wondrous charity you have io Store }
 For all reform'd to pass the narrow Door: }
 So much, that *Mahomet* had scarcely more. }
 For he, kind Prophet, was for damning
 none, 130
 But *Christ* and *Moyse*s were to save their
 own:
 Himself was to secure his chosen race,
 Though reason good for *Turks* to take the
 place,
 And he allow'd to be the better man
 In virtue of his holier *Alcoran*.
 True, said the *Pauter*, I shall ne'er deny,
 My Breth'ren may be sav'd as well as I:
 Though *Huguenots* condemn our ordination,
 Succession, ministerial vocation, 140
 And *Luther*, more mistaking what he read,
 Misjoins the sacred Body with the Bread;
 Yet, *Lady*, still remember I maintain
 The Word in needfull points is only plain.
 Needless or needful I not now contend,
 For still you have a loopbole for a friend,
 (Rejoyn'd the Matron) but the rule you lay
 Has led whole flocks and leads them still
 astray }
 In weighty points, and full damnatioo's }
 way. }
 For did not *Arius* first, *Socinus* now 150
 The Son's eternal god-head disavow,
 And did not these hy Gospel Texts alone
 Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their
 own?
 Have not all hereticks the same pretence,
 To plead the Scriptures in their own defence?

How did the *Nicene* council then decide
That strong debate, was it by Scripture
try'd?

No sure to those the Rebel would not yield,
Squadrons of Texts he marshal'd in the field;
That was but civil war, an equal set, 160
Where Piles with piles, and Eagles Eagles
met.

With Texts point-blank and plain he fac'd
the Foe:

And did not *Sathan* tempt our Saviour so?
The good old Bishops took a simpler way,
Each ask'd but what he heard his Father say,
Or how he was instructed in his youth,
And by tradition's force upheld the truth.

The *Panther* smil'd at this, and when, said
sbe,

Were those first Councils disallow'd by me?
Or where did I at sure tradition strike, 170
Provided still it were Apostolick?

Friend, said the *Hind*, you quit your former
ground,

Where all your faith you did on Scripture
found,

Now, 'tis tradition joined with holy writ;
But thus your memory betrays your wit.
No, said the *Panther*, for in that I view
When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis
true.

I set 'em by the rule, and as they square }
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there, }
This Oralfiction, that old Faith declare. 180 }
(*Hind*.) The Council steered, it seems, a
different course,

They try'd the Scripture by tradition's force;
But you tradition by the Scripture try; }
Pursu'd, by sects, from this to that you fly, }
Nor dare on one foundation to rely. }
The Word is then depos'd, and in this view
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
Thus said the *Dame*, and, smiling, thus pur-
su'd,

I see tradition then is disallow'd,
When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
And Scripture, as interpreted by you. 191
But here you tread upon unfaithfull ground;
Unless you cou'd infallibly expound.
Which you reject as odious Popery,
And throw that doctrine back with scorn
on me.

Suppose we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to Scripture to decide;
By various texts we both uphold our claim
Nay, often ground our titles on the same:
After long labour lost, and times expence,
Both grant the words and quarrel for the
sense. 201

Thus all disputes for ever must depend;
For no dumb rule can controversies end.

Thus when you said tradition must be try'd
By Sacred Writ, whose sense your selves
decide,

You said no more, but that your selves
must be

The judges of the Scripture sense, not we.
Against our church tradition you declare,
And yet your Clerks would sit in *Moses*
chair: 209

At least 'tis prov'd against your argument,
The rule is far from plain, where all dissent.

If not by Scriptures, how can we be sure,
(Replied the *Panther*) what tradition's pure?
For you may palm upon us new for old,
All, as they say, that glitters is not gold.

How but by following her, reply'd the
dame,

To whom deriv'd from sire to son they came;
Where ev'ry age do's on another move,
And trusts no farther than the next above;
Where all the rounds like *Jacob's* ladder
rise, 220

The lowest hid in earth, the topmost in the
skyes?

Sternly the salvage did her answer mark,
Her glowing eye-balls glitt'ring in the dark,
And said but this, since lucre was your
trade,

Succeeding times such dreadfull gaps have
made

'Tis dangerous climbing: to your sons and
you

I leave the ladder, and its omen too.

(*Hind*.) The *Panther's* breath was ever
fam'd for sweet,

But from the *Wolf* such wishes oft I meet:
You learn'd this language from the blatant
beast, 230

Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.
As for your answer, 'tis but barely urg'd;
You must evince tradition to be forg'd;
Produce plain proofs; unblemished authors
use

As ancient as those ages they accuse;

158 those] *Broughton, Scott, and others give that*

The wretched Queen the *Cretan* Court
 forsakes ; 350
 In Woods and Wilds her Habitation makes ;
 She curses ev'ry beauteous Cow she sees ;
 Ah, why dost thou my Lord and Master
 please !
 And think'st, ungrateful Creature as thou
 art,
 With frisking awkwardly, to gain his Heart.
 She said ; and straight commands, with
 frowning Look,
 To put her, undeserving, to the Yoke ;
 Or feigns some holy Rites of Sacrifice,
 And sees her Rival's Death with joyful
 Eyes :
 Then, when the Bloody Priest has done his
 Part, 360
 Pleas'd, in her Hand she holds the beating
 Heart ;
 Nor from a scornful Taunt can scarce refrain ;
 Go, Fool, and strive to please my Love again.
 Now she would be *Europa*—*Io*, now ;
 (One bore a Bull ; and one was made a
 Cow.)
 Yet she at last her Brutal Bliss obtain'd,
 And in a wooden Cow the Bull sustain'd ;
 Fill'd with his Seed, accomplish'd her
 Desire ;
 Till, by his Form, the Son betray'd the Sire.
 If *Atrides* Wife to Incest had not run, 370
 (But ah, how hard it is to love but one !)
 His Coursers *Phaëbus* had not driv'n away,
 To shun that Sight, and interrupt the Day.
 Thy Daughter, *Nisus*, pull'd thy purple
 Hair,
 And barking Sea-Dogs yet her Bowels tear.
 At Sea and Land *Atrides* sav'd his Life,
 Yet sell a Prey to his adul'terous Wife.
 Who knows not what Revenge *Medea*
 sought,
 When the slain Offspring bore the Father's
 Fault ?
 Thus *Phanix* did a Woman's Love bewail :
 And thus *Hippolitus* by *Phædra* fell. 381
 These Crimes revengeful Matrons did com-
 mit :
 Hotter their Lust, and sharper is their Wit.
 Doubt not from them an easie Victory :
 Scarce of a thousand Dames will one deny.
 All Women are content that Men shou'd
 woo ;
 She who complains, and She who will not
 do.

Rest then secure, whate'er thy Luck may
 prove,
 Not to be hated for declaring Love :
 And yet how can'st thou miss, since Woman-
 kind 390
 Is frail and vain, and still to Change in-
 clin'd ?
 Old Husbands and stale Gallants they
 despise ;
 And more another's than their own, they
 prize.
 A larger Crop adorns our Neighbour's Field ;
 More Milk his Kine from swelling Udders
 yield.
 First gain the Maid ; By her thou shalt
 be sure
 A free Access, and easie to procure ;
 Who knows what to her Office does belong,
 Is in the Secret, and can hold her Tongue.
 Bribe her with Gifts, with Promises, and
 Pray'rs ; 400
 For her good Word goes far in Love
 Affairs.
 The Time and fit Occasion leave to her,
 When she most aptly can thy Sute prefer.
 The Time for Maids to fire their Lady's
 Blood,
 Is, when they find her in a merry Mood.
 When all things at her Wish and Pleasure
 move :
 Her heart is open then, and free to Love.
 Then Mirth and Wantonness to Lust betray,
 And smooth the Passage to the Lover's
 Way.
Troy stood the Siege, when fill'd with anxious
 Care : 410
 One merry Fit concluded all the War.
 If some fair Rival vex her jealous Mind,
 Offer thy Service to revenge in Kind,
 Instruct the Damsel, while she combs her
 Hair,
 To raise the Choler of that injur'd Fair :
 And sighing, make her Mistress understand,
 She has the Means of Vengeance in her
 Hand.
 Then, naming thee, thy humble Suit prefer ;
 And swear thou languishest and dy'st for
 her.
 Then let her lose no Time, but push at all ;
 For Women soon are rais'd, and soon they
 fall. 421
 Give their first Fury Leisure to relent,
 They melt like Ice, and suddenly repent.

But this annex'd Condition of the Crown,
Immunity from Errours, you disown,
Here then you shrink, and lay your weak
pretensions down.

For petty Royalties you raise debate; 490
But this unfailing Universal State
You shun: nor dare succeed to such a
glorious weight.

And for that cause those Promises detest
With which our Saviour did his Church
invest:

But strive t' evade, and fear to find 'em true,
As conscious they were never meant to you:
All which the mother church asserts her own,
And with unrivall'd claim ascends the throne
So when of old th' Almighty Father sate
In Council, to redeem our ruin'd stote, 500
Millions of millions, at a distance round,
Silent the sacred Consistory crown'd,
To hear what mercy mixt with Justice
cou'd propound.

All prompt with eager pity, to fulfil
The full extent of their Creatour's will:
But when the stern conditions were declar'd,
A mournful whisper through the host was
heard,

And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung
down,

Submissively declin'd the pondrous proffer'd
crown. 509

Then, not till then, th' eternal Son from high
Rose in the strength of all the Deity,
Stood forth t' accept the terms, and
underwent

A weight which all the frame of heav'n
had bent,

Nor he Himself cou'd bear, but as omni-
potent.

Now, to remove the least remaining doubt,
That even the blear-ey'd sects may find her
out,

Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows,
What from his Wardrobe her below'd allows
To deck the wedding-day of his unspotted
spouse. 519

Behold what marks of Majesty she brings;
Richer than antient heirs of Eastern kings:
Her right hand holds the sceptre and the
keys,

To show whom she commands, and who
obeys:

With these to bind or set the sinner free,
With that t' assert spiritual Royalty.

One in herself, not rent by
Schism, hut sound,
Entire, one solid shining Diamond,
Not Sparkles shattered into Sects
like you,

One is the Church, and must be
to be true:

One central principle of unity. 530

As undivided, so from errors free,

As one in faith, so one in sanctity.

Thus she, and none but she, th' insulting
Rage

Of Hereticks oppos'd from Age to Age:

Still when the Giant-brood invades her
Throne,

She stoops from Heav'n and meets 'em
half way down,

And with paternal Thunder vindicates her
Crown.

But like *Egyptian* Sorcerers you stand,
And vainly lift aloft your *Mogick* Wand
To sweep away the Swarms of Vermin
from the Land. 540

You cou'd like them, with like infernal
Force

Produce the Plague, but not arrest the
Course.

But when the Boils and Botches, with dis-
grace

And publick Scandal sat upon the Face,
Themselves attack'd, the *Magi* strove no
more,

They saw God's Finger, and their Fate
deplore;

Themselves they cou'd not Cure of the
dishonest sore.

Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely
spread

Like the fair Ocean from her Mother-Bed;
From East to West triumphantly she rides,
All Shoars are water'd by her wealthy
Tides. 551

The Gospel-sound, diffus'd from Pole to
Pole,

Where winds can carry and where waves can
roll.

The self same doctrine of the Sacred Page
Convey'd to ev'ry clime, in ev'ry age.

Here let my sorrow give my satyr place,
To raise new blushes on my *British* race;

531 Botches Editors till *Christie* wrongfully
Blotches

Marks
of the
Catholick
Church
from the
Nicene
Creed

Our saying Ships like common shoars we
use,

And through our distant Colonies diffuse
The draughts of Dungeons and the stench
of stews, 560

Whom, when their home-bred honesty is lost,
We disembody on some far *Indian* coast ;
Thieves Pandars, Palliards, sins of ev'ry sort ;
Those are the manufactures we export ;
And these the *Missioners* our zeal has
made :

For, with my Countrey's pardon be it said,
Religion is the least of all our trade.

Yet some improve their traffick more than
we,

For they on gaio, their only God, rely :
And set a publick price on piety. 570

Industrious of the needle and the chart,
They run full sail to their *Japponian* Mart ;
Prevention fear, and prodigal of fame
Sell all of Christian to the very name ;
Nor leave enough of that to hide their
naked shame.

Thus of three marks, which in the Creed
we view,

Not one of all can be apply'd to you :

Much less the fourth ; in vain alas you seek
Th' ambitious title of Apostolick : 579

God-like descent ! 'tis well your blood can be
Prov'd noble in the third or fourth degree :

For all of ancient that you had before,
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our
store)

Was Errorr fulminated o'er and o'er.

Old Heresies condemned in ages past,
By care and time recover'd from the blast.

'Tis said with ease, but never can be prov'd,
The church her old foundations has remov'd,
And built new doctrines on unstable sands :
Judge that, ye winds and rains ; you prov'd
her, yet she stands. 590

Those ancient doctrines charg'd on her for
new,

Shew when, and how, and from what hands
they grew.

• We claim no pow'r, when Heresies grow bold,
To coin new faith, but still declare the old.
How else cou'd that obscene disease be
purg'd

When controverted texts are vainly us'd ?
To prove tradition new, there's somewhat
more

Requir'd, than saying, 'twas not us'd before.

Those monumental arms are never stirr'd,
Till Schism or Heresie call down *Goliath's*
sword. 600

Thus, what you call corruptions, are in
truth,

The first plantations of the gospel's youth,
Old standard faith : but cast your eyes
again,

And view those errors which new sects
maintain,

Or which of old disturb'd the churches
peaceful reign ;

And we can point each period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the crime ;

Can calculate how long the eclipse endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what digits were obscur'd :

Of all which are already pass'd away, 610
We know the rise, the progress and decay.

Despair at our foundations then to strike,
Till you can prove your faith Apostolick ;

A limpid stream drawn from the native
source ;

Succession lawfull in a lineal course.

Prove any Church, oppos'd to this our head,
So one, so pure, so unconfin'dly spread,

Under one chief of the spiritual state,
The members all combin'd, and all sub-
ordinate.

Show such a seamless coat, from schism so
free, 620

In no communion joined with heresie :

If such a one you find, let truth prevail :

Till when, your weights will in the balance
fail :

A church unprincipld kicks up the scale.

But if you cannot think (nor sure you can
Suppose in God what were unjust in man,)

That he, the fountain of eternal grace,
Should suffer falsehood for so long a space

To banish truth and to usurp her place ;
That sev'n successive ages should be lost

And preach damnation at their proper
cost ; 631

That all your erring ancestours should die
Drown'd in the Abyss of deep Idolatry ;

If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,
Awake, and open your unwilling eyes :

God has left nothing for each age undone,
From this to that wherein he sent his Son :

Then think but well of him, and half your
work is done.

See how his Church, adorn'd with ev'ry
 grace,
 With open arms, a kind forgiving face, 640
 Stands ready to prevent her long-lost sons
 embrace.

Not more did *Joseph* o'er his brethren weep,
 Nor less himself cou'd from discovery keep,
 When in the crowd of suppliants they were
 seen,

And in their cren his best-beloved *Benjamin*.

That pious *Joseph* in the church
 behold,

To feed your famine, and refuse
 your gold ;

The *Joseph* you exal'd, the *Joseph*
 whom you sold.

Thus, while with heav'nly charity she
 spoke, 649

A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke ;

Shot from the skyes ; a cheerful azure light ;

The birds obscene to forests wing'd their
 flight,

And gaping graves receiv'd the wand'ring
 guilty spright.

Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky

For *Jamies* his late nocturnal victory ;

The pledge of his Almighty patron's love,

The fire-works which his angel made above.

I saw myself the lambent easie
 light

Gild the brown horror and dispell
 the night ; *Poeta loquitur*

The messenger with speed the tidings bore ;

News which three lah'ring nations did re-
 store ; 661

But heav'n's own *Nuntius* was arriv'd
 before.

By this the *Hind* had reached her lonely
 cell,

And vapours rose, and dews unwholesome fell,

When she, by frequent observation wise,

As one who long on heav'n had fix'd her
 eyes.

Discern'd a change of weather in the skyes.

The Western borders were with crimson
 spread,

The moon descending look'd all flaming red ;

She thought good manners bound her to
 invite 670

The stranger Dame to be her guest that night.

'Tis true, coarse dyet and a short repast,
 (She said) were weak inducements to the
 tast

Of one so nicely bred, and so unus'd to fast,
 But what plain fare her cottage cou'd
 afford,

A hearty welcome at a homely board

Was freely hers ; and to supply the rest,

An honest meaning, and an open breast.

Last, with content of mind, the poor man's
 Wealth ;

A grace-cup to their common Patron's
 health. 680

This she desired her to accept, and stay,
 For fear she might be wilder'd in her
 way,

Because she wanted an unerring guide,

And then the dew-drops on her silken
 hide

Her tender constitution did declare,

Too Lady-like a long fatigue to bear,

And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.

But most she fear'd that, travelling so late,

Some evil-minded beasts might lye in wait,

And without witness wreak their hidden
 hate. 690

The *Panther*, though she lent a listening
 ear,

Had more of *Lyon* in her than to fear :

Yet nusely weighing, since she had to deal

With many foes, their numbers might
 prevail,

Returned her all the thanks she could
 afford ;

And took her friendly hostess at her word,

Who ent'ring first her lowly roof, (a shed

With hoary moss and winding Ivy spread,

Honest enough to hide an humble Hermit's
 head,

Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest :

So might these walls, with your fair presence

blest, 701

Become your dwelling-place of everlasting
 rest,

Not for a night, or quick revolving year,

Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.

This peaceful Seat my poverty secures,

War seldom enters but where wealth allures

Nor yet dispise it, for this poor aboad

Has oft receiv'd and yet receives a god ;

A god, victorious of the stygian race,

Here hid his sacred limbs, and sanctified the
 place. 710

651 skyes ;] the add omit the semi-colon, giving
 a false construction.

This meag retreat did mighty *Pan* contain;
 Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
 And dare not to debase your soul to gain.
 The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see
 Contempt of wealth, and walfull poverty:
 And, though ill habits are not soon controll'd,
 A while suspended her desire of gold.

But civilly drew in her sharpn'd paws,
 Not violating hospitable laws,
 And pacify'd her tail and lick'd her frothy
 jaws. 720
 The *Hind* did first her country Cates
 provide;
 Then couch'd her self securely by her
 side.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

THE THIRD PART.

Much malice mingl'd with a little wit
 Perhaps may censure this mysterious writ:
 Because the Muse has peopl'd *Caledon*
 With *Panthers*, *Bears* and *Wolves*, and
 beasts unknown,
 As if we were not stock'd with monsters of
 our own.
 Let *Æsop* answer, who has set to view,
 Such kinds as *Greece* and *Phrygia* never
 knew;
 And mother *Hubbard* in her homely dress
 Has sharply blam'd a *British Lioness*,
 That *Queen*, whose least the factious rabble
 keep. 10
 Expos'd obscenely naked and a-sleep.
 Led by those great examples, may not I
 The wanted organs of their words supply?
 If men transact like brutes, 'tis equal then
 For brutes to claim the privilege of men.
 Others our *Hind* of folly will endite,
 To entertain a dang'rous guest by night.
 Let those remember, that she cannot dye
 Till rolling time is lost in round eternity:
 Nor need she fear the *Panther*, though un-
 tam'd, 20
 Because the *Lyon's* peace was now proclaim'd;
 The wary salvage would not give offence,
 To forfeit the protection of her *Prince*;
 But watch'd the time her vengeance to
 compleat,
 When all her furry sons in frequent Senate
 met.
 Mean while she quench'd her fury at the flood
 And with a Lenten sallad cool'd her blood.
 Their common, though but course, were
 nothing scant,
 Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.

For now the *Hind*, whose noble nature
 strove 30
 To express her plain simplicity of love.
 Did all the honours of her house so well,
 No sharp debates disturb'd the friendly meal.
 She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
 To common dangers past, a sadly pleasing
 theme;
 Remembering ev'ry storm which toss'd the
 state,
 When both were objects of the publick hate.
 And drop'd a tear betwixt for her own
 children's fate.
 Nor fail'd she then a full review to make
 Of what the *Panther* suffer'd for her sake. 40
 Her lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care,
 Her faith unshaken to an evil'd heir,
 Her strength to endure, her courage to defy,
 Her choice of honourable infamy.
 On these probably thankfull, she endur'd.
 Then with acknowledgments her self she
 charg'd:
 For friendship of it self, an holy tie,
 Is made more sacred by adversity.
 Now should they part, malicious tongues
 won'd say,
 They met like chance companions on the
 way, 50
 Whom mutual fear of robbers had possess'd:
 While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd;
 But that once o'er, the short-liv'd union ends,
 The road divides, and there divide the friends.
 The *Panther* nodded when her speech was
 done,
 And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone.
 But said, her gratitude had gone too far
 For common offices of Christian care.

If to the lawfull Heir she had been true,
 She paid but *Cæsar* what was *Cæsar's* due. 60
 I might, she added, with like praise describe
 Your suff'ring sons, and so return your
 bribe;

But incense from my hands is poorly priz'd,
 Forgits are scorn'd where givers are despis'd.
 I serv'd a turn, and then was cast away;
 You, like the gawdy fly, your wings display,
 And sip the sweets, and bask in your Great
Patron's day.

This heard, the *Matron* was not slow to
 find

What sort of malady had seiz'd her mind:
 Disdain, with gnawing envy, fell despight, 70
 And canker'd malice stood in open sight:
 Ambition, int'rest, pride without controul,
 And jealousie, the jaundice of the soul;
 Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,
 With all the lean tormenters of the will.

'Twas easie now to guess from whence arose
 Her new made union with her ancient foes.
 Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
 Affected kindness with an alter'd face:
 Yet durst she not too deeply probe the
 wound, 80

As hoping still the nobler parts were sound;
 But strove with Anodynes to assuage the
 smart,
 And mildly thus her med'cine did impart.

Complaints of Lovers help to ease their
 pain;

It shows a Rest of kindness to complain,
 A friendship loth to quit its former hold,
 And conscious merit may be justly bold.
 But much more just your jealousie would
 show,

If others good were injury to you:
 Witness ye heav'ns how I rejoice to see 90
 Rewarded worth, and rising loyalty.
 Your Warrior Offspring that upheld the
 crown,

The scarlet honours of your peacefull gown,
 Are the most pleasing objects I can find,
 Charms to my sight, and cordials to my
 mind:

When vertue swoons before a prosperous
 gale,

My heaving wishes help to fill the sail;
 And if my pray'rs for all the brave were
 heard,

Cæsar should still have such, and such should
 still reward.

The labour'd earth your pains have sow'd
 and till'd; 100

'Tis just you reap the product of the field.
 Yours be the harvest, 'tis the beggars gam
 To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
 Such scatter'd ears as are not worth your
 care,

Your charity for alms may safely spare,
 And alms are but the vehicles of pray'r.

My daily bread is litt'rally unplor'd,
 I have no barns nor granaries to hoard;

If *Cæsar* to his own his hand extends,
 Say which of yours his charity offends: 110

You know, he largely gives, to more than
 are his friends.

Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor?
 Our mite decreases nothing of your store;

I am but few, and by your fare you see
 My crying sins are not of luxury.

Some juster motive sure your mind with-
 draws,

And makes you break our friendships holy
 laws,

For barefac'd envy is too base a cause.
 Show more occasion for your discontent;

Your love, the *Wolf*, would help you to in-
 vent. 120

Some *German* quarrel, or, as times go now,
 Some *French*, where force is uppermost, will
 doe.

When at the fountains head, as merit ought
 To claim the place, you take a swelling
 draught,

How easie 'tis an envious eye to throw
 And tax the sheep for troubling streams
 below;

Or call her, (when no farther cause you
 find,)

An enemy profess'd of all your kind!
 But then, perhaps, the wicked world would
 think

The *Wolf* design'd to eat as well as drink. 130
 This last allusion gaul'd the *Panther* more,
 Because indeed it rubb'd upon the sore.

Yet seem'd she not to winch, though
 shrewdly pain'd:

But thus her Passive character maintain'd.
 I never grudg'd, what'er my foes report,

Your flaunting fortune in the *Lyon's* court.
 You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
 But I am always on the suff'ring side:

You know my doctrine, and I need not say
 I will not, but I cannot disobey. 140

On this firm principle I ever stood :
He of my sons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious act renounces to my
bloud.

Ah, said the *Hind*, how many sons have
you

Whocall you mother, whom you never knew!
But most of them who that relation plead
Are such ungratious youths as wish you dead.
They gape at rich revenues which you hold
And fain would nibble at your grandame gold
Enquire into your years, and laugh to find ;
Your crazy temper shows you much declin'd.
Were you not dim, and doted, you might see
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree, 152
No more of kin to you, than you to me.

Do you not know that for a little coin
Heralds can foist a name into the line ?
They ask you blessing but for what you have,
But once possess'd of what with care you
save,

The wanton boyes wou'd piss upon your
grave.

Your sons of Latitude that court your
grace, 160

Though most resembling you in form and
face,

Are far the worst of your pretended race.
And, but I blush your honesty to blot :
Pray God you prove 'em lawfully begot :
For, in some *Papish* libells I have read,
The *Wolf* has been too busie in your bed ;
At least their hinder parts, the belly-piece,
The paunch, and all that *Scorpio* claims are
his.

Their malice too a sore suspicion brings ;
For though they dare not bark, they snarl at
kings ; 170

Nor blame 'em for intruding in your line,
Fat Bishopricks are still of right divine.

Think you your new *French* Proselytes are
come

To starve abroad, because they starv'd at
home ?

Your benefices twinkl'd from afar,
They found the new *Messiah* by the star :
Those *Swisses* fight on any side for pay,
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
Mark with what management their tribes
divide,

Some stick to you, and some to t'other side
That many churches may for many mouths
provide. 181

More vacant pulpits wou'd more converts
make ;

All wou'd have Latitude enough to take ;
The rest unbenefic'd, your sects maintain
For ordinations without cures are vain,
And chamber practice is a silent gain.

Your sons of breadth at home, are much like
these,

Their soft and yielding metals run with
ease ;

They melt, and take the figure of the mould :
But harden, and preserve it best in gold. 190

Your *Delphick* sword, the *Panther* then
reply'd,

Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either side.
Some sons of mine, who bear upon their
shield,

Three steeples Argent in a sable field,
Have sharply tax'd your converts, who unfed
Have follow'd you for miracles of bread ;

Such who themselves of no religion are,
Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.

Bare lyes with bold assertions they can face,
But dint of argument is out of place. 200

The grim *Logician* puts 'em in a fright,
'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.

Thus, our eighth *Henry's* marriage they
defame ;

They say the schism of beds began the
game,

Divorcing from the *Church* to wed the
Dame.

Though largely prov'd, and by himself pro-
fess'd

That conscience, conscience would not let
him rest :

I mean, not till possess'd of her he lov'd,
And old, uncharming *Catherine* was remov'd.

For sundry years before did he complain, 210
And told his ghostly Confessour his pain.

With the same impudence, without a ground,
They say, that look the reformation round,

No *Treatise of Humility* is found.
But if none were, the Gospel does not
want,

Our *Saviour* preach'd it, and I hope you
grant,

The Sermon in the mount was *Protestant* :
No doubt, reply'd the *Hind*, as sure as all

The writings of Saint *Peter* and Saint *Paul*.
On that decision let it stand or fall. 220

Now for my converts, who you say unfed
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread.

Judge not by hear-say, but observe at least,
If since their change, their loaves have been
increast.

The *Lyon* buyes no Converts, if he did,
Beasts wou'd be sold as fast as he cou'd bid
Tax those of int'rest who conform for gam,
Or stay the market of another reign.

Your broad-way sons wou'd never be too nice
To close with *Calvin*, if he paid their price;
But, rais'd threesteeples high'r, wou'd change
their note, 231

And quit the Cassock for the Canting-coat.
Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold,
Judge by your selves, and think not others
sold.

Mean-time my sons accus'd, by fames
report

Pay small attendance at the *Lyon's* court,
Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late,
(For silently they beg who daily wait.)

Preferment is bestow'd that comes unsought,
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
How they shou'd speed, their fortune is
untry'd, 241

For not to ask, is not to be denied.
For what they have their *God* and *King* they
bless,

And hope they shou'd not murmur, had they
less.

But if reduc'd subsistence to implore,
In common prudence they wou'd pass your
door.

Unpitty'd *Indibrass*, your Champion friend,
Has shown how far your charities extend
This lasting verse shall on his tomb be
read,

He sham'd you living, and unbraid's you dead.
With odious *Atheist* names you load your
foes, 251

Your lib'ral *Clergy* why did I expose?
It never fails in charities like those.

In elimes where true religion is profess'd,
That imputation were no laughing jest,
But *Inprimatur*, with a Chaplain's name,
Is here sufficient licence to defame.

What wonder is't that black detraction
thrives?

The Homicide of names is less than lives,
And yet the perjurd murderer sur-
vives. 260

Thus said, she paus'd a little, and sup-
press'd

The boiling indignation of her breast;

She knew the vertue of her blade, nor wou'd
Pollute her satyr with ignoble bloud:

Her panting foes she saw before her lye,
And back she drew the shining weapon dry
So when the gen'rous *Lyon* has in sight
His equal match, he rouses for the fight;
But when his foe lyes prostrate on the plain,
He sheathes his paws, uneurls his angry
mane; 270
And, pleas'd with bloodless honours of the
day,

Walks over and disdains th' inglorious Prey.
So *JAMES*, if great with less we may compare,
Arrests his rowling thunder-bolts in air;
And grants ungratefull friends a length'n'd
space,

T' implore the remnants of long suff'ring
grace.

This breathing-time the *Matron* took; and
then,

Resum'd the thrid of her discourse agen.
Be vengeance wholly left to pow'rs divine,
And let heav'n judge betwixt your sons and
mine: 280

If joyes hereafter must be purchas'd here
With loss of o'll that mortals hold so dear,
Then welcome infamy ond publick shame,
And, last, a long farewell to worldly fame
'Tis said with ease, but oh, how hardly try'd }
By haughty souls to humane honour ty'd!
O sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down then, thou rebell, never more to rise,
And what thou didst and dost so dearly
prize,

That fame, that dailing fame, make that
thy sacrifice. 290

'Tis nothing thou hast giv'n; then add thy
tears

For a long race of unrepenting years
'Tis nothing yet; yet all thou hast to give:
Then add those *may-be* years thou hast to
live.

Yet nothing still then poor, and naked }
come,

Thy father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the
mighty sum

Thus (she pursu'd) I discipline a son
Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge wou'd run:
He clamps the bit, impatient of his loss, 300
And starts a-side and flounders at the cross.
Instruct him better, gracious God, to know,
As thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too;

That, suff'ring from ill tongues he bears no
more

Than what his Sovereign bears, and what his
Saviour bore.

It now remains for you to school your child,
And ask why *God's* anointed he revil'd;
A *King* and *Princess* dead! did *Shimei* worse?
The curser's punishment should fright the
curse: 309

Your son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o're,
But he who counsell'd him has paid the
score:

The heavy malice cou'd no higher tend,
But woe to him on whom the weights
descend:

So to permitted ills the *Demon* flies:
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skies;
Constrain'd to quit his cause, no succour
found,

The foe discharges ev'ry Tyre around,
In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight,
But his own thund'ring peals proclaim his
flight.

In *Henry's* change his charge as ill
succeeds; 320
To that long story little answer needs,
Confront but *Henry's* words with *Henry's*
deeds.

Were space allow'd, with ease it might be
prov'd,

What springs his blessed reformation mov'd.
The dire effects appear'd in open sight,
Which from the cause, he calls a distant
flight

And yet no larger leap than from the sun
to light.

Now last, your sons a double *Pæan* sound,
A *Treatise of Humility* is found.

'Tis found, but better had it ne'er been
sought 330

Than thus in Protestant procession brought.
The lam' original through *Spain* is known,
Rodriguez work, my celebrated son,
Which yours by ill-translating made his own;
Conceal'd its authour, and usurp'd the name,
The basest and ignoblest theft of fame.

My Altars kindl'd first that living coal;
Restore, or practice better what you stole:
That virtue could this humble verse inspire,
'Tis all the restitution I require. 340

Glad was the *Panther* that the charge was
clos'd,

And none of all her fav'rite sons expos'd.

For laws of arms permit each injur'd man
To make himself a saver where he can.
Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
The names of Pirates in whose hands he
fell:

But at the den of thieves he justly flies,
And ev'ry *Algerine* is lawfull prize.
No private person in the foe's estate 349
Can plead exemption from the publick fate.
Yet Christian laws allow not such redress;
Then let the greater supersede the less.
But let th' Abbetors of the *Panther's* crime
Learn to make fairer wars another time.
Some characters may sure be found to write
Among her sons; for 'tis no common sight,
A spotted Dam, and all her offspring white.

The *Salvage*, though she saw her plea con-
troll'd,

Yet wou'd not wholly seem to quit her
hold,

But offer'd fairly to compound the strife; 360
And judge conversion by the convert's life.
'Tis true, she said, I think it somewhat
strange

So few shou'd follow profitable change;
For present joys are more to flesh and blood
Than a dull prospect of a distant good.

'Twas well alluded by a son of mine,
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin;)
Two magnets, heav'n and earth, allure to
bliss;

The larger loadstone that, the nearer this:
The weak attraction of the greater fails, 370
We nodd a-while, but neighbourhood pre-
vails:

But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come so slow.
Methinks in those who firm with me remain,
It shows a nobler principle than gain.

Your inf'rence wou'd be strong (the *Hind*
reply'd)

If yours were in effect the suff'ring side;
Your clergy sons their own in peace possess,
Nor are their prospects in reversion less.
My Proselytes are struck with awfull dread,
Your bloody Comet-laws hang blazing o're
their head. 381

The respite they enjoy but onely lent,
The best they have to hope, protracted
punishment.

Be judge your self, if int'rest may prevail,
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the
scale.

While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous
ease,
That is, till man's predominant passions
cease,

Admire no longer at my slow encrease.

By education most have been misled; 389
So they believe, because they so were bred.
The *Priest* continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man.

The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat;
But int'rest is the most prevailing cheat,
The sly seducer both of age and youth;
They study that, and think they study truth:
When int'rest fortifies an argument,
Weak reason serves to gain the wills assent;
For souls, already warp'd, receive an easie
bent. 399

Add long prescription of establish'd laws,
And pique of honour to maintain a cause,
And shame of change, and fear of future ill,
And Zeal, the blind conductor of the will;
And chief among the still mistaking crowd,
The fame of teachers obstinate and proud,
And, more than all, the private Judge
allowed.

Disdain of Fathers which the daunce began,
And last, uncertain whose the narrower
span,

The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.

To this the *Parther*, with a scornfull smile.
Yet still you travail with unwearied toil, 411
And rage around the realm without con-
troll

Among my sons for proselytes to prole,
And here and there you snare some silly soul.
You hinted fears of future change in state,
Pray heav'n you did not prophesie your fate;
Perhaps you think your time of triumph
near,

But may mistake the season of the year;
The *Swallows* fortune gives you cause to
fear.

For charity (reply'd the *Matron*) tell 420
What sad mischance those pretty birds befall.

Nay, no mischance, (the salvage Dame
reply'd,)

But want of wit in their unerring guide,
And eager haste and gaudy hopes and
giddy pride.

Yet, wishing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.

The *Swallow*, privileg'd above the rest
Of all the birds as man's familiar guest,

Pursues the Sun in summer brisk and bold,
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold: 430
Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,
Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smook
aloac.

From hence she has been held of heav'nly
hue,

Endu'd with particles of soul divine.

This merry Chorister had long possess'd
Her summer seat, and feather'd well her
nest.

Till frowning skys began to change their
cheer,

And time turn'd up the wrong side of the
year;

The shedding trees began the ground to strow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow.
Sad augures of winter thence she drew, 441

Which by instinct, or Prophecy, she knew:
When prudence warn'd her to remove be-
times,

And seek a better heav'n and warmer dymcs.
Her sons were summon'd on a steeples
height,

And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;
The day was nam'd, the next that shou'd
be fair,

All to the gen'ral rendezvous repair,
They try their flutt'ring wings and trust
themselves in air. 449

But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk or flies elsewhere, concerns not us
to know.

Southwards, you may be sure, they bent
their flight,

And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night;
Next morn they rose, and set up ev'ry sail;

The wind was fair, but blew a *mackerel* gale;
The sickly young sat shiv'ring on the shoar,
Abhor'd salt-water never seen before,

And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
The passage, and expect a fairer day. 460

With these the *Martyn* readily concurr'd,
A church-begot and church-believing bird;

Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round belly'd, for a dignity design'd,

And much a dunce, as *Martyns* are by hmd.
Yet often quoted Canon-laws and *Cole*

And Fathers which he never under-tood,
But little learning needs in noble blood.

For, sooth to say, the *Swallow* brought him in,
Her household Chaplain, and her neat of kin.

In Superstition silly to excess, 47
And casting Schemes, by planetary guess :
In fine, shortwing'd, unfit himself to fly,
His fear foretold foul-weather in the sky.

Besides, a *Raven* from a withered Oak,
Left of their lodging, was observed to croke.
That omen lik'd him not, so his advice
Was present safety, bought at any price :
(A seeming pious care that covered cowardise)

To strengthen this, he told a boding dream.
Of rising waters and a troubl'd stream, 48
Sure signs of anguish, dangers, and distress,
With something more, not lawfull to express:

By which he slyly seemed to intimate
Some secret revelation of their fate.
For he concluded, once upon a time,

He found a leaf inscrib'd with sacred rime,
Whose antique characters did well denote
The *Sibyl's* hand of the *Cumæan* Grot :
The mad divineress had plainly writ, 49

A time should come (but many ages yet,)
In which, sinister destinies ordain,
A *Dame* should drown with all her feather'd
train,

And seas from thence be called the *Chelidonian* main.

At this, some shook for fear, the more devout
Arose, and bless'd themselves from head to foot.

'Tis true, some stagers of the wiser sort
Made all these idle wonderments their sport
They said, their onely danger was delay,
And he who heard what ev'ry fool cou'd say,

Would never fix his thoughts, but trim his
time away. 50

The passage yet was good ; the wind, 'twas
true,

Was somewhat high, but that was nothing
new,

Nor more than usual *Equinoxes* blew.

The Sun (already from the scales declin'd)
Gave little hopes of better days behind,
But change from bad to worse of weather
and of wind.

Nor need they fear the dampness of the Sky
Should flag their wings, and hinder them
to fly,

'Twas onely water thrown on sails too dry.

But, least of all, *Philosophy* presumes 51
Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes ;
Perhaps the *Martyn*, hous'd in holy ground,

Might think of Ghosts that walk their mid-
night round,

Till grosser atoms tumbling in the stream
Of fancy, madly met and clubb'd into a
dream.

As little weight his vain presages bear,
Of ill effect to such alone who fear.

Most prophecies are of a piece with these,
Each *Nostradamus* can foretell withease : 52
Not naming persons, and confounding times,
One casual truth supports a thousand lying
rimes.

Th' advice was true, but fear had seized
the most,

And all good counsel is on cowards lost.
The question crudely put, to shun delay,
'Twas carried by the *major* part to stay.

His point thus gained, Sir *Martyn* dated
thence

His pow'r, and from a Priest became a Prince.

He order'd all things with a busie care,
And cells, and refectories did prepare, 53
And large provisions laid of winter fare.

But now and then let fall a word or two
Of hope, that heav'n some miracle might
show,

And, for their sakes the sun should back-
ward go ;

Against the laws of nature upward climb,
And, mounted on the *Ram*, renew the prime :

For which two proofs in Sacred story lay,
Of *Ahaz* dial and of *Josuah's* day.

In expectation of such times as these

A chapel hous'd 'em, truly call'd of ease : 54

For *Martyn* much devotion did not ask,

They pray'd sometimes, and that was all
their task.

It happen'd (as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)

That this accomplish'd, or at least in part,
Gave great repute to their new *Merlin's* art.

Some *Swifts*, the Gyants of the
Swallow kind,

Large limb'd, stout-hearted, *Otherwise call'd*
but of stupid mind, *martlets*

(For *Swisses*, or for *Gibeonites*
design'd,)

These Lubbers, peeping through a broken
pane, 55

To suck fresh air, survey'd the neighbouring
plain ;

And saw (but scarcely could believe their eyes)

New Blossoms flourish and new flow'rs arise ;

As God had been abroad, and walking there
 Had left his foot-steps and reform'd the year
 The sunny hills from far were seen to glow
 With glittering beams, and in the meads
 below
 The burnish'd brooks appear'd with liquid
 gold to flow.

At last they heard the foolish *Cuckow* sing,
 Whose note proclaim'd the holy-day of
 spring. 560

No longer doubting, all prepare to fly
 And repossess their patrimonial sky.
 The *Priest* before 'em did his wings display,
 And that good omens might attend their
 way,
 As luck wou'd have it, 'twas *St. Martyn's*
 day.

Who but the *Swallow* now triumphs alone?
 The Canopy of heaven is all her own;
 Her youthfull offspring to their haunts re-
 pair; 568

And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
 And dip for insects in the purling springs,
 And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings.
 Their mothers think a fair provision made,
 That ev'ry son can live upon his trade,
 And now the carefull charge is off their hands,
 Look out for husbands and new nuptial
 bands:

The youthfull widow longs to be supply'd;
 But first the lover is by Lawyers ty'd
 To settle jointure-chimneys on the bride.

So thick they couple, in so short a space,
 That *Martyn's* marr'age offerings rise apace;
 Their ancient houses, running to decay, 581
 Are furbish'd up and cemented with clay;
 They teem already; stores of eggs are laid,

And brooding mothers call *Lucina's* aid.
 Fame spreads the news, and foreign fowls
 appear

In flocks to greet the new returning year,
 To bless the founder, and partake the cheer.

And now 'twas time (so fast their numbers
 rise)

To plant abroad, and people colonies;
 The youth drawn forth, as *Martyn* had
 desir'd 590

(For so their cruel destiny requir'd)
 Were sent far off on an ill fated day;

The rest wou'd need conduct 'em on their
 way,

And *Martyn* went, because he fear'd alone
 to stay.

So long they flew with inconsiderate haste,
 That now their afternoon began to waste;
 And, what was ominous, that very morn
 The Sun was entr'd into *Capricorn*;
 Which, by their bad Astronomers account,
 That week the virgin balance shou'd re-
 mount; 600

An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,
 And hid the small remainders of his day:
 The crowd amaz'd pursued no certain mark;
 But birds met birds, and jostled in the dark;
 Few mind the publick in a Panick fright;
 And fear increas'd the horror of the night.
 Night came, but unattended with repose;
 Alone she came, no sleep their eyes to close,
 Alone, and black she came, no friendly stars
 arose.

What shou'd they doe, beset with
 dangers round, 610

No neighbouring Dorp, no lodging to be
 found,

But bleakly plains, and bare unhospitable
 ground?

The latter brood, who just began to fly,
 Sick-feathered and unpractis'd in the sky,
 For succour to their helpless mother call,
 She spread her wings, some few beneath
 'em crawl,

She spread 'em wider yet, but cou'd not
 cover all.

T' augment their woes, the winds began to
 move

Debate in air, for empty fields above,
 Till *Boreas* got the skyes, and poured
 amain 620

His rattling hail-stones mix'd with snow and
 rain.

The joyless morning late arose and found
 A dreadful desolation reign a-round,
 Some buried in the Snow, some frozen to
 the ground:

The rest were struggling still with death, and
 lay

The *Crows* and *Ravens* rights, an undefended
 prey;

Excepting *Martyn's* race, for they and he
 Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow tree,

But soon discover'd by a sturdy clown,
 He headed all the rabble of a town, 630

And finish'd 'em with bats, or poll'd 'em
 down.

Martyn himself was caught a-live, and try'd
For treas'nous crimes, because the laws
provide

No *Mortyn* there in winter shall abide.
High on an Oak which never leaf shall bear,
He breath'd his last, exposed to open air,
And there his corps, unblest'd, is hanging
still,
To show the change of winds with his prophetic
bill.

The patience of the *Hind* did almost fail,
For well she mark'd the malice of the tale :
Which Ribbald art their church to *Luther*
owes, 641

In malice it began, by malice grows,
He sowed the *Serpent's* teeth, an iron-
harvest rose.

But most in *Mortyn's* character and fate,
She saw her slander'd sons, the *Panther's*
hate,

The people's rage, the persecuting state :
Then said, I take th' advice in friendly part,
You clear your conscience, or at least your
heart :

Perhaps you fail'd in your fore-seeing skill,
For *Swallows* are unlucky birds to kill : 650
As for my sons, the family is blest'd,
Whose every child is equal to the rest :
No church reform'd can boast a blameless
line :

Such *Martyns* build in yours, and more than
mine :

Or else an old fanatick Author lyes,
Who summ'd their Scandals up by Centuries.
But through your parable I plainly see
The bloody laws, the crowds barbarity :
The sun-shine that offends the purblind sight,
Had some their wishes, it wou'd soon be
night. 660

Mistake me not, the charge concerns not you,
Your sons are male-contents, but yet are true.
As far as non-resistance makes 'em so,
But that's a word of neutral sense you know,
A passive term, which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebell and a king.

Rest well assured, the *Pardelis* reply'd,
My sons wou'd all support the regal side,
Though heav'n forbid the cause by battel
should be try'd.

The Matron answered with a loud Amen,
And thus pursu'd her argument agen. 671

If, as you say, and as I hope no less,
Your sons will practise what your self
profess,

What angry pow'r prevents our present
peace ?

The *Lyon*, studious of our common good,
Desires (and Kings desires are ill withstood)
To join our Nations in a lasting love ;
The bars betwixt are easie to remove,
For sanguinary laws were never made
above.

If you condemn that Prince of Tyranny 680
Whose mandate forced your *Gallick* friends
to fly.

Make not a worse example of your own,
Or cease to rail at causeless rigour shown,
And let the guiltless person throw the stone.
His blunted sword, your suffering brother-
hood

Have seldom felt, he stop't it short of blood :
But you have ground the persecuting knife
And set it to a razor edge on life.

Curs'd be the wit which cruelty refines
Or to his father's rod the *Scorpion* joins ;
Your finger is more gross than the great
Monarch's loins. 691

But you perhaps remove that bloody note,
And stick it on the first Reformers coat.
Oh let their crime in long oblivion sleep,
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to
keep.

Unjust, or just, is all the question now,
'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.

To name the Test wou'd put you in a rage ;
You charge not that on any former age,
But smile to think how innocent you stand
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand. 701
Yet still remember that you wield a sword
Forg'd by your foes against your Sovereign
Lord.

Designed to hew th' imperial Cedar down,
Defraud Succession and dis-heir the Crown.
T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate Traytors and the treason love :
What means it else, which now your children
say,

We made it not, nor will we take away ?
Suppose some great Oppressor had by
slight 710

Of law, disseis'd your brother of his right,
Your common sire surrendring in a fright ;
Would you to that unrighteous title stand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land ? 720

More just was *Judas*, who his Saviour sold ;
The sacrilegious bribe he cou'd not hold,
Nor hang in peace, before he rend'r'd back
the gold.

What more could you have done than now
you doe,

Had *Oates* and *Bedlow*, and their Plot been
true ?

Some specious reasons for those wrongs
were found ;

The dire Magicians threw their mists
around,

And wise men walk'd as on enchanted
ground.

But now when time has made th' imposture
plain,

(Late though he follow'd truth, & limping
held her train,)

What new delusion charms your cheated
eyes again ?

The painted Harlot might a while bewitch,
But why the flag uncas'd and all obscene
with itch ?

The first Reformers were a modest race ;
Our Peers possessed in peace their native
place :

And when rebellious arms o'returned the
state

They suffer'd onely in the common fate ;
But now the Sov'reign mounts the regn' elnir

And mitr'd seats are full, yet *David's* bench
is bare :

Your answer is, they were not dispossess'd,
They need but rub their mettle on the Test

To prove their ore : 'twere well if gold
alone

Were touch'd and try'd on your discerning
stone ;

But that unfaithfull Test unfound will pass
The dross of Atheists and sectnrian brass :

As if the experiment were made to hold
For base productions, and reject the gold :

Thus men ungodded may to places rise,
And sects may be prefer'd without disguise :

No danger to the church or state from
these ;

The Papist onely has his Writ of ease.

No gainfull office gives him the pretence

To grind the Subject or defraud the Princee.
Wrong conscience, or no conscience may

deserve

To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to
sterve.

Still thank your selves, you cry, your noble
race

We banish not, but they forsake the place.

Our doors are open: true, but e'er they come,
You toss your censuring Test and fume the

room ;
As if 'twere *Toby's* rival to expell,

And fright the fiend who could not bear the
smell.

To this the *Panther* sharply had reply'd ;
But, having gain'd a Verdict on her side, }

She wisely gave the loser leave to chide ; }

Well satisfied to have the But and peace,
And for the Plaintiff's cause she car'd the

less,

Because she su'd in *Jerm's Pauperis* ;
Yet thought it decent something shou'd be

said,
For secret guilt by silence is betray'd ;

So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride

Methinks such terms of proffer'd peace
you bring,

As once *Lucias* to th' *Italian King* :
By long possession all the land is mine,

You strangers come with your intruding
line

To share my sceptre, which you call to join.
You plead like him an ancient Pedigree, 771

And claim a peacefull seat by fates decree.
In ready pomp your Sacrificer stands,

To unite the *Trojan* and the *Latin* bands,
And that the league more firmly may be ty'd,

Demnd the fair *Lavinia* for your bride.
Thus plausibly you veil th' intended wrong,

But still you bring your exil'd gods along ;
And will endeavour in succeeding space,

Those household Poppits on our hearths to
place.

Perhaps some barb'rous laws have been pre-
ferr'd ;

I spake against the *Test*, but was not heard.
These to rescind and Peerage to restore

My gracious Sov'reign wou'd my vote
implore :

I owe him much, but owe my conscience
more.

Conscience is then your Plea, replied the
Dame,

Which well-informed will ever be the same

739 Bull *Christie prints bull* Of course the
word is a substantive

But yours is much of the *Camelion* hue,
To change the dye with ev'ry diff'rent view.
When first the *Lyon* sat with awfull sway, 790
Your conscience taught you duty to obey;
He might have had your Statutes and your
Test;

No conscience but of subjects was profess'd.
He found your temper, and no farther
try'd,

But on that broken reed your church rely'd.
In vain the seats assay'd their utmost art,
With offered treasures to espouse their part,
Their treasures were a bribe too mean to
move his heart.

But when by long experience you had prov'd,
How far he cou'd forgive, how well he lov'd;
A goodness that excell'd his godlike race, 801
And onely short of heav'n's unbounded grace:
A flood of mercy that o'crflow'd our Isle,
Calm in the rise, and fruitfull as the *Nile*,
Forgetting whence your *Egypt* was supply'd,
You thought your Sov'reign bound to send
the tide;

Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring,
But vainly deem'd, he durst not be a king:
Then conscience, unrestrain'd by fear, began
To stretch her limits, and extend the span,
Did his indulgence as her gift dispose, 811
And made a wise Allianc with her foes.

Can conscience own th' associating name,
And raise no blushes to conceal her shame?
For sure she has been thought a bashfull
Dame.

But if the cause by battel should be try'd,
You grant she must espouse the regal side:
O *Proteus* Conscience, never to be ty'd!
What *Phæbus* from the *Tripod* shall disclose,
Which are in last resort, your friends or
foes? 820

Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky,
The seeming *Gordian* knot wou'd soon untie;
Immortal pow'rs the term of conscience
know,

But int'rest is her name with men below.

Conscience or int'rest be't, or both in one;
(The *Panther* answered in a surly tone,)
The first commands me to maintain the
Crown,

The last forbids to throw my barriers down.
Our penal laws no sons of yours admit, 829
Our *Test* excludes your Tribe from benefit.
These are my banks your ocean to withstand,
Which proudly rising overlooks the land:

And once let in, with unresisted sway
Wou'd sweep the Pastors and their flocks
away.

Think not my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjust, but hard necessity:
Imperious need which cannot be withstood
Makes ill authentick, for a greater good.
Possess your soul with patience, and attend:
A more auspicious Planet may ascend; 840
Good fortune may present some happier
time,

With means to cancel my unwilling crime;
(Unwilling, witness all ye Pow'rs above)
To mend my errors and redeem your love:
That little space you safely may allow,
Your all-dispensing pow'r protects you now.

Hold, said the *Hind*, 'tis needless to ex-
plain:

You would *postpone* me to another reign:
Till when you are content to be unjust,
Your part is to possess, and mine to trust. 850
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
For present profit and inheritance:
Few words will serve to finish our dispute,
Who will not now repeal wou'd persecute;
To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,
Wishing that happier Planet wou'd ascend:
For shame let Conscience be your Plea no
more,

To will hereafter proves she might before;
But she's a Bawd to gain, and holds the
Door. 859

Your care about your Banks, infers a fear
Of threaten'g Floods and Inundations near;
If so, a just Reprise would only be
Of what the Land usurped upon the Sea;
And all your Jealousies but serve to show
Your Ground is, like your Neighbour-Nation,
low.

T' intrench in what you grant unrighteous
Laws

Is to distrust the justice of your Cause;
And argues that the true religion lyes
In those weak Adversaries you despise.

Tyrannick force is that which least you
fear, 870

The sound is frightfull in a Christian's ear:
Avert it, Heav'n; nor let that Plague be
sent

To us from the dispeopled Continent.

But Piety commands me to refrain;
Those Pray'rs are needless in this Monarch's
Reign.

Behold! how he protects your Friends,
 opprest,
 Receives the Banish'd, succours the Distress'd:
 Behold, for you may read an honest open breast.
 He stands in Day-light, and disdains to hide
 An Act to which by Honour he is ty'd, 880
 A generous, laudable, and Kingly Pride.
 Your Test he would repeal, his Peers restore,
 This when he says he means, he means no more.
 Well, said the Panther, I believe him just,
 And yet—
 And yet, 'tis but because you must,
 You would be trusted, but you would not trust.
 The *Hind* thus briefly; and disdained to enlarge
 On Pow'r of Kings, and their Superiour charge,
 As Heav'n's Trustees before the People's choice:
 Tho' sure the *Panther* did not much rejoyce 890
 To hear those *Echo's* given of her once Loyal voice.
 The *Malrou* woo'd her Kindness to the last,
 But cou'd not win; her hour of Grace was past.
 Whom, thus persisting, when she could not bring
 To leave the *Woolf* and to believe her King,
 She gave Her up, and fairly wished her Joy
 Of her late Treaty with her new Ally:
 Which well she hop'd wou'd more successfull prove,
 Than was the *Pigeons* and the *Buzzards* love.
 The *Panther* ask'd what concord there cou'd be 900
 Betwixt two kinds whose Natures disagree?
 The *Dame* reply'd, 'Tis sung in ev'ry Street,
 The common chat of Gossips when they meet:
 But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
 To take a wholesome Tale, though told in homely stile.
 A plain good Man, whose Name is understood,
 (So few deserve the name of Plain and Good)
 Of three fair lineal Lordships stood possess'd,
 And liv'd, as reason was, upon the best.

Inur'd to hardships from his early Youth, 910
 Much had he done and suffered for his truth:
 At Land, and Sea, in many a doubtful Fight,
 Was never known a more advent'rous Knight,
 Who oftner drew his Sword, and always for the right.
 As fortunewou'd (his fortune came tho' late)
 He took Possession of his just Estate;
 Nor rack'd his Tenants with increase of Rent,
 Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent;
 But overlook'd his *Hinds*, their Pay was just
 And ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust. 920
 Slow to resolve, but in performanc quick;
 So true, that he was awkward at a trick.
 For little Souls on little shifts rely,
 And coward Arts of mean Expedients try:
 The noble Mind will dare do nnything but lye.
 False friends, (his deadliest foes,) could find no way
 But shows of honest bluntness, to betray;
 That unsuspected plainness he believ'd;
 He look'd into Himself, and was deceiv'd.
 Some lucky Planet sure attends his Birth, 930
 Or Heav'n would make a Miracle on Earth;
 For prosp'rous Honesty is seldom seen
 To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win;
 It looks as Fate with Nature's Law would strive,
 To show Plain-dealing once an age may thrive:
 And, when so tough a frame she could not bend,
 Exceeded her Commission to befriend
 This gratefull man, as Heaven encreas'd his Store,
 Gave *God* agnyn, and daily fed his Poor;
 His House with all convenience was purvey'd; 940
 The rest he found, but rais'd the Fabrick where he pray'd;
 And in that Sacred Place his beauteous Wife
 Employ'd Her happiest hours of Holy Life.
 Nor did their Alms extend to those alone
 Whom common Faith more strictly made their own;
 A sort of *Doors* were hon's'd too near their Hall,
 Who cross the Proverb, and abound with Gall.

Tho' some, 'tis true, are passively inclin'd,
The greater Part degenerate from their kind;
Voracious Birds, that hotly Bill and breed,
Aod largely drink, because on Salt they feed.
Small Gain from them their Bounteous

Owner draws; 952

Yet, bound by Promise, he supports their
Cause,

As Corporations priviledg'd by Laws.

That House, which harbour to their kind
affords,

Was built, long since, God knows, for better
Birds;

But flutt'ring there, they nestle near the
Throne,

And lodge in Habitations not their own,
By their high Crops, and Corny Gizzards
known.

Like *Harpy's*, they could scent a plenteous
board; 960

Then, to be sure, they never fail'd their
Lord.

The rest was form, and bare Attendancee paid,
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd still for
more,

They drain'd from *Dan*, and left *Beersheba*
poor;

All this they had by Law, and none repin'd,
The preference was but due to *Levi's* Kind,
But when some Lay-preferment fell by
chancee

The Gourmands made it their Inheritance.
When once possess'd they never quit their
Claim. 970

For then 'tis sanctify'd to Heav'n's high
Name;

And Hallow'd thus, they cannot give Con-
sent.

The Gift should be prophan'd by Worldly
management.

Their Flesh was never to the Table served;
Tho' 'tis not theoce inferr'd the Birds
were starv'd;

But that their Master did not like the
Food,

As rank, and breeding Melancholy Blood.
Nor did it with His Gracious Nature suite,
Ev'n though they were not Doves, to perse-
cute:

Yet He refused, (nor could they take Offence)
Their Glutton Kind should teach him absti-
nence. 981

Nor Consecrated Grain their Wheat he
thought,

Which, new from treading, in their Bills they
brought:

But left his Hinds, each in his Private Pow'r,
That those who like the Bran might leave the
Flow'r.

He for himself, and not for others chose,
Nor would He be impos'd on, nor impose;

But in their Faces His Devotion paid,
And Sacrifice with Solemn Rites was made,

And Sacred Incense on his Altars laid. 990

Besides these jolly Birds, whose Crops

impure
Repaid their Common: with their Salt
Manure,

Another Farm he had behind his House,
Not overstock't, but barely for his use;

Wherein his poor Domestick poultry Fed
And from His Pious Hands received their
Bread.

Our pamp'rd Pigeons with malignant Eyes
Beheld these Inmates and their Nurseries:

Tho' hard their fare, nt Ev'ning and at
Morn,

A Cruise of Water and an Ear of Corn, 1000

Yet still they grudg'd that Modicum, and
thought

A Sheaf in ev'ry single Grain was brought;
Fain would they fieleh that little Food away,

While unrestrain'd those happy Gluttons
prey.

And much they griev'd to see so nigh their
Hall

The Bird that warn'd St. *Peter* of his Fall;
That he should raise his miter'd Crest on
high,

And clap his Wings and call his Family
To Sacred Rites; and vex th' Ethereal

Pow'rs 1009

With midnight Mattins at unev'il Hours:
Nay more, his quiet Neighbours should
molest,

Just in the sweetness of their Morning rest.
Beast of a bird, supinely when he might

Lye snugg and sleep, to rise before the
light:

What if his dull Forefathers used that cry,
Cou'd he not let a Bad Example dye?

The World was fallen into an easier way;
This Age knew better, than to Fast and Pray.

Good Sense in Sacred Worship would appear
So to begin, as they might end the year. 1020

By Letters, not by Words, thy Love
begin ;
And Foord the dangerous Passage with thy
Pen.

If to her Heart thou aim'st to find the way,
Extreamly Flatter, and extreamly Pray. 501
Priam by Pray'rs did *Hector's* Body gain ;
Nor is an Angry God invok'd in vain.
With promis'd Gifts her easy Mind bewitch ;
For ev'n the Poor in promise may be Rich.
Vain Hopes a while her Appetite will stay ;
'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
Who gives is Mad, but make her still believe
'Twill come, and that's the cheapest way to
give.

Ev'n barren Lands fair promises afford ; 510
But the lean Harvest cheats the starving
Lord.

Buy not thy first Enjoyment ; lest it prove
Of bad example to thy future Love :
But get it gratis ; and she'll give thee more,
For fear of losing what she gave before.
The losing Gamester shakes the Box in vain,
And Bleeds, and loses on, in hopes to gain.

Write then, and in thy Letter, as I said,
Let her with mighty Promises be fed.
Cydippe by a Letter was betray'd, 520
Writ on an Apple to th' unwary Maid.
She read herself into a Marriage Vow ;
(And ev'ry Cheat in Love the Gods allow.)
Learn Eloquence, ye noble Youth of *Rome* ;
It will not only at the Bar overcome :
Sweet words the People and the Senate
move ;

But the chief end of Eloquence is Love.
But in thy Letter hide thy moving Arts ;
Affect not to be thought a Man of Parts.
None but vain Fools to simple Women
Preach ; 530

A learned Letter oft has made a Breach.
In a familiar Style your Thoughts convey,
And Write such things, as Present you wou'd
say ;

Such words as from the Heart may seem to
move :

'Tis Wit enough to make her think you Love.
If Seal'd she sends it back, and will not read ;
Yet hope, in time, the business may succeed.
In time the Steer will to the Yoke submit ;
In time the restif Horse will bear the Bit.
Ev'n the hard Plough-share use will wear
away ; 540

And stubborn Steel in length of time decay.

Water is soft, and Marble hard ; and yet
We see soft Water through hard Marble Eat.
Though late, yet *Troy* at length in Flames
expir'd ;

And ten years more *Penelope* had tir'd.
Perhaps, thy Lines unanswer'd she retain'd ;
No matter ; there's a Point already gain'd :
For she who Reads, in time will Answer too ;
Things must be left by just degrees to grow.
Perhaps she Writes, but Answers with
disdain, . 550

And sharply bids you not to Write again :
What she requires, she fears you shou'd
accord ;

The Jilt wou'd not be taken at her word.
Mean time, if she be carried to her Chair,
Approach ; but do not seem to know she's
there.

Speak softly, to delude the Standers by ;
Or, if aloud, then speak ambiguously.

If Santring in the Portico she Walk,
Move slowly too ; for that's a time for talk ;
And sometimes follow, sometimes be her
guide : 560

But when the Croud permits, go side by side
Nor in the *Play-House* let her sit alone :
For she's the *Play-House* and the *Playin* one.
There thou may'st ogle, or by signs advance
Thy suit, and seem to touch her Hand by
chance.

Admire the Dancer who her liki'g gains,
And pity in the *Play* the Lover's pains ;
For her sweet sake the loss of time despise ;
Sit while she sits, and when she rises rise.

But dress not like a Fop ; nor curl your
Hair, 570

Nor with a Pumice make your body bare.
Leave those effeminate and useless toys

To *Eunuchs*, who can give no solid joys.
Neglect becomes a Man : this *Thesens*
found :

Uncur'd, uncomb'd, the Nymph his Wishes
Crown'd.

The rough *Hippolitus* was *Phadra's* care ;
And *Venus* thought the rude *Adonis* fair.

Be not too Finical ; but yet be clean ;
And wear well-fashion'd Cloaths, like other
Men.

Let not your Teeth be yellow, or be foul ;
Nor in wide Shoes your Feet too loosely
roul. 581

Of a black Muzzel, and long Beard beware ;
And let a skilful Barber cut your Hair :

The Master smiled to see 'em work in vain,
To wear him out and make an idle reigo :
He saw, but suffer'd their Protractive Arts,
And strove by mildness to reduce their
Hearts ;

But they abused that Grace to make Allies
And fondly clos'd with former Enemies ;
For fools are double Fools, endeavoring to
be wise.

After a grave Consult what course were
best,

One, more mature in Folly than the rest,
Stood up, and told 'em with his head aside,
That desprate Cures must be to desprate
Ills apply'd : 1111

And therefore, since their main impending
fear

Was from th' encreasing race of *Chanticleer* :
Some Poteot Bird of Prey they ought to
find,

A Foe profess'd to him and all his kind :
Some haggard *Hawk*, who had her eyry nigh,
Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly ;
One they might trust, their common wrongs
to wreak :

The *Musquel*, and the *Coystrel* were too weak,
Too fierce the *Falcon*, but, above the rest,
The noble *Buzzard* ever pleas'd me best ; 1121
Of small Renown, 'tis true ; for, not to lye,
We call him but a *Hawk* by courtesie.

I know he haunts the *Pigeon-house* and
Farm,

And more, in time of War has done us harm ;
But all his hate on trivial Points depends,
Give up our Forms, and we shall soon be
friends.

For *Pigeons* flesh he seems not much to care ;
Cram'd *Chickens* are a more delicious fare ;
On this high Potestate, without delay, 1130
I wish you would confer the Sovereign sway ;
Petition him t' accept the Government,
And let a splendid Embassy be sent.

This pithy speech prevail'd ; and all
agreed,
Old Enmity's forgot, the *Buzzard* should
succeed.

Their welcom Suit was granted soon as
heard,

His Lodgings furnish'd, and a Train prepar'd,
With *B's* upon their Breast, appointed for
his Guard. 1138

He came, and Crown'd with great Solemnity,
God save King *Buzzard*, was the gen'ral cry.

A Portly Prince, and goodly to the sight,
He seem'd a Son of *Anach* for his height :
Like those whom stature did to Crowns
prefer ;

Black-brow'd and bluff, like *Homer's Jupiter* ;
Broad-backed and Brawny built for Loves
delight,

A Prophet form'd to make a female Proselyte.
A Theologue more by need, than genial bent,
By Breeding sharp, by Nature confident,
Int'rest in all his Actions was discern'd ;
More learn'd than Honest, more a Wit than
learn'd. 1150

Or forc'd by Fear, or by his Profit led,
Or both conjoyn'd, his Native clime he fled :
But brought the Vertues of his Heav'n
along ;

A fair Behaviour, and a fluent Tongue.
And yet with all his Arts he could not thrive ;
The must unlucky Parasite alive.

Loud Praises to prepare his Paths he sent,
And then himself pursu'd his Compliment !
But, by reverse of Fortune chac'd away,
His Gifts no longer than their Author stay ;
He shakes the Dust against th' ungrateful
race, 1161

And leaves the stench of Ordures in the
place.

Oft has he flatter'd, and blasphem'd the
same,
For in his Rage, he spares no Sov'rains name :
The Hero, and the Tyrant change their style
By the same measure that they frown or
smile ;

When well receiv'd by hospitable Foes,
The kindness he returns, is to expose :
For Courtesies, tho' undeserv'd and great,
No gratitude in Fellow-minds beget ; 1170
As tribute to his Wit, the churl receives the
treat.

His praise of Foes is venomously Nice,
So touch'd, it turns a Vertue to a Vice :
A Greek, and bountiful forewarns us twice.
Sev'n sacraments he wisely do's disown,
Because he knows Confession stands for
one ;

Where sins to sacred silence are convey'd,
And not for Fear, or Love, to be betray'd :
But he, uncall'd, his Patron to controul,
Divulg'd the secret whispers of his Soul ; 1180
Stood forth th' accusing Sathan of his
Crimes,

And offer'd to the *Moloch* of the Times.

Prompt to assayle, and careless of defence,
 Invulnerable in his Impudence,
 He dares the World, and, eager of a name,
 He thrusts about, and justles into fame.
 Frontless and Satyr-proof, he scowr's the
 streets, 1187
 And runs an *Indian* muck at all he meets.
 So fond of loud Report, that not to miss
 Of being known (his last and utmost bliss)
 He rather would be known, for what he is.
 Such was and is the Captain of the test;
 Tho' half his Vertues are not here express't;
 The modesty of Fame conceals the rest.
 The spleenful *Pigeons* never could create
 A Prince more proper to revenge their
 hate,
 Indeed, more proper to revenge, than save;
 A King, whom in his wrath, th' Almighty
 gave:
 For all the Grace the Landlord had allow'd
 But made the *Buzzard* and the *Pigeons*
 proud, 1200
 Gave time to fix their Friends, and to seduce
 the Crowd.
 They long their Fellow-Subjects to thrall,
 Their Patrons promise into question call,
 And vainly think he meant to make 'em
 Lords of all.
 False Fears their Leaders fail'd not to
 suggest,
 As if the *Doves* were to be dispossess't;
 Nor Sighs nor Groans nor gogling Eyes did
 want,
 For now the *Pigeons* too had learned to
 Cant.
 The House of Pray'r is stock'd with large
 encrease;
 Nor Doors, nor Windows can contain the
 Press: 1216
 For Birds of ev'ry feather fill th' abode;
 Ev'n Atheists out of envy own a God:
 And, reeking from the Stews, Adult'ers
 come,
 Like *Goths* and *Vandals* to demolish *Rome*.
 That Conscience, which to all their Crimes
 was mute,
 Now calls aloud, and cries to Persecute.
 No rigour of the Laws to be releas'd,
 And much the less, because it was their
 Lords request:
 They thought it great their Sov'rain to
 controul,
 And nam'd their Pride, Nobility of Soul. 1220

'Tis true, the *Pigeons* and their Prince
 Elect
 Were short of Pow'r their purpose to effect:
 But with their quills, did all the hurt they
 cou'd,
 And cuff'd the tender *Chickens* from their
 food:
 And much the *Buzzard* in their Cause did
 stir,
 Tho' naming not the Patron, to infer,
 With all respect, He was a gross Idolater.
 But when th' Imperial owner did espy
 That thus they turn'd his Grace to villany,
 Not suffring wrath to discompose his
 mind, 1230
 He strove a temper for th' extreams to find,
 So to be just, as he might still be kind.
 Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a
 Doom
 Of Sacred Strength for ev'ry Age to come.
 By this the Doves their Wealth and State
 possess,
 No Rights infring'd, but Licence to oppress:
 Such Pow'r have they as Faction's Lawyers
 long
 To Crowns ascrib'd, that Kings can do no
 wrong
 But, since his own Domestick Birds have
 try'd 1239
 The dire Effects of their destructive Pride,
 He deems that Proof a Measure to the rest,
 Concluding well within his Kingly Breast
 His Fowl of Nature too unjustly were
 oppress.
 He therefore makes all Birds of ev'ry Sect
 Free of his Farm, with promise to respect
 Their sev'ral Kinds alike, and equally pro-
 tect.
 His Gracious Edict the same Franchise
 yields
 To all the wild Encrease of Woods and
 Fields,
 And who in Rocks aloof, and who in Steeples
 builds.
 To *Crows* the like Impartial Grace affords,
 And *Thoughts* and *Dawes*, and such Republick
 Birds: 1251
 Secur'd with ample Priviledge to feed,
 Each has his District, and his Bounds de-
 creed:
 Combin'd in common Int'rest with his
 own,
 But not to pass the *Pigeons* *Rubicon*.

<p>Here ends the Reign of this pretended Dove ; All Prophecies accomplish'd from above, For <i>Shiloh</i> comes the Scepter to remove. Reduc'd from Her Imperial High Abode, Like <i>Dionysius</i> to a private Rod, 1260 The Passive Church, that with pretended Grace Did Her distinctive Mark in duty place, Now Touch'd, Reviles her Maker to his Face.) What after happen'd is not hard to guess ; The small Beginnings had a large Encrease, And Arts and Wealth succeed (the secret spoils of Peace.) 'Tis said the Doves repented, tho' too late Become the Smiths of their own Foolish Fate: Nor did their Owner hasten their ill hour : But, sunk in Credit, they decreas'd in Pow'r: Like Snows in warmth that mildly pass away, Dissolving in the Silence of Decay. 1172 The <i>Buzzard</i>, not content with equal place, Invites the feather'd <i>Nimrods</i> of his Race, To hide the thinness of their Flock from Sight, And all together make a seeming, goodly Flight : But each have sep'rate Interests of their own ; Two <i>Czars</i>, are one too many for a throne.</p>	<p>Nor can th' usurper long abstain from Food, Already he has tasted Pigeons Blood ; 1280 And may be tempted to his former fare, When this Indulgent Lord shall late to Heav'n repair. Bare bending times, and moulting Months may come, When lagging late, they cannot reach their home : Or Rent in schism, (for so their Fate decrees,) Like the Tumultuous Colledge of the Bees ; They fight their Quarrel, by themselves opprest ; The Tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling least. Thus did the gentle <i>Hind</i> her fable end, Nor would the <i>Panther</i> blame it, nor coun- mend ; 1290 But, with affected Yawnings at the close, Seem'd to require her natural repose. For now the streaky light began to peep ; And setting stars admonish'd both to sleep. The Dame withdrew, and wishing to her Guest The peace of Heav'n, betook her self to rest. Ten thousand Angels on her slumbers wait With glorious Visions of her future state.</p>
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FINIS.

[Title-page of First Edition.]

Britannia Rediviva:
A
P O E M
O N T H E
B I R T H
O F T H E
P R I N C E.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN

*Du Patru Indigetes, & Romule, Vestaque Mater,
Quæ Tuscum Tiberim, & Romana Palatia servas,
Hunc saltem everso Puerum succurrere sæclo
Ne prohibete: satis jampridem sanguine nostro
Laomedontæ lumen Perjuria Trojæ.*

Virg. Georg. 1.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J Tonson, at the Judges-Head in
Chancery-Lane, near Fleet-street. 1688

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA,

A

P O E M

ON THE

PRINCE

Born on the 10th of *June*, 1688.

OUR Vows are heard betimes ! and Heaven
takes care

To grant, before we can conclude the Pray'r :
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And sent us back to Praise, who came to
Pray.

Just on the Day, when the high mounted
Sun

Did farthest in his Northern Progress run,
He bended forward and ev'n stretched the
Sphere

Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year ;
To view a Brighter Sun in *Britaine* Born ;
That was the Bus'ness of his longest Morn,
The Glorious Object seen, t'was time to
turn. 11

Departing Spring cou'd only stay to
shed

Her bloomy beauties on the Genial Bed,
But left the manly Summer in her sted,
With timely Fruit the longing Land to cheer
And to fulfill the promise of the year.

Betwixt two Seasons comes th' Auspicious
Heir, c

This Age to blossom, and the next to bear.

* Last solemn Sabbath saw the Church
attend,

The Paraclete in fiery Pomp descend ; 20
But when his wondrous^b Octave row'd again,
He brought a Royal Infant in his Train,
So great a Blessing to so good a King
None but th' Eternal Comforter cou'd bring.

Or did the Mighty Trinity conspire,
As once, in Council to Create our Sire ?

* Whit Sunday.

b Trinity-Sunday.

It seems as if they sent the New-Born Guest
To wait on the Procession of their feast ;

And on their Sacred Anniverse decree'd 29
To stamp their Image on the promis'd Seed.
Three Realms united, and on One bestow'd
An Emblem of their Mystick Union show'd :
The Mighty Trine the Triple Empire shar'd,
As every Person wou'd have One to guard.

Hail, son of Pray'rs ! by holy Violence
Drawn down from Heav'n ; but long be
banish'd thence,

And late to thy Paternal Skyes retire :
To mend our Crimes whole Ages wou'd
require,

To change th' inveterate habit of our Sins,
And finish what thy Godlike Sire begins. 40
Kind Heav'n, to make us *English-Men* again,
No less can give us than a Patriarchs Reign.

The Sacred Cradle to your Charge receive
Ye Seraphs, and by turns the Guard relieve ;
Thy Father's Angel and Thy Father joyn
To keep Possession, and secure the Line ;
But long defer the Honours of thy Fate,
Great may they be like his, like his be late,
That *James* this running Century may view,
And give his Son an Auspice to the New. 50

Our wants exact at least that moderate
stay :

For see the ^c Dragon winged on his way,
To watch the ^d Travail and devour the
Prey.

Or, if Allusions may not rise so high,
Thus, when *Alcides* rais'd his Infant Cry,
The Snakes besieg'd his Young Divinity :

^c Alluding only to the Common-wealth Party,
here and in other places of the Poem.

^d Rev. 12 v. 4.

But vainly with their forked Tongues they
threat;

For Opposition makes a Heroe Great.

To needful Succour all the good will run;
And *Joze* assert the Godhead of his Son. 60

O still repining at your present state,
Grudging your selves the Benefits of Fate,
Look up, and read in Characters of Light
A Blessing sent you in your own Despight.
The Manna falls, yet that Celestial Bread
Like *Jesus* you muoch, and murmure while
you feed.

May not your Fortune be like theirs, Exil'd,
Yet forty Years to wander in the Wild:
Or if it be, may *Moses* live at least 69

To lead you to the Verge of promis'd Rest!

Tho' Poets are not Prophets, to foreknow
What Plants will take the Blite, and what
will grow,

By tracing Heav'n his Footsteps may be
found;

Behold! how awfully He walks the round!
God is abroad, and, wondrous in his ways,
The Rise of Empires, and their Fall surveys;
More (might I say) than with an usual eye,
He sees his bleeding Church in Ruine lye,
And hears the Souls of Saints beneath his
Altar cry.

Already has He lifted high, the * Sign, 80
Which Crown'd the Conquering Arms of
Constantine:

The 'Moon grows pale at that presaging
sight,

And half her Train of Stars have lost their
Light.

Behold another * *Sylvester*, to bless
The Sacred Standard, and secure Success;
Large of his Treasures, of a Soul so great
As fills and crowds his Universal Seat.

Now view at home a ¹ second Constantine;
(The former too, was of the *Brittish* line)
Has not his healing Balm your Breaches
clos'd, 90

Whose Exile many sought, and few oppos'd?
Or did not Heav'n by its Eternal Doom
Permit those Evils, that this Good might
come?

So manifest, that ev'n the Moos-ey'd Sects
See *Whom* and *What* this Providence pro-
tects.

Nethinks, had we within our Minds no more
Than that One Shipwrack on the Fatal Ore,
That only thought may make us think again,
What Wonders God reserves for such a Reign.
To dream that Chance his Preservation
wrought, 100

Were to think *Noah* was preserv'd for nought;
Or the sury in Eight were not design'd
To people Earth, and to restore their Kind.

When humbly on the Royal Babe we gaze,
The Manly Lines of a Majestick face
Give awful joy: 'Tis Paradise to look

On the fair Frontispiece of Nature's Book;
If the first opening Page so charms the sight,
Think how th' unfolded Volume will delight!
See how the Venerable Infant lyes 110

In early Pomp; how through the Mother's
Eyes

The Father's Soul with an undaunted view
Looks out, and takes our Homage as his due.
See on his future Subjects how He smiles,
Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;
But with an open face, as on his Throne,
Assures our Birthrights and assumes his own.
Born in broad Day-light, that th' ungrate-
ful Rout

May find no room for a remaining doubt:
Truth, which it self is light, does darkness
shun, 120

And the true Eaglet safely dares the Sun.

* Fain wou'd the Friends have made a
dubious birth,
Loth to confess the Godhead clothed in
Earth.

But sickned after all their baffled lyes,
To find an Heir apparent o^r the Skyes:
Abandon'd to despair, still may they grudge,
Aod, owning not the Saviour, prove the
Judge.

Not Great ¹ *Aeneas* stood in plainer Day,
When, the dark mantling Mist dissolv'd
away, 129

He to the *Tyrians* shew'd his sudden face,
Shining with all his Goddess Mother's Grace:

* The Cross

¹ The Crescent, which the Turks bear for
their Arms.

* The Pope in the time of Constantine the
Great, alluding to the present Pope.

¹ K. James the Second.

¹ The Lænnon Ore.

¹ Alluding to the Temptations in the Wilder-
ness

¹ Virg. *Aeneid.* 2

100 wrought,] wrought, 1533.

For She her self had made his Count'nance
bright,
Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own
Purple Light.

If our Victorious ^m *Edward*, as they say,
Gave *Wales* a Prince on that Propitious
Day,

Why may not Years revolving with his Fate
Produce his Like, but with a longer Date?
One who may carry to a distant shore
The Terror that his Fam'd Forefather
bore.

But why shou'd *James* or his Young Hero
stay 140

For slight Presages of a Name or Day?
We need no *Edward's* Fortune to adorn
That happy moment when our Prince was
born:

Our Prince adorns his Day, and Ages hence
Shall wish his Birth-day for some future
Prince.

ⁿ Great *Michael*, Prince of all th' *Ætherial*
Hosts,

And what e're In-born Saints our *Britain*
boasts;

And thou, th' ^o adopted Patron of our Isle,
With cheerful Aspects on this Infant smile:
The Pledge of Heav'n, which dropping from
above 150

Secures our Bliss and reconciles his Love.

Enough of Ills our dire Rebellion wrought,
When, to the Dregs, we drank the bitter
draught;

Then airy Atoms did in Plagues conspire, }
Nor did th' avenging Angel yet retire, }
But purg'd our still encreasiog Crimes }
with Fire. c

Then perjurd Plots, the still impending
Test,

And worse; but Charity conceals the Rest:
Here stop the Current of the sanguine flood;
Require not, Gracious God, thy Martyrs
Blood; 160

But let their dying pangs, their living toyl,
Spread a Rich harvest through their Native
Soil:

A Harvest ripening for another Reign,
Of which this Royal Babe may reap the
Graio.

^m-*Edw* the black Prince, Born on Trinity-Sunday.

ⁿ The Motto of the Poem explain'd.

^o St. George

Enough of Early Saints one womb has
giv'n;

Enough encreas'd the Family of Heav'n:
Let them for his and our Attonement go;
And Reigning blest above, leave him to
Rule below.

Enough already has the Year foreslow'd
His wonted Course, the Seas have overflow'd,
The Meads were floated with a weeping
Spring, 171

And frighten'd birds in Woods forgot to
sing;

The Strong-limb'd Steed beneath his harness
faints,

And the same shiv'ring sweat his Lord
attaints.

When will the Minister of Wrath give o're?
Behold him; at ^p *Araunak's* threshing-floor.
He stops, and seems to sneathe his flaming
brand;

Pleas'd with burnt Incense, from our *David's*
hand.

David has bought the *Jebusites* abode,
And rais'd an Altar to the Living God. 180
Heav'n, to reward him, make his Joys
sincere;

No future Ills. nor Accidents appear
To sully and pollute the Sacred Infants
Year.

Five Months to Discord and Debate were
giv'n:

He sanctifies the yet remaining Sev'n.
Sabbath of Months! henceforth in Him be
blest,

And prelude to the Realms perpetual Rest!
Let his Baptismal Drops for us atone;
Lustrations for ^q Offences not his own.

Let Conscience, which is Int'rest ill disguis'd,
In the same Font be cleans'd, and all the
Land Baptiz'd. 191

^r Un-nam'd as yet; at least unknown to
Fame:

Is there a strife in Heav'n about his
Name?

Where every Famous Predecessour vies,
And makes a Faction for it in the Skies?

^p Alluding to the passage in 1 Book of Kings,
Ch 24. v. 30th.

^q Original Sin.

^r The Prince Christen'd, but not nam'd.

169 foreslow'd] Some editions absurdly give
foreshow'd

Or must it be reserv'd to thought alone?
Such was the Sacred ^a *Tetragrammaton*.
Things worthy silence must not be reveal'd.
Thus the true Name of ^b *Rome* was kept
conceal'd, 199

To shun the Spells, and Sorceries of those
Who durst her Infant Majesty oppose.
But when his tender strength in time shall
rise

To dare ill Tongues, and fascinating eyes;
This Isle, which hides the little Thund'rer's
Fame,

Shall be too narrow to contain his Name:
Th' Artillery of Heav'n shall make him
known;

^c *Crete* could not hold the God, when *Jove*
was grown

As *Joves* ^d *Increase*, who from his Brain
was born,

Whom Arms and Arts did equally adorn,
Free of the Breast was bred, whose milky
taste 210

Minerva's Name to *Venus* had debas'd;
So this Imperial Babe rejects the Food
That mixes Monarchs with *Plebeian* blood:
Food that his inborn Courage might con-
troul,

Extinguish all the Father in his Soul,
And for his *Estian* Race, and *Saxon* Strain,
Might re produce some second *Richard's*
Reign

Mildness he shares from both his Parents
blood:

But Kings too tame are despicably good:
Be this the Mixture of this Regal Child, 220
By Nature Manly, but by Virtue Mild.

Thus far the Furious Transport of the
News

Had to Prophetick Madness fir'd the
Muse;

Madness ungovernable, uninspir'd,
Swift to foretel whatever she desir'd;
Was it for me the dark Abyss to tread,
And read the Book which Angels cannot
read?

^a *Jehovah*, or the name of God unlawful to be
pronounc'd by the Jews

^b Some Authors say, that the true name of
Rome was kept a secret, the hostes incantamentis
Deos elicerent

^c *Candia* where *Jupiter* was born and bred
secretly,

^d *Phallus* or *Mineria*, said by the Poets, to have
been bred up by hand

How was I punish'd when the sudden blast
The Face of Heav'n and our young Sun
o'rcast!

Fame, the swift Ill, encreasing as she rowl'd,
Disease, Despair, and Death at three reprises
told: 231

At three insulting strides she stalk'd the
Town,

And, like Contagion, struck the Loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd Wheat; but
mounted high,

The Whirl-wind bore the Chaff, and hid the
Sky.

Here black Rebellion shooting from below,
(As Earth's ^e *Gigantick* brood by moments
grow)

And here the Sons of God are petrify'd
with Woe:

An *Appoplex* of Grief! so low were driv'n
The Saints, as hardly to defend their Heav'n.

As, when pent Vapours run their hollow
round, 241

Earth quakes, which are Convulsions of the
ground,

Break bellowing forth, and no Confinement
brook,

Till the Third settles what the Former
shook;

Such heavings had our Souls, till, slow and
late,

Our life with his return'd, and Faith prevail'd
on Fate

By Prayers the mighty *Blessing* was im-
plor'd,

To Pray'rs was granted, and by Pray'rs
restor'd. 248

So e're the ^f *Shunamite* a Son conceiv'd,
The Prophet promis'd, and the Wife believ'd;

A Son was sent, the Son so much desir'd,
But soon upon the Mother's Knees expir'd

The troubled Seer approach'd the mournful
Door,

Ran, prayed, and sent his Past'ral Staff
before,

Then stretch'd his Limbs upon the Child,
and mourn'd,

Till Warmth, and breath, and a new Soul
return'd.

^g The sudden false Report of the Prince's
Death

^h Those Giants are feign'd to have grown
in *Ellis* every day

ⁱ In the second Book of Kings, chap. 4th

Thus Mercy stretches out her hand, and
saves

Desponding *Peter* sinking in the Waves.

As when a sudden Storm of Hail and Rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded
Grain. 260

Think not the hopes of Harvest are destroy'd
On the flat Field, and on the naked void ;
The light unloaded stem, from tempestfree'd,
Will raise the youthful honours of his head ;
And, soon restor'd by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous Year.

Nor yet conclude all fiery *Trials* past,
For Heav'n will exercise us to the last ;
Sometimes will check us in our full career,
With doubtful blessings, and with mingled
fear ; 270

That, still depending on his daily Grace,
His every mercy for an alms may pass ;
With sparing hands will Dyet us to good ;
Preventing Surfeits of our pampered blood.
So feeds the Mother-bird her craving young
With little Morsels, and delays 'em long.

True, this last blessing was a Royal Feast,
But where's the Wedding Garment on the
Guest ?

Our Manners, as Religion were a Dream,
Are such as teach the Nations to *Blaspheme*.
In Lusts we wallow, and with Pride we
swell, 281

And Injuries, with Injuries repell ;
Prompt to Revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our Lives unteach the Doctrine we believe ;
Thus *Israel* Sind, impenitently hard,
And vainly thought the ' present Ark their
Guard ;

But when the haughty *Philistims* appear,
They fled abandoned to their Foes and
fear ;

Their God was absent, though his Ark
was there.

Ah ! lest our Crimes shou'd snatch this
Pledge away, 290

And make our Joys the blessing of a day !
For we have sin'd him hence, and that he
lives.

God to his promise, not our practice, gives.
Our Crimes wou'd soon weigh down the
guilty Scale,

But *James*, and *Mary*, and the Church pre-
vail.

Nor *Amaleck* can rout the *Chosen Bands*,
While *Hur* and *Aaron* hold up *Moses* hands:

By living well, let us secure his days ;
Mod'rate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
No force the Free-born Spirit can constrain,
But Charity, and great Examples gain. 30r
Forgiveness is our thanks, for such a day ;
'Tis Godlike God in his own Coyn to pay.

But you, Propitious Queen, translated
here

From your mild Heav'n to rule our rugged
Splicre,

Beyond the Sunny walks and circling Year.
You, who your Native Clymate have bereft
Of all the Virtues, and the Vices left ;

Whom Piety, and Beauty make their boast,
Though Beautiful is well in Pious lost ; 310

So lost as Star-light is dissolv'd away,
And melts into the brightness of the day,
Or Gold about the Regal Diadem,

Lost to improve the lustre of the Gem.
What can we add to your Triumphant Day ?

Let the Great Gift the beauctious Giver pay ;
For shou'd our thanks awake the rising
Sun,

And lengthen, as his latest shadows run,
That, tho' the longest day, wou'd soon,
too soon, be done.

Let Angels voices with their harps conspire,
But keep th' auspicious Infant from the
Quire ; 321

Late let him sing above, and let us know
No sweeter Musick than his Cries below.

Nor can I wish to you, Great Monarch,
more

Than such an annual Income to your store ;
The Day which gave this *Unit*, did not
shine

For a less Omen, than to fill the *Trine*.
After a *Prince*, an *Admiral* beget,

The Royal Sov'raign wants an Anchor yet.
Our Isle has younger Titles still in store,
And when th' exhausted Land can yield
no more, 33r

Your Line can force them from a Foreign
shore.

The Name of Great your Martial mind
will suit ;

But Justice is your Darling Attribute :

c Exod. 17. 1. 8th

320 voices] 10 voices, 1688
331 Justice] Justice, 1688.

Of all the *Greeks*, 'twas but ^d one *Hero's* due, For few wou'd love their God, unless they
 And, in him, *Plutarch* Prophecy'd of you. fear'd.
 A Prince's favours but on few can fall, Resistless Force and Immortality
 But Justice is a Virtue shar'd by all. Make but a Lame, Imperfect Deity ; 350
 Some Kings the name of Conq'rors have Tempests have force unbounded to destroy.
 assum'd, • 339 And Deathless Being ev'n the Damn'd enjoy,
 Some to be Great, some to be Gods presum'd ; And yet Heav'ns Attributes both last and
 But boundless pow'r and arbitrary Lust first,
 Made Tyrants still abhor the Name of Just ; One without life, and one with life accurst ;
 They shun'd the praise this Godlike Virtue But Justice is Heav'ns self, so strictly He
 gives, That cou'd it fail, the God-head cou'd not be.
 And fear'd a Title that reproach'd their This Virtue is your own ; but Life and State
 Lives. Are One to Fortune subject, One to Fate :
 The Pow'r from which all Kings derive Equal to all, you justly frown or smile,
 their state, Nor Hopes, nor Fears your steady Hand }
 Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate, beguile ; 360
 Is equal both to punish and reward ; Your self our Ballance hold, the Worlds
 our Isle.

^d Aristides, *see his Life in Plutarch.*

361 Worlds] Worlds, 2653.

EPISTLES AND COMPLIMENTARY ADDRESSES.

TO JOHN HODDESDON,

ON HIS DIVINE EPIGRAMS.

<p>Thou hast inspired me with thy soul, and I, Who ne're before could ken of poetry, Am grown so good proficient I can lend A line in commendation of my friend ; Yet 'tis but of the second hand ; if ought There be in this, 'tis from thy fancy brought. Good thief who dar'st Prometheus-like aspire, And fill thy poems with Celestiall fire, Enliven'd by these sparks divine, their rayes Adde a bright lustre to thy crown of bayes. Young eaglet, who thy nest thus soon for- sook, So lofty and divine a course hast took As all admire, before the down begin To peep, as yet, upon thy smoother Chin ;</p>	<p>And, making heaven thy aim, hast had the grace To look the sunne of righteousnesse ith' face. What may we hope, if thou go'st on thus fast! Scriptures at first, Enthusiasmes at last ! Thou hast commene'd, betimes, a saint : go on, Mingling Diviner streams with Helicon, so That they who view what Epigrams here be, May learn to make like, in just praise of thee. Reader, I've done, nor longer will withhold Thy greedy eyes ; looking on this pure gold Thou'lt know adul'trate copper, which, like this, Will onely serve to be a loil to his.</p>
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J. DRYDEN, of Trin. C.

To my Honored Friend SIR ROBERT HOWARD On his Excellent Poems.

<p>As there is Musick uninform'd by Art In those wild Notes, which with a merry heart The Birds in unfrequented shades expresse, Who better taught at home, yet please us lesse : So in your Verse, a native sweetnesse dwells, Which shames Composure, and its Art excels. Singiog no more can your soft numbers grace, Then Paint adds charms unto a beauteous Face. Yet as when mighty Rivers gently creep, Their even calmesse does suppose them deep, Such is your Muse: no Metaphor swell'd high With dangerous boldnesse lifts her to the sky; Those mounting Fancies, when they fall again, Shew sand and dirt at bottom do remain. So firm a strength and yet withall so sweet, Did never but in <i>Sampson's</i> Riddle meet.</p>	<p>'Tis strange each line so great a weight should bear, And yet no signe of toil, no sweat appear. Either your Art hides Art, as Stoicks feign Then least to feel, when most they suffer pain; And we, dull souls, admire but cannot see What hidden springs within the Engine be Or 'tis some happiness that still pursues Each act and motion of your gracefull Muse. Or is it Fortune's work, that in your head The curious *Net that is for fancies spread, Lets through its Meshes every meaner thought While rich Idea's there are only caught ? Sure that's not all ; this is a piece too fair To be the chuld of Chance, and not of Care.</p>
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To JOHN HODDESDON. Text from the original
prefix to Hoddesdon's *Sion and Parnassus*, 1650
16 ubi Editors wrongly give i the or in the

TO SIR ROBERT HOWARD Text from the
original of 1661.
8 Then] The editors change the spelling to Than
27 Lets] Let's 1661.
28 caught ?] caught, 1661.

No Atoms casually together hurl'd
 Could e're produce so beautifull a world.
 Nor dare I such a doctrine here admit,
 As would destroy the providence of wit.
 'Tis your strong Genius then which does not
 feel

Those weights would make a weakerspirit reel.
 To carry weight and run so lightly too
 Is what alone your *Pegasus* can do.

Great *Hercules* himself could ne're do more,
 Than not to feel those Heav'ns and Gods
 he bore.

Your easier odes, which for delight were
 penn'd,

Yet our instruction make their second end ;
 We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them
 that woo

At once a Beauty and a Fortune too.
 Of Morall Knowledge Poesie was Queen,
 And still she might, had wanton wits not
 been ;

Who like ill Guardians liv'd themselves at
 large,

And, not content with that, debauch'd their
 charge.

Like some brave Captain, your successful Pen
 Restores the Exil'd to her Crown again ; 50
 And gives us hope that having seen the days
 When nothing flourish'd but Fanatique Bays,
 All will at length in this opinion rest,
 " A sober Prince's Government is best.

This is not all ; your Art the way has found
 To make improvement of the richest ground,
 That soil which those immortal Lawrells bore,
 That once the sacred *Maro's* temples wore.

Elisa's griefs, are so expresst by you,
 They are too eloquent to have been true. 60
 Had she so spoke, *Aeneas* had obey'd
 What *Dido* rather than what *Jove* had said.
 If funeral Rites can give a Ghost repose,
 Your Muse so justly had discharged those,
Elisa's shade may now its wandring cease,
 And claim a title to the fields of peace.

But if *Aeneas* be oblig'd, no lesse
 Your kindness great *Achilles* doth confesse,
 Who, dress'd by *Statius* in too bold a look,
 Did ill become those Virgin's Robes he took.

40 Gods] gods 1661.
 50 improvement] The editors wrongly give
 the improvement

62 then] The editors change the spelling to
 than

70 Virgin's] The editors wrongly give Virgin

31 To understand how much we owe to you, 71
 We must your Numbers with your Author's
 view :

Then we shall see his work was lamely rough,
 Each figure stuff, as if design'd in buffe ;
 His colours laid so thick on every place,
 As onely shew'd the paint, but hid the face.
 But as in Perspective we Beauties see,
 Which in the glasse, not in the Picture, be ;
 So here our sight obligingly mistakes
 That wealth, which his your bounty onely
 makes 80

Thus vulgar dishes are by Cooks disguis'd,
 More for their dressing than their substance
 priz'd.

Your curious *Notes so scareh into { *Arnota-*
 that Age, { *tions on*

When all was fable but the sacred { *Statius.*
 * Page,

That, since in that dark night we needs
 must stray,

We are at least misled in pleasant way.
 But what we most admire, your Verse no lesse
 The Prophet than the Poet doth confess.
 Ere our weak eyes discern'd th' doubtfull
 streak

Of light, you saw great *Charles* his morning
 break. 90

So skilfull Sea-men ken th' Land from far,
 Which shows like mists to the dul Passenger.
 To *Charls* your Muse first pays her dutious
 love,

As still the Antieots did begin from *Jose*
 With *Monck* you end, whose name preserv'd
 shall be,

As *Rome* recorded * *Rufus* memory,
 Who thought it greater honour
 to obey

His Country's interest, than { ** Hic situs est*
 the world to sway. { *Rufus qui*

But to write worthy things of { *pulso vindice*
 worthy men, { *quondam*

Is the peculiar talent of your { *Imperium*
 Pen : { *asserunt non*

Yet let me take your Mantle up, and I
 Will venture in your right to prophesy.

" This Work, by merit first of Fame secure,
 " Is likewise happy in its Geniture :

" For, since 'tis born when *Charls* ascends th'
 Throne,

" It shares at once his Fortune and its own.

JOHN DRIDEN.

*To my Honour'd Friend Dr. Charleton, on his learned
and useful Works; and more particularly this of
Stone-heng, by him Restored to the true Founders.*

The longest Tyranny that ever sway'd
Was that wherein our Ancestors betray'd
Their free-born Reason to the *Stagirite*,
And made his Torch their universal Light.
So Truth, while only once suppli'd the State,
Grew scarce, and dear, and yet sophisticate;
Until 'twas bought, like *Emp'rique* Wares,
or Charms,

Hard words seal'd up with *Aristotle's* Armes.
Columbus was the first that shook his Throne;
And found a *Temp'rate* in a *Torrid* Zone, 10
The fevrish aire fann'd by a cooling breez,
The fruitful Vales set round with shady
Trees;

And guiltless *Men*, who dane'd away their
time,

Fresh as their *Grooves* and *Happy* as their
Clinue.

Had we still paid that homage to a *Name*,
Which only *God* and *Nature* justly claim,
The *Western* Seas had been our utmost bound,
Where *Poets* still might dream the *Sun* was
drown'd:

And all the *Starrs*, that shine in *Southern*
Skies, 19

Had been admir'd by none but *Salvage* Eyes.
Among th' *Assertors* of free Reason's claim,

Th' *English* are not the least in Worth, or
Fame.

The World to *Bacon* does not onely owe
Its present Knowledge, but its future too.
Gilbert shall live, till *Lode-stones* cease to draw
Or *British* Fleets the boundless Ocean awe.
And noble *Boyle*, not less in *Nature* seen,
Than his great *Brother* read in *States* and *Men*.
The *Chiding* streams, once thought but pools,
of blood

(Whether Life's jewel or the Bodie's food)

From dark Oblivion *Harvey's* name shall
save;

While *Eni* keeps all the honour that he gave.
Nor are *You*, Learned Friend, the least
renown'd;

Whose Fame, not circumscrib'd with *English*
ground,

Flies like the nimble journeys of the Light;
And is, like that, unspent too in its flight.

Whatever *Truths* have been, by *Art*, or *Chance*,
Redeem'd from *Error*, or from *Ignorance*,

Thin in their *Authors*, (like rich veins of Ore)
Your Works unite, and still discover more.

Such is the healing virtue of Your Pen, 41
To perfect Cures on *Books*, as well as *Men*.

Nor is This Work the least: You well may
give

To *Men* new vigour, who make *Stones* to live.
Through You the *DANES* (their short Do-
minion lost)

A longer Conquest than the *Saxons* boast.
STONE-HENG, once thought a *Temple*, You

have found
A *Throne* where *Kings*, our Earthly Gods,

were Crown'd.

Where by their wondring Subjects They
were seen,

Joy'd with their Stature and their Princely
meen. 50

Our *Soveraign* here above the rest might
stand;

And here he chose again to rule the Land.
These Ruines sheltered once His Sacred

Head,
Then when from Wor'ster's fatal Field He

fled;

Watch'd by the Genius of this Royal place,
And mighty Visions of the Danish Race,

His *Refuge* then was for a *Temple* shown:
But, He Restor'd, 'tis now become a *Throue*.

JOHN DRIDEN.

TO DR CHARLETON. Text from the original pre-
fix to Charleton's *Chorea Gigantum*, 1663.

6 sophisticate; j] sophisticate. 1633.

7 Until 'twas] *Derrick and others nonsensi-
cally give* Still it was

22 Th' English are] *Tonson in 1704 printed*
Our Nation's

28 Brother] *Christie, Saintsbury, and others*
print a comma after this word and so give

another and wholly false sense.

39 on] *Christie wrongly gives in*

50 Joy'd with] *Scott reports the reading of the*
first edition to be Chose by

The British
Museum copy has Joy'd with

54 Then when] *Tonson in 1704 printed* When he
from Wor'ster's fatal battle fled

TO THE | LADY CASTLEMAINE, |

upon | *Her encouraging his first Play.*

<p>As <i>Seamen</i>, Shipwreck'd on some happy Shore, Discover Wealth in Lands unknown before, And, what their <i>Art</i> had labour'd long in vain By their Misfortunes happily obtain. So my much envy'd Muse, by storms long tost, Is thrown upon your hospitable Coast, And finds more favour by her ill success, Than she cou'd hope for by her Happiness. Once <i>Cato's</i> Virtue did the Gods oppose. While they the Victor, He the Vanquish'd chose : But you have done what <i>Cato</i> cou'd not do, To chuse the Vanquish'd, and restore him too. Let others still Triumph, and gain their Cause By their Deserts or by the <i>World's Applause</i> ; Let Merit Crowns, and Justice Lawrels give, But let me happy by your Pity live. True Poets empty Fame and Praise despise ; Fame is the Trumpet, but your Smile the Prize : You sit above, and see vain Men below Contend, for what you only can bestow ; 20 But those great actions others do by chance, Are, like your <i>Beauty</i>, your <i>Inheritance</i> : So great a Soul, such sweetness join'd in one, Cou'd only spring from Noble <i>Grandison</i> : You, like the Stars, not by Reflection bright, Are born to your own Heav'n, and your own light ;</p>	<p>Like them are good, but from a <i>Nobler Cause</i>, From your own Knowledge, not from <i>Nature's Laws</i>. Your Pow'r you never use but for Defence, To guard your own, or others' Innocence : Your Foes are such as they, not you, have made, 31 And Virtue may repel, tho' not invade. Such Courage did the <i>Ancient heroes</i> show, Who, when they might prevent, won'd wait the blow ; With such assurance as they meant to say, We will o'come, but scorn the safest way. What further fear of danger can there be ? <i>Beauty</i>, which captives all things, sets me free. Posterity will judge by my success I had the <i>Grecian</i> Poet's happiness, 40 Who, waving plots, found out a better way ; Some God descended and preserv'd the Play. When first the Trumpbs of your Sex were sung By those old Poets, <i>Beauty</i> was but young, And few admired the native Red and White, Till Poets dress'd them up, to charm the sight ; So <i>Beauty</i> took on trust, and did engage For Sums of Praises till she came to <i>Age</i>. But this long growing Debt to Poetry 49 You justly (<i>Madam</i>) have discharg'd to me, When your <i>Applause</i> and <i>Favour</i> did infuse New life to my condemn'd and dying Muse</p>
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To Mr. Lee, on his *Alexander*.

<p>THE Blast of common Censure cou'd I fear, Before your Play my Nnme shou'd not appear ; For 'twill be thought, and with some colour too, I pay the Bribe I first receiv'd from You : That mutual Vouchers for our Fame we stand, To play the Game into each other's Hand ;</p>	<p>And as cheap Pen'orths to our selves afford As <i>Bessus</i>, and the Brothers of the Sword. Such Libels private Men may well endure, When <i>States</i>, and <i>Kings</i> themselves are not secure : 10 For ill Men, conscious of their inward guilt, Think the best Actions on By-ends are built,</p>
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TO THE LADY CASTLEMAINE Text from the
Miscellanies of 1691

TO MR LEE Text from the original prefix to
Lee's tragedy of *The Rival Queens*, 1677, re-
published in 1694

And yet my silence had not scap'd their
spight,
Then envy had not suffer'd me to write,
For, since I cou'd not Ignorance pretend,
Such worth I must or envy or commend.
So many *Candidates* there stand for Wit,
A place io Court is scarce so hard to get ;
In vain they crowd each other at the Door ;
For ev'n Reversions are all beg'd before : 20
Desert, how known so e're, is long delay'd ,
And, then too, *Fools* and *Knaves* are better
payd.
Yet, as some Actions bear so great a Name
That Courts themselves are just, for fear of
Shame :
So has the mighty Merit of your Play
Extorted praise, and forc'd it self a Way.
'Tis here, as 'tis at Sea ; who farthest goes,
Or dares the most, makes all the rest his
Foes ;
Yet when some Virtue much out-grows the
rest,
It shoots too fast, and high, to be oppress'd ;
As his Heroic worth struck Envy dumb, 31
Who took the *Dutchman*, and who cut the
Boom ;
Such praise is yours, while you the Passions
move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd ; 'tis real Love :

Where Nature Triumphs over wretched
Art ;
We only warm the Head, but you the Heart ;
Always you warm ! and if the rising Year,
As in hot Regions, bring the Sun too near,
'Tis but to make your Fragrant Spices blow,
Which in our colder Climates will not
grow. 40
They only think you animate your Theme
With too much Fire, who are themselves all
Phle'me :
Prizes wou'd be for Lags of slowest pace,
Were Cripples made the Judges of the
Race.
Despise those Drones, who praise while they
accuse
The too much vigour of your youthful Muse :
That humble Stile which they their Virtue
make
Is in your pow'r ; you need but stoop and
take.
Your beauteous Images must be allow'd
By all, but some vile Poets of the Crowd. 50
But how shou'd any Sign-post-dawber know
The worth of *Titian*, or of *Angelo* ?
Hard Features every Bungler can command ;
To draw true Beauty shews a Masters Hand.

JOHN DRYDEN.

To the | *Earl of Roscomon, on his Excellent Essay*
on Translated Verse.

Whether the frut'ful Nile, or Tyrian Shore
The seeds of Arts and Infant Science bore,
'Tis sure the noble Plant translated, first
Advanced its bead in Grecian Gardens nurst.
The *Grecians* added Verse, their tuneful
Tongue
Made Nature first and Nature's God their
song.
Nor stopt Translation here : For conquering
Rome
With *Grecian* Spoils brought *Grecian* Num-
bers home ;

Enrich'd by those *Athenian* Muses more
Than all the vanquish'd World cou'd yield
before. 10
Till barb'rous Nations aod more barb'rous
Times
Debas'd the majesty of Verse to Rhymes ;
Those rude at first: a kind of hobbling Prose:
That limp'd along and tinck'd in the close :
But *Italy*, reviving from the trance
Of *Vandal*, *Goth*, and *Monkish* ignorance,

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMON Text from the
original prefix to Roscomon's *Essay on Trans-*
lated Verse, 1684.

3 Plant translated, first] Plant, translated
first ; 1684

TO MR LEE

30 oppress] exprest 1694 suppress *Scott*

With pauses, cadence, and well-vowel'd
Words,
And all the Graces n good Ear affords,
Made Rhyme an Art: and *Dante's* poli-h'd
page
Restar'd a silver, not a golden Age: 20
Then *Petrarch* follow'd, and in him we see,
What Rhyme improv'd in all its height
can be;
At best a pleasing Sound, and fair har-
mony:
The *French* pursu'd their steps; and *Brit-
tain*, last
In Manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd.
The Wit of *Greece*, the Gravity of *Rome*,
Appear exalted in the *British* Loom; ;
The Muses Empire is restor'd agen,
In *Charles* his reign, and by *Roscomon's* Pen.
Yet modestly he does his Work survey 30
And calls a finish'd Poem an ESSAY;
For all the needful Rules are scatter'd here;
Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly
severe;
(So well is Art disguis'd, for Nature to
appear.)
Nor need those Rules to give Translation
light;
His own example is a flame so bright;
That he, who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance; unknowing will
excel.
Scarce his own *Horace* cou'd such Rules
ordain;
Or his own *Virgil* sing a nobler strain. 40
How much in him may rising *Ireland* boast,
How much in gaining him has *Britain* lost!
Their Island in revenge has ours reclaim'd,
The more instructed we, the more we still
are sham'd.
'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow,
Deriv'd from *British* Channels lang ago;
That here his conquering ancestors were
nurst,
And *Ireland* but translated *England* first:
By this Reprisal we regain our right;
Else must the two contending Nations fight

A nobler quarrel for his Native earth, 51
Than what divid'd *Greece* for *Homer's*
birth.
To what perfection will our Tongue arrive,
How will Invention and Translation thrive
When Authors nably born will bear their
part,
And not disdain th' inglorious praise of Art!
Great Generals thus descending from com-
mand,
With their awn tail provoke the Souldiers
hand.
How will sweet *Ovid's* Ghost he pleas'd to
hear 59
His Fame augmented by a *British*
Peer, *The Earl of*
How he embellishes His *Helen's* *Mulgrave*
loves,
Outdoes his softness, and his sense improves?
When these translate, and teach Translators
too,
Nor Firstling Kid nar any vulgar vow
Shou'd at *Apollo's* grateful Altar stand; }
Roscomon writes, to that auspicious hand, }
Muse feed the Bull that spurns the yellow }
sand.
Roscomon, whom both Court and Camps
commend,
True to his Prince and faithful to his
friend; 69
Roscomon first in Fields of honour known, }
First in the peaceful Triumphs of the }
Gawn; }
Who both *Minerva's* justly makes his own. }
Now let the few belov'd by *Jove*, and }
they }
Whom infus'd *Titan* form'd of better Clay,
On equal terms with ancient Wit ingage,
Nor mighty *Homer* fear, nor sacred *Virgil's*
page;
Our *English* Palace opens wide in state;
And without stooping they may pass the
Gate.

JOHN DRYDEN.

60 a *British*] Some editions wrongly give an
English
61 Shou'd] Thou'd 1684.
70 Fields] Christie and others wrongly give
field

47 were] was 1685; Dryden writing to Tonson
pointed out the misprint

TO MY FRIEND MR. NORTHLEIGH,

AUTHOR OF THE PARALLEL,

ON HIS TRIUMPH OF THE BRITISH MONARCHY.

So *Joseph*, yet a Youth, expounded well
 The boding Dream, and did th' Event fore-
 tell,
 Judg'd by the past, and drew the Parallel.
 Thus early *Solomon* the truth explored,
 The Right awarded, and the Babe restor'd.
 Thus *Daniel*, ere to Prophecy he grew,
 The perjurd Presbyters did first subdue,
 And freed *Susanna* from the canting Crew

Well may our Monarchy Triumphant stand,
 While warlike *James* protects both Sea and
 Land;
 And, under Covert of his sev'nfold Shield,
 Thou sendst thy Shafts to scour the distant
 Field.
 By law thy pow'riful Pen has set us free;
 Thou studiest that, and that may study
 thee.

To my Ingenious Friend | Henry Higden, Esq.; | on his
 translation of the | Tenth SATYR | of | JUVENAL.

THE *Grecian* Wits, who *Satyr* first began,
 Were Pleasant *Pasquins* on the Life of
 Man;
 At Mighty Villains, who the State oppress,
 They durst not Rail perhaps; they
 Laugh'd at least,
 And turn'd 'em out of Office with a Jest.
 No Fool could peep abroad, but ready
 stand
 The Drolls to clap a *Bauble* in his hand:
 Wise *Legislators* never yet could draw
 A *Fop*, within the Reach of *Common-Law*;
 For Posture, Dress, Grimace, and Affectation,
 Tho' *Foes* to *Sence*, are Harmless to the
 Nation. 11
 Our last Redress is Dint of *Verse* to try,
 And *Satyr* is our *Court of Chancery*.
 This Way took *Horace* to reform an Age,
 Not Bad enough to need an Author's
 Rage:
 But Yours, * who liv'd in more * *Juvenal*.
 degen'rate Times,
 Was forc'd to fasten Deep, and worry
 Crimes:
 Yet You, my Friend, have temper'd him so
 well,
 You make him Smile in spight of all his
 Zeal:
 An Art peculiar to your Self alone, 20
 To joyn the Vertues of Two stiles in One.

Oh! were your Author's Principle re-
 ceiv'd,
 Half of the lab'ring World wou'd be
 reliev'd;
 For not to Wish, is not to be deceiv'd!
Revenge wou'd into *Charity* be chang'd,
 Because it costs too Dear to be *Revenge'd*:
 It costs our *Quiet* and *Content of Mind*;
 And when 'tis compass'd leaves a Sting
 behind.
 Suppose I had the better End o' th' Staff,
 Why should I help th' ill-natur'd World to
 laugh? 30
 'Tis all alike to them who gets the Day;
 They Love the Spight and Mischief of the
 Fray.
 No; I have Cur'd my Self of that *Disease*,
 Nor will I be provok'd, but when I please:
 But let me half that *Cure* to You restore;
 You gave the *Salve*, I laid it to the Sore.
 Our kind Relief against a Rainy Day,
 Beyond a Tavern, or a tedious Play;
 We take your Book, and laugh our Spleen
 away,
 If all your *Tribe*, (too studious of *Debate*) 40
 Wou'd cease false Hopes and Titles to create,
 Led by the *Rare Example* you begun,
Clyents wou'd fail and *Lawyers* be undone.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TO MR. NORTHLEIGH. Text from the original,
 prefix to John Northleigh's *The Triumph of*
Our Monarchy, 1685. (I depend for the colla-
 tion on another hand)

TO HENRY HIGDEN. Text from the original,
 prefix to Higden's Translation of *Juvenal's Tenth*
Satire, 1687.

* Rail perhaps; Rail; perhaps, 1687.

Laugh'd] Many editors wrongly give lash'd

A LETTER TO SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

To you who live in chill Degree,
As Map informs, of Fifty three,
And do not much for Cold atone
By bringing thither Fifty one,
Methinks all Climes shou'd be alike,
From Tropick even to Pole Artique ;
Since you have such a Constitution
As nowhere suffers Diminution.
You can be old in grave Debate,
And young in Love-affairs of State :
And both to Wives and Husbands show
The Vigour of a Plenipo.

Like mighty Missioner you come
Ad Partes Infidelium ;
A Work of wondrous Merit sure,
So far to go, so much t' indure ;
And all to Preach to *German* Dame,
Where Sound of *Cupid* never came.
Less had you done, had you been sent
As far as *Drake* or *Pinto* went,
For Cloves or Nutmegs to the line *a*,
Or e'en for Oranges to *China* :
That had indeed been Charity,
Where Love-sick Ladies helpless lye, }
Chapt, and for want of Liquor dry. }
But you have made your Zeal appear
Within the Circle of the *Bear*.

What Region of the Earth's so dull,
That is not of your Labours full ?
Triptolemus, so sung the Nine,
Strew'd Plenty from his Cart Diviue.
But spite of these Fable-Makers,
He never sow'd on *Almain* Acres :
No, that was left by Fate's Decree
To be perform'd and sung by thee.
Thou break'st thro' Forms with as much ease
As the *French* King thro' Articles.
In grand Affairs thy Days are spent, }
In waging weighty Complement }
With such as monarchs represent. } 40

They who such vast Fatigues attend,
Want some soft Minutes to unbend,
To show the World that now and then
Great Ministers are mortal Men.
Then *Rhenish* Rummers walk the Round,
In Bumpers ev'ry King is crown'd,
Besides three Holy miter'd Hectors,
And the whole College of Electors.
No Health of Potentate is sunk
That pays to make his Envoy drunk. 50
These *Dutch* Delights I mention'd last,
Suit not I know your *English* taste :
For Wine to leave a Whore or Play
Was ne'er your Excellency's way.
Nor need this Title give Offence,
For here you were your Excellence ;
For Gaming, Writing, Speaking, Keep-
ing,

His Excellence for all but Sleeping.
Now if you tope in form, and treat,
'Tis the sour Sauce to the sweet Meat, } 60
The fine you pay for being great. }
Nay, here's a harder Imposition,
Which is indeed the Court's Petition,
That setting worldly Pomp aside,
Which Poet has at Font deny'd,
You wou'd be pleas'd in humble way
To write a Trifle call'd a Play.
This truly is a Degradation,
But wou'd oblige the Crown and Nation }
Next to your wise Negotiation. } 70
If you pretend, as well you may, }
Your high Degree, your friends will say. }
The Duke *St. Agnon* made a play. }
If *Gallick* Wit convince you scarce,
His Grace of *Bucks* has made a Farce :
And you, whose Comick Wit is Terse all,
Can hardly fall below Rehearsal.
Then finish what you have began,
But scribble faster if you can :
For yet no *George*, to our discerning. 80
Has writ without a ten Years Warning.

TO SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE Text from the
Miscellanies of several datts

TO MR. SOUTHERN;

ON HIS COMEDY, CALL'D THE WIVES EXCUSE.

SURE there's a Fate in Plays; and 'tis in vain
 To write, while these malignant Planets Reign.
 Some very foolish Influence rules the Pit,
 Not always kind to Senecæ, or just to Wit.
 And whilst it lasts, let Buffoonry succeed
 To make us laugh; for never was more need.
 Farce in it self is of a nasty scent,
 But the gain smells not of the Excrement.
 The *Spanish* nymph, a Wit and Beauty too,
 With all her Charms bore but a single show :
 But let a Monster *Muscovite* appear,
 He draws a crowded Audience round the Year.
 May be thou hast not pleas'd the Box
 and Pit,
 Yet those who blame thy Tale, commend
 thy Wit ;
 So *Terence* Plotted, but so *Terence* writ.

Like his, thy Thoughts are true, thy Language clean ;
 Ev'n Lewdness is made Moral, in thy Scene.
 The Hearers may for want of *Nokes* repine,
 But rest secure, the Readers will be thine.
 Nor was thy Labour'd Drama damn'd or hiss'd,
 But with a kind Civility dismiss'd ;
 With such good manners, as
 the * *Wife* did use, * *The Wife*
 Who, not accepting, did but in the play,
 just refuse. Mrs. *Friens-*
 dall.
 There was a glance at parting ;
 such a look
 As bids thee not give o're, for one rebuke.
 But if thou wou'dst be seen as well as read ;
 Copy one living Author and one dead :
 The Standard of thy Style, let *Etherege* be ;
 For Wit, th' Immortal Spring of *Wycherly*.
 Learn, after both, to draw some just Design,
 And the next Age will learn to Copy thine.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND, MR. CONGREVE,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE DOUBLE-DEALER.

WELL then, the promis'd Hour is come at last ;
 The present Age of Wit obscures the past :
 Strong were our Syres, and as they fought they Writ,
 Conqu'ring with Forec of Arms and Dint of Wit :
 Theirs was the Giant Race before the Flood ;
 And thus, when *Charles* Return'd, our Empire stood.
 Like *Janus*, he the stubborn Soil manur'd,
 With Rules of Husbandry the Rankness cur'd :
 Tam'd us to Manners, when the Stage was rude,
 And boistrous *English* Wit with Art indu'd.

Our Age was cultivated thus at length, 11
 But what we gain'd in Skill we lost in Strength.
 Our Builders were with Want of Genius eurst ;
 The second Temple was not like the first ;
 Till you, the best *Vitruvius*, come at length,
 Our Beauties equal, but excel our Strength.
 Firm *Dorique* Pillars found Your solid Base,
 The fair *Corinthian* crowns the higher Space ;
 Thus all below is Strength, and all above is Græc.
 In easie Dialogue is *Fletcher's* Praise : 20
 He mov'd the Mind, but had no Pow'r to raise.

TO MR. SOUTHERN. Text from the original
 prefix to the play, 1692.
 21 *Civility*] *Civility*, 1692.

TO MR. CONGREVE. Text from the original
 published with the play, 1694.
 4 *Race*] *Race*, 1694.
 10 *Wit*] *Wit*, 1694.
 21 *no*] *The editors give not*

Great *Johnson* did by Strength of Judgment
please,

Yet, doubling *Fletcher's* Force, he wants his
Ease.

In diff'ring Talents both adorn'd their Age,
One for the Study, 't'other for the Stage.

But both to *Congreve* justly shall submit,
One match'd in Judgment, both o'er-match'd
in Wit.

In Him all Beauties of this Age we see,
Eltherege his Courtship, *Southern's* Purity,
The Satyre, Wit, and Strength of Manly
Wychery. 30

All this in blooming Youth you have
Atchiev'd;

Nor are your foil'd Contemporaries griev'd;
So much the Sweetness of your Manners
move,

We cannot Envy you, because we Love.
Fabius might joy in *Scipio*, when he saw
A Beardless Consul made against the Law,
And join his Suffrage to the Votes of *Rome*,
Though he with *Hannibal* was overcome.
Thus old *Romano* bow'd to *Raphael's* Fame,
And Scholar to the Youth he taught, became.

O that your Brows my Lawrel had sus-
tain'd, 41

Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd!
The Father had descended for the Son,
For only You are lineal to the Throne.

Thus, when the State one *Edward* did depose,
A greater *Edward* in his Room arose:

But now, not I, but Poetry is curst;
For *Tom* the Second reigns like *Tom* the
First.

But let 'em not mistake my Patron's Part
Nor call his Charity their own Desert. 50

Yet this I Prophesie; Thou shalt be seen,
(Tho' with some short Parenthesis between:)
High on the Throne of Wit; and, seated there,
Nor mine (that's little) but thy Lawrel wear,
Thy first Attempt an early Promise made;
That early Promise this has more than paid.

So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least Praise, is to be Regular.
Time, Place, and Action may with Pauses be
wrought,

But Genius must be born, and never can be
taught. 60

This is Your Portion, this Your Native
Store:

Heav'n, that but once was Prodigal before,
To *Shakespear* gave as much; she cou'd
not give him more.

Maintain your Post: that's all the Fame
you need;

For 'tis impossible you shou'd proceed.
Already I am worn with Cares and Age,
And just abandoning th' ungrateful Stage:
Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's Expence,
I live a Rent-charge on his Providence:

But You, whom ev'ry Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better Fortune born, 71

Be kind to my Remains; and oh defend,
Against your Judgment, your departed
Friend!

Let not th' insulting Foe my Fame pursue;
But shade those Lawrels which descend to
You:

And take for Tribute what these Lines
express;

You merit more; nor cou'd my Love do less.

John Dryden.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

PRINCIPAL PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

ONCE I beheld the fairest of her Kind,
(And still the sweet Idea charms my
Mind:)

True, she was dumb; for Nature gaz'd so
long,

Pleas'd with her Work, that she forgot her
Tongue,

But, smiling, said, She still shall gain the
Prize;

I only have transferr'd it to her Eyes.
Such are thy Pictures, *Kneller*, Such thy
Skill,

That Nature seems obedient to thy Will;
Comes out, and meets thy Pencil in the
Draught,

Lives there, and wants but words to speak
her thought. 10

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER Text from the
Miscellanies, 1694

At least thy Pictures look a Vnice ; and we
Imagine Snoods, decciv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis somewhat more than just to
see.

Shadnws are but Privations of the Light ;
Yet, when we walk, they shoot before the
Sight,

With us approach, retire, arise, and fall,
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.
Such are thy Pieces, imitating Life
Sn near, they almost conquer'd in the strife ;
And from their animated Canvass came, 2n
Demanding Souls ; and loosened from the
Frame.

Prometheus, were he here, wou'd cast away
His *Adam*, and refuse a Soul to Clay,
And either wou'd thy Noble Work Inspire
Or think it warm enough without his Fire.

But vulgar Hands may vulgar Likeness
raise ;

This is the least Attendant on thy Praise :
From hence the Rudiments of Art began ;
A Coal, or Chalk, first imitated Man :
Perhaps, the Shadow, taken on a Wall, 30
Gave out-lines to the rude Original ;
Ere Canvass yet was strain'd : before the
Grace

Of blended Colours found their use and
place :

Or Cypress Tablets first receiv'd a Face.

By slow degrees the Godlike Art advanc'd ;
As man grew polish'd, Picture was inhanc'd :
Greece added Posture, Shade, and Perspec-
tive,

And then the Mimick Piece began to Live.
Yet Perspective was lame, no distance
true,

But all came forward in one common View :
No point of Light was known, no bounds
of Art ; 41

When Light was there, it knew not to depart,
But glaring on remoter Objects play'd ;
Not languish'd and insensibly decay'd.

Rome rais'd not Art, but barely kept alive,
And with Old *Greece* unequally did strive :
Till *Goths*, and *Vandals*, a rude *Northern* race,
Did all the matchless Monuments deface.

Then all the Muses in one ruine lye,
And Rhyme began t' enervate Poetry. 50

Thus, in a stupid Military State,
The Pen and Pencil find an equal Fate.

Flat Faces, such as wou'd disgrace a Skreen,
Such as in *Bantam's* Embassy were seen,

Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of Brutal Nations only born to Fight.

Long time the Sister Arts, in Iron Sleep,
A heavy Sabbath did supinely keep ;
At length, in *Raphael's* Age, at ooce they
rise,

Stretch all their Limbs and opco all their
Eyes. 60

Thence rose the *Roman* and the *Lombard*
Line ;

One colour'd best, and one did best desigu.
Raphael's, like *Homer's*, was the Nobler
part,

But *Titian's* Painting looked like *Virgil's*
Art.

Thy Genius gives thee both ; where true
Designo,

Postures uoforc'd, and lively Colours joyn,
Likness is ever there ; but still the best,
Like proper Thoughts in lofty Language
drest,

Where Light, to Shades descending, plays,
not strives,

Dyes by degrees, and by degrees revives. 70
Of various Parts a perfect whole is wrought ;

Thy Pictures think, and we Divine theu
Thought.

*Shakespear, thy Gift, I
place before my Sight ;

With awe I ask his Blessing
e're I write ;

With Rev'rnce look on his
Majestick Face ;

Proud to be less, but of his Godlike Race.
His Soul Inspires me, while thy Praise I
write,

And I like *Teucer*, under *Ajax* Fight ;
Bids thee thro' me, be bold ; with dauntless
breast

Contemn the bad and Emulate the best. 80
Like his, thy Criticks in th' attempt are
lost :

When most they rail, know then they envy
most.

In vain they snarl a-loof ; a noisie Crowd,
Like Womens Anger, impotent and loud.

While they their barren Industry deplore,
Pass on secure, and mind the Goal before.

Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind,
Bear off the Blast, and intercept the Wind.

Our Arts are Sisters, though not Twins in
Birth, 89

For Hymns were sung in *Edens* happy Earth

*Shakespear's
Picture
drawn by
Sir Godfrey
Kneller, and
given to the
Author.

By the first Pair; while *Eve* was yet a Saint;
Before she fell with Pride and learn'd to
paint.

Forgive th' Allusion; 'twas not meant to
bite;

But Satire will have Room, where e're I write.
For oh, the Painter Muse, though last so
place,

Has seiz'd the Blessing first, like *Jacob's*
Race.

Apelles Art an *Alexander* found,
And *Raphael* did with *Leo's* Gold abound,
But *Homér* was with barren *Lawrel*
crown'd.

Thou hadst thy *Charles* a while, and so had I,
But pass we that displeasing Image by. 101
Rich in thy self, and of thy self Divine,
All Pilgrims come and offer at thy Shrine.
A graceful Truth thy Pencil can Command;
The Fair themselves go mended from thy
Hand.

Likeness appears in every Lineament;
But Likeness in thy Work is Eloquent.
Though Nature there her true Resemblance
bears,

A nobler Beauty in thy Piece appears.
So warm thy Work, so glows the gen'rous
Frame, 110

Flesh looks less living in the Lovely Dame.
Thou paint'st as we describe, improving
still,

When on wild Nature we ingraft our Skill,
But oot creating Beauties at our Will.

Some other Hand perhaps may reach a
Face;

But none like thee a finish'd Figure place:
None of this Age, for that's enough for thee,
The first of these Inferiour Times to be;
Not to contend with Heroes Memory.

Due Honours to those mighty Names we
grant, 120

But Shrubs may live beneath the lofty Plant;
Sons may succeed their greater Parents gone;
Such is thy Lott; and such I wish my own.

But Poets are confin'd in Narr'wer space,
To speak the Language of their Native
Place;

The Painter widely stretches his Command;
Thy Pencil speaks the Tongue of ev'ry Land.

From hence, my Friend, all Chomats are
your own,

Nor can you forstest, for you hold of none.
All Nations all Immunities will give 130
To make you theirs, wheree'er you please
to live;
And not sev'n Cities, but the World, wou'd
strive.

Sure some propitious Planet then did smile
When first you were conducted to this Isle;
(Our Genius brought you here, t' enlarge our
Façade)

(For your good Stars are ev'ry where the
same.)

Thy matchless Hand, of ev'ry Region free,
Adopts our Climate, not our Climate thee.

* Great *Rome* and *Venice* * *He travel'd*
early did impart *very soon*
To thee th' Examples of their *into Italy*
wondrous Art.

Those Masters, then but seen, not under-
stood, 141

With generous Emulation fir'd thy Blood;
For what in Nature's Dawn the Child admir'd,
The Youth endeavour'd, and the Man ac-
quir'd.

That yet thou hast not reach'd their high
Degree,

Seems only wanting to this Age, not thee.
Thy Genius, bounded by the Times, like
mine,

Drudges on petty Draughts, not dare
design

A more exalted Work, and more Divine.
For what a Soog or senseless Opera 150

Is to the living Labour of a Play,
Or what a Play to *Virgil's* Work wou'd be,
Such is a single Piece to History.

But we, who Life bestow, our selves must
live:

Kings cannot Reign unless their Subjects
give;

And they who pay the Taxes bear the
Rule:

Thus thou, sometimes, not forc'd to draw
a Fool:

But so his Follies in thy Posture sink,
The senseless Idiot seems at last to think.

Good Heav'n! that Sots and Knaves
shou'd be so vain, 160

To wish their vile Resemblance may remain!
And stand recorded at their own Request,
To future Days, a Libel or a Jeast.

91-94] Omitted by *Tonson*, 1701

95 For] But 1701.

115-123] Omitted by *Tonson*, 1701.

Mean time while just Incouragement you want,
 You only Paint to Live, not Live to Paint.
 Else shou'd we see your noble Pencil trace
 Our Unities of Action, Time, and Place;
 A Whole compos'd of Parts, and those the best,
 With ev'ry various Character exprest;
 Heroes at large, and at a nearer View; 170
 Less, and at distance, an Ignobler Crew;
 While all the Figures in one Action joyu,
 As tending to Compleat the main Design.

More cannot be by Mortal Art exprest;
 But venerable Age shall add the rest.
 For Time shall with his ready Pencil stand;
 Retouch your Figures with his ripening Hand,
 Mellow your Colours, and imbrown the Teint,
 Add every Grace, which Time alone can grant;
 To future Ages shall your Fame convey; 179
 And give more Beauties, than he takes away.

TO MR. GRANVILLE,

ON HIS EXCELLENT TRAGEDY, CALLED HEROICK LOVE.

AUSPICIOUS Poet, wert thou not my Friend,
 How could I envy, what I must commend!
 But since 'tis Nature's Law in Love and Wit,
 That Youth shou'd reign and with'ring Age submit,
 With less regret those Lawrels I resign,
 Which dying on my Brows, revive on thine.
 With better Grace an Ancient Chief may yield
 The long contend'd Honours of the Field
 Than venture all his Fortune at a Cast,
 And fight, like *Hannibal*, to lose at last. 10
 Young Princes Obstinate to win the Prize,
 Tho' Yearly beaten, Yearly yet they rise:
 Old Monarchs though successful, still in Doubt,
 Catch at a Peace; and wisely turn Devout.
 Thine be the Laurel then; thy blooming Age
 Can best, if any can, support the Stage:
 Which so declines, that shortly we may see
 Players and Plays reduc'd to second Infancy:
 Sharp to the World, but thoughtless of Renown,
 They Plot not on the Stage, but on the Town, 20
 And, in Despair their Empty Pit to fill,
 Set up some Foreign Monster in a Bill:

Thus they jog on; still trieking, never thriving;
 And Mord'ring Plays, which they miscall Reviving.
 Our Scense is Nonsense, through their Pipes convey'd;
 Scarce can a Poet know the Play He made,
 'Tis so disguis'd in Death: nor thinks 'tis He
 That suffers in the Mangled Tragedy.
 Thus *Ilys* first was kill'd, and after dress'd
 For his own Sire, the Chief Invited Guest.
 I say not this of thy successful Scenes; 31
 Where thine was all the Glory, theirs the Gains.
 With length of Time, much Judgment, and more Toil,
 Not ill they Acted, what they cou'd not spoil.
 Their Setting Sun still shoots a Glim'ring Ray,
 Like Ancient *Rome*, Majestick in Decay;
 And better gleanings their worn Soil can boast,
 Than the Crab-Vintage of the Neighb'ring Coast.
 This difference yet the judging World will see;
 Thou Copiest *Homer*, and they Copy thee. 40

JOHN DRYDEN.

TO MR GRANVILLE. Text from the original published with the play, 1698.

30 Sire,] Sire 1698

[TO PETER ANTONY MOTTEUX,

ON HIS TRAGEDY, CALLED BEAUTY IN DISTRESS]

To my Friend, the AUTHOR.

'Tis hard, my Friend, to write in such an Age
 As damns not only Poets, but the Stage.
 That sacred art, by Heav'n itself infus'd,
 Which *Moses, David, Salomon* have us'd,
 Is now to be no more : The Muses' Foes
 Wou'd sink their Maker's Praises into Prose.
 Were they content to prune the lavish Vine
 Of straggling Branches, and improve the
 Wine,
 Who but a mad Man wou'd his Faults
 defend ? 9
 All wou'd submit, for all but Fools will mend
 But, when to common sense they give the
 Lie,
 And turn distorted Words to Blasphemy,
 They give the Scandal ; and the Wise discern
 Their Glosses teach an Age, too apt to
 learn.
 What I have loosely, or profanely writ,
 Let them to Fires (their due desert) commit :
 Nor, when accus'd by me, let them complain :
 Their Faults, and not their Function, I
 arraign.
 Rebellion, worse than Witchcraft, they
 pursu'd :
 The Pulpit preach'd the Crime, the People
 ru'd. 20
 The Stage was silenc'd ; for the Saints wou'd
 see
 In fields perform'd their plotted Tragedy.
 But let us first reform : and then so live,
 That we may teach our Teachers to forgive.
 Our Desk be plac'd below their lofty Chans,
 Ours be the Practice, as the Precept theirs
 The moral Part at least we may divide,
 Humility reward and punish Pride ;
 Ambition, Int'rest, Avarice, accuse ;
 These are the Province of the Tragic Muse.

These hast thou chosen ; and the public
 Voice
 Has equal'd thy Performance with thy
 choice. 31
 Time, Action, Place, are so preserv'd by
 thee
 That ev'n *Cornelle* might with Envy see
 Th' Alliance of his tripled Unity.
 Thy Incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown ;
 But so much Plenty is thy Fault alone :
 At least but two, can that good Crime
 commit,
 Thou in Design, and *Wycherley* in Wit
 Let thine own *Gauls* condemn thee, if they
 dare ; 40
 Contented to be thinly regular.
 Born there, but not for them, our fruitful
 Soil
 With more Increase rewards thy happy Toil.
 Their Tongue, infeebl'd, is refin'd so much ;
 That like pure Gold, it bends at ev'ry Touch :
 Our sturdy *Teuton* yet will Art obey,
 More fit for manly Thought, and strengthen'd
 with Allay.
 But whence art thou inspir'd, and Thou
 alone,
 To flourish in an Idiom, not thy own ?
 It moves our Wonder, that a foreign Guest
 Shou'd overmatch the most, and match the
 best. 51
 In underpraising thy Deserts, I wrong ;
 Here, find the first deficiency of our Tongue :
 Words, once my stock, are wanting to com-
 mend
 So Great a Poet and so Good a Friend.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TO PETER ANTONY MOTTEUX. Text from the
 original, prefixed to the play, 1608
 9 Faults] *Many add. wrongly give Thoughts*

41 so] *Many add. wrongly give too*
 45 That] *Many add. wrongly give And*
 These later readings are all in Christie's text
 but not in Dr. Sautesbury's

TO MY | HONOUR'D KINSMAN, | JOHN DRIDEN, |

OF | CHESTERTON, | IN THE | COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON, ESQUIRE.

How Blessed is He, who leads a Country Life,
Unvex'd with anxious Cares, and void of
Strife!

Who studying Peace, and shunning Civil
Rage,
Enjoy'd his Youth, and now enjoys his Age:
All who deserve his Love, he makes his own;
And, to be lov'd himself, needs only to be
known.

Just, Good, and Wise, contending Neigh-
bours come
From your Award to wait their final Doom;
And, Foes before, return in Friendship
home.

Without their Cost, you terminate the Cause;
And save th' Expence of long Litigious Laws:
Where Suits are travers'd; and so little won,
That he who conquers, is but last undone:

Such are not your Decrees; but so
design'd,
The Sanction leaves a lasting Peace behind;
Like your own Soul, Serene; a Pattern of
your Mind.

Promoting Concord, and composing Strife,
Lord of your self, unnumber'd with a Wife;
Where, for a Year, a Month, perhaps a Night,
Long Penitence succeeds a short Delight: 20
Minds are so hardly match'd, that ev'n the
first,
Though pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise, were
curs'd.

For Man and Woman, though in one they
grow,

Yet, first or last, return again to Two.
He to God's Image, She to His was made;
So, farther from the Fount, the Stream at
random stray'd.

How cou'd He stand, when, put to double
Pain,

He must a Weaker than himself sustain!
Each might have stood perhaps; but each
alone;

Two Wrestlers help to pull each other down.

Not that my Verse wou'd blemish all the
Fair;

But yet, if *some* be Bad, 'tis Wisdom to
beware;

And better shun the Bait, than struggle in
the Snare.

Thus have you shunn'd, and shun the married
State,

Trusting as little as you can to Fate.

No porter guards the Passage of your
Door;

T' admit the Wealthy, and exclude the
Poor:

For God, who gave the Riches, gave the
Heart

To sanctifie the Whole, by giving Part:
Heav'n, who foresaw the Will, the Means has
wrought,

And to the Second Son, a Blessing brought:
The First-begotten had his Father's Share,
But you, like *Jacob*, are *Rebecca's* Heir.

So many your Stores, and fruitful Fields
increase;

And ever be you bless'd, who live to bless.
As *Ceres* sow'd where e'er her Chariot flew;
As Heav'n in Desarts rain'd the Bread of
Dew,

So free to Many, to Relations most,
You feed with Manna your own *Israel*-
Host.

With Crowds attended of your ancient
Race,

You seek the Champion-Sports, or Sylvan-
Chace:

With well-breath'd Deagles, you surround
the Wood,

Ev'n then, industrious of the Common Good:
And often have you brought the wily Fox

To suffer for the Firstlings of the Flocks:
Chas'd ev'n amid the Folds; and made to
bleed,

Like Felons, where they did the murd'rous
Deed.

This fiery Game, your active Youth main-
tain'd:

Not yet, by years extinguish'd, though
restrain'd:

TO JOHN DRIDEN. Text from the original and
only contemporary edition, 1700
S Award] Award, 1700.

You season still with Sports your serious
Hours ; 60

For Age but tastes of Pleasures, Youth
devours.

The Hare, in Pastures or in Plains is found,
Emblm of Humane Life, who runs the
Round ;

And, after all his wand'ring Ways are done,
His Circle fills, and ends where he begun, }
Just as the Setting meets the Rising Sun.

Thus Princes ease their Cares : But
happier he,

Who seeks not Pleasure thro' Necessity,
Than such as once on slipp'ry Thrones were
plac'd ;

And chasing, sigh to think themselves are
chas'd. 70

So liv'd our Sires, e'er Doctors learn'd to
kill,

And multiply'd with theirs, the Weekly Bill :

The first Physicians by Debauch were made :
Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade.

Pity the gen'rous Kind their Cares bestow
To search forbidden Truths ; (a Sin to know) :

To which, if Humane Science cou'd attain,
The Doom of Death, pronounc'd by God,

were vain.

In vain the Leech wou'd interpose Delay ;
Fate fastens first, and vindicates the Prey. 80

What Help from Arts Endeavours can we
have !

Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save :
But *Maurus* sweeps whole Parishes, and }

Peoples ev'ry Grave,

And no more Mercy to Mankind will use,
Than when he robb'd and murder'd *Maro's*

Musc.

Wou'dst thou be soon dispatch'd, and perish
whole ?

Trust *Maurus* with thy Life, and M—lb—rn
with thy Soul.

By Chance our long-liv'd Fathers earned their
Food ;

Toil strung the Nerves, and purifi'd the
Blood :

But we, their Sons, o pamper'd Race of Men,
Are dwindl'd down to threescore Years and

ten. 91

Better to hunt in Fields, for Health un-
bought,

Than fee the Doctor for a nauseous Draught
The Wise, for Cure, on Exercise depend ;

God never made his Work, for Man to mend.

The Tree of Knowledge, once in *Eden*
plac'd,

Was easie found, but was forbid the Taste .
O, had our Grandsire walk'd without his Wife,

He first had sought the better Plant of Life !
Now, both ore lost : Yet, wandering in the

dark, 100

Physicians for the Tree have found the Bark
They, lab'ring for Relief of Humane Kind, }

With sharpen'd sight some Remedies may
find ;

Th' Apothecary-Train is wholly blind.
From Files, a Random-*Recipe* they take,

And Mony Deaths of One Prescription make.
Garth, gen'rous as his Muse, prescribes and

gives ;

The Shop-man sells ; and by Destruction
lives :

Ungrateful Tribe ! who, like the Viper's
Brood,

From Med'cine issuing, suck their Mother's
Blood ! 110

Let These obey ; and let the Learn'd pre-
scribe ;

That Men may die, without a double Bribe :
Let Them, but under their Superiours, kill ;

When Doctors first have sign'd the bloody
Bill :

He escapes the best, who Nature to repair,
Draws Phisick from the Fields, in Draughts

of Vital Air.

You hoard not Health, for your own
private use,

But on the Publick spend the rich Produce.
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be Great,

Your Country calls you from your lov'd
Retreat, 120

And sends to Senates, charg'd with Common
Care,

Which none more shuns ; and none can
better bear.

Where cou'd they find another form'd so fit,
To poise, with solid Sense, a spritely Wit !

Were these both wanting, (as they both
abound)

Where cou'd so firm Integrity be found ?
Well-born and Wealthy ; wanting no

Support,

You steer betwixt the Country and the
Court :

Nor gratifie whate'er the Great desire,
Nor grudging give, what Publick Needs

require. 130

Part must be left, a Fund when Foes invade ;
And Part employ'd to roll the Watry Trade ;
Ev'n *Canaan's* happy Land, when worn with
Toil,

Requir'd a Sabbath-Year, to mend the
meagre Soil.

Good senators, (and such are you,) so
give,

That Kings may be supply'd, the People
thrive ;

And He, when Want requires, is truly Wise,
Who slights not Foreign Aids nor over-
buys ;

But, on our Native Strength, in time of
need, relies.

Munster was bought, we boast not the
Success ;

Who fights for Gain, for greater, makes his
Peace.

Our Foes, compell'd by Need have Peace
embrac'd :

The Peace both Parties want, is like to
last :

Which, if secure, securely we may trade ;
Or, not secure, shou'd never have been made.

Safe in our selves, while on our selves we
stand,

The Sea is ours, and that defends the
Land

Be, then, the Naval Stores the Nations
Care,

New Ships to build, and batter'd to repair.

Observe the War in ev'ry Annual Course ;
What has been done, was done with *British*
Force.

Namur Subdu'd, is *England's* Palm alone ;
The Rest Besieged ; but we Constrain'd the
Town :

We saw th' Event that follow'd our Success ;
France, though pretending Arms, pursu'd
the Peace ;

Oblig'd, by one sole Treaty, to restore
What Twenty Years of War had won before.

Enough for *Europe* has our *Albion* fought :
Let us enjoy the Peace our Blood has bought.

When once the *Persian* King was put to
Flight,

The weary *Macedons* refus'd to fight :
Themselves their own Mortality confess'd ;

And left the son of *Jove*, to quarrel for the
rest.

Ev'n Victors are by Victories undone ;
Thus *Hannibal*, with Foreign Laurels won,
To *Carthage* was recall'd, too late to keep
his own.

While sore of Battel, while our Wounds are
green,

Why shou'd we tempt the doubtful Dye
agen ?

In Wars renew'd, uncertain of success,
Sure of a Share, as Umpires of the Peace.

A Patriot, both the King and Country
serves ;

Prerogative, and Privilege preserves :
Of Each, our Laws the certain Limit
show ;

One must not ebb, nor t' other overflow :
Betwixt the Prince and Parliament we
stand ;

The Barriers of the State on either Hand :
May neither overflow, for then they drown
the Land.

When both are full, they feed our bless'd
Abode ;

Like those, that water'd once, the Paradise
of God.

Some Overpoise of Sway, by Turns they
share ;

In Peace the People, and the Prince in War :
Consuls of mod'rate Pow'r in Calms were
made ;

When the *Gauls* came, one sole Dictator
sway'd.

Patriots, in Peace, assert the Peoples
Right,

With noble Stubbornness resisting Might :
No Lawless Mandates from the Court receive,
Nor lend by Force ; but in a Body give.

Such was your gen'rous Grandsire ; free to
grant

In Parliaments, that weigh'd their Prince's
Want :

But so tenacious of the Common Cause,

As not to lend the King against his Laws.

And, in a lothsom Dungeon doom'd to lie,
In Bonds retain'd his Birthright Liberty,

And shamed Oppression, till it set him free.)
O true Descendent of a Patriot Line,

Who, while thou shar'st their Lustre, lend'st
'em thine,

Vouchsafe this Picture of thy Soul to see ;
Tis so far Good as it resembles thee :

The Beauties to th' Original I owe ;
Which, when I miss, my own Defects I show.

Nor think the Kindred-Muses thy Disgrace ;	For ev'n when Death dissolves our Humane
A poet is not born in ev'ry Race.	Frame,
Two of a House, few Ages can afford ,	The Soul returns to Heav'n, from whence it
One to perform, another to record.	came ;
Praise-worthy Actions are by thee embrac'd ;	Earth keeps the Body, Verse preserves the
And 'tis my Praise, to make thy Praises last.	Fame.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD HASTINGS.

Must Noble <i>Hastings</i> Immaturely die,	A young Apostle ; and (with rev'rence may
(The Honour of his ancient Family ?)	I speak 't) inspir'd with gift of Tongues, as
Beauty and Learning thus together meet,	They.
To bring a <i>Winding</i> for a <i>Wedding-sheet</i> ?	Nature gave him, a Child, what Men in vain
Must <i>Virtue</i> prove <i>Death's</i> Harbinger ?	Oft strive, by Art though further'd, to obtain.
Must She,	His body was an Orb, his sublime Soul
With him expiring, feel Mortality ?	Did move on <i>Virtue's</i> and on <i>Learning's</i>
Is <i>Death</i> (Sin's wages) <i>Grace's</i> now ? shall	pole :
Art	Whose Reg'lar Motions better to our view,
Make us more Learned, only to depart ?	Then <i>Archimedes</i> Sphere, the Heavens did
If Merit be Disease, if <i>Virtue</i> <i>Death</i> ;	shew. 30
To be Good, Not to be, who'd then be-	Graces and Vertues, Languages and Arts,
queath	Beauty and Learning, fill'd up all the parts.
Himself to Discipline ? Who'd not esteem	Heav'n's Gifts, which do, like falling Stars,
Labour a Crime, Study self-murder deem ?	appear
Our Noble Youth now have pretence to be	Scatter'd in Others ; all, as in their Sphear,
Dunces securely, Ign'rant healthfully.	Were fix'd and conglobate in's Soul, and
Rare Linguist ! whose Worth speaks it self ;	thence
whose Praise,	Shone th'row his Body with sweet Influence ;
Though not his Own, all Tongues Besides do	Letting their Glories so on each Limb fall,
raise :	The whole Frame render'd was Celestial.
Then Whom Great <i>Alexander</i> may seem	Come, learned <i>Plotomy</i> , and tryal make,
less,	If thou this Hero's Altitude canst take ;
Who conquer'd Men, but not their Languages.	But that transcends thy skill ; thrice happie
In his Mouth Nations speak ; his Tongue	all,
might be	Could we but prove thus Astronomical.
Interpreter to <i>Greece, France, Italy.</i>	Liv'd <i>Tycho</i> now, struck with this Ray, (which
His native Soyl was the four parts o' th'	shone
Earth ;	More bright i' th' Morn than others Beam at
All <i>Europe</i> was too narrow for his Birth.	Noon)
	He'd take his <i>Astrolabe</i> , and seek out here
	What new Star 't was did gild our Hemi-
	sphere.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD HASTINGS
Text from the original in *Lachrymæ Musarum*,
1650. The text has never been correctly re-
printed in England.
19 speak] English editors give spake. This
reading makes the passage easier, but it is not
likely to be right.

21 'n] English editors give it. Perhaps 't should
be read
25 fix'd and] Editors till Christie wrongly
omit and]

Replenish'd then with such rare Gifts as these,

Where was room left for such a Foul Disease?
The Nations sin hath drawn that Veil which shrouds

Our Day-spring in so sad benighting Clouds.
Heaven would no longer trust its Pledge;
but thus 51

Recall'd it; rapt its *Ganymede* from us.
Was there no milder way but the Small Pox,

The very filth'ness of *Pandora's* Box?

So many Spots, like *naves*, our *Venus* soil?

One Jewel set off with so many a Foil?

Blisters with pride swell'd, which th'row's
flesh did sprout

Like Rose-buds, stuck i' th' Lilly-skin about.

Each little Pimple had a Tear in it,

To wail the fault its rising did commit: 60

Who, Rebel-like, with their own Lord at
strife,

Thus made an Insurrection 'gainst his
Life.

Or were these Gems sent to adorn his Skin,

The Cab'net of a richer Soul within?

No Comet need foretel his Change drew on,

Whose Corps might seem a *Constellation*.

O had he di'd of old, how great a strife

Had been, who from his Death should draw
their Life?

Who should by one rich draught become
whate'er

Seneca, Cato, Numa, Caesar, were: 70

Learn'd, Vertuous, Pious, Great. and have
by this

An Universal *Metempsychosis*

Must all these ag'd Sires in one Funeral

Expire? All die in one so young, so small?

Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great
Fame

Had swoln 'bove any *Greek* or *Roman* name?

But hasty Winter, with one blast, hath
brought

The hopes of Autumn, Summer, Spring, to
nought.

55 our *Venus*! *Derrick* and others wrongly
give on *Venus*!

Thus fades the Oak i' th' sprig, i' th' blade
the Corn;

Thus, without Young, this *Phœnix* dies, new
born. 80

Must then old three-legg'd gray-beards, with
their Gout,

Catarhs, Rheums, Aches, live three Ages
out?

Times Offal, onely fit for th' Hospital,

Or t' hang an Antiquaries room withal;

Must Drunkards, Lechers, spent with Sin-
ning, live

With such helps as Broths, Possits, Physick
give?

None live but such as should die? Shall we
meet

With none but Ghostly Fathers in the
Street?

Grief makes me rail; Sorrow will force its
way;

And Show'rs of Tears, Tempestuous Sighs
best lay. 90

The Tongue may fail; but over-flowing
Eyes

Will weep out lasting streams of *Elegirs*.

But thou, O *Irreuerend*, left alone,

Now thy Beloved, Heaven-raviht *Spouse* is
gone,

(Whose skillful Sire in vain strove to apply
Med'cines, when thy Balm was no remedy)

With greater than *Platonick* love, O wed

His Soul, tho' not his Body, to thy Bed:

Let that make thee n Mother; bring thou
forth 99

Th' *Ideas* of his Vertue, Knowledge, Worth:

Transcribe th' Original in new Copies: give

Hastings o' th' better part: so shall he
live

In's Nobler Half; and the great Grand-sire be

Of an Herick Divine Progenie:

An Issue which t' Eternity shall last,

Yet but th' Irradiations which he cast

Erect no *Mausoleums*: for his best

Monument is his Spouses Marble breast.

84 t' hang an] *Editors* till *Christie* wrongly
to hang *Christie* prints to hang an
room] *English editors* wrongly give rooms

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE MARQUIS OF
WINCHESTER.

HE who in impious times untainted stood	Ark of thy age's faith and loyalty,
And midst rebellion durst be just and	Which, to preserve them, Heaven confin'd
good,	in thee.
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings	Few subjects could a king like thine deserve;
more	And fewer such a king so well could serve.
Confirm'd the cause for which he fought	Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted
before,	state
Rests here, rewarded by an heavenly prince	By sufferings rose and gave the law to
For what his earthly could not recompense.	fate!
Pray, reader, that such times no more	Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns
appear;	given
Or, if they happen, learn true honour	To earth were meant for ornaments to
here.	Heav'n

EPITAPH ON SIR PALMES FAIRBORNE'S TOMB,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

YE Sacred Relicks which your Marble	His Youth and Age, his Life and Death co- bine :
keep,	As in some great and regular design,
Here, undisturb'd by Wars, in quiet	All of a Piece, throughout, and all Divine
sleep;	Still nearer heaven, his Vertues shone more
Discharge the trust, which (when it was	bright,
below)	Like rising flames expanding in their height;
<i>Fairborne's</i> undaunted soul did undergo :	The <i>Martyrs</i> Glory Crown'd the Soldier's
And be the Towns Palladium from the	* Fight.
foe.	More bravely <i>Brutish</i> General never fell,
Alive and dead these Walls he will defend :	Nor General's death was e'r reveng'd so well;
Great Actions great Examples must attend.	Which his pleas'd Eyes beheld before their
The <i>Candia</i> Siege his early Valour knew ;	close,
Where <i>Turkish</i> Blood did his young hands	Follow'd by thousand Victims of his Foes.
imbrew :	To his lamented loss for time to come,
From thence returning with deserv'd Ap- plause,	His pious Widow consecrates this Tomb
Against the <i>Moors</i> his well-flesh'd Sword	
he draws ;	
The same the Courage, and the same the	
Cause.	

EPITAPH ON SIR PALMES FAIRBORNE'S TOMB
Text from the *Miscellanies* of 1693
[undaunted] This was the word in the first
sketch on the stone in Westminster Abbey, but
when the letters were cut it was changed to
undaunted The stone has some mistakes,
Palladium for Palladium and others
16 Vertues] Some add wrongly give Virtue
23 time] Some add. wrongly give times

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE MARQUIS OF
WINCHESTER Text from Pope's *Miscellanies*,
1712.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM.

FAREWELL, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own :
For sure our Souls were near allid, and thine
Cast in the same poetick mold with mine.
One common Note on either Lyre did strike,
And Knaves and Fools we both abhor'd
alike.

To the same Goal did both our Studies drive :
The last set out the soonest did arrive.

Thus *Nixus* fell upon the slippery place,
Whilst his young Friend perform'd and won
the Race. 10

O early ripe ! to thy abundant Store
What could advancing Age have added more ?
It might (what Nature never gives the Young)
Have taught the Numbers of thy Native
Tongue.

But Satire needs not those, and Wit will
shine

Through the harsh Cadence of a rugged Line.
A noble Error, and but seldom made,
When Poets are by too much force betray'd.
Thy gen'rous Fruits, though gather'd ere
their prime,

Still shew'd a Quickness ; and maturing
Time 20

But mellows what we write to the dull Sweets
of Rhyme.

Once more, hail, and farewell ! farewell, thou
young,

But ah ! too short, *Marcellus* of our Tongue !
Thy Brows with Ivy and with Laurels bound ;
But Fate and gloomy Night encompass thee
around.

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISH'T YOUNG LADY

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW,

EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER-ARTS OF POESIE AND PAINTING.

AN ODE.

I
THOU youngest Virgin-Daughter of the
Skies,

Made in the last Promotion of the *Blest* ;
Whose Palms, new pluckt from Paradise,
In spreading *Brâches* more sublimely rise,

Rich with Immortal Green above the rest :
Whether, adopted to some Neighbouring
Star,

Thou rol'st above us in thy wand'ring Race,
Or, in Procession fixt and regular,

Mov'd with the Heavens Majestick pace ;
Or, call'd to more Superiour *Bliss*, 10

Thou tread'st, with Seraphims, the vast
Abyss :

Whatever happy region is thy place, &

Cease thy Celestial Song a little space ;
(Thou wilt have time enough for Hymn
Divine,

Since Heav'n's Eternal Year is thine.)
Hear then a Mortal Muse thy praise rehearse
In no ignoble Verse ;

But such as thy own voice did practise
here,

When thy first Fruits of Poesie were
given,

To make thyself a welcome Inmate there ; 20
While yet a young Probationer,
And Candidate of Heav'n.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM. Text
from the original, 1684. (I owe the collation to
another hand).

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. KILLIGREW. Text
from the second edition, 1693. The date is given
wrongly by Christie. The variants below are
from the original edition as prefix to Mrs.
Killigrew's Poems

3 Palms] Palmes 1686
12 is] be 1686.

2

If by Traduction came thy Mind,
Our Wonder is the less to find
A Soul so charming from a Stock so good ;
Thy Father was transfus'd into thy *Blood* :
So wert thou born into the tuneful strain,
(An early, rich, and inexhausted Vein.)
But if thy *Præ-existing* Soul
Was form'd, at first, with Myriads more, 30
It did through all the Mighty Poets
roul

Who *Greek* or *Latine* Laurels wore,
And was that *Sappho* last, which once it was
before.

If so, then cease thy flight, *O Heav'n-born*
Mind !

Thou hast no *Dross* to purge from thy Rich
Ore :

Nor can thy Soul a fairer Mansion find
Than was the *Beauteous* Frame she left
behind :
Return, to fill or mend the Quire of thy
Celestial kind.

3

May we presume to say, that at thy
Birth,
New joy was sprung in HEAV'N as well as
here on *Earth* ? 40

For sure the Milder Planets did combine
On thy *Auspicious* Horscope to shine,
And ev'n the most Malicious were in Trine.)

Thy *Brother-Angels* at thy *Birth*
Strung each his Lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the People of the Skie
Might know a Poetess was born on Earth.

And then if ever, Mortal Ears
Had heard the Musick of the Spheres¹
And if no clust'ring Swarm of *Bees* 50
On thy sweet Mouth distill'd their golden
Dew,

'Twas that, such vulgar Miracles
Heav'n had not Leasure to renew :
For all the *Blest* Fraternity of Love
Solemniz'd there thy *Birth*, and kept thy
Holyday above.

4

O Gracious God ! How far have we
Prophan'd thy Heav'nly Gift of Poesy !
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious
use,

Whose Harmony was first ordain'd
Above, 60

For Tongues of *Angels* and for *Hymns* of
Love !

Oh wretched We ! why were we hurry'd
down

This lubrique and adult'rate age,
(Nay, added fat Pollutions of our own)
'T increase the steaming Ordures of the
Stage ?

What can we say t' excuse our *Second*
Fall ?

Let this thy *Vestal*, Heav'n, atone for all :
Her *Arethusean* Stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmixt with Foreign Filth and undefil'd,
Her Wit was more than Man, her Innocence
a Child. 70

5

Art she had none, yet wanted none,
For Nature did that Want supply :
So rich in Treasures of her Own,
She might our boasted Stores defy :
Such Noble Vigour did her Verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only
born.

Her Morals too were in her *Bosom* bred
By great Examples daily fed,
What in the best of *Books*, her Father's Life,
she read.

And to be read her self she need not fear ;
Each Test, and ev'ry Light, her Muse will
bear, 81
Though *Epictetus* with his Lamp were there
Ev'n Love (for Love sometimes her Muse
express't),

Was but a Lambent-flame which play'd
about her *Breast* :

Light as the Vapours of a Morning Dream,
So cold herself, whilst she such Warmth
express't,

'Twas *Cupid* bathing in *Diana's* Stream.

26 *Blood*] *Blood* 1686.

29 *Præ-existing*] *Præ-existing* 1686 Editors
give *pre-existing*

44 *Brother-Angels*] *Brother-Angels* 1686

67 *alone*] *alone* 1686

77 *Bosom*] *Bosome* 1686

81 *Breast*] *Brest* 1686

6

Born to the Spacious Empire of the Nine,
One wou'd have thought, she should have
been content

To managewell that Mighty Government; 90
But what can young ambitious Souls confine?

To the next Realm she stretcht her Sway,
For *Painture* near adjoining lay,
A plentious Province, and alluring Prey. }

A *Chamber of Dependences* was fram'd,
(As Conquerors will never want Pretence,

When arm'd, to justifie th' Offence),
And the whole Fief, in right of Poetry she
claim'd.

The Country open lay without Defence;
For Poets frequent In-rides there had made,
And perfectly cou'd represent 101

The Shape, the Face, with ev'ry Linea-
ment;

And all the large Demains which the Dumb-
sister sway'd;

All bow'd beneath her Government,
Receiv'd in Triumph wheresoe'er she went.

Her Pencil drew whate'r her Soul design'd
And off the *happy Draught* surpass'd the
Image in her *Mind*.

The *Sylvan Scenes* of Herds and Flocks
And fruitful Plains and barren Rocks,

Of shallow *Brooks* that flow'd so clear, 110
The bottom did the top appear;

Of deeper too and ampler Floods
Which as in Mirrors, shew'd the Woods;

Of lofty Trees, with Sacred Shades
And Perspectives of pleasant Glades,

Where Nymphs of brightest Form appear, }
And shaggy Satyrs standing near, }

Which them at once admire and fear.
The Ruines too of some Majestick Piece,

Boasting the Pow'r of ancient *Rome* or
Greece, 120

Whose Statues, Freezes, Columns, broken
lie,

And, tho' defac'd, the Wonder of the Eye;
What *Nature*, *Art*, hold *Fiction*, e're durst
frame,

Her forming Hand gave Feature to the
Name.

91 near] near 1686.

112 Floods] Floods 1686.

117 near] near 1686.

122 defac'd] defac'd 1686. Eye] Eye 1686

124 Feature to] Shape unto 1686.

So strange a Concourse ne're was seen
before,
But when the peopl'd *Ark* the whole Creation
bore.

7

The Scene then chang'd; with hold
Erected Look

Our Martial King the sight with Reverence
strook:

For, not content t' express his Outward
Part, 129

Her hand call'd out the Image of his Heart,
His Warlike Mind, his Soul devoid of Fear,

His High-designing *Thoughts* were figur'd
there,

As when, by Magick, Ghosts are made
appear.

Our Phenix queen was portrai'd too so
bright,

Beauty alone cou'd *Beauty* take so right:
Her Dress, her Shape, her matchless Grace,

Were all observ'd, as well as heav'nly Face.
With such a Peerless Majesty she stands,

As in that Day she took the Crown from
Sacred hands:

Before a Train of Heroins was seen, 140
In *Beauty* foremost, as in Rank, the Queen!

Thus nothing to her Genius was deny'd,
But like a *Ball* of Fire, the farther thrown,

Still with a greater *Blaze* she shone,
And her bright Soul broke out on ev'ry
side.

What next she had design'd, Heaven only
knows:

To such Immod'rate Growth her Conquest
rose

That Fate alone its Progress cou'd oppose.

8

Now all those Charms, that blooming Grace,
The well-proportion'd Shape and beauteous
Face, 150

Shall never more be seen by Mortal Eyes;
In Earth the much-lamented Virgin lies!

149 sqq. These lines as printed in 1686 ran:

As in that Day she took from Sacred hands
The Crown; 'mong num'rous Heroins was seen,
More yrt in *Beauty*, than in Rank, the Queen!

Saintsbury wrongly gives 'mongst for 'mong

149 Charms] Charms 1686.

Not Wit nor Piety cou'd Fate prevent ;
Nor was the cruel *Destiny* content
To finish all the Murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her *Life and Beauty*
too ;

But, like a hardn'd Fellow, took a pride
To work more Mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd
O double Sacrilege on things Divine, 160
To rob the Relique, and deface the Shrine !
But thus *Orinda* dy'd :
Heav'n, by the same Disease, did both
translate,
As equal were their Souls, so equal was their
fate.

9

Mean time, her *Warlike Brother* on the
Seas
His waving Streamers to the Winds dis-
plays,
And vows for his Return, with vain Devotion,
pays.
Ah, Generous Youth ! that Wish for-
bear,
The Winds too soon will wait thee here !
Slack all thy Sails, and fear to come, 170
Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at
home !
No more shalt thou behold thy Sister's
Face,
Thou hast already had her last Embrace.

But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far,
Among the *Pleiad's*, a New-kind'd star,
If any sparkles, than the rest, more bright,
'Tis she that shines in that propitious Light.

10

When in mid-Air the Golden Trump shall
sound,
To raise the Nations under ground ;
When in the Valley of *Jehosaphat* 180
The Judging God shall close the book of
Fate,
And there the last *Assizes* keep
For those who Wake and those who Sleep ;
When rattling *Bones* together fly
From the four Corners of the Skie,
When Sinews o're the Skeletons are spread,
Those cloath'd with Flesh, and Life inspires
the Dead ;
The Sacred Poets first shall hear the Sound,
And foremost from the Tomb shall bound :
For they are cover'd with the lightest
ground ; 190
And streight, with in-born Vigour, on the
Wing,
Like mounting Larks, to the New Morning
sing.
There *Thou*, sweet Saint, before the Quire
shalt go,
As Harbinger of Heav'n, the Way to show,
The Way which thou so well hast learn'd
below.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE VISCOUNT OF DUNDEE.

O! Last and Best of *Scots* ! who did'st
maintain
Thy Country's Freedom from a Foreign
Reign ;
New People fill the Land, now thou art gone,
New Gods the Temples, and new Kings the
Throne.

Scotland and Thee dy'd each in other live,
Nor wou'dst thou her, nor cou'd she thee
survive.
Farewel ! who living didst support the
State,
And cou'dst not fall but with thy Country's
Fate

170 Sails] Sailes 1686
178 Air] Aire 1686
192 Larks] Larkes 1686.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE VISCOUNT OF
DUNDEE. Text of 1704

EPITAPH ON THE LADY WHITMORE.

FAIR, Kind, and True, a Treasure each
 alone,
 A Wife, a Mistress, and a Friend in one,
 Rest in this Tomb, rais'd at thy Husband's
 cost,
 Here sadly summing, what he had, and
 lost.

EPITAPH ON THE LADY WHITMORE Text
 from the Monument in Twickenham Church.

Come Virgins, ere in equal Bands ye join,
 Come first and offer at her Sacred Shrine :
 Pray but for half the Vertues of this
 Wife,
 Compound for all the rest with longer
 Life ;
 And wish your Vows, like hers, may be re-
 turn'd,
 So Lov'd when Living, and when Dead so
 Mourn'd.

Eleonora:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM

Dedicated to the
MEMORY
Of the Late
COUNTESS
OF

ABINGDON.

Highly Commending her.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

——— *Superas evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est. Pauci, quos æquus amavit
Juppiter, aut ardens exexit ad æthera virtus;
Diis geniti potuere. Virgil Æneid. I. 6.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges Head in Chancery-
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Where compleat Sets of Mr. Dryden's Works are Sold: The Plays being put
in the order they were Written.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
EARL OF ABINGDON, &c.

My Lord,—The Commands, with which You honour'd me some Months ago are now perform'd : they had been sooner ; but betwixt ill health, some business, and many troubles, I was forc'd to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his Banishment, and writing from on Shipbord to his Friends, excus'd the Faults of his Poetry by his Misfortunes ; and told them that good Verses never flow, but from a serene and compos'd Spirit. Wit, which is a kind
10 of Mercury with Wings fasten'd to his Head and Heels, can fly but slowly in a damp air. I therefore chose rather to Obey You late than ill : if at least I am capable of writing anything, at any time, which is worthy Your Perusal and Your Patronage. I cannot say that I have escap'd from a Shipwreck ; but have only gain'd a Rock by hard swimming ; where I may pant a while and gather breath : For the Doctors give me a sad assurance that my Disease never took its leave of any man but with a purpose to return. Moreover, my Lord, I have laid hold on the Interval, and menag'd the small Stock which Age has left me to the best advantage, in performing this inconsiderable service to my Ladies memory. We who are Priests of Apollo have not the Inspiration when we please ; but must wait until the God comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury, which we are not able to resist : which gives us
20 double strength while the Fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent, at its departure. Let me not seem to boast ; my Lord ; for I have really felt it on this Occasion and prophecy'd beyond my natural power. Let me add and hope to be believ'd, that the Excellency of the Subject contributed much to the Hoppiness of the Execution : And that the weight of thirty Years was taken off me, while I was writing. I swim with the Tyde, and the scoter under me was buoyant. The Reader will easily observe, that I was transported, by the multitude and variety of my Similitudes, which are generally the product of a luxuriant Fancy ; and the wantonness of Wit. Had I call'd in my Judgment to my assistance, I had certainly retrench'd many of them. But I defend them not ; let them pass for beautiful faults amongst the better sort of Critiques : For the whole Poem, though written in that which they call Heroique
30 Verse, is of the Pindarique nature, as well in the Thought as the Expression ; and, as such, requires the same grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as Your Lordship sees in the Title, not for an Elegie, but a Panegyrique. A kind of Apotheosis, indeed ; if a Heathen Word may be apply'd to a Christian use. And on all Occasions of Praise, if we take the Ancients for our Patterns, we are bound by Prescription to employ the magnificence of Words, and the force of Figures, to adorn the sublimity of Thoughts. Isocrates amongst the Grecian Orators, and Cicero, and the younger Pliny, amongst the Romans, have left us their Precedents for our security : For I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who stretches on these Pinions out of sight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another World.

This, at least, my Lord, I may justly plead, that if I have not perform'd so well as I think
40 I have, yet I have us'd my best endeavours to excel my self. One Disadvantage I have had, which is, never to have known, or seen my Lady : And to draw the Lineaments of her Mind, from the Description which I have receiv'd from others, is for a Painter to set himself at work without the living Original before him. Which the more beautiful it is, will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive ; when he has only a relation given him of such and such Features by an Acquaintance or a Friend ; without the Nice Touches, which give the best Resemblance, and make the Graces of the Picture. Every Artist is apt enough to flatter himself

(and I' amongst the rest) that their own acular Observations would have discover'd more perfectious, at least others, than have been deliver'd to them: Though I have receiv'd mine from the best hands, that is, from Persons who neither want a just Understanding of my Lady's Worth, nor a due Veneration for her Memory.

Doctor Donn the greatest Wit, though not the best Poet, of our Nation, acknowledges that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniversaries; I have had the same fortune; though I have not succeeded to the same Genus. However, I have followed his footsteps in the Design of his Panegyrick, which was to raise an Emulation in the living, to Copy out the Example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have call'd this poem, The Pattern: And though, on a second consideration, I chang'd the Title into the Name of that Illustrious Person, yet the Design continues, and Eleonora is still the Pattern of Chastity, Devotion, and Humility, of the best Wife, the best Mother, and the best of Friends.

And now, my Lord, though I have endeavour'd to answer Your Commands, yet I can't not answer it to the World nor to my Conscience, if I gave not Your Lordship my Testimony of being the best Husband now living: I say my Testimony only: For the praise of it, is given You by Your self. They who despise the Rules of Virtue both in their Practice and their Morals, will think this a very trivial Commendation. But I think it the peculiar happiness of the Countess of Abingdon, to have been so truly lov'd by you, while she was living, and so gratefully honour'd, after she was dead. Few there are who have either had, or can't have such a loss; and yet fewer who carried their Love and Constancy beyond the Grave. The exteriorours of Mourning, a decent Funeral, and black Hobbits, are the usual stails of Common Husbands; and perhaps their Wives deserve no better than to be honour'd with Hypocrisie, and fargot with ease. But You have distinguish'd Yourself from ordinary Lovers, by a real and lasting grief for the Deceas'd, And by endeavouring to raise for her the most durable Monument, which is that of Verse. And so it wou'd have proved, if the Workman had been equal to the Work; and Your Choice of the Artificer as happy as Your Design. Yet, as Phidias, when he had made the Statue of Minerva, cou'd not forbear to engrave his own Name, as Author of the Piece: so give me leave to hope, that, by subscribing mine to this Poem, I may live by the Goddess, and transmit my Name to Posterity by the memory of Hers. 'Tis no flattery to assure Your Lordship, that she is remember'd in the present Age, by all who have had the Honour of her Conversation and Acquaintance; and that I have never been in any Company since the news of her death was first brought me, where they have not extoll'd her Virtues; and even spoken the same things of her in Prose which I have done in Verse.

I therefore think myself oblig'd to thank Your Lordship for the Commission which You have given me: How I have acquitted my self of it, must be left to the Opinion of the World, in spite of any Protestation, which I can enter against the present Age, as Incompetent, or Corrupt Judges. For my Comfort, they are but Englishmen, and, as such, if they think ill of me to Day, they are unconstant enough to Think Well of me to Morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my Fortune that I was born amongst them. The Good of both Sexes are so few, in England, that they stand like Exceptions against General Rules: And though one of them has deserv'd a greater Commendation, than I cou'd give her, they have taken care, that I shou'd not tire my Pen, with frequent exercise on the like Subject; that Praises, like Taxes, should be appropriated; and left almost as Individual as the Person. They say, my Tolent is Satyre: if it be so, 'tis a fruitful Age; and there is an extraordinary Crop to gather. But a single hand is insufficient for such a Harvest: They have seen the Dragons Teeth themselves; and it is but just they shou'd reap each other in Laupoons. You, my Lord, who have the Character of Honour, though 'tis not my happiness to know You, may stand aside with the small Remainers of the English Nobility, truly such, and, unhurt your selves, behold the mad Combat. If I have pleas'd You and some few others, I have obtain'd my end. You see I have disabled my self, like an Elected Speaker of the House; yet, like him,

I have undertaken the Charge, and find the Burden sufficiently recompens'd by the Honour. Be pleas'd to accept of these my Unworthy Labours, this Paper Monument; and let her Pious Memory, which I am sure is Sacred to You, not only plead the Pardon of my many Faults, but gain me Your Protection, which is ambitiously sought by,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

ELEONORA :

A | PANEGRICAL POEM.

Dedicated to the | MEMORY | OF THE | Late Countess of ABINGDON.

AS, when some Great and Gracious Monarch
dies,

Soft whispers, first, and mournful *The*
Murmurs rise *Intro-*

Among the sad Attendants; then, the sound
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news
around,

Through Town and Country, till the dreadful
blast

Is blown to distant Colonies at last :

Who, then perhaps, were off'ring Vows in vain,
For his long life and for his happy Reign :

So slowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame
Did Matchless *Eleonora's* fate proclaim, }
Till publick as the loss the news became. }

The Nation felt it, in th' extremest parts,
With eyes o'rfloving and with bleeding
hearts :

But most the Poor, whom daily she sup-
ply'd ;

Beginning to be such, but when *Of her*
she dy'd. *Charity.*

For, while she liv'd, they slept in peace, by
night ;

Secure of bread, as of returning light,
And, with such firm dependence on the Day,
That need grew pamp'ring ; and forgot to
pray :

So sure the Dole, so ready at their call, }
They stood prepar'd to see the Manna fall. }

Such Multitudes she fed, she cloth'd, she
nurst,

That she, her self, might fear her wynting
first.

Of her Five Talents, other five she made ;
Heav'n, that had largely giv'n, was largely
pay'd ;

And, in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
A Fortune better fitted to the Mind.

Nor did her Alms from Ostentation fall,
Or proud desire of Praise ; the Soul gave all :

Unbrib'd it gave ; or, if a bribe appear, }
No less than Heav'n ; to heap huge treasures, }

Want pass'd for Merit, at her open door :
Heav'n saw, he safely might increase his Poor,
And trust their Sustenance with her so well
As not to be at charge of Miraele.

None cou'd be needy, whom she saw, or
knew ;

All, in the compass of her Sphear, she drew :
He who cou'd touch her Garment, was as
sure,

As the first Christians of th' Apostles cure.
The distant heard, by fame, her pious deeds ;

And laid her up, for their extremest needs ;
A future Cordial for a fainting Mind ; }
42

For, what was ne're refus'd, all hop'd to find,
Each in his turn: The Rich might freely come,

As to a Friend ; but to the Poor, 'twas Home.
As to some Holy House th' Afflicted came ; }

The Hunger-starv'd, the Naked, and the
Lame ;

Want and Diseases fled before her Name. }
For zeal like hers, her Servants were too

slow ;
She was the first, where need requir'd, }

to go, 50
Her self the Foundress, and Attendant too.

ELEONORA. Text from the original edition,
1692, except as noted.

Sure she had Guests sometimes to entertain,
 Guests in disguise, of her Great Master's Train:
 Her Lord himself might come, for ought we know;
 Since in a Servant's form he liv'd below;
 Beneath her Roof, he might be pleas'd to stay:
 Or some benighted Angel, in his way
 Might ease his Wings; and seeing Heav'n appear
 In its best work of Mercy, think it there,
 Where all the deeds of Charity and Love 60
 Were in as constant Method, as above,
 All carry'd on; all of a piece with theirs;
 As free her Alms, as diligent her cares;
 As loud her Praises, and as warm her Pray'rs.

Yet was she not profuse; but fear'd to waste,
 And wisely manag'd, that the *Of her prudent management.*
 stock might last;
 That all might be supply'd; and she not grieve
 When crowds appear'd, she had not to relieve.
 Which to prevent, she still increas'd her store;
 Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the more: 70
 So Pharaoh, or some Greater king than he,
 Provided for the sev'nth Necessity:
 Taught from above, his Magazines to frame;
 That Famine was prevented e're it came.
 Thus Heav'n, though All-sufficient, shows a thrift

In his Oeconomy, and bounds his gift:
 Creating for our Day, one single Light;
 And his Reflection too supplies the Night:
 Perhaps a thousand other Worlds, that lye
 Remote from us, and latent in the Sky, 80
 Are lighten'd by his Beams, and kindly nurst:
 Of which our Earthly Dunghill is the worst.

Now, as all Vertues keep the middle line,
 Yet somewhat more to one extreme incline,
 Such was her Soul; abhorring Avarice,
 Bounteous, but, almost bounteous to a Vice:
 Had she giv'n more, it had Profusion been,
 And turn'd the excess of Goodness, into Sin.

These Vertues rais'd her Fabrick to the Sky;

For that which is next Heav'n, *Of her Humility*
 is Charity.

But, as high Turrets for their Ay'ty steep 90
 Require Foundations, in proportion deep:
 And lofty Cedars as far upward shoot
 As to the neather Heav'ns they drive the root:

So low did her secure Foundation lye,
 She was not Humble, but Humility.
 Scarcely she knew that she was great, or fair,

Or wise, beyond what other Women are,
 Or, which is better, knew; but never durst compare.

For to be conscious of what all admire, 100
 And not be vain, advances Vertue high'r:
 But still she found, or rather thought she found,

Her own worth wanting, others' to abound:
 Ascrib'd above their due to ev'ry one,
 Unjust and scanty to her self alone.

Such her Devotion was, as might give rules

Of Speculation, to disputing *Of her Fidelity*
 Schools;

And teach us equally the Scales to hold
 Betwixt the two Extremes of hot and cold
 That pious heat may mod'rately prevail, 110
 And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd with zeal.

Business might shorten, not disturb her Pray'r;

Heav'n had the best, if not the greater share.
 An Active life long Oraisons forbids;
 Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by deeds.

Her ev'ry day was Sabbath; Only free
 From hours of Pray'r, for hours of Charity.
 Such as the Jews from servile toil releas'd;
 Where works of Mercy were a part of rest:
 Such as blest Angels exercise above, 120
 Vary'd with Sacred Hymns, and Acts of Love;

Such Sabbaths as that one she now enjoys:
 Ev'n that perpetual one, which she employs,
 (For such vicissitudes in Heav'n there are)
 In Praise alternate, and alternate Pray'r.

93 Cedars as far] Cedars, as far, 1092
 100 conscious] consc'ious 1092
 114 life] life, 1092

All this she practis'd here ; that when she
sprung
Amidst the Quires, at the first sight she
sung.

Sung, and was sung her self, in Angels Lays ;
For praising her, they did her Maker praise.
All Offices of Heav'n so well she knew, 130
Before she came, that nothing there was
new ;

And she was so familiarly receiv'd,
As ooe returning, not as one arriv'd.

Muse, down again precipitate thy flight ;
For how can Mortal Eyes sustain
Immortal Light !

But as the Sun in Water we can
bear,

Yet not the Sun, but his Reflection there,
So let us view her here, in what she was,
And take her Image in this watry Glass :
Yet look not ev'ry Lineament to see ; 140
Some will be cast in shades ; and some
will be

So lamely drawn, you scarcely know, 'tis
she.

For where such various Vertues we recite,
'Tis like the Milky-Way, all over bright,
But sown so thick with Stars, 'tis undis-
tinguish'd light.

Her Vertue, not her Vertues let us call ;
For one Heroick comprehends 'em all :
One, as a Constellation is but one ;
Though 'tis a Train of Stars, that, rolling on,
Rise in their turn, and in the Zodiack run,
Ever in Motion ; now 'tis Faith ascends, 151
Now Hope, now Charity, that upward
tends,
And downwards with diffusive Good, de-
scends.

As in Perfumes compos'd with Art and
Cost,

'Tis hard to say what Scent is uppermost ;
Nor this part Musk or Civet can we call,
Or Amber, but a rich Result of all ;
So, she was all a Sweet ; whose ev'ry part,
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the
Maker's Art.

No single Virtue we cou'd most commend,
Whether the Wife, the Mother, or the
Friend :

For she was all, in that supreme degree,
That, as no one prevail'd, so all was she.
The sev'ral parts lay hidden in the Piece ;
Th' Occasion but exerted that, or this.

A Wife as tender, and as true as I shall,
As the first Woman was, before
her fall :

Made for the Man, of whom she
was a part ;

Made, to attract his Eyes, and keep his Heart,
A second Eve, but by no crime accus'd ; 170
As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.

Had she been first, still Paradise had bin,
And Death had found no entrance by her sin.
So she not only had preserv'd from ill

Her Sex and ours, but liv'd their Pattern still.
Love and Obedience to her Lord she bore,
She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him
more.

Not aw'd to Duty by superior sway ;
But taught by his Indulgence to obey.
Thus we love God as Author of our good ;
So Subjects love just Kings, or so they
shou'd. 181

Nor was it with Ingratitude return'd ;
In equal Fires the blissful Couple burn'd :
One Joy possess'd 'em both, and in one
Grier they mourn'd.

His Passion still improv'd : he lov'd so fast
As if he fear'd each day wou'd be her last.
Too true a Prophet to foresee the Fate
That shou'd so soon divide their happy
State :

When he to Heav'n entirely must restore
That Love, that Heart, where he went halves
before. 190

Yet as the Soul is oill in ev'ry part,
So God and He, might each have all her
Heart.

So had her Children too ; for Charity
Was not more fruitful, or more
kind than she :

Each under other by degrees they
grew ;

A goodly Perspective of distant view.
Auchises look'd not with so pleas'd a face
In numb'ring o'er his future Roman Race,
And Marshalling the Heroes of his name,
As, in their Order, next to light they came ;
Nor Cybele with half so kind an Eye, 201
Survey'd her Sons and Daughters of the
Skie.

Proud, shall I say, of her immortal Fruit,
As far as Pride with Heav'nly Minds may
suit.

*Of her
Conjugal
Vertues.*

*Of her
various
Vertues.*

*Of her
love to her
Children.*

Her pious love excell'd to all she bore ;
New Objects only multiply'd it
more.

And as the Chosen found the *Her care
of their
Education.*
perly Grain

As much as ev'ry Vessel could contain ;
As in the Blissful Vision each shall share,
As much of Glory, as his soul can bear ; 210
So did she love, and so dispense her Care.)
Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best ;
As longer cultivated than the rest :

The Babe had all that Infant care bequiles,
And early knew his Mother in her smiles :

But when dilated Organs let in day,
To the young Soul, and gave it room to play,
At his first aptness, the Maternal Love
Those Rudiments of Reason did improve :

The tender Age was pliant to command ; 220
Like Wax it yielded to the forming hand :
True to th' Artificer, the labour'd Mind
With ease was pious, generous, just and
kind ;

Soft for Impression, from the first prepar'd,
Till Virtue, with long exercise, grew hard ;
With ev'ry Act confirm'd ; and made, at last
So durable, as not to be effac'd,
It turned to Habit ; and, from Vices free,
Goodness resolv'd into Necessity

Thus fix'd she Virtue's Image, that's her
own,

Till the whole Mother in the Children shone, 230
Far that was their perfection ; she was such,
They never cou'd express her Mind too much,
So unexhausted her Perfections were,
That, for more Children, she had more to
spare ;

For Souls unborn, whom her untimely death
Depriv'd of Bodies and of mortal breath :

And (cou'd they take th' Impressions of her
Mind)

Enough still left to sanctify her kind. 239
Then wonder not to see this Soul extend
The bounds, and seek some other
self, a Friend :

As swelling Seas to gentle Rivers *Of her
Friend-
ship*
glide,

To seek repose, and empty out the Tyde ;
So this full Soul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain her, sought a vent,
To issue out, and in some friendly breast
Discharge her Treasures, and securely rest :

T' unbosom all the secrets of her Heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart. 249

For 'tis the bliss of Friendship's holy state
To mix their Minds, and to communicate ;
Though Bodies cannot, Souls can pene-
trate.

Fixt to her choice ; inviolably true ;
And wisely chusing, for she chose but few.
Some she must have ; but in no one cou'd
find

A Tally fitted for so large a Mind -
The Souls of Friends like Kings in Progress
are ;
Still in their own, though from the Pallace
far :

Thus her Friend's Heart her Country Dwell-
ing was,
A sweet Retirement to a courser place : 260
Where Pomp and Ceremonies enter'd not ;
Where Greatness was shut out, and Business
well forgot.

This is th' imperfect draught ; but short
as far
As the true height and bigness of a Star
Exceeds the Measures of th' Astronomer.

She shines above, we know, but in what
place,
How near the Throne, and Heav'n's Imperial
Face,

By our weak Opticks is but vainly ghest ;
Distance and Altitude conceal the rest. 269
Tho' all these rare Endowments of the
Mind

Were in a narrow space of life *Reflections
on the
shortness
of her life*
confirm'd,
The Figure was with full Perlec-
tion crown'd ;

Though not so large an Orb, as truly round.
As when in glory, through the publick
place,

The Spoils of conquer'd Nations were to pass,
And but one Day for Triumph was allowed,
The Consul was constrain'd his Pomp to
crowd :

And so the swift Procession hurry'd on,
That all, though not distinctly, might be
shown :

So, in the straiten'd bounds of life confin'd, 279
She gave but glimpses of her glorious Mind
And multitudes of Vertues pass'd along,
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng ;
Ambitious to be seen, and then make room,
For greater Multitudes that were to come.

Yet unemploy'd no Minute slept away ;
Moments were precious in so short a stay

The haste of Heav'n to have her was so
great

That some were single Acts, though each
compleat;

But ev'ry Act stood ready to repeat. 290

Her fellow Saints with busie care, will
look

For her blest Name in Fate's eternal Book;
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will
see

Numberless Vertues, endless Charity;
But more will wonder at so short an Age
To find a Blank beyond the thirti'th Page;
And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The Piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.

But 'twas her Saviour's time; and, cou'd
there be

A Copy near th' Original, 'twas
she.

As precious Gums are not for
lasting fire,

They but perfume the Temple, and expire,
So was she soon exhal'd; and vanish'd
hence; 303

A short sweet Odour, of a vast expence.
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she
dy'd;

For but a Now, did Heav'n and Earth
divide:

She pass'd serenely with a single breath,
This moment perfect health, the next was
death.

One sigh, did her eternal Bliss
assure;

So little Penance needs, when
Souls are almost pure. 310

As gentle Dreams our waking Thoughts
pursue;

Or, one Dream pass'd, we slide into a
new;

(So close they follow, such wild Order keep,
We think our selves awake, and are asleep:)

So softly death succeed'd life, in her;
She did but dream of Heav'n, and she was
there.

No Pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with
Noise;

Her Soul was whisper'd out, with God's still
Voice;

As an old Friend is beckon'd to a Feast,
And treated like a long familiar Guest; 320

He took her as he found; but found her
so,

As one in hourly readiness to go. *Her pre-
paredness
to dye.*

Ev'n on that day, in all her Trim
prepar'd;

As early notice she from Heav'n had heard,
And some descending Courier, from above

Had giv'n her timely warning to remove:
Or counsell'd her to dress the nuptial Room;

For on that Night the Bride-
groom was to come. *She dy'd on
Whitsunday
night.*

He kept his hour, and found
her where she lay

Cloath'd all in white, the Liv'ry of the
Day: 330

Scarce had she sinn'd in thought, or word,
or act;

Unless Omissions were to pass for fact:
That hardly Death a Consequence cou'd
draw,

To make her liable to Nature's Law.
And that she dy'd, we only have to shew,

The mortal part of her she left below;
The rest (so smooth, so suddenly she went)

Looked like Translation, through the
Firmament;

Or like the fiery Carr, on the third Errand
sent. 339

O happy Soul! if thou canst view from
high

Where thou art all Intelli- *Apostrophe
to her Soul.*
gence, all Eye,

If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'st that any way be pervious,

Survey the ruines of thy House, and see
Thy widow'd, and thy Orphan Family;

Look on thy tender Pledges left behind;
And, if thou canst a vacant Minute find

From Heav'nly Joys, that Interval afford
To thy sad Children and thy mourning

Lord. 349

See how they grieve, mistaken in their love,
And shed a beam of Comfort from above;

Give 'em, as much as mortal Eyes can bear,
A transient view of thy full glories there;

That they with mod'rate sorrow may sustain
And mollifie their Losses, in thy Gain.

Or else divide the grief, for such thou wert,
That should not all Relations bear a part,

It were enough to break a single heart.

Let this suffice : Nor thou, great Saint,
 refuse
 This humble Tribute of no vulgar
 Muse :
 Who, not by Cares, or Wants, or
 Age deprest, 361
 Stems a wild Deluge with a dauntless brest :
 And dares to sing thy Praises, in a Clime
 Where Vice triumphs and Vertue is a Crime :
 Where even to draw the Picture of thy
 Mind,
 Is Satyr on the most of Humane Kind :
 Take it, while yet 'tis Praise ; before my rage
 Unsafely just, break loose on this bad Age ;

*Epiphora : or
 close of
 the Poem*

So bad, that thou thy self had'st no defence
 From Vice, but barely by departing hence.
 Be what, and where thou art : To wish
 thy place, 371
 Were in the best, Presumption, more than
 grace.
 Thy Reliques (such thy Works of Mercy are)
 Have, in this Poem, been my holy care.
 As Earth thy Body keeps, thy Soul the Sky,
 So shall this Verse preserve thy Memory ;
 For thou shalt make it live, because it
 sings of thee.

FINIS.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PURCELL.

I

MARK how the Lark and Linnet sing,
 With rival Notes
 They strain their warbling Throats
 To welcome in the Spring.
 But in the close of night,
 When *Philomel* begins her Heav'nly Lay,
 They cease their mutual spight,
 Drink in her Musick with delight,
 And list'ning and silent, and silent and
 list'ning, and list'ning and silent
 obey.

2

So ceas'd the rival Crew, when Purcell
 came, 10
 They Sung no more, or only Sung his
 Fame.
 Struck dumb, they all admir'd
 The godlike man,
 Alas, too soon retir'd,
 As He too late began.

We beg not Hell our *Orpheus* to restore ;
 Had He been there,
 Their Sovereigns fear
 Had sent Him back before. 19
 The pow'r of Harmony too well they knew ;
 He long e'er this had Tun'd their jarring
 Sphere,
 And left no Hell below.

3

The Heav'nly Quire, who heard his Notes
 from high,
 Let down the Scale of Musick from the Sky :
 They handed him along,
 And all the way He taught, and all the way
 they Sung.
 Ye Brethren of the Lyre and tuneless Voice,
 Lament his loss : but at your own rejoyce.
 Now live secure, and linger out your days,
 The Gods are pleas'd alone with *Purcell's*
 Lays, 30
 Nor know to mend their Choice.

169 defence] defence, 1692.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PURCELL. Text from
 the original of 1696 In the words printed with
 the music *Dr. Blow* impudently altered godlike
 into matchless and their jarring Sphere into the
 jarring Spheres.

6 Lay] lay 1696

9 This line has never been correctly reprinted

in England Editors till *Christie* gave And
 list'ning silently obey. *Christie* professed to
 'restore' the line, but by twice omitting the word
 and gave a wrong and uneuphonic line. Dr
Sainsbury copies *Christie*.

12 admir'd] admir'd the godlike man 1696.

16 Hell] Hell, 1696

30 Lays] Lays 1696.

THE MONUMENT OF A FAIR MAIDEN LADY,

WHO DY'D AT BATH, AND IS THERE INTERR'D.

BELOW this Marble Monument is laid
All that Heav'n wants of this Celestial Maid.
Preserve, O sacred Tomb, thy Trust con-
sign'd :

The Mold was made on purpose for the
Mind :

And she wou'd lose, if at the latter Day
One Atom cou'd be mix'd, of other clay.

Such were the Features of her heavenly
Face ;

Her Limbs were form'd with such harmonious
Grace,

So faultless was the Frame, as if the Whole
Had been an Emanation of the Soul ;

Which her own inward Symmetry reveal'd ;
And like a Picture shone, in Glass anneal'd ;

Or like the Sun eclips'd, with shaded Light :
Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by
Sight.

Each Thought was visible that rowl'd within :
As through a Crystal Case, the figur'd Hours
are seen.

And Heav'n did this transparent Veil pro-
vide,

Because she had no guilty Thought to hide.

All white, a Virgin-Saint, she sought the
Skies :

For Marriage, tho' it sullies not, it dies, 20
High tho' her Wit, yet humble was her

Mind ;
As if she cou'd not, or she wou'd not find

How much her Worth transcended all her
Kind.

Yet she had learn'd so much of Heav'n below,
That, when arriv'd, she scarce had more to

know :
But only to refresh the former Hint :

And read her Maker in a fairer Print.
So Pious, as she had no time to spare,

For human Thoughts, but was confin'd to
Pray'r.

Yet in such Charities she pass'd the Day, 30
'Twas wondrous how she found an Hour to
Pray.

A Soul so calm, it knew not Ebbs or Flows,
Which Passion cou'd but curl ; not discom-
pose.

A Female Softness, with a manly Mind ; }
A Daughter duteous, and a Sister kind : }

In Sickness patient ; and in Death resign'd.)

ON THE DEATH OF AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

'TWAS on a Joyless and a Gloomy Morn,
Wet was the Grass, and hung with Pearls
the Thorn,

When Damon, who design'd to pass the Day
With Hounds and Horns, and chase the
flying Prey,

Rose early from his Bed ; but soon he
found

The Welkin pitch'd with sullen Clouds
around,

An Eastern Wind, and Dew upon the
Ground.

Thus while he stood, and sighing did survey
The Fields, and curs'd th' ill Omens of the
Day,

He saw Menalcas come with heavy pacc; 10
Wet were his Eyes, and clearless was his
Face :

Hewrung his Hands, distracted with his Care,
And sent his Voice before him from afar.

Return, he cry'd. return unhappy Swain,
The spungy Clouds are fill'd with gath'ring

Rain :

28 as] that.

29 was] seem'd

In 6 with gives a wrong sense, and in 18
though this is false grammar. In 20 seem'd may
be right : at any rate it gives better sense.

ON THE DEATH OF AMYNTAS Text from the
Miscellanies, 1704.

THE MONUMENT OF A FAIR MAIDEN LADY.
Text from the edition of 1700 The variants
below are from the monument in the Abbey
Church at Bath as reported by Christie.

6 of] with

18 Thought] thoughts

The Promise of the Day not only crossed,
But ev'n the Spring, the Spring it self is
lost.

Amyntas—Oh ! he cou'd not speak the rest,
Nor needed, for presaging *Damon* guess'd.
Equal with Heav'n young *Damon* loved the
Boy ;

The boast of Nature, both his Parents Joy.
His graecful Form revolving in his Mind ;
So great a Genius, and a Soul so kind,
Gave sad assurance that his Fears were
true ;

Too well the Envy of the Gods he knew :
For when their Gifts too lavishly are plac'd,
Soon they repent, and will not make them
last.

For, sure, it was too bountiful a Dole,
The Mother's Features, and the Father's
Soul.

Then thus he cry'd, The Morn bespoke the
News,

The Morning did her chearful Light diffuse,
But see how suddenly she changed her
Face,

And brought on Clouds and Rains, the
Day's disgrace :

Just such, *Amyntas*, was thy promis'd
Race.

What Charms adorn'd thy Youth where
Nature smil'd,

And more than Man was giv'n us in a Child.
His Infancy was ripe : a Soul sublime
In Years so tender that prevented time ;
Heav'n gave him all at once ; then
snatch'd away,

E're Mortals all his Beauties cou'd survey,
Just like the Flow'r that buds and withers
in a day.

MENALCAS.

The Mother Lovely, tho' with Grief oppress'd,
Reclin'd his dying Head upon her Breast.
The mournful Family stood all around ;
One Groan was heard, one Universal Sound :
All were in Floods of Tears and endless
Sorrow drown'd.

So dire a Sadness sate on ev'ry Look,
Ev'n Death repented he had giv'n the
Stroke.

He griev'd his fatal Work had been ordain'd,
But promis'd length of Life to those who
yet remain'd.

The Mother's and her Eldest Daughters
Grace,

It seems had brib'd him to prolong their
space.

The Father bore it with undaunted Soul,
Like one who durst his Destiny controul :
Yet with becoming Grief he bore his part,
Resign'd his Son, but not resign'd his Heart.
Patient as *Job* ; and may he live to see,
Like him, a new increasing Family !

DAMON.

Such is my Wish, and such my Prophesie.
For yet, my Friend, the Beauteous Mold
remains,

Long may she exercise her fruitful Pains :
But, ah ! with better hap, and bring a Race
More lasting, and endu'd with equal Grace :
Equal she may, but farther none can go ;
For he was all that was exact below.

MENALCAS.

Damon, behold yon breaking Purple Cloud ;
Hear'st thou not Hymns and Songs Divinely
loud ?

There mounts *Amyntas* ; the young Cherubs
play

About their Godlike Mate, and Sing him on
his way.

He cleaves the liquid Air, behold, he
Flies,

And every Moment gains upon the Skies ;
The new come Guest admires th' Ætherial
State,

The *Saphyr* Portal, and the *Golden Gate* ;
And now admitted in the shining Throng,
He shows the Passport which he brought
along.

His Passport is his Innocence and Graec,
Well known to all the Natives of the Place.
Now Sing, yee joyful Angels, and admire
Your Brother's Voice that comes to mend
your Quire :

Sing you, while endless Tears our Eyes
bestow ;

For like *Amyntas* none is left below.

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

He who cou'd view the Book of Destiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee,
O *Charming Youth*, in the first op'ning Page,
So many Graces in so green an Age,
Such Wit, such Modesty, such strength of
Mind,

A Soul at once so manly and so kind,
Wou'd wonder, when he turned the Volume
o're,

And after some few Leaves shou'd find no
more,

Nought but a blank remain, a dead void
space,

A step of Life that promised such a Race. 10
We must not, dare not think, that Heav'n
began

A Child, and cou'd not finish him a Man:

Reflecting what a mighty Store was laid
Of rich Materials, and a Model made:

The Cost already furnished; so bestow'd,
As more was never to one Soul allow'd:

Yet after this profusion spent in vain,
Nothing but mould'ring Ashes to remain,

I guess not, lest I split upon the Shelf,
Yet, durst I guess, Heav'n kept it for him-
self; 20

And giving us the use, did soon recal,
E're we cou'd spare, the mighty Principal.

Thus then he disappear'd, was rarify'd,
For 'tis improper Speech to say he dy'd:

He was exhal'd: His great Creator drew
His Spirit, as the Sun the Morning Dew.

'Tis Sin produces Death; and he had none,
But the Taint *Adam* left on ev'ry Son.

He added not, he was so pure, so good,
'Twas but th' Original forfeit of his Blood;
And that so little, that the River ran 31
More clear than the corrupted Fount began.
Nothing remained of the first muddy Clay,
The length of Course had wash'd it in the
way:

So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold
The Gravel bottom, and that hottom Gold.

As such we lov'd, admir'd, almost ador'd,
Gave all the Tribute Mortals could afford.

Perhaps we gave so much, the Pow'rs above
Grew angry at our superstitious Love: 40

For when we more than Human Homage pay,
The charming Cause is justly snatched away.

Thus was the Crime not his, but ours
alone;

And yet we murmur that he went so soon,
Though Miracles are short and rarely shown.

Hear then, yee mournful Parents, and
divide

That Love in many which in one was ty'd.
That individual Blessing is no more,

But multiply'd in your remaining store.
The Flame's dispersed, but does not all
expire: 50

The Sparkles blaze, though not the Globe of
Fire.

Love him by Parts in all your num'rous
Race,

And from those Parts form one collected
Grace;

Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is He.

UPON YOUNG MR. ROGERS

OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Of gentle Blood, his Parents only Treasure,
Their lasting Sorrow and their vanish'd
Pleasure,

Adorn'd with Features, Virtues, Wit, and
Grace,

A large Provision for so short a Race:

More mod'rate Gifts might have prolong'd
his Date,

Too early fitted for a better State:
But, knowing Heav'n his Home, to shun
Delay

He leap'd o'er Age, and took the shortest Way.

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG GENTLE-
MAN. Text from the *Miscellanies*, 1704.

UPON YOUNG MR. ROGERS. Text from the
Miscellanies, 1704.

ON MRS. MARGARET PASTON,

OF BARNINGHAM, IN NORFOLK.

So fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet,	} Heav'n's Image was in her so well ex- prest, Her very sight upbraided all the rest ; Too justly ravish'd from an Age like this, Now she is gone, the World is of a Piece.
So ripe a Judgment, and so rare a Wit,	
Require at least an Age in one to meet.	
In her they met; but long they could not stay,	
'Twas Gold too fine to fix without Allay.	

EPITAPH ON A NEPHEW

IN CATWORTH CHURCH, HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

STAY, Stranger, stay, and drop one Tear ;
 She always weeps that layd him here ;
 And will do till her Race is run :
 His Father's fifth, her only Son.

SONGS, ODES, AND LYRICAL PIECES.

THE TEARS OF AMYNTA FOR THE DEATH OF DAMON

SONG.

I

ON a Bank, beside a Willow,
 Heav'n her Cov'ring, Earth her Pillow,
 Sad *Amynta* sigh'd alone ;
 From the cheerless dawn of Moming
 Till the Dews of Night returning,
 Singing thus she made her mone :
 Hope is banish'd,
 Joys are vanish'd,
Damon, my below'd, is gone !

2

Time, I dare thee to discover
 Such a Youth, and such a Lover ;
 Oh, so true, so kind was he !
Damon was the pride of Nature,
 Charming in his every Feature ,

Damon liv'd alone for me :
 Melting Kisses,
 Murmuring Bliss ;
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we !

3

Never shall we curse the Morning,
 Never bless the Night returning,
 Sweet Embraces to restore :
 Never shall we both ly dying,
 Nature failing, love supplying
 All the Joys he drain'd before.
 Death come end me
 To befriend me ;
 Love and *Damon* are no more.

EPITAPH ON A NEPHEW. Text as reported
 from the Monument.

THE TEARS OF AMYNTA. Text from the
Miscellany Poems, 1684.

ON MRS. MARGARET PASTON. Text from
 Pope's *Miscellanies*, 1712.

SONG.

I.

Sylvia the fair, in the bloom of Fifteen
Felt an innocent warmth, as she lay on the
green ;
She had heard of a pleasure, and something
she guest
By the towzing and tumbling and touching
her Breast :

She saw the men eager, but was at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing and kissing
so close ;

By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

II.

Ah she cry'd, ah for a languishing Maid
In a Country of Christians to die without
aid !
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at
least,
Or a Protestant Parson or Catholick Priest,

To instruct a young Virgin that is at a loss
What they meant by their sighing and
kissing so close ;

By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

III.

Cupid in Shape of a Swayn did appear,
He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near,
Then show'd her his Arrow, and bid her not
fear,

For the pain was no more than a Maiden may
bear ;

When the balm was infus'd, she was not at
a loss

What they meant by their sighing and
kissing so close ;

By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

NOVEMBER 22, 1687.

1

FROM Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony
This universal Frame began ;
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring Atomes lay,
And cou'd not heave her Head,
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold and hot and moist and dry
In order to their Stations leap,
And MUSICK'S pow'r obey.
From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony
This universal Frame began :
From Harmony to Harmony
Through all the Compass of the Notes it ran,
The Diapason closing full in Man

2

What Passion cannot MUSICK raise and
quell ?

When *Jubal* struck the corded Shell,
His listening Brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their Faces fell
To worship that Celestial Sound :

Less than a God they thought there could
not dwell

Within the hollow of that Shell,
That spoke so sweetly, and so well.

What Passion cannot MUSICK raise and
quell ?

3

The TRUMPETS loud Clangor
Excites us to Arms
With shrill Notes of Anger
And mortal Alarms.
The double-double double beat
Of the thund'ring DRUM
Cries, heark the Foes come ;
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

4

The soft complaining FLUTE
In dying Notes discovers
The Woes of hopeless Lovers,
Whose Dirge is whisper'd by the warbling
LUTE.

5

Sharp VIOLINS proclaim
Their jealous Pangs and Desperation,
Fury, frantick Indignation,
Depth of Pains and Height of Passion,
For the fair, disdainful Dame.

6

But oh ! what Art can teach
What human Voice can reach

The sacred ORGANS Praise ?
Notes inspiring holy Love,
Notes that wing their heavenly Ways
To mend the Choirs above.

7

Orphans cou'd lead the savage race,
And Trees unrooted left their Place,
Sequacious of the Lyre ;
But bright CECILIA rais'd the Wonder
high'r :
Wheo to her Organo vocal Breath was
given,
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd
Mistaking Earth for Heav'n.

Grand CHORUS.

*As from the Pow'r of Sacred Lays
The Spheres began to move,
And sing the great Creator's Praise
To all the bless'd above ;
So, when the last and dreadful Hour
This crumbling Pageant shall devour,
The TRUMPET shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And MUSICK shall untune the Sky.*

THE LADY'S SONG.

I

A QUIRE of bright Beauties so Spring did
appear,
To chuse a May-lady to govern the Year ;
All the Nymphs were in White, and the
Shepherds in Green,
The Garland was giv'n, and Phillis was
Queen ;
But Phillis refus'd it, and sighing did
say,
I'll not wear a Garland while Pan is away.

II

While Pan, and fair Syrinx, are fled from our
Shore,
The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no
more :

The soft God of Pleasure that warm'd our
Desires
Has broken his Bow, and extinguish'd his
Fires,
And vows that himself, and his Mother, will
loorn,
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in Triumph return.

III

Forbear your Addresses, and Court us no
more.
For we will perform what the Deity swore :
But, if you dare think of deserv'ing our
Charms,
Away with your Sheephooks, and take to
your Arois ;
Then Lawrels and Myrtles your Brows shall
adorn,
When Pan, and his Son, and fair Syrinx,
return.

A SONG TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY

GOING OUT OF TOWN IN THE SPRING.

I

Ask not the Cause, why sullen Spring
 So long delays her flow'rs to bear ;
 Why warbling Birds forget to sing,
 And Winter Storms invert the Year ?
Chloris is gone ; and Fate provides
 To make it *Spring*, where she resides.

2

Chloris is gone, the Cruel Fair ;
 She cast not back a pitying Eye :
 But left her Lover in Despair,
 To sigh, to languish, and to die :
 Ah, how can those fair Eyes endure
 To give the wounds they will not cure !

3

Great God of Love, why hast thou made
 A Face that can all Hearts command,
 That all Religions can invade,
 And change the Laws of ev'ry Land ?
 Where thou hadst plac'd such Pow'r before,
 Thou shou'dst have made her Mercy more.

4

When *Chloris* to the Temple comes,
 Adoring Crowds before her Fall ;
 She can restore the Dead from Tombs,
 And every Life but mine recall.
 I only am by Love design'd
 To be the Victim for Mankind.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST ; |

OR, THE | POWER OF MUSIQUE. |

AN ODE | IN HONOUR OF | ST. CECILIA'S DAY : 1697.

I

'Twas at the Royal Feast, for *Persia* won,
 By *Philip's* Warlike Son :
 Aloft in awful State
 The God-like Heroe sate
 On his Imperial Throne ;
 His valiant Peers were plac'd around ;
 Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles
 bound.
 (So should Desert in Arms be Crown'd :)
 The lovely *Thais* by his side,
 Sate like a blooming *Eastern* Bride 10
 In Flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride.
 Happy, happy, happy Pair !
 None but the Brave,
 None but the Brave,
 None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy Pair !
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

II

Timotheus plac'd on high 20
 Amid the tuneful Quire,
 With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre:
 The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,
 And Heav'nly Joys inspire.
 The Song began from *Jove* ;
 Who left his blissful Seats above,
 (Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love.)
 A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God :
 Sublime on Radiant Spires He rode,
 When He to fair *Olympia* press'd : 30
 And while He sought her snowy Breast :
 Then, round her slender Waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'-
 reign of the World.
 The list'ning crowd admire the lofty
 Sound,
 A present Deity, they shout around :
 A present Deity, the vaulted Roofs re-
 bound.

A SONG TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY. Text from
 the *Miscellany Poems*, 1704.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST. Text from the edition
 of 1700.
 29 Spires] *Scott wrongly gives Spheres*

With ravish'd Ears
The Monarch hears,
Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the Spheres.

CHORUS.

*With ravish'd Ears
The Monarch hears,
Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the Spheres.*

III.

The Praise of Bacchus then the sweet
Musician sung,

Of Bacchus ever Fair, and ever Young:
The jolly God in Triumph comes;
Sound the Trumpets; beat the Drums;
Flush'd with a purple Grace 51
He shows his honest Face:
Now give the Hautboys breath; He comes,
He comes.

*Bacchus ever Fair and Young
Drinking Joys did first ordain;
Bacchus Blessings are a Treasure;
Drinking is the Soldiers Pleasure;
Rich the Treasure;
Sweet the Pleasure;
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain. 60*

CHORUS.

*Bacchus Blessings are a Treasure,
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure;
Rich the Treasure,
Sweet the Pleasure,
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.*

IV.

Sooth'd with the Sound the King grew
vain;
Fought all his Battails o'er again;
And thrice He routed all his Foes, and thrice
he slew the slain.

The Master saw the Madness rise,
His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes; 70
And while He Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.

He chase a Mournful Muse,
Salt Pity to infuse;
He sung *Darius* Great and Good,
By too severe a Fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high Estate,
And weltring in his Blood:

Deserted at his utmost Need 8a
By those his former Bounty fed;
On the bare Earth expos'd He lies,
With not a Friend to close his Eyes.
With dawn-cast Looks the jayless Victor

sate,
Revaling in his alter'd Soul
The various Turns of Chance below;
And, now and then, a Sigh he stole,
And Tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

*Revolving in his alter'd Soul
The various Turns of Chance below;
And, now and then, a Sigh he stole, 91
And Tears began to flow.*

V.

The Mighty Master smil'd to see
That Love was in the next Degree;
'Twas but a Kindred-Sound to move,
For Pity melts the Mind to Love.

Softly sweet, in *Lydian* Measures,
Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures.
War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble; 100
Honour but an empty Bubble.

Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying,
If the World be worth thy Winning,
Think, O think, it worth Enjoying.

Lovely *Thais* sits beside thee,
Take the Good the Gods provide thee.
The Many rend the Skies, with loud
applause;
So Love was Crown'd, but Musique wan the
Cause.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair 11a
Who caus'd his Care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with Love and Wine at once
oppress'd,
The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.

CHORUS.

*The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his Care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again; 120
At length, with Love and Wine at once
oppress'd,
The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.*

VI.

Now strike the Golden Lyre again ;
A lowder yet, and yet a lowder Strain.
Break his Bands of Sleep asunder,
And rouze him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid Sound
Has rais'd up his Head ;
As awak'd from the Dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around. 130

Revenge, revenge, *Timotheus* cries,
See the Furies arise !

See the Snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their Hair,
And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes !

Behold a ghastly Band,
Each a Torch in his Hand !

Those are *Grecian* Ghosts, that in Battail
were slain,

And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the Plain : 140
Give the Vengeance due
To the Valiant Crew.

Behold how they toss their Torches on high,
How they point to the *Persian* Abodes,
And glitt'ring Temples of their Hostile Gods.
The Princes applaud with a furious Joy ;
And the King seized a Flambeau with Zeal
to destroy ;

Thais led the Way,
To light him to his Prey,

And, like another *Hellen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

CHORUS.

And the King seiz'd a Flambeau with Zeal to
destroy ; 151

Thais led the Way,
To light him to his Prey,
And, like another *Hellen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

VII.

Thus long ago,

'Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
While Organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing Flute
And sounding Lyre,

Could swell the Soul to rage, or kindle soft
Desire. 160

At last Divine *Cecilia* came,
Inventress of the Vocal Frame ;
The sweet Enthusiast, from her Sacred
Store,

Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to solemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts un-
known before.

Let old *Timotheus* yield the Prize,

Or both divide the Crown :

He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies ;

She drew an Angel down. 170

GRAND CHORUS.

At last Divine *Cecilia* came,
Inventress of the Vocal Frame ;

The sweet Enthusiast, from her Sacred Store,

Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,

And added Length to solemn Sounds,

With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts un-
known before.

Let old *Timotheus* yield the Prize,

Or both divide the Crown :

He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies ;

She drew an Angel down. 180

A SONG.

1

Go tell *Amynta*, gentle Swain,
I wou'd not die, nor dare complain,
Thy tuneful Voice with numbers joyn,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To Souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
The Gods ordain this kind relief ;
That Musick shou'd in sounds convey
What dying Lovers dare not say.

2

A Sigh or Tear perhaps she'll give,
But love on pitty cannot live.
Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains so fast increase,
That soon they will be past redress ;
But ah ! the Wretch, that speechless lyes,
Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

RONDELEY.

I
CHLOE found *Amintas* lying,
All in Tears, upon the Plain,
Sighing to himself, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain !
Kiss me, Dear, before my dying ;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain.

2
Sighing to himself, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain !
Ever scorning, and denying
To reward your faithful Swain
Kiss me, Dear, before my dying ;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain !

3
Ever scorning, and denyiog
To reward your faithful Swain.
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him, that he lov'd in vain :
Kiss me, dear, before my dying ;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain !

4
Chloe, laughiog at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain ;
But repenting, and complying,
When he kiss'd, she kiss'd again :
Kiss'd him up, before his dying ;
Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

THE FAIR STRANGER

A SONG.

I
HAPPY and free, securely blest,
No Beauty could disturb my Rest ;
My am'rous Heart was in Despair,
To find a new victorious Fair :

2
Till you, descending on our Plains,
With foreign Force renew my Chains ;
Where now you rule without Controul,
The mighty Sov'reign of my Soul.

3
Your Smiles have more of conqu'ring Charm
Than all your Native Country's Arms :
Their Troops we can expel with Ease,
Who vanquish only when we please.

4
But in your Eyes, oh, there's the Spell !
Who can see them, and not rebel ?
You make us Captives by your Stay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

A SONG.

I
FAIR, sweet and young, receive a prize
Reserv'd for your Victorious Eyes :
From Crowds, whom at your Feet you see,
O pity, and distinguish me ;
As I from thousand Beauties more
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

II
Your Face for Conquest was design'd,
Your ev'ry Motion charms my Mind ;
Angels, when you your Silence break,
Forget their Hymns to hear you speak ;

But when at once they hear and view,
Are loath to mount, and long to stay with
you.

III
No Graces can your Form improve,
But all are lost, unless you love ;
While that sweet Passion you disdain,
Your Veil and Beauty are in vain.
In pity then prevent my Fate,
For after dying all Reprieves too late.

RONDELEY. Text from the *Miscellany Poems*,
1693.

THE FAIR STRANGER Text from *A New
Miscellany*, 1701
A SONG. Text from the *Miscellany Poems*,
1704.

A SONG.

HIGH State and Honours to others impart,
 But give me your Heart :
 That Treasure, that Treasure alone,
 I beg for my own.
 So gentle a Love, so fervent a Fire,
 My Soul does inspire.
 That Treasure, that Treasure alone,
 I beg for my own.
 Your Love let me crave,
 Give me in Possessing

10

So matchless a Blessing ;
 That Empire is all I wou'd have.

Love's my Petition,
 All my Ambition ;
 If e'er you discover
 So faithful a Lover,
 So real a Flame,
 I'll die, I'll die,
 So give up my Game.

THE SECULAR MASQUE.

Enter JANUS.

Janus. Chronos, Chronos, mend thy Pace :
 An hundred Times the rowling Sun
 Around the Radiant Belt has run
 In his revolving Race.
 Behold, behold, the Goal in sight ;
 Sprad thy Fans, and wing thy flight.

*Enter CHRONOS, with a Scythe in his Hand
 and a great Globe on his Back, which he
 sets down at his entrance.*

Chronos. Weary, weary of my weight,
 Let me, let me drop my Freight,
 And leave the World behind.
 I could not bear,
 Another Year,
 The Load of Human-kind.

10

Enter MOMUS, Laughing.

Momus. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! well
 hast thou done

To lay down thy Pack,
 And lighten thy Back.

The World was a Fool, e'er since it begun,
 And since neither *Janus*, nor *Chronos*,
 nor I

Can hinder the Crimes
 Or mend the bad Times,

'Tis better to Laugh than to Cry. 20

Co. of all 3. 'Tis better to Laugh than to Cry.

Janus. Since *Momus* comes to laugh below,

Old Time begin the Show,

That he may see, in every Scene,

What Changes in this Age have been.

Chronos. Then Goddess of the Silver Bow
 begin.

Horus, or Hunting-Musique within.

Enter DIANA.

Diana. With Horns and with Hounds I
 waken the Day,
 And hie to my Woodland walks away :
 I tuck up my Robe, and am buskined soon,
 And tye to my Forehead a waxing Moon.
 I course the fleet Stag, unkennel the Fox,
 And chase the wild Goats o'er the summets of
 Rocks, 32
 With shouting and hooting we pierce thro'
 the Sky ;
 And Eccho turns Hunter, and doubles the
 Cry.

Cho. of all. *With shouting and hooting we
 pierce through the Skie,
 And Eccho turns Hunter, and doubles the
 Cry.*

Janus. Then our Age was in it's Prime :

Chronos. Free from Rage.

Diana. And free from Crime.

Momus. A very Merry, Dancing, Drinking,
 Laughing, Quaffing, and unthinking Time.

Cho. of all. *Then our Age was in it's Prime,
 Free from Rage, and free from Crime, 42
 A very Merry, Dancing, Drinking,
 Laughing, Quaffing, and unthinking Time.
 [Dance of Diana's attendants.]*

THE SECULAR MASQUE. Text. from the
 original but posthumous edition of 1700, except
 as noted.

A SONO. Text from the *Miscellany Poems*, 1704.

Enter MARS.

Mars. Inspire the Vocal Brass, Inspire ;
The World is past its Infant Age :
Arms and Honour,
Arms and Honour,
Set the Martial Mind on Fire,
And kindle Manly Rage. 50
Mars has lookt the Sky to Red ;
And Peace, the Lazy Good, is fled.
Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure fly ;
The Sprightly Green
In Woodland-Walks no more is seen ;
The-Sprightly Green has drunk the Tyrian
Dye.

Cho. of all. *Plenty, Peace, &c.*

Mars. Sound the Trumpet, Beat the Drum ;
Through all the World around,
Sound a Reveille, Sound, Sound, 60
The Warrior God is come.

Cho. of all. *Sound the Trumpet, &c*

Momus. Thy Sword within the Scabbard
keep,
And let Mankind agree ;
Better the World were fast asleep,
Than kept awake by Thee.
The Fools are only thinner,
With all our Cost and Care ;
But neither side a winner,
For Things are as they were. 70

Cho. of all. *The Fools are only, &c.*

Enter VENUS.

Venus. Calms appear, when Storms are past ;
Love will have his Hour at last :

Nature is my kindly Care ;
Mars destroys, and I repair ;
Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not ev'ry Day.

Cho. of all. *Take her, take her, &c.*

Chronos. The World was then so light,
I scarcely felt the Weight ; 80
Joy rul'd the Day, and Love the
Night.
But since the Queen of Pleasure left the
Ground,
I faint, I lag,
And feebly drag
The pood'rous Orb around.

Momus. All, all of a piece throughout ;
Pointing } Thy Chase had a Beast
to Diana. } in View ;
to Mars. Thy Wars brought
nothing about ;
to Venus. Thy Lovers were all
untrue.

Janus. 'Tis well an Old Age is out. 90

Chro. And time to begin a New.

Cho. of all. *All, all of a piece throughout ;*
Thy Chase had a Beast in View ;
Thy Wars brought nothing about ;
Thy Lovers were all untrue.

'Tis well an Old Age is out,
And time to begin a New.

Dance of Huntsmen, Nymphs,
Warriours, and Lovers.

FINIS

SONG

Of a Scholar and his Mistress, who, being Cross'd by their Friends, fell Mad
for one another ; and now first meet in *Bedlam*.

[*Musick within.*]

[*The Lovers enter at Opposite Doors, each
held by a Keeper.*]

Phillis. Look, look, I see—I see my Love
appear :

'Tis he—'Tis he alone ;

For like him there is none ;

'Tis the dear, dear Man, 'tis thee, Dear.

Amyntas. Hark ! the Winds War ;
The foamy Waves roar ;
I see a Ship afar,
Tossing and Tossing, and making to the
Shoar :
But what's that I View,
So Radiant of Hue, 10

SONG OF A SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS Text
from the original but posthumous edition of 1700,
except as noted
3 For like him] For, like him, 1700.

St. *Hermo*, St. *Hermo*, that sits upon the
Sails?

Ah! No, no, no.

St. *Hermo* never, never shone so bright;
'Tis *Phyllis*, only *Phyllis* can shoot so fair
a Light;

'Tis *Phyllis*, 'tis *Phyllis* that saves the Ship
alone,

For all the Winds are hushed, and the
Storm is overblown.

Phyllis. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to
his Arms.

Amyntas. If all the Fates combine,
And all the Furies join,
I'll force my way to *Phyllis*, and break
through the Charms. 20

[Here they break from their
Keepers; run to each other,
and embrace.]

Phyllis. Shall I Marry the Man I love?
And shall I conclude my Pains?

Now blest be the Powers above,
I feel the Blood bound in my Veins;
With a lively Leap it began to move,
And the Vapours leave my Brains.

Amyntas. Body join'd to Body, and Heart
join'd to Heart;
To make sure of the Cure;
Go call the Man in Black, to mumble o're
his part.

Phyllis. But suppose he should stay . . .

Amyntas. At worst, if he delay;
'Tis a Work must be done;
We'll borrow but a Day,
And the better the sooner begun.

CHORUS of Both.

At worst, if he delay, &c.

[They run out together hand in hand.]

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE WILD GALLANT.

PROLOGUE.

Is it not strange to hear a Poet say,
He comes to ask you how you like the Play?
You have not seen it yet! alas 'tis true;
But now your Love and Hatred judge, not
You.

And cruel Factions (brib'd by Interest) come,
Not to weigh Merit, but to give their Doome.
Our Poet, therefore, jealous of th' Event,
And (though much Boldness takes) not
confident,

Has sent me whither you, Fair ladies, too
Sometimes upon as small Occasions goe, 10
And from this Scheme, drawn for the Hour
and Day,

Bid me inquire the Fortune of his Play.

*The curtain drawn discovers two Astrologers;
The Prologue is presented to them.*

1 *Astrol. reads*. A figure of the heavenly
Bodies in their several Apartments, Feb. the

5th, half an hour after three after Noon,
from whence you are to judge the success
of a new play, called the *Wild Gallant*.

2 *Astrol*. Who must judge of it, we or
these gentlemen? We'll not meddle with
it; so tell your poet. Here are, in this
House, the ablest Mathematicians in *Europe*
for his purpose. 22

They will resolve the Question, e'r they
part.

1 *Asl*. Yet let us judge it by the Rules of Art:
First *Jupiter*, the Ascendants Lord dis-
grac'd,

In the twelfth House and near grim *Saturn*
plac'd,

Denote short life unto the Play:—

2 *Asl*. — *Jove* yet,
In his apartment *Sagitary*, set
Under his own Roof, cannot take much
Wrong.

1 *Asl*. Why then the Life's not very short,
nor long; 30

SONG OF A SCHOLAR, ETC. 13 *Hermo* never]
Hermo, Never 1700. 20 Charms] Charm 1700.

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES Texts from the
original editions.
THE WILD GALLANT, 1663.

2 *Asl.* The Luck not very good, nor very ill ;
Prolo. That is to say, 'tis as 'tis taken still.

1 *Asl.* But, brother, *Ptolomy* the learned says,
 'Tis the fifth House from whence we judge
 of Plays.

Venus, the Lady of that House, I find
 Is *Peregrine* ; your Play is ill design'd ;
 It should have been but one continued
 Song,

Or at the least a Dance of 3 hours long

Asl. But yet the greatest Mischief does
 remain,

The twelfth Apartment bears the Lord of
 Spain ;

Whence I conclude, it is your Author's Lot,
 To be indanger'd by a Spanish plot.

Prolo. Our Poet yet Protection hopes from
 you ;

But bribes you not with any thing that's
 new.

Nature is old, which Poets imitate ;

And for Wit, those that boast their own
 estate

Forget *Fletcher* and *Ben* before them went,
 Their Elder 'Brothers, and that vastly
 spent :

So much, 'twill hardly be repair'd again,
 Not though supply'd with all the wealth
 of *Spain*.

This Play is *English*, and the growth your
 own ;

As such it yields to *English* Plays alone.

He could have wish'd it better for your
 Sakes,

But that in Plays he finds you love Mis-
 takes :

Besides, he thought it was in vain to mend
 What you are bound in Honour to defend ;

That *English* wit, how e'r despis'd by
 some,
 Like *English* valour, still may overcome.

EPILOGUE.

The *Wilde Gallant* has quite play'd out his
 Game ;

He's marry'd now, and that will make him
 tame.

Or if you think Marriage will not reclaim him,
 The Critics swear they'll damn him, but
 they'll tame him.

Yet, though our Poet's threatened most by
 these,

They are the only People he can please :

For he, to humour them, has shown to day

That which they only like, a wretched Play.
 But though his Play be ill, here have been
 shown

The greatest Wits and Beauties of the Town ;

And his Occasion having brought you here,
 You are too grateful to become severe.

There is not any Person here so mean,
 But he may freely judge each Act and Scene.

But if you bid him chuse his Judges, then
 He boldly names true *English* Gentlemen ;

For he ne'r thought a handsome Garb or
 Dress

So great a Crime to make their Judgment less ;
 And with these Gallants he these Ladies joyns,

To judge that Language their Converse re-
 fines.

But if their Censures should condemn his
 Play,

Far from disputing, he does only pray

He may *Leanders* Destiny obtain :

Now spare him, drown him when he comes
 again.

PROLOGUE TO THE RIVAL LADIES.

'Tis much desir'd, you Judges of the Town
 Would pass a vote to put all *Prologues* down ;
 For who can show me, since they first were
 writ,

They e'r converted one hard-hearted Wit ?

Yet the World's mended well ; in former Days
 Good *Prologues* were as scarce as now good
 Plays.

For the reforming Poets of our Age

In this first Charge spend their poetique
 rage.

Expect no more when once the *Prologue's*
 done ;

The wit is ended ere the *Play's* begun.

You now have Habits, Dances, Scenes, and
 Rhymes,

High Language often, ay, and Sense some-
 times

As for a clear Contrivance, doubt it not ;
They blow out Candles to give Light to th'
Plot.

And for Surprize, two Bloody-minded Men
Fight till they dye, then rise and dance again.
Such deep Intrigues you're welcome to this
Day :

But blame your Selves, not him who writ the
Play.

Though his Plot's dull as can be well desir'd,
Wit stiff as any you have e'r admir'd, 20
He's bound to please, not to write well, and
knows

There is a mode in Playes as well as Cloaths ;
Therefore, kind Judges—

A Second Prologue enters.

2. Hold ! would you admit
For Judges all you see within the Pit ?

1. Whom would he then except, or on what
Score ?

2. All who (like him) have writ ill Plays
before ;

For they, like Thieves condemn'd, are hang-
men made

To execute the Members of their Trade.

All that are writing now he would disown,
But then he must except—ev'n all the
Town ;

All Chol'rique losing Gamesters, who in
spight 30

Will damn to Day, because they lost last
Night ;

All Servants, whom their Mistress' Scorn
upbraids,

All Maudlin Lovers, and all slighted Maids,

All who are out of Humour or severe,

All that want Wit, or hope to find it here.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE INDIAN EMPEROR.

PROLOGUE.

ALMIGHTY critiques ! whom our *Indians* here
Worship, just as they do the Devil—for fear ;
In Rev'rence to your Power, I come this day,
To give you timely warning of our Play.
The Scenes are old, the Habits are the same
We wore last Year, before the *Spaniards*
came.

Our Prologue, th' old-cast too
For to observe the new it should nt least
Be spoke by some ingenious Bird or Beast. 9
Now, if you stay, the Blood that shall be shed
From this poor Play be all upon your Head.
We neither promise you one Dance or Show ;
Then Plot and Language, they are wanting
too.

But you, kind Wits, will those light Faults
excuse,

Those are the common Frailties of the *Muse* ;
Which who observes, he buys his Place too
dear ;

For 'tis your Business to be cozen'd here.
These wretched Spies of Wit must then con-
fess,

They take more Pains to please themselves
the less.

THE INDIAN EMPEROR, 1665 Prologue 7-9.
These lines are not in all copies.
9 spoke | spoke, 1665

Grant us such Judges, *Phabus*, we request,
As still mistake themselves into a Jest ; 21
Such easy Judges that our Poet may
Himself admire the Fortune of his Play ;
And nrrogantly, as his Fellows do,
Think he writes well, because he pleases
you.

This he conceives not hard to bring about,
If all of you would join to help him out :

Would each Man take but what he under-
stands,

And leave the rest upon the Poet's Islands.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Mercury.

To all and singular in this full Meeting,
Ladies and Gallants, *Phabus* sends me
greeting.

To all his Sons, by whte'er Title known,
Whether of Court, of Coffee-house, or Town ;
From his most mighty Sons, whose Confi-
dence

Is plac'd in soft Sound and humble Sense,
Even to his little Infants of the Time,
Who write new Songs and trust in Tune and
Rhyme ;

Be't known, that *Phabus* (being daily griev'd
To see good Plays condemn'd and bad
receiv'd) 10

Ordains your Judgment upon every Cause
Henceforth be limited by wholesome Laws.
He first thinks fit no Sonneteer advance
His Censure farther than the Song or Dance.
Your Wit burlesque may one Step higher
climb,
And in his Sphere may judge all dogrel
Rhyme;
All proves, and moves, and loves, and
honours too;
All that appears high Sense, and scarce is low.

As for the Coffee-wits, he says not much;
Their proper Business is to damn the Dutch.
For the great Dons of Wit ———— 21
Phaëbus gives them full Privilege alone
To damn all others, and cry up their own.
Last, for the Ladies, 'tis *Apollo's* Will,
They should have power to save, but not to
kill;
For Love and he long since have thought it
fit,
Wit live by Beauty, Beauty reign by Wit.

PROLOGUE TO SECRET LOVE, OR THE MAIDEN QUEEN.

FIRST PROLOGUE.

1
He, who writ this, not without Pains and
Thought,
From *French* and *English* Theaters has
brought
Th' exactest Rules by which a Play is
wrought,

2
The Unities of Action, Place, and Time;
The Scenes unbroken; and a mingled chime
Of *Johnsons* Humour with *Corneilles* rhyme.

3
But while dead colours he with care did lay,
He fears his Wit or Plot he did not weigh,
Which are the living Beauties of a Play. 9

4
Plays are like Towns, which, howe'er fortifi'd
By Engineers, have still some weaker side,
By the o'reseen Defendant unesp'y'd.

5
And with that Art you make approaches now;
Such skilful fury in Assaults you show,
That every Poet without shame may bow.

6
Ours therefore humbly would attend your
doom,
If, Soldier-like, he may have Terms to come
With flying colours and with beat of Drum.
*The Prologue goes out, and staves while
a Time is play'd, after which he
returns again.*

SECOND PROLOGUE.

I had forgot one half, I do protest,
And now am sent again to speak the rest. 20
He bows to every great and noble Wit;
But to the little Heeters of the Pit
(Our Poet's sturdy, and will not submit.)
He'll be before-hand with 'em, and not stay
To see each peevish Critick stab his Play;
Each Puny Censor, who, his skill to boast,
Is cheaply witty on the Poets Cost.
No Criticks Verdict should, of right, stand
good,

They are excepted all, as men of blood;
And the same Law should shield him from
their fury, 30
Which has excluded Butchers from a Jury.
You'd all be Wits ————

But writing's tedious, and that way may
fail;
The most compendious Method is to rail;
Which you so like, you think your selves ill
us'd,

When in smart Prologues you are not abus'd,
A civil Prologue is approv'd by no man;
You hate it as you do a Civil woman.
Your Fancy's pall'd, and liberally you pay
To have it quicken'd, e're you see a Play. 40
Just as old Sinners, worn from their delight,
Give money to be whip'd to appetite.
But what a Pox keep I so much ado
To save our Poet? he is one of you;
A Brother Judgment, and, as I hear say,
A curs'd Critick as e'er damned a Play.

SECRET LOVE, 1667 Prologue 6 *Johnsons*
Here and elsewhere editors correct to *Johnsons*

6 with *Corneilles* Bell wrongly inserted old
between these words.

Good salvage Gentlemen, your own kind
spare ;
He is, like you, a very Wolf or Bear ;
Yet think not he'll your ancient rights invade,
Or stop the course of your free damning
trade ; 50
For he (he vows) at no Friend's Play can sit,
But he must needs find fault, to show his Wit ;

Then, for his sake, ne'er stint your own
delight ;
Throw boldly, for he sets to all that write ;
With such he ventures on an even lay,
For they bring ready money into Play.
Those who write not, and yet all Writers nick,
Are Bankrupt Gamesters, for they damn on
Tick.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE WILD GALLANT,

REVIVED.

PROLOGUE.

As some raw Squire, by tender Mother bred,
Till one and Twenty keeps his Maidenhead ;
(Pleas'd with some Sport, which he alone
does find,
And thinks a Secret to all Humane kind,)
Till mightily in Love, yet half afraid,
He first attempts the gentle Dairymaid :
Succeeds there, and, led by the renown
Of *Whelstones Park*, he comes at length to
Town :
Where enter'd by some School-fellow or
Friend, 9
He grows to break Glass-Windows in the end:
His Valour too, which with the Watch began,
Proceeds to duell, and he kills his Man.
By such Degrees, while Knowledge he did
want,
Our unfetch'd Author writ a *Wild Gallant*.
He thought him monstrous leud (I'll lay my
Life)
Because suspected with his Landlords Wife ;
But, since his Knowledge of the Town began,
He thinks him now a very civil Man ;
And, much ashamed of what he was before,
Has fairly play'd him at three Wenches more.
'Tis some amends his Frailties to confess ; 21
Pray pardon him his want of Wickedness.
He's towardsly, and will come on apace ;
His frank Confession shows he has some
Grace.
You balk'd him when he was a young
Beginner,
And almost spoyl'd a very hopeful Sinner ;
But if once more you slight his weak
indeavour,
For ought I know, he may turn taile for ever.

EPILOGUE.

Of all Dramatique Writing, Comick Wit,
As 'tis the best, so 'tis most hard to hit.
For it lies all in level to the Eye,
Where all may judge, and each Defect may
spye.
Humour is that which every Day we meet,
And therefore known as every publick Street;
In which, if e'r the Poet go astray,
You all can point, 'twas there he lost his
Way,
But what's so common to make pleasant
too,
Is more than any Wit can always do. 10
For 'tis, like *Turkes* with Hen and Rice to
treat,
To make Regalio's out of common Meat.
But, in your Diet, you grow Salvages :
Nothing but humane Flesh your Taste can
please ;
And as their Feasts with slaughter'd Slaves
began,
So you, at each new Play, must have a
Man.
Hither you come, as to see Prizes fought ;
If no Blood's drawn, you cry, the Prize is
naught.
But Fooles grow wary now ; and, when they
see
A Poet eyeing round the Company, 20
Straight each Man for himself begins to
doubt ;
They shrink like Seamen when a Press comes
out.
Few of 'em will be found for publick Use,
Except you charge an Oph upon each
House,
Like the Train-Bands, and every man iogage
For a sufficient Fool to serve the Stage.

THE WILD GALLANT, REVIVED, 1667. Pro-
logue, 14 unfetch'd] The editors give unfledged

<p>And when with much adoe you get him there, Where he in all his Glory should appear, Your Poets make him such rare Things to say, That he's more Wit than any Man ith' Play : But of so ill a mingle with the rest, 31 As when a Parrat's taught to break a Jest. Thus, aiming to be fine, they make a Show, As fawdry Squires in country Churches do. Things well consider'd, 'tis so hard to make A Comedy, which should the knowing take, That our dull Poet, in despair to please, Does humbly beg by me his writ of ease.</p>	<p>'Tis a Land-tax, which he's too poor to pay ; You therefore must some other Impost lay. 40 Would you but change for serious Plot and Verse This motley garniture of Fool and Farce, Nor scorn a Mode, because 'tis taught at home, Which does, like Vests, our Gravity become, Our Poet yields you should this Play refuse : As Tradesmen by the change of Fashions lose With some content their Fripperies of <i>France</i>, In Hope it may their staple Trade advance.</p>
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PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO SIR MARTIN MAR-ALL,
OR THE FEIGNED INNOCENCE.

PROLOGUE.

Fools, which each man meets in his Dish
each Day,
Are yet the great Regalio's of a Play ;
In which to Poets you but just appear,
To prize that highest which cost them so
dear :
Fops in the Town more easily will pass ;
One story makes a statutable Ass ;
But such in Plays must be much thicker
sown,
Like yolks of Eggs, a dozen beat to one.
Observing Poets all their walks invade,
As men watch Woodcocks gliding through
a Glade : 10
And when they have enough for Comedy,
They stow their several Bodies in a Pye :
The Poet's but the Cook to fashion it,
For, Gallants, you yourselves have found the
Wit.
To bid you welcome would your bounty
wrong ;
None welcome those who bring their Cheer
along.

EPILOGUE.

As country Vicars, when the Sermon's done,
Run huddling to the Benediction ;
Well knowing, though the better sort may
stay,
The Vulgar Rout will run unblest away :
So we, when once our Play is done, make
haste
With a short Epilogue to close your taste.
In thus withdrawing, we seem mannerly ;
But, when the Curtain's down we peep and
see
A Jury of the Wits, who still stay late, 9
And in their Club decree the poor Plays fate ;
Their Verdict back is to the Boxes brought,
Thence all the Town pronounces it their
thought.
Thus, Gallants, we like *Lilly* can foresee ;
But if you ask us what our doom will be,
We by to morrow will our Fortune cast,
As he tells all things when the Year is past.

SIR MARTIN MAR-ALL, 1667. Epilogue :
huddling Scott gives headlong

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE TEMPEST.

PROLOGUE.

As when a Tree's cut down, the secret root
Lives under ground, and thence new
Branches shoot,
So from old *Shakespear's* honoured dust this
day
Springs up and buds a new reviving Play :
Shakespear, who (tought by none) did first
impart
To *Fletcher* Wit, to labouring *Johusan* Art ;
He Monarch-like, gave those his subjects
law,
And is that Nature which they paint and
draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights
did grow, 9
Whilst *Johusan* crept and gather'd all below.
This did his Love, and this his Mirth digest :
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since out-writ all other men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from *Shake-
spear's* Pen
The Storm which vanish'd on the Neighb'ring
shore
Was taught by *Shakespear's* Tempest first to
roar.
That Innocence and Beauty, which did smile
In *Fletcher*, grew on this *Enchanted Isle*.
But *Shakespear's* Magick could not copy'd be ;
Within that Circle none durst walk but he. 20
I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now
That liberty to vulgar Wits allow,
Which works by Magick supernatural things ;
But *Shakespear's* pow'r is sacred as a King's.
Those Legends from old Priest-hood were
receiv'd, ●

And he then writ, as People then believ'd.
But if for *Shakespear* we your grace implore,
We for our Theatre shall want it more ;
Who by our dearth of Youths are forc'd t'
employ
One of our Women to present a Bny. 30
And that's a transformation you will say
Exceeding all the Magick in the Play.
Let none expect in the last Act to find
Her Sex transform'd from Man to Woman-
kind.
What e're she was before the Play began,
All you shall see of her is perfect Man.
Or, if your fancy will be farther led
To find her Woman, it must be abed.

EPILOGUE.

Gallants, by all good Signs it does appear
That Sixty Seven's a very damning Year,
For Knaves aboard, and for ill Poets here.
Among the Muses there's n gen'ral Rot ;
The Rhyming Monsieur and the *Spanish Plot*,
Defie or court, all's one, they go to Pot.
The Ghosts of Poets walk within this place,
And haunt us Actors wheresoe're we pass,
In Visions bloodier than King *Richard's* was.
For this poor Wretch, he has not much to say,
But quietly brings in his Part o' th' Play, 11
And begs the Favour to be damn'd to-day.
He sends me only like a Sh'riffs man here
To let you know the Malefactor's neer,
And that he means to dye *en cavalier*.
For, if you shou'd be gracious to his Pen,
Th' Example will prove ill to other Men,
And you'll be troubled with 'em all agen.

PROLOGUE TO ALBUMAZAR.

To say this Comedy pleas'd long ago
Is not enough to make it pass you now.
Yet, Gentlemen, your Ancestors had wit,
When few Men censur'd, and when fewer
writ ;

And *Jahnsan* (of those few the best) chose this
As the best Model of his Master-picce.
Subtle was got by our *Albumazar*.
That *Alehyunst* by his *Astrologer* ;
Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose
He lik'd the fashion well who wore the
Cloaths. 10

THE TEMPEST, 1667. Published in 1679.
17 Innocence] innocence 1670.

Beauty] beauty 1670.

34 and 36 Man] man 1670.

Epilogue 3 aboard] Some editors wrongly
give abroad

13 Sh'riffs] The editors print Sheriff's

ALBUMAZAR, 1668. Reprinted in *Corvet
Garden Drollery*, 1672. The play is by Tomkis
Prologue 9 we may] I should 1672
10 lik'd the] likes my 1672.
who wore the] that wears my 1672.

But *Ben* made nobly his what he did Mould ;
What was another's Lead, becomes his Gold :
Like an unrighteous Conqueror he Reigns,
Yet risks that well, which he unjustly Gains.
But this our Age such Authors does afford,
As make whole Plays, and yet scarce write
one word ;

Who, in this Anarchy of Wit, rob all,
And what's their Plunder, their Possession
call :

Who, like bold Padders, scorn by Night to
prey,

But rob by Sun-shine, in the Face of Day : 20
Nay scarce the common Ceremony use
Of Stand, Sir, and deliver up your Muse ;

But knock the Poet down, and, with a Grace,
Mount Pegasus before the Owner's Face.
Faith, if you have such Country *Toms* abroad,

'Tis time for all true Men to leave that Road.
Yet it were modest, could it but be said,

They strip the Living, but these rob the
Dead ;

Dare with the Mummies of the Muses play,
And make Love to them the *Ægyptian*
way ;

Or, as a Rhiming Author would have said,
Join the Dead Living to the Living Dead.
Such Men in Poetry may claim some Part ;
They have the Licence, tho' they want the
Art ;

And might, where Theft was prais'd, for
Laureats stand,

Poets, not of the Head, but of the Hand.
They make the Benefits of others' studying,

Much like the Meals of Politick *Jack-Pudding*.
Whose dish to challenge no Man has the
Courage ;

'Tis all his own, when once he's spit it the
Porridge. 40

But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this ;
You are in Fault for what they do amiss :

For they their Thefts still undiscovered
think,

And durst not steal, unless you please to
wink.

Perhaps, you may ward by your Decree,
They shou'd refund,—but that can never be ;

For should you Letters of Reprisal seal,
These Men write that which no Man else
would steal.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO AN EVENING'S LOVE, OR THE MOCK ASTROLOGER.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN first our Poet set himself to write,
Like a young Bridegroom on his Wedding-
night,

He laid about him, and did so bestir him,
His Muse could never lye in quiet for him :

But now his Honey-moon is gone and past,
Yet the ungrateful drudgery must last,

And he is bound, as civil Husbands do,
To strain himself, in complaisance to you :

To write in pain, and counterfeit a Bliss,
Like the faint smackings of an after-Kiss. 10

But you, like Wives ill-pleas'd, supply his
want ;

Each Writing *Monsieur* is a fresh gallant :

And though, perhaps, 'twas done as well
before,

Yet still there's something in a new Amour.
Your several Poets work with several Tools,

One gets you Wits, another gets you Fools :
This pleases you with some hy-stroke of Wit,

Thus finds some cranny that was never hit.
But should these jonty Lovers daily come

To do your Work, like your good Man at
home, 20

Their fine small-timber'd Wits would soon
decay ;

These are Gollants but for a Holiday.
Others you had, who oftner have appear'd,

Whom for meer impotence you have
cashier'd :

12 becomes] became 1672

28 strip] stript 1672. these] they 1672.

31 Such Men] Yet soeh 1672.

35 Such as in *Sparta* weight for Laurels stand
1672

37 the Benefits] their benefit 1672

39 Whose Broth to claim there's no one has the
Courage 1672

40 when once] after 1672.

45-46 omitted 1672.

AN EVENING'S LOVE, 1668

10 smackings] *Edd. give* smacking

Such as at first came on with Pomp and Glory,
But, over-straining, soon fell flat before ye.
Their useless weight with patience long was borne,
But at the last you threw 'em off with scorn.
As for the Poet of this present night,
Though now he claims in you an Husband right, 30
He will not hinder you of fresh delight.
He, like a Scaman, seldom will appear,
And means to trouble home but thrice a year;
That only time from your Gallants he'll borrow;
Be kind to day, and Cuckold him to morrow.

EPILOGUE.

My Part being small, I have had time to day
To mark your various censures of our Play.
First, looking for a Judgement or a Wit,
Like *Jews*, I saw 'em scatter'd through the Pit;
And where a lot of Smilers lent an Ear
To one that talk'd, I knew the Foe was there.
The Club of jests went round; he, who had none,
Borrow'd o' th' next, and told it for his own.
Among the rest, they kept a fearful stir,
In whisp'ring that he stole th' *Astrologer*; 10
And said, betwixt a *French* and *English* Plot,
He eased his halfe-tir'd Muse, on Pace and Trot.
Up starts a *Monsieur*, new come o'er, and warm
In the *French* stoop, and the pull-back o' th' Arm:

Morbleu dit il, and cocks, I am a Rogue,
But he has quitespoil'd the scin'd *Astrologer*.
'Pox, says another, here's so great a stir
With a Son of a Whore, Farce that's regular,
A Rule, where nothing must *decorum* shlock!
Dam'me, 't was dull as Dining by the Clock. 20
An Evening! why the Devil should we be vex'd,
Whether he gets the Wench this night or next?
When I heard this, I to the Poet went,
Told him the House was full of Discontent,
And ask'd him what excuse he could invent. }
He neither swore nor storm'd, as Poets do,
But, most unlike an Author, vow'd 'twas true;
Yet said, he used the *French* like Enemies,
And did not steal their Plots, but made 'em Prize.
But should he all the pains and charges count 30
Of taking 'em, the Bill so high wou'd mount,
That, like Prize-Goods, which through the Office come,
He should have had 'em much more cheap at home.
He still must write, and, Banquier-like, each Day
Accept new Bills, and he must break, or pay.
When through his hands such sums must yearly run,
You cannot think the Stock is all his own.
His haste his other errors might excuse,
But there's no mercy for a guilty Muse;
For, like a Mistress, she must stand or fall, 40
And please you to a light, or not at all.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO TYRANNICK LOVE, OR THE ROYAL MARTYR.

PROLOGUE.

SELF-LOVE (which never rightly understood)
Makes Poets still conclude their Plays are good;
And Malice in all Criticks reigns so high,
That for small Errors, they whole Plays decry;

TYRANNICK LOVE, 1669. *The editors make nonsense by printing the first line thus:*
Self-love, which, never rightly understood,

So that to see this fondness, and that spite,
You'd think that none but Mad-men judge or write.
Therefore our Poet, as he thinks not fit
T' impose upon you what he writes for Wit
So hopes that, leaving you your censures free, 10
You equal Judges of the whole will be:
They judge but half, who only faults will see.
Poets, like Lovers, should be bold and dare,
They spoil their business with an over-care;

And he, who servilely creeps after sence,
Is safe, but ne're will reach an Excellence.
Hence 'tis, our Poet, in his conjuring,
Allow'd his Fancy the full scope and swing.
But when a Tyrant for his Theme he had,
He loos'd the Reins, and bid his Muse run
mad;
And though he stumbles in a full career, so
Yet rashness is a better fault than fear.
He saw his way; but in so swift a pace,
To chuse the ground might be to lose the
race.
They then, who of each trip th' advantage
take,
Find but those Faults, which they want Wit
to make.

EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by MRS. ELLEN when she was to be
carried off dead by the Bearers.*

TO THE BEARER. Hold! are you mad? you
damn'd, confounded Dog!

I am to rise, and speak the Epilogue.

TO THE AUDIENCE. I come, kind Gentlemen,
strange news to tell ye;

'I am the Ghost of poor departed Nelly.

Sweet Ladies, be not frighted; I'll be civil;
I'm what I was, a little harmless Devil.

For, after death, we Sprights have just such
Natures,

We had, for all the World, when humane
Creatures;

And, therefore, I, that was an Actress here,
Play all my Tricks in Hell, a Goblin there;
Gallants, look to 't, you say there are no
Sprights;

But I'll come dance about your Beds at
nights;

And faith you'll be in a sweet Land of
taking,

When I surprise you between sleep and
waking.

To tell you true, I walk, because I dye
Out of my Calling, in a Tragedy.

O Poet, damn'd dull Poet, who could prove
So senseless, to make Nelly dye for Love!

Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in the
prime

Of Easter-term, in Tart and Chitese-cke
time!

I'll fit the Fopp; for I'll not one word
say,

T' excuse his godly, out of fashion Play;

A Play, which, if you dare but twice sit out,
You'll all be slander'd, and be thought
devout.

But, farewell, Gentlemen, make haste to me,
I'm sure e're long to have your company.

As for my Epitaph when I am gone,
I'll trust no Poet, but will write my own.

Here Nelly lies, who, though she lived a
Slattern,

Yet dy'd a Princess, acting in *S. Cathar'n*.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE CONQUEST OF
GRANADA BY THE SPANIARDS.

PROLOGUE

*Spoken by MRS. ELLEN GWYN in a broad-
brimmed hat and waist-belt.*

This feast was first of t' other houses making.
And, five times try'd, has never fail'd of
taking;

For 'twere a shame a Poet should be kill'd
Under the shelter of so broad a shield.

This is that hat, whose very sight did win yee
To laugh and clap as though the Devil were
in yee.

As then for Neckers, so now I hope you'll be
So dull, to laugh once more for love el n'ce.
I'll write a Play, says one, for I have got
A broad-brim'd hat and waistbelt toward-
a Plot.

Says t' other, I have one more large t' n
that.

Thus they out-write each other—with a fat
The brims still grew with every Play t' n
writ;

And grew so large, they cover'd all the wit.
Hat was the Play; 'twas long, and fat,
and Tale:

Like them that find Meat, drink, and a cloth
in Me.

What dulness do these Mungrill-wits confess,
When all their hope is acting of a dress !
Thus, two the best Comedians of the Age
Must be worn out with being Blocks o' th'

Stage : 20

Like a young Girl, who better things has
known,

Beneath their Poets Impotence they groan.
See now what Charity it was to save !

They thought you lik'd what onely you for-
gave ;

And brought you more dull sence, dull sence
much worse

Than brisk gay Non-sence, and the heavier
Curse.

They bring old Ir'n and glass upon the Stage,
To barter with the Indians of our Age.

Still they write on, and like great Authors
show ; 29

But 'tis as Rowlers in wet gardens grow
Heavy with dirt, and gath'ring as they
goe.

May none, who have so little understood,
To like such trash, presume to praise what's
good !

And may those drudges of the Stage, whose
fate

Is, damn'd dull farce more dully to translate,
Fall under that excise the State thinks fit
To set on all French wares, whose worst is
wit.

French Farce, worn out at home, is sent
abroad ;

And, patch'd up here, is made our English
mode. 39

Henceforth, let Poets, 'ere allow'd to write,
Be search'd, like Duellists before they fight,
For wheel-broad hats, dull Humour, all that
chaffe,

Which makes you mourn, and makes the
Vulgar laugh :

For these, in Playes, are as unlawful Arms,
As, in a Combat, Coats of Mayle, and Charms.

EPILOGUE.

Success, which can no more than beauty last,
Makes our sad Poet mourn your favours
past :

For, since without desert he got a name,
He fears to loose it now with greater shame.

Prologue 42 Humour] Some editors wrongly
give Honour

Fame, like a little Mistriss of the Town,
Is gain'd with ease ; but then she's lost as
soon ;

For, as those taudry Misses, soon or late,
Jilt such as keep 'em at the highest rate,
(And oft the Lacquey, or the Brawny Clown,
Gets what is hid in the loose body'd gown ;)
So, Fame is false to all that keep her long ;
And turns up to the Fop that's brisk and
young. 12

Some wiser Poet now would leave Fame
first ;

But elder wits are, like old Lovers, curst :
Who, when the vigor of their Youth is
spent,

Still grow more fond as they grow impotent.
This, some years hence, our Poets case may
prove ;

But yet, he hopes, he's young enough to love.
When forty comes, if ere he live to see

That wretched, fumbling age of poetry ; 20
'Twill be high time to bid his Muse adieu :

Well he may please him self, but never you.
Till then, he'll do as well as he began,

And hopes you will not finde him less a man.
Think him not duller for this years delay ;

He was prepar'd, the women were away ;
And men, without their parts, can hardly
play.

If they, through sickness, seldome did
appear,

Pity the Virgins of each Theatre !
For, at both houses, 'twas a sickly year ! 30

And pity us, your servants, to whose cost,
In one such sickness, nine whole Months are
lost.

Their Stay, he fears, has ruin'd what he
writ :

Long waiting both disables love and wit.
They thought they gave him Leisure to do
well ;

But, when they forc'd him to attend, he
fell !

Yet, though he much has fail'd, he begs to
day

You will excuse his unperforming Play :
Weakness sometimes great passion does
express ;

He had pleas'd better, had he lov'd you
less. 40

Epilogue 21 'Twill] 'Twill 1672.
32 Months] Mon'ths 1672.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE SECOND PART OF THE
CONQUEST OF GRANADA BY THE SPANIARDS.

PROLOGUE.

THEY who write Ill, and they who ne'r durst
write,
Turo Critiques out of meer Revenge and
Spight:
A *Play-house* gives 'em Fame; and up there
starts,
From a mean Fifth-rate Wit, a Man of Parts
(So Common Faces on the Stage appear;
We take 'em in, and they turn Beauties
here.)
Our Authour fears those Critiques as his
Fate;
And those he Fears, by consequence, must
Hate,
For they the Trafficque of all Wit invade,
As Scriv'ners draw away the Bankers Trade.
Howe're, the Poet's safe enough to day; 11
They cannot censure an unfinish'd Play.
But, as when Vizard Masque appears in
Pit,
Straight every Man who thinks himself a Wit
Perks up; and, managing his Comb with
grace,
With his white Wigg sets off his Nut-brown
Face;
That done, bears up to th' prize, and views
each Limb,
To know her by her Rigg'ing and her
Trimm;
Then, the whole noise of Fops to wagers go,
Pov on her, 't must be she; and *Damn'ee* no:
Just so, I Prophecy, these Wits to-day 21
Will blindly guess at our imperfect Play:
With what new Plots our Second Part is
fill'd,
Who must be kept alive, and who be kill'd.
And as those Vizard Masques maintain that
Fashion,
To soothe and tickle sweet Imagination;
So, our dull Poet keeps you on with *Masquing*;
To make you think there's something worth
your asking:
But when 'tis show'd, that which does now
delight you
Will prove a Dowdy, with a Face to fright
you. 30

EPILOGUE.

They who have best succeeded on the
Stage,
Have still cooform'd their Genius to their
Age.
Thus *Jonson* did Mechanique humour show
When men were dull, and conversation low.
Then, Comedy was faultless, but 'twas
course;
Cobbs Tankard was a Jest, and *Otter's* horse.
And as their Comedy, their Love was mean;
Except, by chaoce, in some one labour'd
Scene,
Which must atone for an ill-written play,
They rose, but at their height could seldome
stay. 10
Fame then was cheap, and the first commer
sped;
And they have kept it since, by being dead,
But, were they now to write, when Critiques
weigh
Each Line, and ev'ry Word, throughout
a Play,
None of 'em, no, not *Jonson* in his height,
Could pass, without allowing grains for
weight.
Think it not covy, that these truths are told;
Our Poet's not malicious, though he's bold.
'Tis not to brand 'em that their faults are
shown,
But by their errors to excuse his own. 20
If Love and Honour now are higher rais'd,
'Tis not the Poet, but the Age is prais'd.
Wit's now oriv'd to a more high degree;
Our native Language more refin'd and free;
Our Ladies and our men now speak more wit
In conversation, than those Poets writ.
Then, one of these is, consequently, true;
That what this Poet writes comes short of
you,
And *imitates* you ill (which most he fears)
Or else his writing is not worse than theirs.
Yet, though you judge (as sure the Critiques
will) 31
That some before him writ with greater skill,
In this one praise he has their fame surpast,
To please an Age more Gallant than the last.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken on the First Day of the Kings House acting after the Fire.

So shipwrackt Passengers escape to Land,
 So look they, when on the bare Beach they
 stand,
 Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce
 o'er,
 Expecting Famine on a Desert Shore.
 From that hard Climate we must wait for
 Bread,
 Whence ev'n the Natives, forc'd by hunger,
 fled.
 Our Stage does humane Chance present to
 view,
 But ne'er before was seen so sadly true:
 You are chang'd too, and your Pretence to
 see
 Is but a Nobler Name for Charity. 10
 Your own Provisions furnish out our Feasts,
 While you, the Founders, make your selves
 the guests.
 Of all Mankind beside Fate had some Care, }
 But for poor Wit no portion did prepare; }
 'Tis left a Rent Charge to the Brave and }
 Fair. }

You cherish'd it, and now its Fall you
 mourn,
 Which blind unmanner'd Zelots make their
 scorn,
 Who think that Fire a Judgment on the
 Stage,
 Which spar'd not Temples in its furious
 Rage.
 But as our new-built City rises higher, 20
 So from old Theatres may new aspire,
 Since Fate contrives Magnificence by Fire. }
 Our great Metropolis does far surpass
 What'er is now, and equals all that was:
 Our Wit as far does Foreign Wit excel,
 And, like a King, shou'd in a Palace
 dwell.
 But we with Golden Hopes are vainly
 fed,
 Talk high, and entertain you in a shed:
 Your Presence here (for which we humbly
 sue)
 Will grace Old Theatres, and build up
 New. 30

PROLOGUE TO ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA; REVIVED.

With sickly Actors and an old House too,
 We're match'd with glorious Theatres and
 new,
 And with our Ale-house scenes and Cloaths
 bare worn
 Can neither raise old Plays nor new adorn.
 If all these Ills could not undo us quite,
 A brisk *French* Troop is grown your dear
 delight; 10
 Who with broad bloody Bills call you each
 day
 To laugh and break your Buttons at their
 Play;
 Or see some serious Piece, which we presume
 Is fall'n from some incomparable plume; 20
 And therefore, *Messieurs*, if you'll do us
 Grace,
 Send Lacquies early to preserve your Place.

We dare not on your Priviledge intrench,
 Or ask you why you like 'em? They are
French.
 Therefore some go with Courtesie exceeding,
 Neither to hear nor see, but show their
 Breeding:
 Each Lady striving to out-laugh the rest;
 To make it seem they understood the Jest.
 Their Countrymen come in, and nothing
 pay,
 To teach us *English* where to clap the play:
 Civil, *Ignad*; Our Hospitable Land 21
 Bears all the Charge, for them to under-
 stand:
 Mean time we languish, and neglected lye,
 Like Wives, while you keep better Company;
 And wish for our own sakes, without a
 Satyr,
 You'd less good Breeding or had more good
 Nature.

PROLOGUE AFTER THE FIRE. Text from the
Miscellanies of 1692. Variants from *Covent*
Garden Drollery, 1672.
 4 on] from 1672.
 10 for] of 1672.

ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA. Text from the
Miscellanies of 1684. The play is by Cartell.

PROLOGUE, *for the Women,*

When they Acted at the Old Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

<p>WERE none of you, Gallants, e'er driven so hard, As when the poor kind Soul was under guard, And could not do't at home, in some By- street To take a Lodging, and in private meet > Such is our Case; We can't appoint our House, The Lovers old and wonted Rendezvous, But hither to this trusty Nook remove; The worse the Lodging is, the more the Love. For much good Pastime, many a dear sweet lup Is stol'n in Garrets, on the humble Rugg, 10 Here's good Accommodation in the Pit; The Grave demurely in the midst may sit,</p>	<p>And so the hot <i>Burgundian</i> on the Side Ply Vizard Masque, and o'er the Benches stride: Here are convenient upper Boxes too, For those that make the most triumphant show; All that keep Coaches must not sit below. There, Gallants, you betwixt the Acts retire, And at dull Plays have something to admire: 19 We, who look up, can your Addresses mark, And see the Creatures coupled in the Ark: So we expect the <i>Lovers, Braves, and Wits</i>; The gaudy House with Scenes will serve for Cits.</p>
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PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE MAIDEN QUEEN,
OR SECRET LOVE,

When acted by the Women only.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by MRS. BOUTELL, in man's clothes.

WOMEN like us (passing for Men) you'll
cry,
} resume too much upon your Seeresie.
There's not a Fop in Town but will pretend,
To know the Cheat himself, or by his
Friend.
Then make no words on't, Gallants, 'tis e'en
true,
We are condemn'd to look, and strut, like
you.
Since we thus freely our hard Fate confess,
Accept us, these bad Times, in any Dress.
You'll find the sweet on't, now old Panta-
loons
Will go as far, as formerly new Gowns; 10
And from your own cast Wigs expect no
Frowns.

The Ladies we shall not so easily please.
They'll say what impudent bold things are
these,
That dare provoke, yet cannot do us
right,
Like Men, with huffing Looks, that dare not
fight.
But this reproach our Courage must not
daunt,
The Bravest Soldier may a Weapon want,
Let Her that doubts us, still send Her
Gallant.
Ladies, in us you'll Youth and Beauty
find,
All Things, but one, according to your
Mind. 20
And when your Eyes and Ears are feasted
here,
Rise up, and make out the short Meal else-
where.

PROLOGUE FOR THE WOMEN. Text from the
same, except as noted.

1 Were] Where 1654: a misprint.

17 Coaches] *Bell wrongly printed Couches*

THE MAIDEN QUEEN, 1672. Text from *Convent
Garden Drillery*, 1672, where many of the stops
are wrong, but as the text had not Dryden's
authority the errors are not here noted

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by MRS. REEVE, in man's clothes.

What think you, Sirs, was't not all well enough?

Will you not grant that we can strut, and huff?

Men may be proud; hut faith, for ought I see,

They neither walk, nor cock, so well as we; And for the fighting part, we may in time Grow up to swagger in heroick Rhime; For though we cannot boast of equal Force, Yet at some Weapons Men have still the worse.

Why should not then we Women act alone, }
Or whence are Men so necessary grown? 10 }
Our's are so old, they are as good as none. }
Some who have tri'd 'em, if you'll take }
their Oaths, }

Swear they're as arrant Tinsell as their Cloaths.

Imagine us but what we represent,
And we could e'en give you as good Content,
Our Faces, Shapes,—all's better than you see,

And for the rest, they want as much as we.
Oh, would the higher Pow'rs be kind to us,
And grant us to set up a female House.

Wee'l make ourselves to please both Sexes then, 20

To the Men Women, to the Women Men.
Here we presume, our Legs are no ill Sight,
And they will give you no ill Dreams at Night.

In Dreams both Sexes must their Passions ease,

You make us then as civil as you please.
This would prevent the Houses joyn'g too,
At which we are as much displeas'd as you;

For all our Women most devoutly swear, }
Each would be rather a poor Actress here }
Than to be made a Mamamouchi there. 30 }

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO MARRIAGE-A-LA-MODE.

PROLOGUE.

LORD, how reform'd and quiet are we grown,
Since all our Braves and all our Wits are gone:

Fop-corner now is free from Civil War,
White-Wig and Vizard-Mask no longer jar.
France, and the Fleet have swept the Town so clear,

That we can Act in peace, and you can hear.
Those that durst fight are gone to get renown;
And those that durst not, blush to stand in Town.

'Twas a sad sight, before they march'd from home,

To see our Warriours, in Red Wastecoats, come, 10

With hair tuck'd up, into our Tiring-room. }
But 'twas more sad to hear their last Adieu }
The Women sob'd, and swore they would be true ; }

MARRIAGE-A-LA-MODE, 1672. Printed in *Covenant Garden Drollery*, 1672, and with the play. 1673.
Prologue & Vizard-Mask] *Christie: Vizard Masks 1672: Vizard make 1673.*
7-8 omitted 1673.
9 march'd] 1673: went 1672.

And so they were, as long as e're they cou'd;

But powerful *Guinee* cannot be withstood, }
And they were made of Playhouse flesh }
and blood. }

Fate did their Friends for double Use ordain;

In Wars abroad, they grinning Honour gain }
And Mistresses, for all that stay, maintain. }

Now they are gone, 'tis dead Vacation here,
For neither Friends nor Enemies appear. 21
Poor pensive Punk now peeps ere Plays begin.

Sees the bare Bench, and dares not venture in;

But manages her last Half-crown with care,
And trudges to the *Mall*, on foot, for Air.
Our City Friends so far will hardly roam,
They can take up with Pleasures nearer home;

And see gay Shows with gaudy Scenes elsewhere: 28

For we presume they seldom come to hear.

16 Playhouse] Play house 1673.
26 room] 1672: come 1673.
28 with] 1672: and 1673.

But they have now ta'n up a glorious Trade,
And cutting *Moorcraft* struts in Masquerade,
There's all our hope, for we shall show to day
A Masquing Ball, to recommend our Play;
Nay, to endear 'em more, and let 'em see
We scorn to come behind in Courtesie,
We'll follow the new Mode which they begin,
And treat 'em with a Room, and Couch
within:
For that's one way, how e're the Play fall
short,
T' oblige the Town, the City, and the Court.

EPILOGUE.

Thus have my Spouse and I inform'd the
Nation,
And led you all the way to Reformation;
Not with dull Morals, gravely writ, like those
Which men of easy Phlegme with care com-
pose,
Your Poets, of stiff Words and limber sense,
Born on the confines of indifference:
But by Examples drawn, I dare to say,
From most of you who hear, and see the Play
There are more *Rhodophils* in this Theatre,
More *Palamedes*, and some few Wives, I fear:
But yet too far our Poet would not run; 11
Though 'twas well offer'd, there was nothing
done.

He would not quite the Woman's frailty
bare,
But stript 'em to the waste, and left 'em
there:
And the men's faults are less severely
shown,
For he considers that himself is one.
Some stabbing Wits, to bloudy Satyr bent,
Would treat both Sexes with less comple-
ment:
Would lay the Scene at home; of Husbands
tell,
For Wenches taking up their Wives i' th'
Mell; 20
And a brisk bout, which each of them did
want,
Made by mistake of Mistris and Gallant.
Our modest Authour thought it was enough
To cut you off a Sample of the stuff:
He spared my shame, which you, I'm sure,
would not,
For you were all for driving on the Plot;
You sigh'd when I came in to break the sport,
And set your teeth when each design fell
short.
To Wives, and Servants all good wishes lend,
But the poor Cuckold seldom finds a friend.
Since therefore, Court and Town will take
no pity, 31
I humbly cast myself upon the City.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE ASSIGNATION,
OR LOVE IN A NUNNERY.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUES, like Bells to Churches, toul
you in
With Chimeing Verse, till the dull Playes
begin;
With this sad difference though, of Pit and
Pue;
You damn the *Poet*, but the *Priest* damns
you.
But Priests can treat you at your own
expence,
And, gravely, call you Fools, without Offence

Poets, poor Devils, have ne'er your Folly
shown,
But, to their Cost, you prov'd it was their
own; 8
For, when a *Top's* presented on the Stage,
Straight all the Coxcombs in the Townningage;
For his deliverance and revenge they joyn,
And grunt, like Hogs, about their Captive
Swine.
Your Poets daily split upon this shelf:
You must have Fools, yet none will have
himself.
Or, if in kindness, you that leave would give,
No man could write you at that rate you live:

For some of you grow Fops with so much
haste,
Riot in nonsense, and commit such waste,
'Twould Ruine Poets should they spend so
fast.

He who made this observed what Farces
hit,

And durst not disoblige you now with wit.
But, Gentlemen, you overdo the Mode;
You must have Fools out of the common
Rode.

Th'unnatural strain'd Buffoon is only taking;
No Fop can please you now of Gods own
making.

Pardon our Poet, if he speaks his Mind;
You come to Plays with your own Follies
lin'd:

Small Fools fall on you, like small showers,
in vain;

Your own oyl'd Coats keep out all common
rain.

You must have Mamamouchi, such a Fop
As would appear a Monster in a Shop; 31
He'll fill your Pit and Boxes to the brim,
Where, Ram'd in Crowds, you see your selves
in him.

Sure there's some spell our Poet never knew,
In hullibablah de, and Chu, chu, chu;
But Marabarah sahem most did touch you:
That is, Oh how we love the Mamamouchi!
Grimace and habit sent you pleas'd away;
You damn'd the poet, and cried up the Play.

This Thought had made our Author more
uneasie,

But that he hopes I'm Fool enough to
please ye.

But here's my grief,—though Nature, joined
with Art,

Have cut me out to act a Fooling Part,
Yet, to your Praise, the few wits here will
say,

'Twas imitating you taught Haynes to Play.

EPILOGUE.

Some have expected, from our Bills to-day,
To find a *Satyre* in our *Poet's Play*.

The *Zealous Rout* from *Coleman-street* did run,
To see the Story of the *Fryer* and *Nun*,
Or Tales, yet more Ridiculous to hear,

Vouch'd by their Vicar of Ten pounds a year;
Of Nuns who did against Temptation Pray,
And Discipline laid on the pleasant Way:

Or that, to please the Malice of the Town,
Our *Poet* should in some close Cell have
shown

Some Sister, Playing at Content alone.
This they did hope; the other Side did
fear;

And both, you see, alike are Couzen'd here.
Some thought the Title of our Play to blame;
They liked the thing, but yet abhor'd the
Name:

Like modest *Punks*, who all you ask afford,
But, for the *World*, they would not name
that word.

Yet, if you'll credit what I heard him say,
Our *Poet* meant no Scandal in his *Play*;
His Nuns are good which on the Stage are
shown,

And, sure, behind our *Scenes* you'll look for
none.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO AMBOYNA, OR THE CRUELITIES OF THE DUTCH TO THE ENGLISH MERCHANTS.

PROLOGUE.

As needy Gallants in the Scriv'ners hands
Court the rich Knave that gripes their Mort-
gag'd Lands,

The first fat Buck of all the Season's sent,
And Keeper takes no Fee in Complement;

AMBOYNA, 1673. Prologue to keep friendship]
Christie, I do not know from what source, gives
preserve them

The doteage of some *Englishmen* is such.
To fawn on those who ruine them, the *Dutch*.
They shall have all rather than make a War
With those who of the same Religion are.

The *Streights*, the *Guiney Trade*, the *Herrings*
too,

Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle you.
Some are resolv'd not to find out the Cheat,
But Cuckold-like, love him who does the
Feat:

What injuries soe'r upon us fall,
Yet still the same Religion answers all:
Religion wheedled you to Civil War,
Drew *English* Blood, and *Dutchmens* now
wou'd spare.
Be gull'd no longer; for you'll find it true,
They have no more Religion, faith—then
you,
Interest's the God they worship in their
State; 19
And you, I take it, have not much of that.
Well, Monarchys may own Religions name,
But States are Atheists in their very frame.
They share a sin, and such proportions fall
That, like a stink, 'tis nothing to 'em all.
How they love *England*, you shall see this
day:
No Map shows *Holland* truer than our Play:
Their Pictures and Inscriptions well we know;
We may be bold one Medal sure to show.
View then their Falshoods, Rapine, Cruelty;
And think what once they were they still
would be: 30
But hope not either Language, Plot, or Art;
'Twas writ in haste, but with an *English*
Heart:
And lest hope Wit; in *Dutchmen* that would
be
As much improper as would Honesty.

EPILOGUE.

A Poet once the *Spartan's* led to fight,
And made 'em conquer in the Muses right:
So would our Poet lead you on this day,
Showing your tortur'd Fethers in his Play.
To onewell born th'nfront is worse and more.
When he's abus'd and baffled by a Bore:
With an ill Grace the *Dutch* their mischiefs do.
They've both ill Nature and ill Manners too.
Well may they boast themselves an antient
Nation,
For they were bred e're Manners were in
fashion: 10
And their new Commonwealth hasset 'em free,
Onely from Honour and Civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their Lubber-State Mankind be-
stride;
Their Sway became 'em with as ill a Meen,
As their own Paunches swell above their Chin:
Yet is their Empire no true Growth but
Humour,
And onely two Kings' touch can cure the
Tumor.
As *Cato* did his *Affrique* Fruits display,
So we before your Eies their *Indies* lay: 20
All loynl *English* will like him conclude,
Let *Cesar* Live, and *Carthage* be subdu'd!

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by MR. HART at the acting of the
Silent Woman,

WHAT *Greece*, when learning flourish'd, onely
knew,
(*Athenian* Judges,) you this day renew.
Here too are Annual Rites to *Pallas* done,
And here Poetique prizes lost or won.
Methinks I see you crown'd with Olives sit,
And strike a sacred Horror from the Pit.
A Day of Doom is this of your Decree,
Where even the Best are but by Mercy free:
A Day which none but *Johnson* durst have
wish'd to see.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD, 1673 Printed in 1684, again in 1697

Here they who long have known the usefull
Stage 10
Come to be taught themselves to teach the
Age.
As your Commissioners our Poets go,
To cultivate the Virtue which you sow;
In your *Lycaen* first themselves refin'd,
And delegated thence to Humane kind.
But as Embassadors, when long from
home.
For new Instructions to their Princes
come;
So Poets who your Precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and Faults else-where by them are
shown. 20
But by your Manners they correct their own.

Th' illiterate Writer, Emperique like, applies
 To Minds discas'd, unsale, chance Remedies :
 The Learn'd in Schools, where Knowledge
 first began,
 Studies with Care th' Anatomy of Man ;
 Sees Vertue, Vice, and Passions in their
 Cause,
 And Fame from Science, not from Fortune,
 draws.
 So Poetry, which is in *Oxford* made
 An Art, in *London* onely is a Trade.
 There haughty Dunces, whose unlearned
 Pen
 Could ne'er spell Grammar, would be reading
 Men. 30
 Such build their Poems the *Lucretian* way ;
 So many Huddled Atoms make a Play,
 And il they hit in Order by some Chance,
 They call that Nature which is Ignorance.
 To such a Fame let mere Town-Wits
 aspire,
 And their gay Nonsense their own Citty
 admire.
 Our Poet, could he find Forgiveness here,
 Would wish it rather than a *Plaudit* there.
 He owns no Crown from those *Prætorian*
 Bands, 40
 But knows *that* Right is in this Senates
 Hands.
 Not impudent enough to hope your Praise, }
 Low at the Muses Feet, his Wreath he lays, }
 And, where he took it up, resigns his Bays. }
 Kings make their Poets whom themselves
 think fit.
 But 'tis your Suffrage makes Authentique
 Wit.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by MR. HART.

No poor *Dutch* Peasant, wing'd with all his
 Fear,
 Flies with more haste, when the *French* Arms
 draw near,
 Than we with our Poetique Train come
 down,
 For Refuge hither from th' infected Town ;
 Heaven for our Sins this Summer has thought
 fit
 To visit us with all the Plagues of Wit.

A *French* Troop first swept all things in
 its way ;
 But those hot *Monsieurs* were too quick to
 stay ;
 Yet, to our Cost, in that short time, we find
 They left their Itch of Novelty behind. 10
 Th' *Italian* Merry-Andrews took their
 place,
 And quite debauch'd the Stage with lewd
 Grimacee :
 Instead of Wit and Humours, your Delight
 Was there to see two Hobby-horses fight,
 Stout *Scaramoucha* with Rush Lance rode in,
 And ran a Tilt at Centaure *Arlequin*.
 For Love you heard how amorous Asses
 bray'd,
 And Cats in Gutters gave their Serenade.
 Nature was out of Countenance, and each
 Day
 Some new-born Monster shewn you for a
 Play. 20
 But when all fail'd, to strike the Stage
 quite dumb,
 Those wicked Engines, call'd Machines, nre
 come.
 Thunder and Lightning now for Wit are
 play'd.
 And shortly Scenes in *Lapland* will be lay'd :
 Art Magique is for Poetry profest,
 And Cats and Dogs, and each obseener Beast
 To which *Egyptian* Dotards once did bow,
 Upon our *English* Stage are worshipp'd now.
 Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to Renown
Macbeth, the *Simon Magus* of the town. 30
Fletcher's despis'd, your *Johnson* out of
 Fashion,
 And Wit the onely Drug in all the Nation.
 In this low Ebb our Wares to you are
 shown,
 By you those Staple Authours Worth is
 known ;
 For Wit's a Manufacture of your own.
 When you, who only can, their scenes have
 prais'd,
 We'll boldly back, and say their Price is
 rais'd.

Epilogue 30 the *Simon*] and *Simon 1602*, and
 most editors. *Christie* wrongly ascribes the
 error to *Broughton*.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE *Spoken at the opening of the New House,*
MARCH 26, 1674.

PROLOGUE.

A Plain built House, after so long a stay,
Will send you half unsatisfi'd away ;
When, fall'n from your expected Pomp, you
find

A bare convenience only is designed.
You, who each Day can Theatres behold,
Like *Nero's* Palace, shining all with Gold,
Our mean ungilded Stage will scorn, we fear,
And for the homely Room, disdain the Chear
Yet now cheap Druggets to a Mode are

grown,
And a plain Suit (since we can make but
one) 10
Is better than to be by tarnisht gawdry
known.

They, who are by your Favours wealthy
made,
With mighty Sums may carry on the Trade ;
We, broken Banquiers, half destroy'd by
Fire,

With our small Stock to humble Roofs
retire ;
Pity our Loss, while you their Pomp
admire.

For Fame and Honour we no longer strive ;
We yield in both, and only beg to live ;
Unable to support their vast Expense,
Who build and treat with such Magnificence,
That, like th' Ambitious Monarchs of the
Age, 21

They give the Law to our Provincial Stage.
Great Neibours enviously promote Excess,
While they impose their Splendor on the
less ;

But only Fools, and they of vast Estate,
Th' extremity of Modes will imitate,
The dangling Kneec-fringe and the Bib-
cravat.

Yet if some Pride with want may be allow'd,
We in our plainness may be justly proud ;
Our Royal Master will'd it should be so ; 30
Whate'er he's pleased to own can need no
show ;

That sacred Name gives Ornament and
Grace ;
And, like his Stamp, makes basest Mettals
pass.

'Twere Folly now a stately Pile to raise,
To build a Play-house, while you throw down
Plays ;

Whilst Scenes, Machines, and empty *Opera's*
reign,
And for the Pencil you the Pen disdain ;
While Troops of famish'd *Frenchmen* hither
drive,

And laugh at those upon whose Alms they
live : 39
Old *English* Authors vanish, and give place
To these new Conqu'rors of the *Norman*
Race

More tamely than your Fathers you submit ;
You're now grown Vassals to 'em in your Wit.
Mark, when they play, how our fine Fops
advance

The Mighty Merits of these Men of *France*,
Keep time, cry *Ben*, and humour the
Cadence.

Well, please your selves ; but sure 'tis under-
stood,

That *French* Machines have ne'er done
England good.

I would not prophesie our Houses Fate ;
But while vain Shows and Scenes you over-
rate, 50

'Tis to be feared —

That, as a Fire the former House o'erthrew,
Machines and Tempests will destroy the new.

EPILOGUE.

Though what our Prologue said was sadly
true,
Yet, Gentlemen, our homely House is new,
A Charm that seldom fails with wicked
you.
A Country Lip may have the Velvet touch ;
Tho' she's no Lady, you may think her
such :
A strong Imagination may do much.

<p>But you, loud Sirs, who thro' your Curls look big, Criticks in plume and white vallancy Wig, Who lolling on our foremost Benches sit, And still charge first, (the true forlorn of Wit) 10 Whose favours, like the Sun, warm where you roul, Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor Soul ; So may your Hats your Foretops never press, Untouch'd your Ribbons, sacred be your Dress ; So may you slowly to old Age advance, And have th' Excuse of Youth for Ignorance ; So may Pop corner full of Noise remain, And drive far off the dull, attentive Train ; So may your Midnight Scowrings happy prove, And Morning Batt'ries force your way to love ; 20 So may not <i>France</i> your Warlike Hands recal, But leave you by each other's Swords to fall, As you come here to ruffle Vizard Punk, When sober rail, and roar when you are drunk.</p>	<p>But to the Wits we can some Merit plead, And urge what by themselves has oft been said : Our House relieves the Ladies from the frights Of ill-pav'd Streets, and long dark Winter Nights ; The <i>Flanders</i> Horses from a cold bleak Road, Where Bears in Furs dare scarcely look abroad ; 30 The Audience from worn Plays and Fustian Stuff Of Rhime, more nauseous than three Boys in Buff. Though in their House the Poets Heads appear, We hope we may presume their Wits are here. The best which they reserv'd they now will play, For, like kind Cuckolds, tho' w^e have not the way To please, we'll find you abler Men who may. If they shou'd fail, for last Recruits we breed A Troop of frisking Monsiers to succeed. (You know the <i>French</i> sure Cards at time of need.) 40</p>
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PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

*PROLOGUE.

Spoken by MR. HART.

<p>POETS, your Subjects, have their Parts assign'd, T^r unbend and to divert their Sov'reign's Mind : When, tyr'd with following Nature, you think fit To seek repose in the cool shades of Wit, And from the sweet Retreat, with Joy survey What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way. Here, free your selves from Envy, Care, and Strife, You view the various Turns of humane Life ;</p>	<p>Safe in our Scene, through dangerous Courts you go, And undebauch'd the Vice of Cities know. 10 Your Theories are here to Practice brought, As in Mechanick Operations wrought ; And Man, the little World, before you set, As once the Sphere of Chrystal Shew'd the Great. Blest sure are you above all Mortal Kind, If to your Fortunes you can suit your Mind ; Content to see, and shun, those ills we show, And Crimes, on Theatres alone, to know. With joy we bring what our dead Authors writ, And beg from you the value of their Wit : 20 That <i>Shakespear's</i>, <i>Fletcher's</i>, and great <i>John-</i> <i>son's</i> Claim May be renew'd from those who gave them Fame.</p>
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None of our living Poets dare appear ;
 For Muses so severe are worshipt here
 That, conscious of their Faults, they shun
 the Eye,
 And, as Prophane, from sacred Places fly,
 Rather than see th' offended God, and dye.)
 We bring no Imperfections, but our own ;
 Such Faults as made are by the Makers
 shown.
 And you have been so kind that we may
 boast, 30
 The greatest Judges still can pardon most.
 Poets must stoop, when they would please
 our Pit,
 Debas'd even to the Level of their Wit ;
 Disdaining that which yet they know will
 take,
 Hating themselves what their Applause must
 make.
 But when to Praise from you they would
 aspire,
 Though they like Eagles mount, your *Jove*
 is higher.
 So far your Knowledge all their Pow'r trans-
 cends,
 As what *should* be beyond what *Is*, extends.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by MRS. MARSHALL.

Oft has our Poet wisht, this happy Seat
 Might prove his fading Muses last Retreat :
 I wonder'd at his Wish, but now I find
 He sought for quiet, and content of mind ;
 Which noisefull Towns and Courts can never
 know,

And onely in the shades, like Laurels, grow.
 Youth, e'er it sees the World, here studies
 Rest,
 And Age, returning thence, concludes it best.
 What wonder if we court that happiness,
 Yearly to share, which hourly you possess ;
 Teaching ev'n you, while the next World we
 show, 11
 Your Peace to value more, and better know
 'Tis all we can return for favours past,
 Whose holy Memory shall ever last,
 For Patronage from him whose care presides
 O'er every noble Art, and every Science
 guides :
Both first, a name the learn'd with reverence
 know,
 And scarcely more to his own *Virgil* owe ;
 Whose Age enjoys but what his Youth
 deserv'd, 19
 To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd.
 His Learning, and untainted Manners too,
 We find (*Athenians*) are deriv'd to you ;
 Such Antient Hospitality there rests
 In yours, as dwelt in the first *Grecian*
 Breasts,
 Whose kindness was Religion to their
 Guests.
 Such Modesty did to our Sex appear,
 As had there been no Laws we need not
 fear,
 Since each of you was our Protector here.
 Converse so chaste, and so strict Virtue
 shown,
 As might *Apollo* with the Muses own. 30
 Till our return, we must despair to find
 Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO AURENG-ZEBE

PROLOGUE.

OUR Author by experience finds it true,
 'Tis much more hard to please himself than
 you ;
 And out of no feign'd Modesty, this day,
 Damns his laborious Trifle of a Play ;
 Not that its worse than what before he writ,
 But he has now another taste of Wit ;

And, to confess a Truth (though out of
 Time,)
 Grows weary of his long-loved Mistris Rhyme.
 Passion's too fierce to be in Fetters bound, 9
 And Nature flies him like Enchanted Ground :
 What Verse can do he has perform'd in this,
 Which he presumes the most correct of his ;
 But spite of all his pride, a secret shame
 Invades his Breast at *Shakespear's* sacred
 name :

Epilogue 4 sought for] One version has here
 sought
 DR.

AURENG-ZEBE, 1675. Published in 1676.

Aw'd when he hears his Godlike *Romans*
rage.

He in a just despair would quit the Stage ;
And to an Age less polish'd, more unskill'd,
Does with disdain the foremost Honours
yield.

As with the greater Dead he dares not strive,
He wou'd not match his Verse with those
who live : 20

Let him retire, betwixt two Ages cast,
The first of this, and hindmost of the last.
A losing Gamester, let him sneak nway ;
He bears no ready Money from the Play.

The Fate which governs Poets, thought it fit,
He shou'd not raise his Fortunes by his Wit.
The Clergy thrive, and the litigious Bar ;
Dull Heroes fatten with the Spoils of War :

All Southern Vices, Heav'n be prais'd, are
here ;

But Wit's a Luxury you think too dear. 30
When you to cultivate the Plant are loth,
'Tis a shrewd sign 'twas never of your
growth :

And Wit in Northern Climates will not blow,
Except, like *Orange-trees*, 'tis hous'd from
Snow.

There needs no care to put a Play-house
down,

'Tis the most desert place of all the Town :
We and our Neighbours, to speak proudly,
are

Like Monarchs, ruin'd with expensive War ;
While, like wise *English*, unconcern'd you
sit,

And see us play the Tragedy of Wit. 40

EPILOGUE.

A pretty task : and so I told the Fool,
Who needs would undertake to please by
Rule :

He thought that, if his Characters were good,
The Scenes entire, and freed from noise and
bloud ;

The Action great, yet circumscrib'd by Time,
The Words not forc'd, but sliding into
Rhime,

The Passions rais'd and calm'd by just
Degrees,

As Tides are swell'd, and then retire to Seas ;

He thought in hitting these his bus'ness
done,

Though he perhaps has fail'd in ev'ry one : 10
But, after all, a Poet must confess,
His Art's, like Physick, but a happy gless.
Your Pleasure on your Fancy must depend :
The Lady's pleas'd, just as she likes her
Friend.

No Song ! no Dance ! no Show ! he fears
you'll say :

You love all naked Beauties, but a Play.
He much mistakes your methods to delight ;
And, like the *French*, abhors our Target-
fight :

But those damn'd Dogs can never be i' th'
right.

True *English* hate your Monsieur's paltry
Arts, 20

For you are all Silk-weavers, in your hearts.
Bold *Brittons*, at a brave Bear-garden Fray,
Are rouz'd : and, clatt'ring Sticks, cry, *Play,*
play, play.

Meantime, your filthy Forreigner will stare,
And mutter to himself, *Ha gens Barbare !*
And, Gad, 'tis well he mutters : well for him ;
Our Butchers else would tear him limb from
limb.

'Tis true, the time may come, your Sons may
be

Infected with this *French* civility :
But this in After-ages will be done : 30

Our Poet writes a hundred years too soon.
This Age comes on too slow, or he too fast ;
And early Springs are subject to a blast !

Who would excel, when few can make a Test
Betwixt indiff'rent Writing and the best ?
For Favours cheap and common, who wou'd
strive,

Which, like nbandoned Prostitutes, you
give ?

Yet scatter'd here and there, I some behold,
Who can discern the Tinsel from the Gold :
To these he writes ; and, if by them allow'd,
'Tis their Prerogative to rule the Crowd. 41

For he more fears (like a presuming Man)
Their Votes who cannot judge, than theirs
who can.

Epilogue 18 and 29 French] French 1576.

22 *Brittons*] Brittons 1576

25 *gens*] *Saintsbury conjectures gent*

EPILOGUE TO CALISTO, OR THE CHASTE NYMPH.

Intended to have been spoken by the LADY HENRIETTA MARIA WENTWORTH, when Calisto was Acted at Court

<p>As <i>Jupiter</i> I made my Court in vain ; I'll now assume my Native shape again. I'm weary to be so unkindly us'd, And would not be a God to be refus'd. State grows uneasy when it hinders Love ; A glorious Burden, which the wise remove. Now, as a Nymph, I need not sue, nor try The force of any lightning but the Eye. Beauty and Youth more than a God command ; No <i>Jove</i> could e'er the force of these withstand. 10 'Tis here that Sovereign Power admits dispute, Beauty sometimes is justly absolute. Our sullen <i>Caloes</i>, whatsoe'er they say, Even while they frown and dictate Laws, obey. You, mighty Sir, our bonds more easie make, And gracefully what all must suffer take ; Above those forms the Grave affect to wear, For 'tis not to be wise to be severe.</p>	<p>True wisdom may some gallantry admit, And soften business with the charms of wit. These peaceful Triumphs with your Cares you bought, 21 And from the midst of fighting Nations brought. You only hear it thunder from afar, And sit in peace the Arbiter of War : Peace, the loath'd Manna, which hot Brains despise, You knew its worth, and made it early prize : And in its happy leisure sit and see The promises of more felicity. Two glorious Nymphs of your one God-like line, Whose Morning Rays like Noontide strike and shine ; 30 Whom you to suppliant Monarchs shall dis- pose, To bind your Friends and to disarm your Foes.</p>
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EPILOGUE TO THE MAN OF MODE, OR SIR FOPLING FLUTTER.

<p>Most Modern Wits such monstrous Fools have shown, They seem not of heav'n's making, but their own. Those Nauseous Harlequins in Farce may pass ; But there goes more to a substantial Ass ! Something of man must be expos'd to View, That, Gallants, they may more resemble you. Sir <i>Fopling</i> is a Fool so nicely writ, The Ladies wou'd mistake him for a Wit ; And, when he sings, talks lowd, and cocks, wou'd cry, I vow methinks he's pretty Company ! 10</p>	<p>So brisk, so gay, so travell'd, so refin'd ! As he took pains to graff upon his kind. True Fops help Natures work, and go to school, To file and finish god-A'mighty's fool. Yet none Sir <i>Fopling</i> him, or him can call ; He's Knight o' th' Shire, and represents ye all. From each he meets he culls whate'er he can, Legion's his name, a people in a Man. His bulky folly gathers as it goes, And, rolling o're you, like a Snow-ball growes. 20 His various Modes from various Fathers follow ; One taught the Toss, and one the new <i>French</i> Wallow ;</p>
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CALISTO Printed in 1684 but not assigned to Dryden till 1704. The play is by Crowne.

THE MAN OF MODE, 1676 The play is by Etherege.

<p>His Sword-knot this, his Crevat this design'd; And this the yard long Snake he twirls behind. From one the sacred Perriwig he gain'd, Which Wind ne'er blew, nor touch of Hat prophan'd. Another's diving Bow he did adore, Which with a shog casts all the hair before,</p>	<p>Till he with full Decorum brings it back, And rises with a Water Spaniel shake. 30 As for his Songs (the Ladies dear Delight) Those sure he took from most of you who Write. Yet every man is safe from what he fear'd; For no one fool is hunted from the herd.</p>
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PROLOGUE TO CIRCE.

<p>WERE you but half so wise as you're severe, Our youthfull Poet shou'd not need to fear; To his green years your Censures you would suit, Not blast the Blossom, but expect the Fruit. The Sex that best does pleasure understand Will alwayes eluse to err on t'other hand. They check not him that's aukard in delight, But elap the young Rogues Cheek, and set him right. Thus heartn'd well, and flesh't upon his Prey, The youth may prove a man another day. 10 Your <i>Ben</i> and <i>Fletcher</i>, in their first young flight, Did no <i>Volpone</i>, no <i>Arbaces</i> write; But hopp'd about, and short Excursions made From Bough to Bough, as if they were afraid, And each were guilty of some <i>Slighted Maid</i>.)</p>	<p><i>Shakespear's</i> own Muse her <i>Pericles</i> first bore; The Prince of <i>Tyre</i> was elder than the <i>Moore</i>. 'Tis miracle to see a first good Play; All Hawthorns do not bloom on <i>Christmas-</i> <i>day</i>. A slender Poet must have time to grow, 20 And spread and burnish as his Brothers do. Who still looks lean, sure with some <i>fox</i> is curst, But no Man can be <i>Falstaff</i>-fat at first, Then damn not, but indulge his stew'd Essays, Encourage him, and bloat him up with Praise, That he may get more bulk before he dies, He's not yet fed enough for Sacrifice. Perhaps, if now your Grace you will not grudge, He may grow up to write, and you to judge.</p>
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EARLIER VERSION OF PROLOGUE TO CIRCE.

<p>WERE you but half so wise as y' are severe, Our youthful Poet shou'd not need to fear; To his green years your Censures you wou'd suit, Not blast the Blossom, but expect the Fruit. The Sex that best does pleasure understand Will alwayes chuse to err on t'other hand. They check not him that's Aukward in delight, But clap the young Rogues Cheek, and set him right.</p>	<p>Thus heartn'd well, and flesh't upon his Prey, The youth may prove a man another day. 10 For your own sakes, instruct him when he's out, You'll find him mend his work nt every bout. Whensome young lusty Thief is passing by, } How many of your tender Kind will cry, } A proper Fellow! pity he should dye! } He might be sav'd, and thank us for our pains, There's such a stock of Love within his Veins.</p>
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CIRCE, 1677. Two versions of this Prologue.
 The play is by Charles Davenant.
 12 no] *Scott* and others wrongly give nor no
 15 were] *Scott* and others wrongly give was

24 stew'd] *This can hardly be right Scott*
and others give rude Dr. Aldis Wright con-
jectured stew'd and this may well be right.

These Arguments the Women may persuade,
But move not you, the Brothers of the Trade,
Who, scattering your Infection through
the Pit, ²⁰
With aking Hearts and empty Purses sit,
To take your dear five Shillings worth of
Wit.
The Praise you give him in your kindest mood
Comes dribbling from you, just like drops of
Blood;
And then you clap so civilly, for fear
The loudness might offend your Neighbours
ear,

That we suspect your Gloves are lin'd
within,
For silence sake, and Cotten'd next the
skin.
From these Usurpers we appeal to you,
The only knowing, only judging few; ³⁰
You, who in private have this Play allow'd,
Ought to maintain your Suffrage to the
Crowd.
The Captive, once submitted to your
Bands,
You should protect from Death by Vulgar
hands.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO ALL FOR LOVE, OR
THE WORLD WELL LOST.

PROLOGUE.

WHAT Flocks of Critiques hover here to-day,
As Vultures wait on Armies for their Prey,
All gaping for the Carcase of a Play!
With croaking Notes they bode some dire
event,
And follow dying Poets by the scent.
Ours gives himself for gone; y' have watch'd
your Time;
He fights this day unarm'd, without his
Rhyme,
And brings a Tale which often has been told,
As sad as *Dido's*, and almost as old.
His Heroe, whom you Wits his Bully call, so
Bates of his Mettle, and scarce rants at all;
He's somewhat lewd, but a well-meaning
mind,
Weeps much, fights little, but is wondrous
kind;
In short, a Pattern and Companion fit
For all the keeping *Touyes* of the Pit.
I cou'd name more: A Wife, and Mistress
too,
Both (to be plain) too good for most of
you;
The Wife well-natur'd, and the Mistress
true.
Now, Poets, if your fame has been his
Care,
Allow him all the Candour you can spare. ²⁰

A brave Man scorns to quarrel once a
day,
Like Hectors in at ev'ry petty fray.
Let those find fault whose Wit's so very
small,
They've need to show that they can think
at all.
Errors, like Straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for Pearls must dive
below.
Fops may have leave to level all they can,
As Pigmies wou'd be glad to lop a Man.
Half-wits are Fleas, so little and so light,
We scarce cou'd know they live, but that
they bite. ³⁰
But, as the rich, when tir'd with daily
Feasts,
For Change become their next poor Tenants
Ghests;
Drink hearty Draughts of Ale from plain
brown Bowls,
And snatch the homely Rasher from the
Coals:
So you, retiring from much better Cheer,
For once may venture to do penance
here.
And since that plenteous Autumn now is
past,
Whose Grapes and Peaches have indulg'd
your Taste,
Take in good Part from our poor Poets
board
Such rivell'd Fruits as Winter can afford. ⁴⁰

EPILOGUE.

Poets, like Disputants, when Reasons fail,
Have ooe sure Refuge left, and that's to
rail.

Fop, Coxcomb, Fool, are thunder'd through
the Pit,

And this is all their Equipage of Wit.

We wonder how the Devil this diff'rence
grons,

Betwixt our Fools in Verse, and yours in
Prose:

For, 'Faith, the Quarrel rightly under-
stood,

'Tis *Civil War* with their own Flesh and
Blood.

The thread bare Author hates the gawdy
Coat,

And swears at the Guilt Coach, but swears
afoot: 10

For 'tis observ'd of ev'ry Scribbling Man,

He grows a Fop as fast as e'er he can;

Prunes up, and asks his Oracle the Glass,

If Pink or Purple best become his Face.

For our poor Wretch, he neither rails nor
prays,

Nor likes your Wit just as you like his Plays;

He has not yet so much of Mr. *Bays*.

He does his best; and if he cannot please,

Wou'd quietly sue out his *Writ of Ease*.

Yet, if he might his own grand Jury call, 20

By the Fair Sex he begs to stand or fall.

Let *Cæsar's* Pow'r the Mens Ambition move,

But grace you him, who lost the World for
Love!

Yet if some antiquated Lady say,

The last Age is not copy'd in his Play;

Heav'n help the man who for that face must
drudge,

Which only has the wrinkles of a Judge.

Let not the Young and Beauteons join with
those;

For shou'd you raise such numerous Hosts of
Foes,

Young Wits and Sparks he to his nid must
call; 30

'Tis more than one Man's work to please
you all.

EPILOGUE TO MITHRIDATES, KING OF PONTUS.

You've seen a Pair of faithful Lovers
die:

And much you care, for most of you will
cry,

'Twas a just Judgment on their Constancy.

For, Heaven be thank'd, we live in such an
Age,

When no man dies for Love, but on the
Stage:

And ev'n those Martyrs are but rare in
Plays;

A cursed sign how much true Faith
decays:

Love is no more a violent desire;

'Tis a meer Metaphor, a painted Fire.

In all our Sex, the name examin'd well, 10
Is Pride to gain, and Vanity to tell.

In Woman, 'tis of subtil int'rest made;

Curse on the Punk that made it first a
Trade!

She first did Wits Prerogative remove,

And made a Fool presume to prate of
Love.

Let Honour and Preferment go for Gold,

But glorious Beauty is not to be sold;

Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate so high,

That nothing but adoring it shou'd buy.

Yet the rich Cullies may their boasting
spare; 20

They purchase but sophisticated Ware.

'Tis Prodigality that buys deceit,

Where both the Giver, and the Taker
cheat.

Men but refine on the old Half-Crown
way;

And Women fight, like *Swissers*, for their Pay.

MITHRIDATES, 1678. The play is by LEE.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE KIND KEEPER,
OR MR. LIMBERHAM.

PROLOGUE

TRUE Wit has seen its best Days long ago ;
It ne'er look'd up since we were dipt in Show,
When sense in dogrel Rhymes and Clouds
was lost,
And Dulness flourish'd at the Actors' Cost.
Nor stopt it here ; when Tragedy was done,
Satire and Humour the same Fate have run,
And Comedy is sunk to Trick and Pun.
Now our madding Lumber will not sell,
And you no longer care for Heav'n or Hell ;
What Stuff will please you next, the Lord
can tell. 10
Let them, who the Rebellion first began
To Wit, restore the Monarch if they can ;
Our Author dares not be the first bold Man.
He, like the prudent Citizen, takes care
To keep for better Marts his staple Ware ;
His Toys are good enough for *Sturbridge* Fair.
Trieks were the Fashion ; if it now be spent,
'Tis time enough at Easter to invent ;
No man will make up a new Suit for Lent.
If now and then he takes a small Pretence, 20
To forage for a little Wit and Sense,
Pray pardon him, he meant you no Offence,
Next summer, *Nosiradamus* tells, they say,
That all the Criticks shall be shipp'd away.
And not-enow be left to damn a Play.
To every Sail beside, good Heav'n, be
kind ;
But drive away that Swarm with such a
Wind
That not one Locust may be left behind !

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by LIMBERHAM.

I beg a Boon, that, e're you all disband,
Some one would take my Bargain off my
hand ;
To keep a Punk is but a common evil ;
To find her false, and Marry,—that's the
Devil.
Well, I ne're acted Part in all my life,
But still I was fobb'd off with some such Wife
I find the Trick ; these Poets take no pity
Of one that is a Member of the City.
We Cheat you lawfully, and in our Trades ;
You Cheat us basely with your Common
Jades. 10
Now I am Married, I must sit down by it ,
But let me keep my Dear-bought Spouse in
quiet :
Let none of you Damn'd *Woodalls* of the Pit
Put in for Shares to mend our breed in Wit ;
We know your Bastards from our Flesh and
Blood,
Not one in ten of yours e're comes to good.
In all the Boys their Fathers Vertues shine,
But all the Female Fry turn *Pugs*, like mine.
When these grow up, Lord, with what Ram-
pant Gadders
Our Counters will be throng'd, and Roads
with Padders. 20
This Town two Bargains has, not worth one
farthing,
A *Smithfield* Horse, and Wife of *Covent-*
Garden.

PROLOGUE TO THE TRUE WIDOW.

HEAV'n save ye Gallants, and this hopeful
Age,
Y' are welcome to the downfal of the Stage :
The Fools have labour'd long in their
Vocation ;
And Vice (the Manufacture of the Nation)
O'erstocks the Town so much, and thrives
so well,
That Fopps and Knaves grow Druggs, and
will not sell.

In vain our Wares on Theaters are shown,
When each has a Plantation of his own.
His Cruse ne'er fails ; for whatsoever he
spends,
There's still God's Plenty for himself and
friends. 10

THE TRUE WIDOW, 1678 The play is by
Shadwell The Prologue was reprinted in 1690
with Aphra Behn's *The Widow Ranter*.
y Cruse] Editors till Christie absurdly give
Cause

Shou'd Men be rated by Poetick Rules,
Lord, what a Poll would there be rais'd from
Fools!

Mean time poor Wit prohibited must lye,
As if 'twere made some *French* Commodity.
Fools you will have, and rais'd at vast
expence,

And yet as soon as seen, they give offence.
Time was, when none wou'd cry that Oaf
was mee,

But now you strive about your Pedigree.
Bauble and Cap no sooner are thrown down,
But there's a bluss of more than half the
Town. 20

Each one will challenge a Child's part at
least;

A sign the Family is well increas'd :

Of Foreign Cattle there's no longer
need,

When w're supply'd so fast with *English*
Breed.

Well ! Flourish, Countrymen ; drink, swear,
and roar ;

Let every free-born Subject keep his
Whore,

And wandring in the Wilderness about,

At end of 40 years not wear her out.

But when you see these Pictures, let none
dare

To own beyond a Limb, or single share ; 30
For where the Punk is common, he's a
Sot

Who needs will father what the Parish
got.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO ŒDIPUS.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN *Athens* all the *Græcian* State did guide,
And *Greece* gave Laws to all the World beside ;
Then *Sophocles* with *Socrates* did sit,
Supreme in Wisdom one, and one in Wit :
And Wit from Wisdom differ'd not in those,
But as 'twas Sung in Verse or said in Prose.
Then *Œdipus*, on crowded Theaters

Drew all admiring Eyes and listning Ears :
The pleas'd Spectator shouted every Line,
The noblest, manliest, and the best Design !
And every Critick of each learned Age 11
By this just Model has reform'd the Stage.
Now, should it fail, (as Heav'n avert our
fear !)

Damn it insilence, lest the World should hear.
For were it known this Poem did not please,
You might set up for perfect Salvages :
Your Neighbours would not look on you as
men :

But think the Nation all turned *Picts* agen.
Faith, as you manage matters, 'tis not fit
You should suspect your selves of too much
Wit. 20

Drive not the jeast too far, but spare this
piece ;

And for this once be not more Wise than
Greece.

See twice ! Do not pell-mell to Darning fall,
Like true-born *Britains*, who ne're think
at all :

Pray be advis'd ; and though at *Mons* you
won,

On pointed Cannon do not always run.

With some Respect to antient Wit proceed,
And take the four first Councils for your
Creed.

But, when you lay Tradition wholly by,
And on the private Spirit alone relye, 30
You turn Fanatieks in your Poetry.

If, notwithstanding all that we can say,
You needs will have your pen'worths of
the Play,

And come resolv'd to Damn, because you
pay,

Record it, in memorial of the Fact,
The first Play bury'd since the Wollen Act.

EPILOGUE.

WHAT *Sophocles* could undertake alone,
Our Poets found a Work for more than one ;
And therefore Two lay tugging at the piece,
With all their force, to draw the pondrous
Mass from *Greece* ;

A weight that bent ev'n *Seneca's* strong
Muse,

And which *Corneille's* Shoulders did refuse :

<p>So hard it is th' <i>Athenian</i> Harp to string! So much two Consuls yield to one just King. Terror and Pity this whole Poem sway; The mightiest Machines that can mount a Play; 10 How heavy will those Vulgar Souls be found, Whom two such Engines cannot move from Ground! When <i>Greece</i> and <i>Rome</i> have smil'd upon this Birth, You can but damn for one poor spot of Earth; And when your Children find your judgment such, They'll scorn their Sires, and wish them- selves born <i>Dutch</i>; Each haughty Poet will infer with ease, How much his Wit must under-write to please. As some strong Churl would brandishing advance The monumental Sword that conquer'd <i>France</i>, 20</p>	<p>So you by judging this your judgments teach, Thus far you like, that is, thus far you reach. Since then the Vote of full two Thousand years Has Crown'd this Plot, and all the Dead are theirs, Think it a Debt you pay, not Alms you give, And in your own defence Jet this Play live. Think 'em not vain, when <i>Sophocles</i> is shown, To praise his worth, they humbly doubt their own. Yet as weak States each other's pow'r assure, Weak Poets by Conjunction are secure. 30 Their Treat is what your Pallats relish most, Charm! Song! and Show! a Murder and a Ghost! We know not what you can desire or hope, To please you more, but burning of a <i>Pope</i></p>
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PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA,
 OR TRUTH FOUND TOO LATE.

PROLOGUE.

*Spoken by MR. BETTERTON, representing
 the Ghost of SHAKESPEAR.*

SEE, my lov'd *Britons*, see your *Shakespeare*
 rise,
 An awfull Ghost confess'd to human Eyes!
 Unnam'd, methinks, distinguish'd I had
 been
 From other Shades by this eternal Green,
 About whose Wreaths the vulgar Poets strive,
 And with a Touch, their wither'd Bays
 revive.
 Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous Age,
 I found not, but created first the Stage.
 And if I drain'd no *Greek* or *Latin* Store,
 'Twixt that my own Abundance gave me
 more. 10
 On foreign Trade I needed not rely,
 Like fruitfull *Britain*, rich without Supply.
 In this my rough-drawn Play, you shall
 behold
 Some Master-strokes, so manly and so bold

That he, who meant to alter, found 'em such
 He shook; and thought it Sacrilege to touch.
 Now, where are the Successors to my Name?
 What bring they to fill out a Poets Fame?
 Weak, short-liv'd Issues of a feeble Age;
 Scarce living to be Christen'd on the Stage!
 For Humour Faree, for Love they Rhyme
 dispence, 21
 That tolls the Knell for their departed Sence.
 Dulness might thrive in any Trade but this -
 'Twould recommend to some fat Benefice.
 Dulness, that in o Playhouse meets Disgrace,
 Might meet with Reverence in its proper
 place
 The fulsome Clench that nauseates the town }
 Wou'd from a Judge or Alderman go down! }
 Such Virtue is there in a Robe and Gown! }
 And that insipid Stuff which here you hate, }
 Might somewhere else be call'd a grave
 Debate; 31
 Dulness is decent in the Church and State.
 But I forget that still 'tis understood,
 Bad Plays are best decry'd by showing good:

CÆPUS, 1678 Epilogue 9 Pity 1678
 10 mount] *Christie* wrongly gives move

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, 1679 The original
 text is careless in the use of capitals

Sit silent then, that my pleas'd Soul may see
A Judgiog Audience once, aod worthy me :
My faithful Scee from true Records shall
tell,

How *Trojan* Valour did the *Greek* excell ;
Your great Forefathers shall their Fame
regain,
And *Homers* angry Ghost repine io vain. 40

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by THERSITES.

These cruel Critiques put me into Passion,
For in their lowring Looks I reade Damoa-
tion :

You expect a Satyr, and I seldom fail ;
When I'm first beaten, 'tis my Part to rail.
You *British* Fools of the old *Trojan* Stock,
That stand so thick one cannot miss the
Flock,

Poets have cause to dread a keeping Pit.
When Womens Cullyes come to judge of Wit.
As we strew Rats-bane when we Vermine
fear,

'Twere worth our Cost to scatter Fool-bane
here ; 10

Aod after all our judgiog Fops were serv'd,
Dull Poets too shou'd have a Dose reserv'd,
Such Reprobates as, past all Sence of
Shaming,

Write on, and nere are satisfy'd with
Damming,

Next, those, to whom the Stage does not
belong

Such whose Vocation onely is to Song,
At most to Prologue ; when for Want of
Time

Poets take in for Journeywork in Rhime.
But I want Curses for those mighty Shoales
Of scribbling *Chlorisses*, and *Phillis* Fools : 20
Those Ophs should be restrain'd, during their
Lives,

From Pen and Ink, as Madmeo are from
Knives :

I cou'd rayl on, but 'twere a Task as vain
As Preaching Truth at *Rome*, or Wit io
Spain :

Yet to huff out our Play was worth my
trying ;

John Lilbourn scap'd his Judges by defyiog.
If guilty, yet I'm sure oth' Churches Blessing,
By suffering for the Plot, without confessing.

PROLOGUE TO CÆSAR BORGIA, SON OF POPE
ALEXANDER THE SIXTH.

Th' unhappy man who once has trail'd a
Pen,

Lives not to please himself, but other
men ;

Is always drudging, wasts his Life and
Blood,

Yet only eats and drinks what you think
good. 5

What praise soe're the Poetry deserve,
Yet every Fool cao bid the Poet starve.
That fumbling Lecher to reveoge is bent,
Because he thinks himself or Whore is
meant :

Name but a Cuckold, all the City swarms ;
From *Leaden-hall* to *Ludgate* is in Arms. 10
Were there no fear of *Antichrist* or *France*,
In the best times poor Poets live by chance.

CÆSAR BORGIA, 1680. The play is by Lee
12 best] Editors till *Christie wrongly give*
blest
times] *The editors wrongly give time*

Either you come not here, or, as you grace)
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
Careless and qualmish with a yawning Face.)
You sleep o're Wit, and by my troth you
may ;

Most of your Talents lye another way.

You love to hear of some prodigious Tale,
The Bell that tolled alone, or *Irish* Whale.
News is your Food, and you enough provide,
Both for your selves and all the World
beside. 21

One Theatre there is of vast resort,
Which whilome of Requests was called the
Court.

But now the great *Exchange* of News 'tis
hight,
And full of hum and buzz from Nooo till
Night :

Up Stairs aod down you run, as for a Race,
And each Man wears three Natioos io his
Face. 2

So big your look, tho' Claret you retrench,
That, arm'd with bottled Ale, you huff the
French.

But all your Entertainment still is fed 30
By Villains in our own dull Island bred :
Would you return to us, we dare engage
To show you better Rogues upon the Stage.
You know no Poison but plain Rats-bane
here ;
Death's more refind, and better bred else-
where.

They have a civil way in *Italy*
By smelling a perfume to make you dye,
A Trick would make you lay your Snuff-
box by.
Murder's a Trade—so known and practis'd
there,
That 'tis Infallible as is the Chair — 40
But mark their Feasts, you shall behold
such Pranks ;
The Pope says Grace, but 'tis the Devil gives
Thanks.

THE PROLOGUE AT OXFORD, 1680.

Thespis, the first Professor of our Art,
At Country Wakes, Sung Ballads in a Cart.
To prove this true, if *Latin* be no Trespass,
Dicitur et Plaustris vexisse Poemata Thespis.
But *Eschylus*, says *Horace* in some Page,
Was the first Mountbanke'er trod the Stage ;
Yet *Athens* never knew your learned Sport
Of tossing Poets in a *Tennis-Court*.
But 'tis the Talent of our *English* Nation
Still to be plotting some new Reformation ;
And few years hence, if anarchy go on, 11
Jack Presbyter will here erect his Throne.
Knock out a Tub with Preaching once a Day.
And every Prayer be longer than a Play.
Then all you Heathen Wits shall go to pot
For disbelieving of a Popish plot :

Nor should we want the Sentence to
depart
Ev'n in our first Original, a Cart.
Ocellum, *Dum Scotus*, must though learn'd go
down,
As chief Supporters of the Triple Crown. 20
And *Aristotle* for destruction ripe :
Some say he call'd the Soul an Organ-pipe,
Which, by some little help of Derivation,
Shall thence be call'd a Pipe of Inspiration.
Your wiser Judgments further penetrate
Who late found out one Tare amongst the
Wheat,
This is our Comfort: none e'er cried us
down
But who disturb'd both Bishop and a Crown.

PROLOGUE TO THE LOYAL GENERAL.

If yet there be a few that take delight
In that which reasonable Men should write,
To them Alone we Dedicate this Night.
The Rest may satisfy their curious Itch
With City Gazets, or some Factious Speech,
Or what-ere Libel, for the Publick Good,
Stirs up the Shrove-tide Crew to Fire and
Blood.

Remove your Benches, you apostate Pit,
And take Above, twelve penny-worth of Wit:
Go back to your dear Dancing on the Rope, 10
Or see what's worse, the Devil and the Pope!
The Plays that take on our Corrupted Stage,
Methinks, resemble the distracted Age ;

CÆSAR BORGIA, 1680

21 our] Some editors wrongly give your
41 Feasts] Some editors wrongly give Feast
THE PROLOGUE AT OXFORD, 1680 The text as
given with Nat. Lee's tragedy of *Sophonisba*, for
which the Prologue was written The variants
below are from the version in the *Miscellany*
Poems

2 in] from 1684

5 *Eschylus*] *Escalus* 1684.

6 e'er] that 1684

12 will] shall 1684

11 go] goes 1684

15 you] your 1684

16 After this line in 1684 this complet.

Your Poets shall be us'd like Infidels,
And worst the Author of the *Oxford Bells*

17 want] scape 1684

18 After this line in 1684 these complets

No Zealous Brother there would want a Stone,
To maul Us Cardinals, and pelt Pope Joan
Religion, Learning, Wit, would be suppress,
Rags of the Whore, and Trappings of the Beast

19 This line in 1684 thus:

Scot. Swares, Tom of Agnon, must go down

21 *Aristotle*] *Aristotle's* 1684

24 thence be call'd] theo be prov'd 1684

25-28 Omitted 1684

THE LOYAL GENERAL, 1680. The play is by Tate.

Noise, Madness, all unreasonable Things,
That strike at Sense, as Rebels do at Kings !
The stile of Forty One our Poets write, 16
And you are grown to judge like Forty Eight.
Such Censures our mistaking Audience make,
That 'tis almost grown scandalous to take.
They talk of Feavours that infect the Brains;
But Non-sence is the new Disease that reigns.
Weak Stomachs, with a long Disease opprest,
Cannot the Cordials of strong Wit digest ;
Therefore thin Nourishment of Farce ye
choose, 24
Decoctions of a Barly-water Muse :

A Meal of Tragedy wou'd make ye Sick,
Unless it were a very tender Cbick.
Some Seenes in Sippets would be worth our
time :
Those wou'd go down ; some Love that's
poach'd in Rime ;
If these shou'd fail — 30
We must lie down, and, after all our cost,
Keep Holy-day, like Water-men in Frost :
Whilst you turn Players on the Worlds
great Stage,
And Act your seh es the Farce of your own
Age.

PROLOGUE TO THE SPANISH FRYAR, OR THE DOUBLE DISCOVERY.

Now, Luck for us, and a kind hearty Pit,
For he who pleases, never failes of Wit.
Honour is yours :
And you, like Kings at City Treats, bestow it ;
The Writer kneels, and is bid rise a Poet.
But you are fickle Sovereigns, to our Sorrow ;
You dubb to day, and hang a man to-morrow :
You cry the same Sense up, and down again,
Just like brass Money once a year in *Spain* :
Take you i' th' mood, what e'er base metal
come, 10
You coin as fast as Groats at *Bromingham* ;
Though 'tis no more like Sense in ancient
Plays
Than *Rome's* religion like *St. Peter's* days.
In short, so swift your Judgments turn and
wind,
You cast our fleetest Wits a mile behind.
'Twere well your Judgments but in Plays did
range,
But ev'n your Follies and Debauches change
With such a Whirl, the Poets of your Age
Are tyr'd, and cannot score 'em on the Stage,
Unless each Vice in short-hand they indite, 20
Ev'n as notcht Prentices whole Sermons
write.
The heavy *Hollanders* no Vices know, }
But what they us'd a hundred years ago ; }
Like honest Plants, where they were stuck, }
they grow ;

They cheat, but still from cheating Sires they
come ;
They drink, but they were christen'd first in
Mum.
Their patrimonial Sloth the *Spaniards* keep,
And *Philip* first taught *Philip* how to sleep.
The *French* and we still change ; but here's
the Curse,
They change for better, and we change for
worse ; 30
They take up our old trade of Conquering,
And we are taking theirs, to dance and sing :
Our Fathers did for change to *France* repair,
And they for change will try our *English* Air.
As Children, when they throw one Toy away,
Straight a more foolish Gugaw comes in play ;
So we, grown penitent, on serious thinking,
Leave Whoring, and devoutly fall to Drink-
ing.
Scowring the Watch grows out of fashion
wit ;
Now we set up for Tilting in the Pit, 40
Where 'tis agreed by Bullies, chicken-
hearted,
To fright the Ladies first, and then be parted.
A fair attempt has twice or thrice been made,
To hire Night-murth'ers, and make Death
a Trade.
When Murther's out, what Vice can we
advance ?
Unless the new-found Pois'ning Trick of
France :
And when their art of *Rats-bane* we have
got,
By way of thanks, we'll send 'em o'er our
Plot.

THE SPANISH FRYAR, 1681. Published in 1682
4 Kings at City Treats,] Kings, at City Treats
1682.

[1 Bromingham] The editors print Birming-
ham
12-13 Omitted in the 2nd edition, 1686.

EPILOGUE TO TAMERLANE THE GREAT.

LADIES, the Beardless Author of this Day
Commends to you the Fortune of his Play.
A Woman Wit has often grac'd the Stage,
But he's the first Boy-Poet of our Age
Early as is the Year his Fancies blow,
Like young *Narcissus* peeping through the
Snow;
Thus *Cowley* blossom'd soon, yet Flourish'd
long,
This is as forward, and may prove as
strong.
Youth with the Fair should always Favour
find,
Or we are damn'd Dissemblers of our kind.
What's all this Love they put into our
Parts?
'Tis but the pit-a-pat of Two Young
Hearts.

Shou'd Hag and Gray-beard make such
tender moan,
Faith, you'd e'en trust 'em to themselves
alone,
And cry, let's go, here's nothing to be
done.
Since Love's our Business, as 'tis your
Delight,
The Young, who best can practise, best can
Write.
What though he be not come to his full Pow'r?
He's mending and improving every Hour.
You sly She-Jockies of the Box and Pit
Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken Wit,
By management he may in time be made,
But there's no hopes of an old batter'd Jade;
Fam'd and unnerv'd he runs into a Sweat,
And always fails you at the Second Heat.

A PROLOGUE.

GALLANTS, a bashful Poet bids me say
He's come to lose his Maidenhead to-day.
Be not too fierce, for he's but green of Age,
And ne're till now debauch'd upon the
Stage.
He wants the suff'ring part of Resolution,
And comes with blushes to his Execution.
E're you deflow'r his Muse, he hopes the
Pit
Will make some Settlement upon his Wit.
Promise him well, before the Play begin;
For he wou'd fain be cozen'd into Sin
'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail;
But, if you leave him after being frail,
He'll have, at least, a fair Pretence to rail;
To call you base, and swear you us'd him ill,
And put ynu in the new Deserters Bill:
Lord, what a Troop of perjur'd Men we see;
Enough to fill another Mercury!
But this the Ladies may with patience
brook.
Their's are not the first Colours you forsook!
He wou'd be loth the Beauties to offend;
But if he shou'd, he's not too old to mend.

He's a young Plant, in his first Year of
bearing,
But his Friend swears he will be worth the
reering.
His Gloss is still upon him, tho' 'tis true
He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.
You think an *Apricot* half green is best;
There's sweet and sour; and one side good
at least.
Mango's and Limes, whose Nourishment is
little,
Tho' not for Food, are yet preserv'd for
Pickle.
So this green Writer may pretend, at least,
To whet your Stomachs for a better Feast.
He makes this Difference in the Sexes too;
He sells to Men, he gives himself to you.
To both he wou'd contribute some delight;
A mere Poetical Hermaphrodite,
Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd and
woo;
With Arms offensive, and defensive too;
'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.)

TAMERLANE THE GREAT, 1681. The play is by
Charles Saunders

A PROLOGUE Published in the *Miscellanies*
of 1693.
28 Limes] Berries in posthumous editions

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES.

PROLOGUE.

LADIES! (I hope there's none behind to hear.)
 I long to whisper something in your Ear,
 A Secret, which does much my Mind perplex:
 There's Treason in the Play against our Sex.
 A Man that's false to Love, that vows and
 cheats,
 And kisses every living thing he meets!
 A Rogue in Mode, I dare not speak too broad,
 One that does something to the very Bawd.
 Out on him, Traytor, for a filthy Beast! 9
 Nay, and he's like the pack of all the rest:
 None of 'em stick at mark; They all deceive.
 Some Jew has changed the Text, I half
 believe;
 Their *Adam* cozen'd our poor Grandame *Eve*.
 To hide their Faults they rap out Oaths, and
 tear;
 Now tho' we lye, we're too well-bred to
 swear.
 So we compound for half the Sin we owe,
 But men are dipt for Soul and Body too;
 And, when found out, excuse themselves,
 Pox cant 'em,
 With Latin stuff, *perjuria ridet Amantum*.
 I'm not Book Learn'd, to know that word in
 vogue, 20
 But I suspect 'tis Latin for a Rogue.
 I'm sure, I never heard that Schritch-Owl
 hollow'd
 In my poor Ears, but Separation follow'd.
 How can such perjur'd Villains e'er be saved?
Achitophel's not half so false to *David*.
 With Vows and soft Expressions to allure,
 They stand, like Foremen of a Shop,
 demure:
 No sooner out of sight, but they are gadding,
 And for the next new Face ride out a padding.
 Yet, by their Favour, when they have bin
 kissing, 30
 We can perceive the ready Mony missing.
 Well! we may rail; but 'tis as good e'en
 wick;
 Something we find, and something they will
 sink.

But, since they're at renouncing, 'tis our
 Parts
 To trump their Diamonds, & they trump
 our Hearts.

EPILOGUE.

A Qualm of Conscience brings me back agen,
 To make amends to you bespatter'd Men.
 We Women love like Cats, that hide their
 Joys
 By growling, squaling, and a hideous Noise.
 I rail'd at wild young Sparks; but without
 lying,
 Never was Man worse thought on for high-
 flying.
 The Prodigal of Love gives each her Part,
 And Squandering shows at least a noble Heart.
 I've heard of Men, who, in some lewd Lam-
 poon,
 Have hir'd a Friend to make their Valour
 known. 10
 That Accusation straight this Question brings,
 What is the Man that does such naughty
 things?
 The Spaniel Lover, like a sneaking Fop,
 Lies at our Feet; he's scarce worth taking
 up,
 'Tis true, such Heroes in a Play go far;
 But Chamber Practice is not like the Bar.
 When Men such vile, such feint Petitions
 make,
 We fear to give, because they fear to tnke;
 Since Modesty's the Virtue of our Kind,
 Pray let it be to our own Sex confin'd. 20
 When Men usurp it from the Female Nation,
 'Tis but a Work of Supererogation—
 We show'd a Princess in the Play, 'tis true,
 Who gave her *Cæsar* more than all his due;
 Told her own Faults; but I shou'd much
 abhor
 To choose a Husband for my Confessor.
 You see what Fate follow'd the Suint-like
 Fool,
 For telling Tales from out the Nuptial School.
 Our Play a merry Comedy had prov'd, 29
 Had she confess'd as much to him she lov'd.
 True *Presbyterian*-Wives the means wou'd
 try:
 But damn'd Confessing is flat Popery.

THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES, 1681. Text from
 the *Miscellanies* of 1681. The play is by Lee.
 Prologue 13 Their Editors till *Christie* give
 There

PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

THE fam'd *Italian* Muse, whose Rhymes advance

Orlando, and the *Paladins of France*,
Records that, when our Wit and Sense is

flown,
'Tis lodg'd within the Circle of the Moon
In Earthen Jars, which one, who thither

soar'd,
Set to his Nose, snufft up, and was restor'd.
What e're the Story be, the Moral's true ;

The Wit we lost in Town we find in you.
Our Poets their fled Parts may draw from

hence,
And fill their windy Heads with sober Sense.
When *London* Votes with *Southwark's* dis-

agree, 11
Here may they find their long-lost Loyalty,
Here busie Senates, to th' old Cause inclin'd,
May snuff the Votes their Fellows left be-

hind :

Your Country Neighbours, when their Grain
grows dear,

May come, and find their last Provision here ;
Whereas we cannot much lament our Loss,
Who neither carried back nor brought one

Cross.
We look'd what Representatives wou'd

bring,
But they help'd us, just as they did the King.

Yet we despair not ; for we now lay forth 21
The *Sybill's* Books to those who know their

Worth ;
And tho the first was Sacrific'd before,

These Volumes doubly will the price restore.
Our Poet bade us hope this Grace to find,

To whom by long Prescription you are kind.
He, whose undaunted Muse with Loyal Rage

Has never spar'd the Vices of the Age,
Here finding nothing that his Spleen can raise,
Is forced to turn his Satire into Praise. 30

PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

DISCORD and Plots, which have undone our
Age,

With the same ruine have o'erwhelmed the
Stage.

Our House has suffered in the common Woe,
We have been troubled with *Scotch* Rebels
too.

Our brethren are from *Thames* to *Tweed* }
departed,

And of our Sisters all the kinder-hearted }
To *Edenborough* gone, or coach'd or carted.

With bonny Blewcap there they act all night
For *Scotch* half-crown, in *English* Three-
pence hight.

One Nymph, to whom fat *Sir John Falstaff's*
lean, 10

There with her single Person fills the
Scene.

Another, with long Use and Age decay'd,
Div'd here old Woman, and rose there a
Maid.

Our trusty Door-keepers of former time
There strut and swagger in Heroique Rhyme.

Tack but a copper Lace to druggert Suit,
And there 's a Heroe made without Dispute ;

And that which was a Capon's tayl before
Becomes a plume for *Indian* emperor.

But all his Subjects, to express the Care 20
Of Imitation, go, like *Indians*, bare ;

Lac'd Linen there would be a dangerous
Thing ;

It might perhaps a new Rebellion bring ;
The *Scot* who wore it wou'd be chosen King.

But why should I these Renegades describe,
When you yourselves have seen a lewder

Tribe ?
Teag has been here, and to this learned Pit

With *Irish* Action slandered, *English* Wit ;
You have beheld such barbarous *Macs* appear

As merited a second Massacre ; 30
Such as like *Com* were branded with Dis-

grace,
And had their Country stampt upon their

Face.
When Strollers durst presume to pick your

purse,
We humbly thought our broken Troop not

worse
How ill soe'er our Action may deserve,
Oxford's n place where Wit can never sterve.

PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

<p>THO' Actors cannot much of Learning boast, Of all who want it, we admire it most: We love the Praises of a learned Pit, As we remotely are ally'd to Wit. We speak our Poet's Wit, and trade in Ore, Like those who touch upon the Golden Shore; Betwixt our Judges can distinction make, Discern how much and why our Poems take; Mark if the Fools, or Men of Sense, rejoice; Whether th' Applause be only Sound or Voice. When our Fop Gallants, or our City Folly, Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy: We doubt that Scene which does their wonder raise, And for their Ignorance condemn their Praise. Judge then, if we who act and they who write Shou'd not be proud of giving you delight. <i>London</i> likes grossly; but this nicer Pit Examines, fathoms, all the Depths of Wit;</p>	<p>The ready Finger lays on every Plot: Knows what shou'd justly please, and what shou'd not. Nature her self lyes open to your view. You judge by her what draught of her is true, Where Out-lines false, and Colours seem too faint, Where Bunglers dawb, and where true Poets Paint. But by the sacred Genius of this Place, By every Muse, by each Domestick Grace, Be kind to Wit, which but endeavours well. And, where you judge, presumes not to excel. Our Poets hither for Adoption come, As Nations su'd to be made free of <i>Rome</i>: Not in the suffragating Tribes to stand. But in your utmost, last, Provincial Band. If his Ambition may those Hopes pursue, Who with Religion loves your Arts and you, <i>Oxford</i> to him a dearer Name shall be, Than his own Mother University. <i>Therbes</i> did his green unknowing Youth in- gage. He chuses <i>Athen</i> in his riper Age.</p>
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PROLOGUE.
TO THE UNHAPPY FAVOURITE.

SPOKEN TO THE KING AND THE QUEEN AT THEIR COMING TO THE HOUSE.

<p>WHEN first the Ark was landed on the Shore, And Heav'n had vowed to curse the Ground no more, When Tops of Hills the longing Patriark saw, And the new Scene of Earth began to draw, The Dove was sent to View the Waves Decrease, And first brought back to Man the Pledge of Peace. 'Tis needless to apply, when those appear</p>	<p>Who bring the Olive, and who Plant it here. We have before our Eyes the Royal Dove, Still Innocence is Harbinger to Love. The Ark is open'd to dismiss the Train. And people with a better Race the Plain. Tell me, you Pow'rs, why should vain Man pursue With endless Toyl each object that is new. And for the seeming Substance leave the true? Why should he quit for Hopes his certain good, And loath the Manna of his daily food?</p>
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PROLOGUE TO THE UNIV. OF OXFORD. Text
from the *Miscellanies* of 1684.

THE UNHAPPY FAVOURITE, 1682. Printed in
the *Miscellanies* of 1683; and with the play, which
is by Banks, in 1685.

<p>Must <i>England</i> still the Scene of Changes be, Tost and Tempestuous like our Ambient Sea? Must still our Weather and our Wills agree? Without our Blood our Liberties we have; Who that is Free would fight to be a Slave? Or what can Wars to after Times Assure, Of which our Present Age is not secure? All that our Monarch would for us Ordain Is but t' enjoy the Blessings of his Reign.</p>	<p>Our Land's an <i>Eden</i> and the 'Main's our Fence, While we preserve our State of Innocence: That lost, then Beasts their Bruital Force employ, And first their Lord and then themselves destroy. What Civil Broils have cost we knew too well; Oh! let it be enough that once we fell, And every Heart conspire, with every Tongue, Still to have such a King, and this King Long.</p>
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EPILOGUE TO THE UNHAPPY FAVOURITE,
OR THE EARL OF ESSEX.

<p>WE act by Fits and Starts, like drowning Men, But just peep up, and then Dop down again. Let those who call us Wicked change their Sense, For never Men liv'd more on Providence. Not Lott'ry Cavaliers are half so poor, Nor Broken Cits, nor a Vacation Whore; Not Courts, nor Courtiers living on the Rents Of the three last ungiuing Parliaments; So wretched, that, if <i>Pharaoh</i> could Divine, He might have spar'd his Dream of Seven lean Kine, And chang'd his Vision for the Muses Nine. The <i>Comet</i> which, they say, portends a Dearth Was but a Vapour drawn from <i>Play-house</i> Earth, Pent there since our last Fire, and <i>Lilly</i> says, Foreshows our change of State and thin <i>Third-days</i>. 'Tis not our want of Wit that keeps us poor, For then the Printers Press would suffer more. Their Pamphleteers each Day their Venom spit; They thrive by Treason, and we starve by Wit.</p>	<p>Confess the truth, which of you has not laid Four Farthings out to buy the <i>Hatfield</i> Maid? Or, what is duller yet and more does spite us, <i>Democritus</i> his Wars with <i>Heraditus</i>? These are the Authors that have run us down, And Exercise you Criticks of the Town. Yet these are Pearls to your <i>Lamponing</i> Rhimes, Y' abuse your selves more dully than the Times. <i>Scandal</i>, the Glory of the <i>English</i> Nation, Is worn to Rags, and Scribbled out of Fashion; Such harmless Thrusts as if like Fencers Wise, You had agreed your Play before their Prize. Faith, you may hang your Harps upon the Willows, 'Tis just like Children when they box with Pillows. Then put an end to Civil Wars for shame, Let each Knight Errant who has wrong'd a Dame Throw down his Pen and give her if he can, The satisfaction of a Gentleman.</p>
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EPILOGUE TO THE UNHAPPY FAVOURITE
2 Dop] Editors [if *Christie* give pop
18 each Day their Venom] their Venom daily
1683

PROLOGUE.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS UPON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE DUKE'S
THEATRE SINCE HIS RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.

<p>In those cold Regions which no Summers chear, When brooding darkness covers half the year, To hollow Caves the shivering Natives go, Bears range abroad and hunt in tracks of Snow; But when the tedious Twilight wears away And Stars grow paler at the approach of Day, The longing crowds to frozen Mountains run, Happy who first can see the glimmering Sun; The surly Salvage Off-spring disappear; And curse the bright Successor of the Year. Yet though rough Bears in covert seek defence, 11 White Foxes stay with seeming Innocence; That crafty kind with day-light can dis- pense. Still we are throng'd so full with <i>Reynard's</i> race That Loyal Subjects scarce can find a place: Thus modest Truth is cast behind the Crowd, Truth speaks too Low, Hypocrisie too Loud. Let them be first to flatter in success; Duty can stay, but Guilt has need to press. Once, when true Zeal the Sons of God did call, To make their solemn show at Heaven's <i>White-hall</i>, 21 The fawning Devil appear'd among the rest And made as good a Courtier as the best.</p>	<p>The friends of <i>Job</i>, who rail'd at him before, Came Cap in hand when he had three times more. Yet, late Repentance may perhaps be true; Kings can forgive, if Rebels can but sue. A Tyrant's Pow'r in rigour is exprest: The Father yearns in the true Prince's breast. We grant an Ore-grown Whig no grace can mend, 30 But most are Babes that know not they offend. The Crowd, to restless motion still enclin'd, Are clouds that rack according to the wind. Driv'n by their Chiefs, they storms of Hail- stones pour, Then mourn, and soften to a silent showre. O welcome to this much offending land The Prince that brings forgiveness in his hand! Thus Angels on glad messages appear; Their first Salute commands us not to fear: Thus Heav'n, that cou'd constrain us to obey, 40 (With rev'rence if we might presume to say,) Seems to relax the rigbts of Sov'reign sway, Permits to Man the choice of Good and Ill, And makes us Happy by our own Free-will.</p>
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PROLOGUE

TO THE DUCHESS ON HER RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.

<p>WHEN factious Rage to cruel Exile drove The Queen of Beauty, and the Court of Love, The Muses droop'd with their forsaken Arts, And the sad Cupids broke their useless Darts. Our fruitful Plains to Wilds and Deserts turn'd, Like <i>Eden's</i> Face when banish'd Man it mourned: Love was no more when Loyalty was gone, The great Supporter of his awful Throne.</p>	<p>Love could no longer after Beauty stay, But wander'd northward to the Verge of Day, As if the Sun and he had lost their Way. 11 But now the illustrious Nymph, return'd again, Brings every Grace triumphant in her Train: The wondering Nereids, though they rais'd no Storm, Foreslow'd her Passage to behold her Form;</p>
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PROLOGUE TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, 1682
2 [When] Editors till Christie give Where
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PROLOGUE TO THE DUCHESS, 1682. Text from
the *Miscellantes* of 1693.

Some cried a *Venus*, some a *Thetis* past,
But this was not so fair nor that so chaste.
Far from her Sight flew Faction, Strife, and
Pride,

And Envy did but look on her, and died
Whate'er we suffer'd from our sullen Fate, 20
Her Sight is purchased at an easy rate:
Three gloomy Years against this Day were set,
But this one mighty Sum has clear'd the debt.
Like *Joseph's* Dream, but with a better
Doom;

The Famine past, the Plenty still to come.
For her the weeping Heavens become serene,
For her the Ground is clad in cheerful green,
For her the Nightingales are taught to sing,
And Nature has for her delay'd the Spring
The Muse resumes her long-forgotten Lays,
And Love, restor'd, his ancient Realm sur-
veys,

31

Recalls our Beauties and revives our Plays;
His waste Dominions peoples once again,
And from her Presence dates his second
Reign.

But awful Charms on her fair Forehead sit,
Dispensing what she never will admit;
Pleasing yet cold, like *Lynthea's* silver Beam,
The People's Wonder and the Poet's Theme.
Distemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate
No more shall vex the Church and tear the
State;

40

No more shall Faction civil Discords move,
Or only Discords of too tender Love:
Discord like that of Music's various Parts,
Discord that makes the Harmony of
Hearts,

Discord that only this Dispute shall bring,
Who best shall love the Duke and serve the
King.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE LOYAL BROTHER,
OR THE PERSIAN PRINCE.

PROLOGUE.

POETS, like Lawful Monarchs, rul'd the
Stage,
Till Criticks, like Damn'd Whiggs, debauch'd
our Age.

Mark how they jump; Criticks wou'd regu-
late
Our Theatres, and Whiggs reform our State;
Both pretend love, and both (Plague rot
'em) hate.

The Critick humbly seems Advice to bring,
The fawning Whigg Petitions to the King;
But ones Advice into a Satyr slides,
T' other's Petition a Remonstrance hides.
These will no Taxes give, and those no
Pence;

10

Criticks wou'd starve the Poet, Whiggs the
Prince.

The critick all our Troops of friends discards;
Just so the Whigg wou'd fain pull down the
Guards.

Guards are illegal that drive foes away,
As watchful Shepherds that fright beasts of
prey.

Kings who Disband such needless Aids as
these
Are safe—as long as e're their Subjects
please;

And that would be till next Queen *Besses*
night,
Which thus grave penny Chroniclers indite.
Sir Edmond-berry first, in woful wise 20
Leads up the show, and Milks their Maudlin
Eyes.

There's not a Butcher's Wife but Drabs her
port,
And pities the poor Pageant from her heart;
Who, to provoke Revenge, rides round the
Fire,

And with a civil congee does retire:
But guiltless blood to ground must never
fall:

There's *Antichrist* behind, to pay for all.
The Punk of *Babylon* in Pomp appears,
A lewd Old Gentleman of seventy years;
Whose Age in vain our Mercy wou'd implore,
For few take Pity on an Old-cast Whore. 31
The Devil, who brought him to the shame,
takes part;

Sits cheek by jowl in lilack to cheer his heart.
Lake Thief and Parson in a *Tiburn-Cart*.)

THE LOYAL BROTHER, 1682. The play is by
Southern

The word is given, and with a loud Huzzaw
The Miter'd Moppet from his Chair they
draw :

On the slain Corps contending Nations
fall :

Alas, what's one poor Pope among 'em
all !

He burns; now all true hearts your Triumphs
ring,

And next (for fashion) cry, *God save the*
King. 40

A needful Cry in midst of such Alarms,
When Forty thousand Men are up in
Arms.

But after he's once sav'd, to make amends,
In each succeeding Health they Damn his
Friends :

So God begins, but still the Devil ends.

What if some one inspir'd with Zeal shou'd
call,

Come, let's go cry, God save him at *White-*
hall?

His best Friends wou'd not like this over-
care,

Or think him e're the safer for that
pray'r. 49

Five praying Saints are by an Act allow'd,
But not the whole Church-Militant in
crowd ;

Yet, should Heav'n all the true Petitions
drain

Of *Presbyterians* who wou'd Kings maintain,
Of Forty thousand five wou'd scarce
remain.

EPILOGUE.

A Virgin Poet was serv'd up to day,
Who till this Hour ne're caek'd for a Play.
He's neither yet a Whigg nor Tory-Boy,
But, like a Girl, whom several wou'd
enjoy,

Begs leave to make the best of his own
natural Toy.

Were I to play my callow Author's game,
The King's House wou'd instruct me by the
Name :

There's Loyalty to one ; I wish no more ;
A Commonwealth sounds like a common
Whore.

Prologue 36 Moppet} *Editors till Christie give*
Poppet

Let Husband or Gallant be what they will,
One part of Woman is true Tory still. 11

If any factious spirit should rebell,
Our Sex with ease can every rising quell.
Then, as you hope we shou'd your failings
hide,

An honest Jury for our play provide.
Whiggs at their Poets never take offence ;
They save dull Culprits who have Murther'd
Sense.

Though Nonsense is a nauseous heavy
Mass,

The Vehicle called faction makes it
pass ;

Faction in Play's the Commonwealth's man's
bribe, 20

The leaden Farthing of the Canting
Tribe :

Though void in payment Laws and Statutes
make it,

The Neighbourhood, that knows the Man,
will take it.

'Tis Faction buys the Votes of half the
Pit ;

Theirs is the Pension-Parliament of wit.

In City-Clubs their venom let 'em vent ;

For there 'tis safe, in its own Element.

Here, where their Madness can have no
pretence,

Let 'em forget themselves an hour in
sense.

In one poor Isle, why should two Factions
be ? 30

Small diff'rence in your Vices I can see :
In Drink and Drabs both Sides too well
agree.

Wou'd there were more Preferments in the
Land ;

If Places fell, the Party could not stand.

Of this damn'd Grievance ev'ry Whigg com-
plains ;

They grunt like Hogs till they have got their
Grains.

Mean time you see what Trade our Plots ad-
vance :

We send each Year good Money into
France ;

And they that know what Merchandise we
need,

Send o're true Protestants to mend our
breed. 40

Epilogue 29 in} *The editors give of*

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE KING AND QUEEN,

AT THE OPENING OF THEIR THEATRE UPON THE UNION OF THE TWO COMPANIES IN 1682.

PROLOGUE.

SINCE Faction ebbs, and Rogues grow out of Fashion,

Their penny-Scribes take care t' inform the Nation

How well men thrive in this or that Plantation :

How *Pennsylvania's* Air agrees with Quakers, And *Caroline's* with Associators :

Both e'en too good for Madmen and for Traitors.

Truth is, our Land with Saints is so run o'er, And every Age produces such a store, That now there's need of two *New-Englands* more.

What's this, you'll say, to Us and our Vocation ?

Only thus much, that we have left our Station,

And made this Theatre our new Plantation.

The Factious Natives never cou'd agree ; But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free, Those Play-house Whiggs set up for Property.

Some say they no Obedience paid of late, But would new Fears and Jealousies create, 'Till topsy-turvy they had turned the State.

Plain Sense, without the Talent of Foretelling,

Might guess 'twould end in down-right knocks and quelling ;

For seldom comes there better of Rebelling.

When Men will, needlessly, their Freedom barter

For lawless Pow'r, sometimes they catch a Tartar ;

(There's a damned word that rhimes to this, call'd Charter.)

But since the Victory with Us remains, You shall be call'd to Twelve in all our goins,

(If you'll not think Us sawey for our Pains)

Old men shall have good old Plays to delight 'em :

And you, fair Ladies and Galonts, that slight 'em,

We'll treat with good new Plays, if our new Wits can write 'em

We'll take no blundering Verse, no fustian Tumour,

No dribling Love from this or that Presumer, No dull fat Fool storm'd on the Stage for humour.

For, faith, some of 'em such vile stuff have made,

As none but Fools or Fairies ever Play'd ; But 'twas, as Shop-men say, to force a Trade.

We've giv'n you Tragedies all sense defying ; And singing men in woeful Metre dying ;

This 'tis when heavy Lubbers will be flying.

All these disasters we well hope to weather ; We bring you none of our old Lumber

hether ,

Whigg Poets and Whigg Sheriffs may hang together.

EPILOGUE.

New Ministers, when first they get in place, Must have a care to please , and that's our Case :

Some Laws for public Welfare we design, If you, the Power supream, will please to join.

There are a sort of Praters in the Pit, Who either have, or who pretend to Wit ;

These noisy Sirs so loud their Parts rehearse, That oft the Play is silenc'd by the Farce :

Let such be dumb, this penalty to shun, Each to be thought my Lady's eldest Son.

But stay ; methinks some Vizard Mask I see Cast out her Lure from the mid Gallery :

About her all the fluttering Sparks are rang'd ;

The Noise continues, though the Scene is chang'd :

Now growling, sputt'ring, wauling, such a clutter,

'Tis just like Puss defendant in a Gutter ;

Fine Love, no doubt ; but ere two days are
o'er ye,
The Surgeon will be told a woful story.
Let Vizard Mask her naked Face expose,
On pain of being thought to want a Nose : 20
Then for your laqueys, and your Train
beside,
(By whate'er Name or Title dignify'd.)
They roar so loud, you'd think behind the
Stairs
Tom Dove, and all the Brotherhood of Bears :
They're grown a Nuisance, beyond all
Disasters ;
We've none so great but their unpaying
Masters.
We beg you, Sirs, to beg your Men that they
Would please to give you leave to hear the
Play.
Next, to the Play-house, spare your precious
Lives ;
Think, like good *Christians*, on your *beams*
and *wives* ; 30
Think on your Souls ; but by your lugging
forth,
It seems you know how little they are worth.

If none of these will move the warlike Blind,
Think on the helpless Whore you leave
behind.
We beg you, last, nur Scene-room to forbear
And leave our Goods and Chattels to our
Care.
Alas, our Women are but washy Toys,
And wholly taken up in Stage Employ's :
Poor willing Tits they are : but yet I doubt
This double Duty soon will wear them out.
Then you are watch'd besides with jealous
Care : 41
What if my Lady's Page should find you
there ?
My Lady knows t' a tittle what there's
in ye ;
No passing your guilt Shilling for a Guinea.
Thus, Gentlemen, we have summ'd up in
short
Our Grievances, from Country, Town, and
Court :
Which humbly we submit to your good
pleasure ;
But first Vote Money, then redress nt
leasure.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE DUKE OF GUISE.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. SMITH.

Our Play's a Parallel : The Holy League
Begot our Cov'nant ; Guisards got the
Whigg ;
Whate'er our hot-brain'd Sberiffs did
advance
Was like our Fashions, first produc'd in
France ;
And, when worn out, well seourg'd, and
banish'd there,
Sent over, like their godly Beggars, here.
Cou'd the same Trick, twice play'd, our
Nation gull ?
It looks as if the Devil were grown dull ;
Or serv'd us up in Scorn his broken Meat,
And thought we were not worth a better
Cheat. 10
The fulsome Cov'nant, one wou'd think in
Reason,
Had giveo us all our Bellys-full of Treason ;

And yet, the Name but chang'd, our nasty
Nation
Chaws its own Excrement, th' Association.
'Tis true, we have not learn'd their pois'ning
way,
For that's a mode but newly come in play ;
Besides, Your Drug's uncertain to prevail,
But your True Protestant can never fail }
With that compendious Instrument, a Flail. }
Go on, and bite, ev'n though the Hook lies
bare, 20
Twice in one Age expel the lawful Heir,
Once more decide Religion by the Sword ;
And purchase for us a new Tyrant Lord.
Pray for your King, but yet your Purses
spare ;
Make Him not Two-Pence richer by your
Prayer.
To show you love Him much, chastise Him
more,
And make Him very Great, and very
Poor.
Push Him to Wars, but still no Pence ad-
vance ;

Let Him lose *England*, to recover *France*. 29
Cry Freedom up with Popular noise Votes,
And get enough to cut each other's Throats,
Lop all the Rights that fence your Monarch's
Throne ;

For fear of too much Pow'r, pray leave Him
none.

A noise was made of Arbitrary Sway ;
But in Revenge, you Whiggs have found
a way,

An Arbitrary Duty now to pay.
Let His own Servants turn, to save their
stake,

Glean from His Plenty, and His Wants for-
sake ;

But let some *Judas* near His Person stay,
To swallow the last Sop, and then betray.

Make *London* independant of the Crown ; 41
A Realm a part ; the Kingdom of the Town.

Let *Ignoramus* juries find no Traytors,
And *Ignoramus* Poets scribble Satyrs.

And, that your meaning nooe may fail to
scan,

Do what in Coffee-houses you began ;
Pull down the Master, and Set up the Man.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. COOKE.

Much Time and Trouble this poor Play has
cost ;

And faith, I doubted once the Cause was lost.
Yet no one Man was meant, nor Great nor
Small ;

Our Poets, like frank Gamesters, threw at
All.

They took no single Aim :—

But, like bold Boys, true to their Prince and
heartly,

Huzza'd, and fired Broad-sides at the whole
Party.

Duels are Crimes ; but, when the Cause is
right,

In Battel every Man is bound to fight.
For what should hinder Me to sell my

Skin, 10
Dear as I cou'd, if once my Hand were in ?

Se defendendo never was a Sin.
'Tis a fine World, my Masters, right or
wrong,

The Whiggs must talk, and Tories hold their
Tongue.

They must do all they can—.

But We, Forsooth, must bear a Christian
mind,
And fight, like Boys, with one Hand ty'd
behind ;

Nay, and when one Boy's down, 'twere
wond'rous wise

To cry, Box fair, and give him time to
rise.

When Fortune favours, none but Fools will
dally ; 20

Would any of you Sparks, if *Nan* or *Mally*
Tipp'd you th' inviting Wink, stand, shall I,
shall I ?

A *Trimmer* cry'd (that heard me tell this
Story),

Fie, Mistress *Cooke* ! Faith, you're too rank
a Tory !

Wish not Whiggs hang'd, but pity their hard
Cases ;

You Women love to see Men make wry
Faces.—

Pray, Sir, said I, doo't think me such
a Jew ;

I say no more, but give the Dev'l his due—
Leotives, says he, best suit with our Con-
ditioo.

Jack Ketch, says I, 's ao excellent Physi-
cian. 30

I love no Bloud.—Nor I, Sir, as I breath ;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of Death.

We *Trimmers* are for holding all things
even—

Yes—just like him that hung 'twixt Hell
and Heaven.—

Have we not had Men's Lives enow
already ?—

Yes sure :—but you're for holding all
things steady.

Now since the Weight hangs all on one side,
Brother,

You *Trimmers* shou'd, to poize it, hang on
t' other.

Damn'd Neuters, in their middle way of
steering,

Are neither Fish nor Flesh nor good Red-
Herring : 40

Not Whiggs, nor Tories they : nor this, nor
that ;

Not Birds, nor Beasts ; but just a kind of
Bat :

A Twilight Animal ; true to neither Cause,
With Tory Wings, but Whiggish Teeth and
Claws.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE.

*Intended to have been spoken to the Play
before it was forbidden last summer.*

Two Houses join'd, two Poets to a Play ?
You noisy Whigs will sure be pleas'd to-day ;
It looks so like two Shrieves the City Way.
But since our Discords and Divisions cease,
You, *Bilboa*-gallants, learn to keep the
Peace ;

Make here no Tilts ; let our poor Stage
alone ;

Or if a decent Murder must be done,
Pray take a civil Turn to Marybone.

If not, I swear we'll pull up all our Benches ;
Not for your Sakes, but for our Orange-
wenches : 10

For you thrust wide sometimes, and many
a Spark,

That misses one, can hit the other Mark.
This makes our Boxes full ; for men of
Sense

Pay their four Shillings in their own Defence :
That safe behind the Ladies they may
stay,

Peep o'er the Fan, and judge the bloody
Fray.

But other Foes give Beauty worse Alarms ;
The *posse-poetorum's* up in Arms :

No Woman's Fame their libels has escap'd ;
Their Ink runs Venom, and their Pens are
clapp'd. 20

When Sighs and Prayers their ladies cannot
move,

They rail, write Treason, and turn Whigs to
love.

Nay, and I fear they worse Designs advance,
There's a damn'd Love-trick new brought
o'er from *France*.

We charm in vain, and dress, and keep
a Pother,

While those false Rogues are ogling one
another.

All Sins besides admit some Expiation ;
But this against our Sex is plain Damnation.

They join for Libels too, these Women-
haters ;

And as they club for Love, they club for
Satyres : 30

The best on't is they hurt not : for they wear
Stings in their Tails ; their only Venom's
there.

'Tis true, some shot at first the Ladies hit,
Which able Marksmen made and Men of Wit :
But now the Fools give Fire, whose Bounce
is louder ;

And yet, like mere Train-bands, they shoot
but Powder.

Libels, like Plots, sweep all in their first
Fury ;

Then dwindle like an ignoramus Jury :
Thus Age begins with towzing and with
tumbling,

But grunts, and groans, and ends at last in
fumbling. 40

EPILOGUE TO CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

OUR Hero's happy in the Plays Conclusion ;
The holy Roghe at last has met Confusion ;
Though *Arius* all along appeared a Saint,
The last Act showed him a true Protestant.
Eusebius (for you know I read *Greek* Authors)
Reports, that, after all these Plots and
Slaughters,

The Court of *Constantine* was full of Glory,
And every *Trimmer* tum'd Addressing *Tory*.
They follow'd him in Herds as they were
mad :

When *Clause* was King, then all the World
was glad. 10

Whiggs kept the places they possess before,
And most were in a way of getting more ;
Which was as much as saying, Gentlemen,
Here's Power and Money to be Rogues
again.

Indeed, there were a sort of peaking Tools,
Some call 'em Modest, but I call 'em Fools ;
Men much more Loyal, tho' not half so loud ;
But these poor Devils were cast behind the
Croud.

For bold Knaves thrive without one grain of
Sense,

But good Men starve for want of Impudence.

—ANOTHER EPILOGUE. Text from the original
broadsheet, 1682.

—CONSTANTINE THE GREAT, 1684. The play is
by Lee.

<p>Besides all these, there were a sort of Wights, (I think my Author calls them <i>Teckelites</i>), Such hearty Rogues against the King and Laws, They favour'd even a foreign Rebel's Cause, When their own damn'd Design was quash'd and aw'd; At least they gave it their good Word abroad. As many a Man, who for a quiet Life Breeds out his Bastard, not to nose his Wife, Thus ore their Darling Plot these <i>Trimmers</i> cry, And, tho' they cannot keep it in their Eye, They bind it Prentice to <i>Conni Teckely</i>. They believe not the last Plot; may I be curst, If I believe they e'er believ'd the first.</p>	<p>No wonder their own Plot no Plot they think, The Man that makes it never smells the Stink. And now it comes into my Head, I'll tell Why these damn'd <i>Trimmers</i> lov'd the <i>Turks</i> so well. The Original <i>Trimmer</i>, though a Friend to no Man, Yet in his Heart ador'd a pretty Woman; He knew that <i>Mahomet</i> laid up for ever Kind Black-eyed Rogues for every true Believer; And, which was more than mortal Man e'er tasted, One Pleasure that for threescore Twelve- months lasted. To turn for this, may surely be forgiven: Who'd not be circumcis'd for such a Heaven?</p>
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PROLOGUE TO DISAPPOINTMENT, OR THE MOTHER
IN FASHION.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

<p>How comes it, Gentlemen, that, non-a-days, When all of you so shrewdly judge of Plays, Our Poets tax you still with want of Sense? All Prologues treat you not your own Ex- perience. Sharp Citizens a wiser way can go; They make you Fools, but never call you so. They, in good Manners, seldom make a slip, But treat a Common Whore with Ladyship: But here each sawcy Wit at Random writes, And uses Ladies as he uses Knights. Our Author, Young and Grateful in his Nature, Vows that from him no Nymph deserves a Satyr. Nor will he ever Draw—I mean his Rhyme Against the sweet Partaker of his Crime. Nor is he yet so bold an Undertaker To call MEN Fools, 'tis railing at their MAKER. Besides, he fears to split upon that Shelf; He's young enough to be a FOP himself:</p>	<p>And, if his Praise can bring you all A-bed, He swears such hopeful Youth no Nation ever bred. Your Nurses, we presume, in such a Case, Your Father chose, because he lik'd the Face; And often they supply'd your Mother's place. The Dry Nurse was your Mother's ancient Maid, Who knew some former Slip she ne'er betray'd. Betwixt 'em both, for Milk and Sugar-Candy, Your sucking Bottles were well stor'd with Brandy Your Father, to initiate your discourse, Meant to have taught you first to swear and curse, But was prevented by each careful Nurse. For, leaving Dad and Mam, as names too common, They taught you certain parts of Man and Woman.</p>
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CONSTANTINE THE GREAT, 1684. 28 nosel
noise 1702 and add till Christie

DISAPPOINTMENT, 1684 Text from the original
of 1684. The play is by Southern. The Epilogue
is printed in some editions as Dryden's. It was
rightly rejected by Christie on the ground of its

ascription in the collected edition of Southern's
plays to the Hon. John Stafford. It has escaped
the notice of editors that the same ascription is
made in the original edition of the play. The
statement that the Prologue was spoken by Better-
ton is omitted by the editors.

I pass^r your Schools, for there when first
 you came,
 You wou'd be sure to learn the Latin
 name.
 In Colleges, you scorn'd their Art of thinking,
 But learn'd all Moods and Figures of good
 Drinking :
 Thence come to Town, you practise Play, to
 know
 The Vertues of the High Dice and the Low.
 Each thinks himself a SHARPER most pro-
 found :
 He cheats by Pence, is cheated by the
 Pound. 40
 With these perfections, and what else he
 gleans,
 The SPARK sets up for Love behind our
 Scenes,
 Hot in pursuit of Princesses and Queens.
 There, if they know their Man, with cunning
 Carriage,
 Twenty to one but it concludes in Marriage.
 He hires some homely Room, Love's Fruits
 to gather,
 And Garret-high rebels against his Father :
 But he once dead——

Brings her in Triumph, with her Portion,
 down,
 A Twillet, Dressing-Box, and Half a
 Crown.
 Some Marry first, and then they fall to
 Scowring, 51
 Which is, Refining Marriage into Whoring.
 Our Women batten well on their good
 Nature,
 All they can rap and rend for the dear
 Creature.
 But while abroad so liberal the DOLT is,
 Poor SPOUSE at Home as Ragged as a
 Colt is.
 Last, some there are, who take their first
 Degrees
 Of Lewdness in our middle Galleries ;
 The Doughty BULLIES enter Bloody
 Drunk, 59
 Invade and grabble one another's PUNK ;
 They Caterwoul, and make a dismal Rout,
 Call SONS of WHORES, and strike, but
 ne're lug out :
 Thus, while for *Paultry Punk* they roar and
 stickle,
 They make it *Bawdier* than a Conventicle.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO ALBION AND ALBANIUS.

PROLOGUE.

FULL twenty years and more, our lab'ring
 Stage
 Has lost, on this incorrigible age :
 Our Poets, the *John Ketches* of the Nation,
 Have seem'd to lash yee ev'n to excoriation :
 But still no sign remains : which plainly notes
 You bore like *Hero's* or you bri'd like *Oates*.
 What can we do, when mimicking a Fop,
 Like beating Nut-trees, makes a larger Crop ?
 Faith, we'll e'en spare our pains, and to
 content you,
 We'll fairly leave you what your Maker
 meant you. 10
 Satyre was once your Physick, Wit your
 Food ;
 One nourisht not, and t' other drew no Blood.
 Wee now prescribe, like Doctors in despair,
 The Diet your weak appetites can bear.
 Since hearty Beef and Mutton will not do,

Here's Julep dance, Ptisan of Song and show :
 Give you strong Sense, the Liquor is too
 heady ;
 You're come to farce, that's Asses' Milk,
 already.
 Some hopeful Youths there are of callow Wit,
 Who one day may be Men, if Heav'n think fit ;
 Sound may serve such, ere they to Sense are
 grown ; 21
 Like leading strings, till they can walk alone.
 But yet, to keep oar Friends in count'nance,
 know,
 The Wise *Italians* first invented show ;
 Thence into *France* the Noble Pageant past ;
 'Tis *England's* Credit to be cozn'd last.
 Freedom and Zeal have chous'd you o'er
 and o'er ;
 'Pray give us leave to bubble you once
 more ;
 You never were so cheaply fool'd before.
 We bring you change, to humour your
 Disease ; 30
 Change for the *Worse* has ever used to please :

Then 'tis the mode of *France*, without whose
Rules
None must presume to set up here for Fools :
In *France*, the oldest Man is always young,
Sees *Opera's* daily, learns the Tunes so long,
Till Foot, Hand, Head, keep Time with }
 ev'ry Song.
Each sings his part, echoing from Pit and
 Box,
With his hoarse Voice, half Harmony, half
 Pox.
Le plus grand Roy du Monde, is always
 ringing ;
They show themselves good Subjects by
 their singing. 40
On that Condition, set up every Throat ;
You Whiggs may sing, for you have chang'd
 your Note.
Cits and Citeses, raise a joyful Strain,
'Tis a good Omen to begin a Reign :
Voices may help your Charter to restoring,
And get by singing, what you lost by roaring.

EPILOGUE.

After our *Æsop's* Fable shown to day,
I come to give the Moral of the play.
Feign'd Zeal, you saw, set out the speedier
 pace ;
But, the last Heat, *Plain Dealing* won the
 Race :
Plain Dealing for a Jewel has been known ;
But ne'er till now the Jewel of a Crown
When Heav'n made Man, to show the work
 Divine,
Truth was his Image, stamp'd upon the Coin :

And, when a King is to a God refin'd,
On all he says and does, he stamps his
 Mind. 10
This proves a Soul without alloy, and
 pure ;
Kings, like their Gold, should every touch
 endure.
To dare in Fields is Valour ; but how few
Dare be so thoroughly Valiant to be true ?
The Name of Great let other Kings affect :
He's Great indeed, the Prince that is direct.
His Subjects know him now, and trust him
 more,
Than all their Kings, and all their Laws
 before.
What safety could their publick Acts afford ?
Those he can break, but cannot break his
 Word. 20
So great a Trust to him alone was due ;
Well have they trusted whom so well they
 knew.
The Saint, who walk'd on Waves, securely
 trod,
While he believ'd the beckning of his God ;
But, when his Faith no longer bore him
 out,
Began to sink, as he began to doubt.
Let us our native Character maintain,
'Tis of our Growth to be sincerely plain.
To excel in Truth we Loyally may strive,
Set Privilege against Prerogative : 30
He Plights his Faith, and we believe him
 just :
His Honour is to Promise, ours to Trust.
Thus *Britain's* Basis on a Word is laid,
As by a Word the World it self was made.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO DON SEBASTIAN.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by a Woman.

THE Judge remov'd, tho he's no more My
 Lord,
May plead at Bar, or at the Council-Board :
So may cast Poets write ; there's no Preten-
 sion,
To argue loss of Wit from loss of Pension
Your looks are cheerful ; and in all this place
I see not one that wears a damning face.
The *British* Nation is too brave to show

Ignoble vengeance on a vanquish'd foe.
At least be civil to the Wretch imploring ;
And lay your Paws upon him without roaring :
Suppose our Poet was your foe before, 11
Yet now, the bus'ness of the Field is o'er ;
'Tis Time to let your Civil Wars alone,
When Troops are into Winter-quarters gone.
Jove was alike to *Latan* and to *Phrygian* ;
And you well know, a Play's of no Religion.
Take good advice, and please your selves
 this Day
No matter from what hands you have the Play.
Among good Fellows ev'ry health will pass,
That serves to carry round another glass : 20

When with full bowls of *Burgundy* you dine,
Tho at the Mighty Monarch you repine,
You grant him still most Christian, in his
Wine.

Thus far the Poet ; but his brains grow
Addle,
And all the rest is purely from this Noddle.
You've seen young Ladies at the Senate
door

Prefer Petitions, and your grace implore ;
However grave the Legislators were,
Their Cause went ne're the worse for being
lair. 29

Reasons as weak as theirs, perhaps I bring ;
But I cou'd bribe you with as good a thing,
I heard him make advances of good Nature,
That he for once, wou'd sheath his cutting
Satyr :

Sign but his Peace, he vows he'll ne'er
again

The Sacred Names of Fops and Beaus pro-
fane.

Strike up the Bargain quickly ; for I swear,
As Times go now, he offers very fair.

Be not too hard on him with Statutes
neither ;

Be kind ; and do not set your Teeth
together,

To stretch the Laws, as Coblers do their
Leather. 40

Horses by Papists are not to be ridden,
But sure the Muses Horse was ne're for-
bidden ;

For in no Rate-Book it was ever found
That *Pegasus* was valued at Five-pound :
Fine him to dayly Drudging and Inditing ;
And let him pay his Taxes out in Writing.

6. EPILOGUE.

Spoken betwixt Antonio and Morayma.

Mor. I Quak'd at heart for fear the Royal
Fashion

Shou'd have seduc'd Us two to Separation :
To be drawn in, against our own desire,
Poor I to be a Nun, poor You a Fryar.

Ant. I trembled when the Old Man's hand
was in,
He would have prov'd we were too fear of
kin,

Discovering old Intrigues of Love, like
t'other,
Betwixt my Father and thy sinful Mother ;
To make Us Sister Turk and Christian
Brother.

Mor. Excuse me there ; that League
shou'd have been rather 10
Betwixt your Mother and my *Musli*-Father ;
'Tis for my own and my Relations Credit
Your Friends shou'd bear the Bastard, mine
shou'd get it.

Ant. Suppose us two, *Almeyda* and
Sebastian,

With Incest prov'd upon us :——

Mor. Without Question,
Their Conscience was too quazzy of diges-
tion.

Ant. Thou wou'd'st have kept the Councell
of thy Brother

And sinn'd till we repented of each other.

Mor. Beast as you are, on Natures Laws
to trample ! 19

'Twere fitter that we follow'd their Example.

And since all Marriage in Repentance ends,

'Tis good for us to part while we are Friends.

To save a Maids Remorses and Confusions,
E'en leave me now, before We try Con-
clusions.

Ant. To copy their Example first make
certain

Of one good hour, like theirs, before our
parting ;

Make a debauch o're Night of Love and
Madness ;

And marry, when we wake, in sober sadness.

Mor. Ple follow no new Sects of your
inventing.

One Night might cost me nine long months
repenting : 30

First wed, and, if you find that Life a Fetter,
Dye when you please, the sooner Sir the better:
My wealth wou'd get me love e're I cou'd
ask it :

Oh there's a strange Temptation in the
Casket :

All these Young Sharpers would my grace
impartune,

And make me thundring Votes of Lives and
Fortune.

PROLOGUE TO THE PROPHETESS.

With *Nostradame*, with all his Art, can guess
 The Fate of our approaching *Prophetess*?
 A Play, which, like a Prospective set right,
 Presents our vast Expences close to Sight;
 But turn the Tube, and there we sadly view
 Our distant Gains, and those uncertain too;
 A sweeping Tax, which on our selves we raise,
 And all, like you, in hopes of better Days.
 When will our Losses warn us to be Wise?
 Our Wealth decreases, and our Charges rise.
 Money, the sweet Allurer of our Hopes, 11
 Ebbs out in Oceans, and comes in by Drops.
 We raise new Objects to provoke Delight,
 But you grow sated ere the second Sight.
 False Men, ev'n so you serve your Mistresses;
 They rise three Stories in their Towering
 Dress;
 And, after all, you Love not long enough
 To pay the Rigging, ere you leave 'em off.
 Never content with what you had before,
 But true to Change, and *English* Men all o'er.
 Now Honour calls you hence; and all your
 Care 21
 Is to provide the horrid Pomp of War.
 In Plume and Scarf, Jack-Boots and *Bilbo*
 Blade
 Your Silver goes, that shou'd support our
 Trade.
 Go, unkind Heroes, leave our Stage to mourn,
 'Till rich from vanquish'd Rebels you return;
 And the fat Spoils of *Teague* in Triumph draw,
 His Firkn-Butter and his *Usquebaugh*.

Go, Conquerors of your Male and Female
 Foes;
 Men without Hearts, and Women without
 Hose.
 Each bring his Love a *England* Captive
 home;
 Such proper Pages will long Trains become:
 With Copper Collars, and with Brawny
 Backs,
 Quite to put down the Fashion of our Blacks.
 Then shall the Pious Muses pay their Vows,
 And furnish all their Laurels for your Brows;
 Their tuneful Voice shall rise for your De-
 lights;
 We want not Poets fit to sing your Flights.
 But you, bright Beauties, for whose only sake
 Those Doughty Knights such Dangers under-
 take, 40
 When they with happy Gales are gone away,
 With your propitious Presence grace our
 Play,
 And with a Sigh their Empty Seats survey;
 Then think, on that bare Bench my servant
 sate,
 I see him Ogle still, and hear him Chat;
 Selling facetious Bargains, and propounding
 That witty Recreation, called *Dum-founding*.
 Their Loss with Patience we will try to bear,
 And wou'd do more, to see you often here;
 That our dead Stage, reviv'd by your fair
 Eyes, 50
 Under a Female Regency may rise.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO AMPHITRYON, OR THE
TWO SOSIAS.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

THE lab'ring Bee, when his sharp Sting is
 gone,
 Forgets his golden Work, and turns a Drone:
 Such is a Satyr, when you take away
 That Rage in which his Noble Vigour lay.

What gain you, by not suffering him to teize
 ye?
 He neither can offend you now, nor please ye.
 The Honey-Bag and Venome lay so near,
 That both, together, you resolv'd to tear;
 And lost your Pleasure, to secure your Fear.
 How can he show his Manhood, if you bid
 him 10
 To box like Boys, with one hand ty'd
 behind him?

THE PROPHETESS, 1690 This is Fletcher's
 play transformed into an opera
 3 Prospective] Editors all Christie wrongly
 derive Perspective

AMPHITRYON, 1690 Published in 1691 The
 original text has many false stops

This is plain Levelling of Wit ; in which
The Poor has all th' advantage, not the Rich.

The Blockhead stands excus'd, for wanting Sense ;

And Wits turn Blockheads in their own defence.

Yet, though the Stages Traffick is undone,
Still *Julian's* interloping Trade goes on :

Though Satyr on the Theatre you smother,
Yet in Lampoons, you Libel one another.

The first produces still, a second Jig ; 20
You whip 'em out, like School-boys, till they gig :

And, with the same Success, we Readers guess,

For ev'ry one still dwindles to a less ;
And much good Malice is so meanly drest,

That we wou'd laugh, but cannot find the Jest.

If no Advice your Rhiming Rage can stay,

Let not the Ladies suffer in the Fray.
Their tender Sex is priviledg'd from War ;

'Tis not like Knights, to draw upon the Fair.

What Fame expect you from so mean a Prize ? 30

We wear no murd'ring Weapons, but our Eyes.

Our Sex, you know, was after yours design'd ;

The last Perfection of the Makers Mind ;
Heav'n drew out all the Gold for us, and left your Dross behind.

Beauty, for Valours best Reward, He chose ;

Peace, after War ; and after Toil, Repose.

Hence, ye Prophane, excluded from our sights ;

And, charm'd by Day, with Honour's vain delights,

Go, make your best of solitary Nights.

Recant betimes, 'tis prudence to submit ; 40
Our Sex is still your Overmatch in Wit :

We never fail, with new, successful Arts,
To make fine Fools of you, and all your Parts.

Prologue 22 we] Some editors wrongly give our

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by PHÆDRA, Mrs. MOUNTFORT.

I'm thinking (and it almost makes me mad)

How sweet a time those Heathen Ladies had.

Idoltry was ev'n their Gods' own trade :
They Worshipt the fine Creatures they had made.

Cupid was chief of all the Deities :
And Love was all the fashion, in the Skies.

When the sweet Nymph held up the Lilly hand,

Jove, was her humble Servant, at Command.

The Treasury of Heav'n was ne're so bare,
But still there was a Pension for the Fair.

In all his Reign, Adultry was no Sin ;
For *Jove* the good Example did begin.

Mark too, when he usurp'd the Husband's name,

How civilly he sav'd the Ladies fame.

The secret Joys of Love he wisely hid ;
But you, Sirs, boast of more than e'er you did.

You teize your Cuckolds ; to their face torment 'em :

But *Jove* gave his, new Honours to content 'em,

And, in the kind Remembrance of the Fair,

On each exalted Son, bestowed a Star. 20

For these good deeds, as by the date appears,

His Godship flourish'd full Two thousand Years.

At last, when Heav'n all his Priests grew old,

The Ladies grew in their devotion cold ;
And that false Worship would no longer hold.

Severity of Life did next begin ;
(And always does, when we no more can Sin.)

That Doctrine, too, so hard, in Practice, lyes,
That the next Age may see another rise. 29

Then, Pagan Gods may, once again, succeed ;

And *Jove*, or *Mars*, be ready, at our need,
To get young Godlings ; and, so, mend our breed.

PROLOGUE TO MISTAKES, 'OR THE FALSE REPORT.

Enter Mr. BRIGHT.

Gentlemen, we must beg your pardon ; here's no Prologue to be had to day ; our New Play is like to come on, without a Frontispiece ; as bald as one of you young Beaux without your Perriwig. I left our young Poet sniveling and sobbing behind the Scenes, and cursing somebody that has deceiv'd him.

Enter Mr. BOWEN.

Hold your prating to the Audience: Here's honest Mr *Williams* just come in, half mellow, from the *Rose-Tavern*. He swears he is inspir'd with Claret, and will come on, and that *Extempore* too, either with a Prologue of his own, or something like one: O here he comes to his Tryal, at all Adventures ; for my part, I wish him a good Deliverance.

[Exit Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. BOWEN.]

Enter Mr. WILLIAMS.

Save ye, sirs, save ye ! I am in a hopeful way.
I shou'd speak something, in Rhyme, now, for the Play :
But the duce takeme, if I know what to say !
I'll stick to my Friend the Authour, that I can tell ye,
To the last drop of Claret in my belly.
So far I'm sure 'tis Rhyme—that needs no granting :
And, if my verses feet stumble—you see my own are wanting.
Our young Poet has brought a piece of work,
In which though much of Art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—And that's as long as *Cork*. 10

But, for this Play—(which, till I have done, we show not.)

What may be its fortune—By the Lord—I know not.

This I dare swear, no malice here is writ ;

'Tis Innocent of all things—ev'n of Wit.

He's no high Flyer—he makes no sky Rockets,

His Squibs are only levell'd at your Pockets,

And if his Crackers light among your pelf, You are blown-up ; if not, then he's blown-up himself.

By this time, I'm something recover'd of my fluster'd madness :

And, now, a word or two in sober sadness. 20 Ours is a Common Play: and you pay down

A common Harlots price—just half a Crown.

You'll say, I play the Pimp on my Friends score ;

But since 'tis for a Friend, your gibes give o're,

For many a Mother has done that before.

How's this ? you cry : an Actor write ?—we know it ;

But *Shakespear* was an Actor, and a Poet

Has not great *Johnson's* learning often fail'd,

But *Shakespear's* greater Genius still prevail'd ? 29

Have not some writing Actors, in this Age Deserv'd and found Success upon the Stage ?

To tell the truth, when our old Wits are tir'd. Not one of us but means to be inspir'd.

Let your kind presence grace our homely cheer ;

Peace and the Butt is all our bus'ness here ; So much for that ;—and the Devil take small beer.

MISTAKES, 1690 The play is by Joseph Harris.

26 this ? you cry :] this, you cry ? 1690.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO KING ARTHUR, OR THE BRITISH WORTHY.

PROLOGUE TO THE OPERA.

Spoken by Mr. BETTLETON.

SURE there's a dearth of Wit in this dull
Town,

When silly Plays so savourily go down :
As, when Clipp'd Money passes, 'tis a sign
A Nation is not over-stock'd with Coin.
Happy is he, who in his own Defence,
Can write just level to your humble Sence ;
Who higher than your Pitch can never go :
And doubtless, he must creep, who Writes
below.

So have I seen, in Hall of Knight, or Lord,
A weak Arm throw on a long Shovel-Board :
He barely lays his Piece, but Rubs and
Knocks,

Secur'd by Weakness not to reach the Box.
A feeble Poet will his Bus'ness do.
Who, straining all he can, comes up to you :
For, if you like your Selves, you like him
too.

An Ape his own Dear Image will embrace :
An ugly *Beau* adores a Hatchet Face :
So, some of you, on pure instinct of Nature,
Are led, by Kind, t' admire your fellow
Creature.

In fear of which, our House has sent this Day,
T' insure our New-Built-Vessel, call'd a Play :
No sooner Nam'd, than one crys out, These
Stagers

Come in good time, to make more Work for
Wagers.

The Town divides, if it will take or no :
The Courtiers Bet, the Cits, the Merchants
too ;

A sign they have but little else to do.
Bets at the first were Fool-Traps : where
the Wise

Like Spiders, lay in Ambush for the Flies :
But now they're grown a common Trade
for all,

And Actions by the News-Book Rise and
Fall ;

Wits, Cheats, and Fops are free of Wager-
Hall.

KING ARTHUR, 1691.
Prologue 2 savourily] savourily Scott: favour-
ably Bell.

One Policy as far as *Lions* carries :
Another, nearer home sets up for *Paris*.
Our Batts, at last, wou'd ev'n to *Rom-*
extend.

But that the Pope has proved our Trusty
Friend.

Indeed, it were a Bargain, worth our Money.
Cou'd we insure another *Quadrant*.

Among the rest there are a sharpening Batt.
That Pray for us, and yet against us Batt :
Sure Heav'n it self is at a loss to know
If these wou'd have their Pray'rs be heard,
or no :

For, in great Stakes, we piously suppose,
Men Pray but very faintly they may lose.
Leave off these Wagers : for, in Conscience
Speaking.

The City needs not your new Tricks for
Breaking :

And if you Gallants lose, to all appearing
You'll want an Equipage for Volunteering :
While thus, no Spark of Honour left within
ye,

When you shou'd draw the Sword, you draw
the Guinea.

THE EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

I've had to-day a Dozen *Billet-Doux*
From *Fops*, and *Wits*, and *Cits*, and *Br-*
street Beaus :

Some from *Whitecal*, but from the *Temple*
more :

A *Covent-Garden* Porter brought me four.
I have not yet read all : But, without feign-
ing,

We *Maids* can make shrewd Guesses at your
Meaning.

What if, to shew your Styles, I read 'em
here ?

He thinks I hear one cry, *Oh Lord, forbear* :
No, Madam, no ; by Heav'n, that's too severe.

Well then, be safe —
But swear henceforwards to renounce all
Writing,

And take this Solemn Oath of my inditing.—
As you love Ease and hate Campaigns and
Fighting.

Yet, Faith, 'tis just to make some few
 Examples:
 What if I shew'd you one or two for Samples?
Pulls one out. Heres, one desires my
 Ladyship to meet
 At the kind Couch above in *Bridges-Street*.
 Oh Sharping Knave! That wou'd have you
 know what,
 For a Poor Sneaking Treat of *Chocolot*.
Pulls out another. Now, in the Name of
 Luck, I'll break this open, 20
 Because I Dreamt last Night I had a Token;
 The Superscription is exceeding pretty,
To the Desire of all the Town and City.
 Now, *Gallants*, you must know, this precious
Fop
 Is Foreman of a Haberdashers-Shop:
 One who devoutly cheats, demure in
 Carriage,
 And courts me to the Holy Bands of
 Marriage;

But, with a *Civil Innuendo* too,
 My Overplus of Love shall be for you.
Reads. *Modam, I swear your Looks are*
so Divine, 30
When I set up, your Face shall be my
Sign;
The Times are hard—to show how I Adore
you,
Here's my whole Heart, and half a Guinea for
you.
But, have a Care of Beaux; They're false, my
Honey;
And, which is worse, have not one Rag of
Money.
 See how Maliciously the Rogue would
 wrong ye!
 But I know better Things of some among ye.
 My wisest way will be to keep the Stage,
 And trust to the Good Nature of the Age:
 And he that likes the Musick and the Play 40
 Shall be my Favourite Gallant to-day.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO CLEOMENES, THE SPARTAN HEROE.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. MOUNTFORD.

I THINK, or hope at least, the Coast is clear;
 That none but Men of Wit and Sense are
 here;
 That our Bear-Garden Friends are all away,
 Who bounce with Hands and Feet, and cry,
 Play, Play,
 Who, to save Coach-Hire, trudge along the
 Street,
 Then print our matted Seats with dirty Feet;
 Who, while we speak, make Love to Orange-
 Wenches,
 And between Acts stand strutting on the
 Benches;
 Where got a Cock-horse, making vile
 Grimaces,
 They to the Boxes show their Booby Faces.
 A Merry-Andrew such a Mob will serve, 11
 And treat 'em with such Wit as they
 deserve:

Let 'em go people *Ireland*, where there's
 need
 Of such new Planters, to repair the Breed;
 Or to *Virginia* or *Jamaica* steer,
 But have a Care of some *French Privateer*;
 For, if they should become the Prize of
 Battle,
 They'll take 'em, black and white, for *Irish*
 Cattle.
 Arise, true Judges, in your own Defence,
 Controul those *Foplings*, and declare for
 Sense: 20
 For, should the Fools prevail, they stop not
 there,
 But make their next Descent upon the Fair.
 Then rise, ye Fair; for it concerns you most,
 That Fools no longer should your Favours
 boast:
 'Tis time you should renounce 'em, for we
 find
 They plead a senseless Claim to Woman-kind:
 Such Squires are only fit for Country-Towns,
 To stink of Ale and dust a Stand with Clowns;
 Who, to be chosen for the Land's Protectors,
 Tope and get drunk before their wise Electors.

CLEOMENES, 1692. The Prologue and Epilogue
 were not printed with the first edition of the
 play.

OR

K

Let not Farce-Lovers your weak Choice
upbraid, 31
But turn 'em over to the Chamber-maid.
Or, if they come to see our Tragick Scenes,
Instruct them what a *Spartan* Heroe means:
Teach 'em how manly Passions ought to
move,
For such as cannot Think can never Love;
And, since they needs will judge the Poet's
Art,
Point 'em with *Fescu's* to each shining part.
Our Author hopes in you; but still in Pain,
He fears your Charms will be employ'd in
vain. 40
You can make Fools of Wits, we find each
Hour;
But to make Wits of Fools is past your Pow'r.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

This day, the Poet, bloodily inclin'd,
Has made me die, full sore against my Mind!
Some of you naughty Men, I fear, will cry,
Poor Rogue! would I might teach thee how
to die!
Thanks for your Love; but I sincerely say,
I never mean to die your wicked way.
Well, since it is decreed all Flesh must go,
(And I am Flesh, at least, for aught you
know.)
I first declare, I die with pious Mind,
In perfect Charity with all Mankind. 10
Next, for my Will:—I have in my Dispose
Some certain Moveables would please you
Beaux;

As, first, my Youth; for, as I have been told,
Some of you, modish Sparks, are devilish
old.

My Chastity I need not leave among ye:
For to suspect old Fops were much to wrong
ye.

You swear you're Sinners; but for all your
Haste,
Your Misses shake their Heads, and find you
chaste.

I give my Courage to those bold Commanders,
That stay with us, and dare not go for
Flanders. 20

I leave my Truth (to make his Plot more
clear)

To Mr. *Fuller*, when he next shall swear.

I give my Judgment, craving all your
Mercies,

To those that leave good Plays, for damn'd
dull Farces.

My small Devotion let the Gallants share,
That come to ogle us at Evening Pray'r.

I give my Person—let me well consider,
Faith c'en to him that is the fairest Bidder;
To some rich Hunks, if any be so bold

To say those dreadful Words, *To have and
hold*. 30

But stay—to give, and be bequeathing
still,

When I'm so poor, is just like *Wickham's*
Will:

Like that notorious Cheat, vast Sums I give,
Only that you may keep me while I live.

Buy a good Bargain, Gallants, while you
may;

I'll cost you but your Half-a-Crown a Day.

EPILOGUE TO HENRY II., KING OF ENGLAND, WITH
THE DEATH OF ROSAMOND.

Thus you the sad Catastrophe have seen,
Occasion'd by a Mistress and a Queen.
Queen *Eleanor* the proud was *French*, they
say;
But *English* Manufacture got the Day.
Jane Clifford was her Name, as Books aver:
Fair Rosamond was but her *Nom de Guerre*.
Now tell me, Gallants, wou'd you lead your
Life
With such a Mistress, or with such a Wife?

If one must be your Choice, which d'ye
approve,

The Curtain-Lecture or the Curtain-Love? 10
Wou'd ye be godly with perpetual Strife,
Still drudging on with homely *Joan* your
Wife,

Or take your Pleasure in a wicked way,
Like honest Whoring *Harry* in the Play?

I guess your Minds; The Mistress wou'd be
taking,

And nauseous Matrimony sent a packing.

HENRY II, 1693 The play is by John Bancroft,
published in 1693

15 taking. Some editions wrongly give taken

<p>The Devil's in ye ull; Mankind's a Rogue, You love the Bride, but yon detest the Clog; After a Year, poor Spouse is left i' th' lurch; And you, like <i>Haynes</i>, return to Mother- Church. 20 Or, if the Name of Church comes cross your mind, Chapels of Ease behind our Scenes you find. The Play-house is a kind of Market-place; One chaffers for a Voice, another for a Face;</p>	<p>Nay, some of you, I dare not say how many, Would buy of me a Pen'worth for your Penny. Even this poor Face (which with my Fan I hide) Would make a shift my Portion to provide, With some small Perquisites I have beside. Though for your Love, perhaps, I should not care, 30 I could not hate a Man that bids me fair. What might ensue, 'tis hard for me to tell; But I was drench'd to day for loving well, And fear the Poyson that would make me swell.</p>
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PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO LOVE TRIUMPHANT,
OR NATURE WILL PREVAIL.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

<p>AS, when some Treasurer lays down the Stick, Warrants are Sign'd for ready Mony thick, And many desperate Debentures paid, Which never had been, had his Lordship staid: So now, this Poet, who forsakes the Stage, Intends to gratifie the present Age. One Warrant shall be Sign'd for every Man; All shall be Wits that will; and <i>Beau</i> that can: Provided still, this Warrant be not shown, And you be Wits but to your selves alone; 10 Provided too; you rail at one another: For there's no one Wit, will allow a Brother; Provided also; that you spare this Story, Damn all the Plays that e're shall come before ye. If one by chance prove good in half a score, Let that one pay for all, and Damn it more. For if a good one scape among the Crew, And you continue Judging as you do, Every bad Play will hope for Damning too. You might Damn this, if it were worth your pains, 20 Here's nothing you will like; no fustian Scenes, And nothing too of—you know what he means.</p>	<p>Nodouble <i>Entendrés</i>, which you Sparks allow, To make the Ladies look—they know not bow; Simply as 'twere, and knowing both together, Seeming to fan their Faces in cold Weather. But here's a Story, which no Books relate, Coin'd from our own Old Poet's Addle-Pate. The Fable has a Moral too, if sought: But let that go; for, upon second Thought, 30 He fears but few come hither to be Taught. Yet if you will be profited, you may; And he would Bribe you too, to like his Play. He Dies, at least to us, and to the Stage, And what he has he leaves this Noble Age. He leaves you, first, all Plays of his Inditing, The whole Estate which he has got by Writing. The <i>Beaux</i> may think this nothing but vain Praise; They'll find it something, the Testator says: For half their Love is made from scraps of Plays. 40 To his worst Foes, he leaves his Honesty; That they may thrive upon't as much as he. He leaves his Manners to the Roaring Boys, Who come in Drunk and fill the House with noise. He leaves to the dire Critiques of his Wit His Silence and Contempt of all they Writ. To <i>Shakespear's</i> Critique he bequeaths the Curse, To find his faults; and yet himself make worse;</p>
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A precious Reader in Poetique Schools,
Who by his own Examples damns his
Rules. 50

Last, for the Fair, he wishes you may be
From your dull Critiques, the Lampooners
free.

Tho' he pretends no Legacy to leave you,
An Old Man may at least good wishes give
you.

Your Beauty names the Play; and may it
prove,

To each, an Omen of Triumphant Love.

EPILOGUE.

Now, in good Manners, nothing shou'd be
sed

Against this Play, because the Poet's
dead.

The Prologue told us of a Moral here;
Wou'd I cou'd find it, but the Devil knows
where.

If in my Part it lyes, I fear he means
To warn us of the Sparks behind our
Scenes.

For, if you'll take it on *Dalinda's* Word,
'Tis a hard Chapter to refuse a Lord.

The Poet might pretend this Moral too,
That when a Wit and Fool together woo, ro
The Damsel (not to break an Ancient Rule)
Shou'd leave the Wit, and take the Wealthy
Fool.

This he might mean; but there's a Truth
behind,

And, since it touches none of all our Kind
But Masks and Misses, faith, I'll speak my
Mind.

What if he Taught our Sex more cautious
Carriage,

And not to be too Coming before Marriage;
For fear of my Misfortune in the Play,

A Kid brought home upon the Wedding day!
I fear there are few *Sancho's* in the Pit, 20

So good as to forgive and to forget,
That will, like him, restore us into Favour,

And take us after on our good Behaviour.
Few, when they find the Mony Bag is rent,

Will take it for good Payment on content.
But in the Telling, there the difference is,

Sometimes they find it more than they cou'd
wish.

Therefore be warn'd, you Misses and you
Masks,

Look to your hits, nor give the first that asks.
Tears, Sighs, and Oaths, no truth of Passion

prove; 30
True Settlement alone, declares true Love.

For him that Weds a Puss, who kept her first,
I say but little, but I doubt the worst:

The Wife, that was a Cat, may mind her
house,

And prove an Honest and a Careful Spouse;
But, faith, I wou'd not trust her with a
Mouse.

EPILOGUE TO THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

LIKE some raw Sophister that mounts the
Pulpit,

So trembles a young Poet at a full Pit.

Unus'd to Crowds, the Parson quakes for
fear,

And wonders how the Devil he durst come
there;

Wanting three Talents needful for the
Place,

Some Beard, some Learning, and some little
Grace.

Nor is the Puny Poet void of Care;

For Authors, such as our new Authors are,
Have not much Learning, nor much Wit to
spare;

And as for Grace, to tell the Truth, there's
scarce one, 10

But has as little as the very Parson:

Both say they Preach and Write for your
Instruction;

But 'tis for a Third Day, and for Induction.
The difference is, that tho' you like the
Play,

The Poet's Gain is ne'er beyond his Day.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT, 1694.
Epilogue I shou'd] *Christie and other editors*
absurdly give shall
10 woo.] woo; 1694.

THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD, 1696. The
play is by John Dryden the younger.

<p>But with the Parson 'tis another Case, He, without Holmess, may rise to Grace; The Poet has one disadvantage more, That if his Play be dull, he's Damn'd all o'er, Not only a damn'd Blockhead, but damn'd Poor. But Dullness well becomes the Sable Gar- ment; I warrant that ne'er spoil'd a Priest's Pre- ferment: Wit's not his Business, and as Wit now goes, Sirs, 'tis not so much yours as you suppose, For you like nothing now but nauseous Beaux.</p>	<p>You laugh not, Gallants, as by proof appears, At what his Beauship says, but what he wears; So 'tis your Eyes are tickled, not your Ears. The Taylor and the Furner find the Stuff, The Wit lies in the Dress and monstrous Muff. The Truth on't is, the Payment of the Pit 3r Is like for like, Clipt Money for Clipt Wit. You cannot from our absent Author hope He should equip the Stage with such a Fop Fools Change in <i>England</i>, and new Fools arise; For, tho' th' Immortal Species never dies, Yet ev'ry Year new Maggots make new Flies. But where he lives abroad, he scarce can find One Fool, for Million that he left behind.</p>
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PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE

ON THE OCCASION OF A REPRESENTATION FOR DRYDEN'S BENEFIT,
MARCH 25, 1700.

PROLOGUE.

How wretched is the Fate of those who
write!
Brought muz'd to the Stage, for fear they
bite;
Where, like *Tom Dove*, they stand the
Common Foe,
Lugg'd by the *Critique*, Baited by the *Beau*.
Yet, worse, their Brother Poets damn the
Play.
And Roar the loudest, tho' they never pay.
The Fops are proud of Scandal, for they cry,
At every lewd, low Character,—That's I.
He who writes Letters to himself wou'd
Swear,
The World forgot him if he was not there. 10
What shou'd a Poet do? 'Tis hard for One
To pleasure all the Fools that wou'd be
shown:
And yet not Two in Ten will pass the Town.
Most Coxcombs are not of the Laughing kind;
More goes to make a Fop, than Fops can
find.
Quack *Maurus*, tho' he never took Degrees
In either of our Universities,

AT DRYDEN'S BENEFIT. Text of 1700

Yet to be shown by some kind Wit he looks,
Because he play'd the Fool, and writ Three
Books.
But if he wou'd be worth a Poet's Pen, 20
He must be more a Fool, and write again:
For all the former Fustian stuff he wrote
Was Dead-born Doggrel, or is quite forgot;
His Man of *Us*, stript of his *Hebrew Robe*,
Is just the Proverb, and *As poor as Job*.
One would have thought he could no longer
Jog;
But *Arthur* was a level, *Job's* a Bog.
There, tho' he crept, yet still he kept in
sight;
But here, he founders in, and sinks down-
right.
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by Rule,
Tobit had first been turned to Ridicule; 3r
But our bold *Britton*, without Fear or Awe,
O'er-leaps at once the whole Apocrypha;
Invades the Psalms with Rhymes, and leaves
no room
For any Vandal *Hopkins* yet to come.
But when, if, after all, this Godly Geer
Is not so Senceless as it would appear?
Our Mountebank has laid a deeper Train;
His Cant, like *Merry Andrew's* Noble Vein,
Cat-call's the Sects to draw 'em in again.

At leisure Hours in Epique Soog he deals, 41
Writes to the rumbling of his Coaches
Wheels ;

Prescribes in hast, and seldom kills by rule,
But rides Triumphant between Stool and
Stool.

Well, let him go ; 'tis yet too early day
To get himself a Place in Farce or Play ;
We know oot by what Name we should
Arraign him,

For no one Category can contain him ;
A Pedant, canting Preacher, and a Quack,
Are load enough to break one Asses Back : 50
At last, grown wanton, he presum'd to write,
Traduc'd Two Kiogs, their kiodoess to re-
quite ;

One made the Doctor, and one dubb'd the
Knight.

EPILOGUE.

Perhaps the Parson stretch'd a point too far,
When with our *Theatres* he wag'd a War.
He tells you, that this very Moral Age
Receiv'd the first Infection from the Stage ;
But sure, a banisht Court, with Lewdness
fraught,

The Seeds of open Vice returning brought.
Thus lodg'd, (as Vice by great Example
thrives,)

It first debauch'd the Daughters and the
Wives.

London, a fruitful Soil, yet never bore
So plentiful a Crop of Horns before. 10
The Poets, who must live by Courts or
starve,

Were proud, so good a Government to serve ;
And, mixiog with Buffoons and Pimps pro-
faio,

Tainted the Stage for some small Snip of
Gain ;

For they, like *Harlots*, under *Bawds* profess't,
Took all the ungodly pains, and got the
least.

Thus did the thriving Malady prevail ;
The Court it's Head, the Poets but the Tail.
The Sin was of our Native Growth, 'tis
true ;

The Scandall of the Sin was wholly new. 20
Misses there were, but modestly conceal'd ;
White-hall the naked *Venus* first reveal'd,
Who standing as at *Cyprus* in her Shrioe,
The Strumpet was ador'd with Rites Divioe.
E're this, if Saiots had any Secret Motion,
'Twas Chamber Practice all, and Close Devoti-
tion.

I pass the Peccadillo's of their time ; .
Nothing but open Lewdness was a Crime.
A *Monarch's* Blood was venial to the Natioe,
Compar'd with ooe foul Act of Fornication.
Now, they wou'd Sileoee us, and shut the
Door 31

That let in all the barefac'd Vice before.
As for reforming us, which some pretend,
That Work in *England* is without an end ;
Well we may change, but we shall never
mend.

Yet, if you can but bear the present Stage,
We hope much better of the coming Age.
What wou'd you say, if we should first begin
To Stop the Trade of Love behind the Scene :
Where *Actresses* make bold with married
Men ? 40

For while abroad so prodigal the *Dolt* is,
Poor Spouse at Home as ragged as a Colt is.
In short, we'll grow as Moral as we can,
Save, here and there, a Woman or a Man ;
But neither you, nor we, with all our pains,
Can make clean work ; there will be some
Remains,

While you have still your *Oats*, and we our
Hains.

FABLES

Ancient and Modern ;

Translated into VERSE,

FROM

Homer, Ovid,
Boccace, & Chaucer :

WITH

ORIGINAL POEMS.

By M^r DRYDEN.

*Nunc ultrò ad Cineres ipsius & ossa parentis
(Haud equidem sine mente, reor, sine numine divum)
Adsumus.* Virg. Æn. lib. 5.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Gray's Inn Gate next
Gray's Inn Lane. MDCC.

TO
HIS GRACE
THE
DUKE OF ORMOND.

My LORD,—Some Estates are held in *England* by paying a Fine at the change of every Lord: I have enjoy'd the Patronage of your Family, from the time of your excellent Grandfather to this present Day. I have dedicated the Lives of *Phularch* to the first Duke; and have celebrated the Memory of your Heroick Father. Tho' I am very short of the Age of *Nestor*, yet I have liv'd to a third Generation of your House; and by your Grace's Favour am admitt'd still to hold from you by the same Tenure.

I am not vain enough to boast that I have deserv'd the value of so Illustrious a Line; but my Fortune is the greater, that for three Descents they have been pleas'd to distinguish my Poems from those of other Men, and have accordingly made me their peculiar Care. May it be permitted me to say, That as your Grandfather and Father were cherish'd and adorn'd with Honours by two successive Monarchs, so I have been esteem'd and patronis'd by the Grandfather, the Father, and the Son, descended from one of the most Ancient, most Conspicuous, and most Deserving Families in *Europe*.

'Tis true, that by delaying the Payment of my last Fine, when it was due by your Grace's Accession to the Titles and Patrimonies of your House, I may seem in rigour of Law to have made a forfeiture of my Claim; yet my Heart has always been devoted to your Service; and since you have been graciously pleas'd, by your permission of this Address, to accept the tender of my Duty, 'tis not yet too late to lay these Poems at your Feet.

The World is sensible that you worthily succeed not only to the Honours of your Ancestors, but also to their Virtues. The long Chain of Magnanimity, Courage, easiness of Access, and desire of doing Good, even to the Prejudice of your Fortune, is so far from being broken in your Grace, that the precious Metal yet runs pure to the newest Link of it: which I will not call the last, because I hope and pray it may descend to late Posterity: And your flourishing Youth, and that of your excellent Dutchess, are happy Omens of my Wish.

'Tis observ'd by *Livy* and by others, That some of the noblest *Roman* Families retain'd a resemblance of their Ancestry, not only in their Shapes and Features, but also in their Manners, their Qualities, and the distinguishing Characters of their Minds: Some Lines were noted for a stern, rigid Virtue, salvage, haughty, parcimonious, and unpopular: Others were more sweet, and affable; made of a more pliant Past, humble, courteous, and obliging; studious of doing charitable Offices, and diffusive of the Goods which they enjoy'd. The last of these is the proper and indelible Character of your Grace's Family. God Almighty has endu'd you with a Softness, a Beneficence, an attractive Behaviour winning on the Hearts of others; and so sensible of their Misery, that the Wounds of Fortune seem not inflicted on them, but on your self. You are so ready to redress, that you almost prevent their Wishes, and always exceed their Expectations: As if what was yours, was not your own, and not given you to possess, but to bestow on wanting Merit. But this is a Topick which I must cast in Shades, lest I offend your Modesty, which is so far from being ostentatious of the Good you do, that it blushes even to have it known: And therefore I must leave you to the Satisfaction and Testimony of your own Conscience, which, though it be a silent Panegyrick, is yet the best.

You are so easy of Access that *Pæpitolæ* was not more, whose Doors were open'd on the Outside to save the people even the common Civility of asking entrance; where all were equally admitted; where nothing that was reasonable was deny'd, where Misfortune was a powerful Recommendation, and where (I can scarce forbear saying) that Want itself was a powerful Mediator, and was next to Merit.

The History of *Peru* assures us, That their *Inca's*, above all their Titles, esteem'd that the highest, which called them Lovers of the Poor: A Name more glorious than the *Felix*, *Pius*, and *Augustus* of the *Roman* Emperors; which were Epithets of Flattery, deserv'd by few of them; and not running in a Blood like the perpetual Gentleness and inherent Goodness of the *Ormond* Family.

Gold, as it is the purest, so it is the softest and most ductile of all Metals: Iron, which is the hardest, gathers Rust, corrodes its self; and is therefore subject to Corruption: It was never intended for Coins and Medals, or to bear the Faces and Inscriptions of the Great. Indeed 'tis fit for Armour, to bear off Insults, and preserve the Wearer in the Day of Battle; but the Danger once repell'd, it is laid aside by the Brave, as a Garment too rough for civil Conversation; a necessary Guard in War, but too harsh and cumbersome in Peace, and which keeps off the embraces of a more human Life.

For this reason, my Lord, though you have Courage in a heroical Degree, yet I ascribe it to you but as your second Attribute: Mercy, Beneficence, and Compassion, claim Precedence, as they are first in the divine Nature. An intrepid Courage, which is inherent in your Grace, is at best but a Holiday-kind of Virtue, to be seldom exercis'd, and never but in Cases of Necessity; Affability, Mildness, Tenderness, and a Word, which I would fain bring back to its original Signification of Virtue, I mean good Nature, are of daily use: They are the Bread of Mankind and Staff of Life: Neither Sighs, nor Tears, nor Groans, nor Curses of the vanquish'd follow Acts of Compassion, and of Charity: But a sincere Pleasure and Serenity of Mind, in him who performs an Action of Mercy, which cannot suffer the Misfortunes of another, without redress; lest they should bring a kind of Contagion along with them, and pollute the Happiness which he enjoys.

Yet since the perverse Tempers of Mankind, since Oppression on one side, and Ambition on the other, are sometimes the unavoidable Occasions of War; that Courage, that Magnanimity, and Resolution, which is born with you, cannot be too much commended: And here it grieves me that I am scant in the pleasure of dwelling on many of your Actions: But *αἰδέσθαι Τρώας* is an Expression which *Tully* often uses, when he would do what he dares not, and fears the Censure of the *Romans*.

I have sometimes been forc'd to amplify on others; but here, where the Subject is so fruitful that the Harvest overcomes the Reaper, I am shorten'd by my Chain, and can only see what is forbidden me to reach: Since it is not permitted me to commend you according to the extent of my Wishes, and much less is it in my Power to make my Commendations equal to your Merits.

Yet in this Frugality of your Praises, there are some Things which I cannot omit, without detracting from your Character. You have so form'd your own Education, as enables you to pay the Debt you owe your Country, or, more properly speaking, both your Countries: Because you were born, I may almost say in Purple at the Castle of *Dublin*, when your Grandfather was Lord-Lieutenant, and have since been bred in the Court of *England*.

If this Address had been in Verse, I might have call'd you, as *Claudian* calls *Mercury*, *Numen commune, Gemino faciens commercia mundo*. The better to satisfy this double Obligation, you have early cultivated the Genius you have to Arms, that when the service of *Britann* or *Ireland* shall require your Courage and your Conduct, you may exert them both to the Benefit of either Country. You began in the Cabinet what you afterwards practis'd in the Camp; and thus both *Lucullus* and *Cæsar* (to omit a crowd of shining *Romans*) form'd them selves to the War by the Study of History, and by the examples of the greatest Captains, both of *Greece* and *Italy*, before their time. I name those two Commanders in particular, because they were better read in Chronicle than any of the *Roman* Leaders; and that *Lucullus* in particular, having only the Theory of War from Books, was thought fit, without Practice, to be sent into the Field against the most formidable Enemy of *Rome*. *Tully* indeed was call'd the learn'd Consul in derision; but then, he was not born a Soldier: His Head was turn'd another way: When he read the Tactics, he was thinking on the Bar, which was his Field of Battle. The Knowledge of Warfare

is thrown away on a General who dares not make use of what he knows. I commend it only in a Man of Courage and of Resolution : in him it will direct his Martial Spirit, and teach him the way to the best Victories, which are those that are least bloody, and which, tho' atchieved by the Hand, are managed by the Head. Science distinguishes a Man of Honour from one of those Athletick Brutes whom undeservedly we call Heroes. Curs'd be the Poet, who first honour'd with that Name a meer *Ajax*, a Man-killing Idiot. The *Ulysses* of *Ovid* upbraids his Ignorance, that he understood not the Shield for which he pleaded : There was engraven on it, Plans of Cities, and Maps of Countries, which *Ajax* could not comprehend, but look'd on them as stupidly as his Fellow-Beast the Lion. But
 10 on the other side, your Grace has given your self the Education of his Rival ; you have studied every Spot of Ground in *Flanders*, which for these ten Years past has been the Scene of Battles and of Sieges. No wonder if you perform'd your part with such Applause on a Theater which you understood so well.

If I design'd this for a Poetical Encomium, it were easy to enlarge on so copious a Subject ; but confining my self to the Severity of Truth, and to what is becoming me to say, I must not only pass over many Instances of your Military Skill, but also those of your assiduous Diligence in the War, and of your personal bravery, attended with an ardent Thirst of Honour ; a long train of Generosity ; Profuseness of doing Good ; a Soul unsatisfy'd with all it has done ; and an unextinguish'd Desire of doing more. But all this is Matter
 20 for your own Historians ; I am, as *Virgil* says, *Spaliis exclusus iniquis*.

Yet not to be wholly silent of all your Charities, I must stay a little on one Action, which prefer'd the Relief of Others, to the Consideration of your Self. When, in the Battle of *Landen*, your Heat of Courage (a Fault only pardonable to your Youth) had transported you so far before your Friends, that they were unable to follow, much less to succour you ; when you were not only dangerously, but in all appearance mortally wounded ; when in that desperate Condition you were made Prisoner, and carried to *Namur*, at that time in Possession of the *French* ; then it was, my Lord, that you took a considerable Part of what was remitted to you of your own Revenues, and as a memorable Instance of your Heroick Charity, put it into the Hands of Count *Guiscard*, who was Governor of the
 30 Place, to be distributed among your Fellow-Prisoners. The *French* Commander, charm'd with the greatness of your Soul, accordingly consign'd it to the Use for which it was intended by the Donor : By which means the Lives of so many miserable Men were sav'd, and a comfortable Provision made for their Subsistence, who had otherwise perish'd, had not you been the Companion of their Misfortune : or rather sent by Providence, like another *Joseph*, to keep out Famine from invading those, whom in Humility you called your Brethren. How happy was it for those poor Creatures that your Grace was made their Fellow-Sufferer ? And how glorious for You, that you chose to want, rather than not relieve the Wants of others ? The Heathen Poet, in commending the charity of *Dido* to the *Trojans*, spoke like a Christian : *Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco*. All
 40 men, even those of a different Interest, and contrary Principles, must praise this Action, as the most eminent for Piety, not only in this degenerate Age, but almost in any of the former ; when Men were made *de meliore luto* ; when Examples of Charity were frequent, and when there were in being, *Teucri, pulcherrimum proles, Magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis*. No Envy can detract from this : it will shine in History ; and like Swans, grow whiter the longer it endures : and the Name of *ORMOND* will be more celebrated in his Captivity than in his greatest Triumphs.

But all Actions of your Grace are of a piece ; as Waters keep the Tenour of their Fountains : your Compassion is general, and has the same Effect as well on Enemies as Friends. 'Tis so much in your Nature to do Good, that your Life is but one continued Act of placing
 50 Benefits on many, as the Sun is always carrying his Light to some Part or other of the World : And were it not that your Reason guides you where to give, I might almost say that you could not help bestowing more, than is consisting with the Fortune of a private Man, or with the Will of any but an *Alexander*.

What Wonder is it then, that being born for a Blessing to Mankind, your suppos'd Death in that Engagement, was so generally lamented through the Nation? The Concernment for it was as universal as the Loss: And though the Gratitude might be counterfeit in some; yet the Tears of all were real: Where every man deplor'd his private Part in that Calamity, and even those who had not tasted of your Favours, yet built so much on the Fame of your Beneficence, that they bemoan'd the Loss of their Expectations.

This brought the untimely Death of your Great Father into fresh remembrance; as if the same Decree had pass'd on two short successive Generations of the Virtuous; and I repeated to my self the same Verses, which I had formerly apply'd to him: *Ostendunt terris hunc tantum fata, nec ultra Esse sinit.*

But to the Joy not only of all good Men, but of Mankind in general, the unhappy Omen took not place. You are still living to enjoy the Blessings and Applause of all the Good you have perform'd, the Prayers of Multitudes whom you have oblig'd, for your long Prosperity, and that your Power of doing generous and charitable Actions may be as extended as your Will; which is by none more zealously desir'd than by

Your Grace's most humble,
most oblig'd, and most
obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE.

'Tis with a Poet as with a Man who designs to build, and is very exact, as he supposes, in casting up the Cost beforehand: But, generally speaking, he is mistaken in his Account, and reckons short of the Expense he first intended: He alters his Mind as the Work proceeds, and will have this or that Convenience more, of which he had not thought when he began. So has it hapn'd to me; I have built a House, where I intended but a Lodge: Yet with better Success than a certain Nobleman, who, beginning with a Dog-kennel never liv'd to finish the Palace he had contriv'd.

From translating the First of *Homer's Iliads* (which I intended as an Essay to the whole Work) I proceeded to the Translation of the Twelfth Book of *Orid's Metamorphoses*, because it contains, among other Things, the Causes, the Beginning, and Ending of the Trojan War: Here I ought in reason to have stopp'd; but the speeches of *Ajax* and *Ulysses* lying next in my way, I could not bilk 'em. When I had compass'd them, I was so taken with the former Part of the Thirteenth Book (which is the Master-piece of the whole *Metamorphoses*) that I enjoin'd myself the pleasing Task of rendring it into English. And now I found by the Number of my Verses, that they began to swell into a little Volume; which gave me an Occasion of looking backward on some Beauties of my Author, in his former Books: There occur'd to me the Hunting of the Boar, *Cinyras* and *Myrrha*, the good-natur'd story of *Baucis* and *Philemon*, with the rest, which I hope I have translated closely enough, and given them the same Turn of Verse which they had in the Original; and this, I may say without vanity, is not the Talent of every Poet: He who has arriv'd to the nearest to it is the ingenious and Learned *Sandys*, the best Versifier of the former Age; if I may properly call it by that Name, which was the former Part of this concluding Century. For *Spenser* and *Fairfax* both flourish'd in the reign of Queen *Elizabeth*; Great Masters in our Language; and who saw much farther into the Beauties of our Numbers, than those who immediately followed them. *Milton* was the Poetical son of *Spenser*, and Mr. *Waller* of *Fairfax*; for we have our Lines Descents and Clans, as well as other Families: *Spencer* more than once insinuates, that the Soul of *Chaucer* was transfus'd

into his Body; and that he was begotten by him Two hundred years after his Decease. Milton has acknowledg'd to me, that *Spenser* was his Original; and many besides my self, have heard our famous *Waller* own, that he deriv'd the Harmony of his Numbers from the *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, which was turned into *English* by Mr. *Fairfax*. But to return: Having done with *Ovid* for this time, it came into my mind, that our old *English* poet, *Chaucer*, in many Things resembled him, and that with no disadvantage on the Side of the Modern Author, as I shall endeavour to prove when I compare them: And as I am, and always have been, studious to promote the Honour of my Native Country, so I soon resolved to put their Merits to the Trial, by turning some of the *Canterbury Tales* into our

10 Language, as it is now refin'd: For by this means, both the Poets being set in the same light, and dress'd in the same *English* Habit, Story to be compared with Story, a certain Judgment may be made betwixt them by the Reader, without obtruding my Opinion on him: Or if I seem partial to my Country-man and Predecessor in the Laurel, the Friends of Antiquity are not few: And besides many of the Learn'd, *Ovid* has almost all the *Beaux*, and the whole Fair Sex, his declar'd Patrons. Perhaps I have assum'd somewhat more to my self than they allow me; because I have adventur'd to sum up the Evidence: But the Readers are the Jury; and their Privilege remains entire to decide according to the Merits of the Cause: Or, if they please to bring it to another Hearing before some other Court. In the mean time, to follow the Thrid of my Discourse (as Thoughts, according

20 to Mr. *Hobbs*, have always some Connexion), so from *Chaucer* I was led to think on *Boccace*, who was not only his Contemporary, but also pursu'd the same Studies; wrote Novels in Prose, and many Works in Verse; particularly is said to have invented the Octave Rhyme, or *Stanza* of Eight Lines, which ever since has been maintain'd by the Practice of all *Italian* Writers, who are, or at least assume the Title of, *Heroick Poets*: He and *Chaucer*, among other Things, had this in common, that they refin'd their Mother-Tongues; but with this difference, that *Dante* had begun to file their Language, at least in Verse, before the time of *Boccace*, who likewise receiv'd no little Help from his Master *Petrarch*: But the Reformation of their Prose was wholly owing to *Boccace* himself, who is yet the Standard of Purity in the *Italian* Tongue; though many of his Phrases are become obsolete, as in

30 process of Time it must needs happen. *Chaucer* (as you have formerly been told by our learn'd Mr. *Rhymers*) first adorn'd and amplified our barren Tongue from the *Provençal*, which was then the most polish'd of all the Modern Languages: But this Subject has been copiously treated by that great Critick, who deserves no little Commendation from us his Countrymen. For these Reasons of Time and Resemblance of Genius in *Chaucer* and *Boccace*, I resolv'd to join them in my present Work; to which I have added some Original Papers of my own, which whether they are equal or inferior to my other Poems, an Author is the most improper Judge; and therefore I leave them wholly to the Mercy of the Reader: I will hope the best, that they will not be condemn'd; but if they should,

40 I have the Excuse of an old Gentleman, who spouting on Horseback before some Ladies, when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desir'd of the Fair Spectators that they would count Fourscore and eight before they judg'd him. By the Mercy of God, I am already come within Twenty Years of his Number, a Cripple in my Limbs; but what Decays are in my Mind, the Reader must determine. I think my self as vigorous as ever in the Faculties of my Soul, excepting only my Memory, which is not impair'd to any great degree; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What Judgment I had increases rather than diminishes; and Thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only Difficulty is to chuse or to reject; to run them into Verse or to give them the other harmony of Prose, I have so long studied and practis'd both, that they are grown into a Habit, and become familiar to me. In short, though

50 I may lawfully plead some part of the old Gentleman's Excuse, yet I will reserve it till I think I have greater need, and ask no Grains of Allowance for the Faults of this my present Work, but those which are given of course to Humane Frailty. I will not trouble my Reader with the shortness of Time in which I writ it, or the several Intervals of Sickness:

They who think too well of their own Performances are apt to lose in their Readers how little Time their Works have cost them, and what other Business is necessary to be attended to: but the Reader will be as apt to ask, the Question, Why they should not spend longer Time to make their Works more perfect, and why any had rather publish them, than of their Judges as to thrust their ingested Stuff upon them, as if they did not wish to be

With this Account of my present Undertaking I conclude the first Part of this Essay, and in the second Part, as at a second Sitting, though I shall not be the Doubt, I shall take the same Features over again, and change the Dead-colour of the Whole. I have said I will only say, that I have written nothing which is more of the nature of the Poet's of least, I am not conscious to my self of any such intention. If then I have been so found an irrelevant Expression, or a Thought too wanton, they are not I think, Yours through my Inadvertency: If the Searchers find any in the Cause, let them be so, or forfeited, like Counterfeited Goods; or lost, let their Authors be answerable for them, as being but imported Merchandise, and not of my own Manufacture. On the other Side, I have endeavoured to choose such Fables, both Ancient and Modern, as were each of them some instructive Moral, which I could prove to be Indefensible, but the Way tedious; and they leap foremost into sight, without the Reader's Trouble of looking after them. I wish I could affirm with a safe Conscience, that I had taken the same care to all my former Writings; for it must be owned, that supposing Verses are ever so beautiful or pleasing, yet if they contain any thing which shocks Religion, or Good Manners, they are at best, what *Horace* says of good Numbers without good sense, *Versus recte sonant, nugari cunctis*: Thus far, I hope, I am Right in Court, while it remains to be proved, that I have no other Right of Self-defence, where I have been wrongfully accused, and my Name drawn into Blasphemy or Bowdler, as it has often been by a Religious Lawyer, and a Pleading against the Stage; in which he mixes Truth with Lies, and so I have forgotten the old Rule of calculating strongly, that something is more than true.

I resume the Third of my Discourse with the first of my Propositions, which was the First Kind of *Homer*. If it shall please God to give me longer Life, and leave me the Health, my Intentions are to translate the whole *Iliad*; provided still, that I meet with the same Encouragements from the Publick, which may enable me to proceed in my Translation with some Circumspection. And this I dare assure the World before-hand, that I have found by Trial, *Homer* a more pleasing Task than *Virgil* (though I say not the *Tragedy* will be less laborious). For the *Grecian* is more according to my Genius than the *Latin*. In the Works of the two Authors we may read that *Menaces* and *Threats* in the Poet, which are wholly different. *Virgil* was of a quiet, sedate Temper, and Ornament of Words: *Homer* was rapid in his Thoughts, and took all the Liberties both of Numbers and of Expression, which his Language, and the Age in which he lived allow'd him. *Homer's* Invention was more copious, I confess, than *Virgil's*; that *Homer* had not led the War, it was not in *Virgil's* Fate to have begun the *Iliad*; but nothing can be more evident, than that the *Greco-Roman* is but the same *Iliad* of the *Iliad*; a Continuation of the same Story: And the *Particulars* which are added, the *Particulars* of *Æneas*, are those of *Hector* superadded to those which *Hector* had. The *Particulars* of *Ulysses* in the *Odysses*, are imitated in the first Six Books of the *Iliad*; and the total Barrenness of Invention, yet the Sex were the same, as I have said, that *Virgil* wander'd; and *Æneas* cannot be drawn to be the *Patrician* *Dido*, as *Virgil* has done. See better books of *Virgil's* Poem are the Four and twenty Books of the *Iliad*, which occasion'd by a Lady, a Single Consulate, *Æneas* and the *Particulars* of the *Iliad*; not this in derogation to *Virgil*, neither to *Æneas*, as I have said, but to the *Iliad* as it is said in his just Praise: for his *Epistles* are also said, *Virgil* did not invent, but

Form which he has given to the Telling, makes the Tale his own, even though the Original Story had been the same. But this proves, however, that *Homer* taught *Virgil* to design :- And if Invention be the first Vertue of an Epick Poet, then the *Latin* Poem can only be allow'd the second Place. Mr. *Hobbs*, in the Preface to his own bald Translation of the *Ilias* (studying Poetry as he did Mathematicks, when it was too late), Mr. *Hobbs*, I say, begins the Praise of *Homer* where he should have ended it. He tells us, that the first Beauty of an Epick Poem consists in Dictio, that is, in the Choice of Words, and Harmony of Numbers ; Now, the Words are the Colouring of the Work, which in the Order of Nature is last to be consider'd. The Design, the Disposition, the Manners, and the Thoughts are
 10 all before it : Where any of those are wanting or imperfect, so much wants or is imperfect in the Imitation of Humane Life ; which is in the very Definition of a Poem. Words indeed, like glaring Colours, are the first Beauties that arise, and strike the Sight : but if the Draught be false or lame, the Figures ill dispos'd, the Manoers obscure or inconsistent, or the Thoughts unnatural, then the finest Colours are but Dawbing, and the Piece is a beautiful Monster at the best. Neither *Virgil* nor *Homer* were deficient in any of the former Beauties ; but in this last, which is Expression, the *Roman* poet is at least equal to the *Grecian*, as I have said elsewhere ; supplying the poverty of his Language by his Musical Ear, and by his Diligence. But to return : Our two Great Poets, being so different
 20 in their Tempers, one Cholerick and Sanguin, the other Phlegmatick and Melancholick : that which makes them excel in their several Ways is, that each of them has follow'd his own natural Inclination, as well in Forming the Design as in the Execution of it. The very *Heroes* show their Authors : *Achilles* is hot, impatient, revengeful, *Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer*, &c. *Eneas* patient, considerate, careful of his People and merciful to his Enemies ; ever submissive to the Will of Heaven, *quo fata trahunt retrahuntque sequamur*. I could please my self with enlarging on this Subject, but am forc'd to defer it to a fitter Time. From all I have said I will only draw this Inference, That the Action of *Homer* being more full of Vigour than that of *Virgil*, according to the Temper of the Writer, is of consequence more pleasing to the Reader. One warms you by Degrees ; the other sets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his Heat. 'Tis the same Difference which
 30 *Longinus* makes betwixt the effects of eloquence in *Demosthenes*, and *Tully*. One persuades ; the other commands. You never cool while you read *Homer*, even not in the Second Book (a graceful Flattery to his Countrymen) ; but he hastens from the Ships, and concludes not that Book till he has made you an Amends by the violent playing of a new Machine. From thence he hurries on his Action with Variety of Events, and ends it in less Compass than Two months. This Vehemence of his, I confess, is more suitable to my Temper : and therefore I have translated his First Book with greater Pleasure than any Part of *Virgil* ; But it was not a Pleasure without Pains : The continual Agitations of the Spirits, must needs be a Weakening of aoy Constitution, especially in Age ; and many Pauses are required for Refreshment betwixt the Heats ; the *Iliad* of its self being a third part
 40 longer than all *Virgil's* Works together.

This is what I thought needful in this Place to say of *Homer*. I proceed to *Ovid*, and *Chaucer* ; considering the former only in relation to the latter. With *Ovid* ended the Golden Age of the *Roman* Tongue : From *Chaucer* the purity of the *English* Tongue began. The Manners of the Poets were not unlike : Both of them were well-bred, well-natur'd, amorous, and Libertine, at least in their Writings, it may be also in their Lives. Their Studies were the same, Philosophy and Philology. Both of them were knowing in Astronomy, of which *Ovid's* Books of the *Roman* Feasts, and *Chaucer's* Treatise of the *Astrolabe*, are sufficient Witnesses. But *Chaucer* was likewise an Astrologer, as were *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Persius*, and *Manilius*. Both writ with wonderful Facility and Clearness :
 50 neither were great Inventors : For *Ovid* only copied the *Grecian* Fables ; and most of *Chaucer's* Stories were taken from his *Italian* Contemporaries or their Predecessors : *Boccace* his *Decamerion* was first publish'd ; and from thence our *Englishman* has borrow'd many of his *Canterbury* Tales ; Yet that of *Palamon* and *Arcele* was written, in all probability,

by some *Italian Wit*, in a former Age, as I shall prove hereafter: The Tale of *Graild* was the invention of *Petrarch*; by him sent to *Boccace*; from whom it came to *Chaucer*: *Troilus* and *Cressida* was also written by a *Lombard Author*; but much amplified by our *English* translatour, as well as beautified; the Genius of our Countrymen in general being rather to improve an Invention, than to invent themselves; as is evident not only in our Poetry, but in many of our Manufactures. I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from *Boccace* before I come to him; But there is so much less behind; and I am of the Temper of most Kings, *who love to be in debt*, are nll for present Money, no matter how they pay it afterwards: Besides, the Nature of a preface is Rambling; never wholly out of the Way, nor in it. This I have learn'd from the Practice of honest *Montaigne*,¹⁰ and return at my pleasure to *Ovid* and *Chaucer*, of whom I have little more to say. Both of them built on the Inventions of other Men; yet since *Chaucer* had something of his own, as *The Wife of Boths Tale*, *The Cock and the Fox*, which I have translated, and some others, I may justly give our Countryman the Precedence in that Part; since I can remember nothing of *Ovid* which was wholly his. Both of them understood the Manners, under which Name I comprehend the Passions, and, in a larger Sense, the Descriptions of Persons, and their very Habits. For an Example, I see *Baucis* and *Philemon* as perfectly before me, as if some ancient Painter had drawn them; and all the Pilgrims in the *Canterbury Tales*, their Humours, their Features, and the very Dress, as distinctly as if I had suppd with them at the Tabard in *Southwark*. Yet even there too the Figures²⁰ in *Chaucer* are much more lively, and set in a better Light: which though I have not Time to prove, yet I appeal to the Reader, and am sure he will clear me from Partiality. The Thoughts and Words remain to be consider'd, in the Comparison of the two Poets; and I have sav'd my self one half of that Labour, by owning that *Ovid* liv'd when the Roman Tongue was in its Meridian; *Chaucer*, in the Dawning of our Language: Therefore that Part of the Comparison stands not on an equal Foot, any more than the Diction of *Ennius* and *Ovid*, or of *Chaucer*, and our present *English*. The Words are given up as a Post not to be defended in our Poet, because he wanted the Modern Art of Fortifying. The Thoughts remain to be consider'd: And they are to be measur'd only by their Propriety; that is, as they flow more or less naturally from the Persons describ'd, on such and such Occasions.³⁰ The Vulgar Judges, which are Nine Parts in Ten of all Nations, who call Conceits and Jingles Wit, who see *Ovid* full of them, and *Chaucer* altogether without them, will think me little less than mad for preferring the *Englishman* to the *Roman*: Yet, with their leave, I must presume to say, that the Things they admire are only glittering Trifles, and so far from being Witty, that in a serious Poem they are nauseous, because they are unnatural. Wou'd any Man, who is ready to die for Love, describe his passion like *Narcissus*? Wou'd he think of *inopem me copia fecit*, and a Dozen more of such Expressions, pour'd on the Neck of one another, and signifying all the same Thing? If this were Wit, was this a Time to be witty, when the poor Wretch was in the Agony of Death? This is just *John Littlewit* in *Bartholomew Fair*, who had a Conceit (as he tells you) left him in his Misery; a miserable⁴⁰ Conceit. On these Occasions the Poet shou'd endeavour to raise Pity; but instead of this, *Ovid* is tickling you to laugh. *Virgil* never made use of such Machines, when he was moving you to commiserate the Death of *Dido*: He would not destroy what he was building. *Chaucer* makes *Arcite* violent in his Love, and unjust in the Pursuit of it: Yet when he came to die, he made him think more reasonably: He repents not of his Love, for that had nter'd his Character; but acknowledges the Injustice of his Proceedings, and resigns *Enlitha* to *Palamon*. What would *Ovid* have done on this Occasion? He would certainly have made *Arcite* witty on his Death-bed. He had complain'd he was farther off from Possession, by being so near, and a thousand such Boyisms, which *Chaucer* rejected as below the Dignity of the Subject. They who think otherwise, would, by the same Reason,⁵⁰ prefer *Lucan* and *Ovid* to *Homer* and *Virgil*, and *Martial* to all Four of them. As for the Turn of Words, in which *Ovid* particularly excels all Poets; they are sometimes a Fault, and sometimes a Beauty, as they are used properly or improperly; but in strong

Passions always to be shunn'd, because Passions are serious, and will admit no Playing. The *French* have a high Value for them; and I confess, they are often what they call Delicate, when they are introduced with Judgment; but *Chaucer* writ with more Simplicity, and follow'd Nature more closely, than to use them. I have thus far, to the best of my Knowledge, been an upright Judge betwixt the Parties in Competition, not meddling with the Design nor the Disposition of it; because the Design was not their own, and in the disposing of it they were equal. It remains that I say somewhat of *Chaucer* in particular.

In the first place, As he is the father of *English Poetry*; so I hold him in the same Degree
 10 of Veneration as the *Grecians* held *Homer*, or the *Romans* *Virgil*: He is a perpetual Fountain of good Sense; learn'd in all Sciences; and therefore speaks properly on all Subjects: As he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off; a Continencc which is practis'd by few Writers, and scarcely by any of the Ancients, excepting *Virgil* and *Horace*. One of our late great Poets is sunk in his Reputation because he cou'd never forgo any conceit which came in his way; but swept like a Drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the Dishes were ill-sorted; whole pyramids of Sweet-meats, for Boys and Women; but little of solid Meat, for Men: All this proceeded not from any want of Knowledge, but of Judgment; neither did he want that in discerning the Beauties and Faults of other Poets; but only indulg'd himself in the Luxury of Writing; and perhaps
 20 knew it was a Fault, but hop'd the Reader would not find it. For this Reason, though he must always be thought a great Poet, he is no longer esteem'd a good Writer: and for Ten Impressions which his Works have had in so many successive Years, yet at present a hundred Books are scarcely purchas'd once a Twelve month: For as my last Lord *Rochester* said, though somewhat profanely, *Not being of God, he could not stand*.

Chaucer follow'd Nature every where; but was never so bold to go beyond her: And there is a great Difference of being *Poeta* and *nimis Poeta*, if we may believe *Catullus*, as much as betwixt a modest Behaviour and Affectation. The Verse of *Chaucer*, I confess, is not Harmonious to us; but 'tis like the Eloquence of one whom *Tacitus* commends, it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata*; they who liv'd with him, and some time after
 30 him, thought it Musical; and it continues so even in our Judgment, if compar'd with the Numbers of *Lidgate* and *Gower*, his Contemporaries: there is the rude Sweetness of a *Scotch Tune* in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. 'Tis true, I cannot go so far as he who publish'd the last Edition of him; for he would make us believe the Fault is in our Ears, and that there were really Ten Syllables in a Verse where we find but Nine: But this opinion is not worth confuting; 'tis so gross and obvious an Errour, that common Sense (which is a Rule in every thing but Matters of Faith and Revelation) must convince the Reader, that Equality of Numbers in every Verse which we call *Heroick*, was either not known, or not always practis'd in *Chaucer's* Age. It were an easie Matter to produce some thousands of his Verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and
 40 sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say, that he liv'd in the Infancy of our Poetry, and that nothing is brought to Perfection at the first. We must be Children before we grow Men. There was an *Ennius*, and in process of Time a *Lucretius*, before *Virgil* and *Horace*; even after *Chaucer* there was a *Spencer*, a *Harrington*, a *Fairfax*, before *Waller* and *Denham* were in being: And our Numbers were in their Nonage till these last appear'd. I need say little of his Parentage, Life, and Fortunes: they are to be found at large in all the Editions of his Works. He was employ'd abroad and favoured by *Edward the Third*, *Richard the Second*, and *Henry the Fourth*, and was Poet, as I suppose, to all Three of them. In *Richard's* time, I doubt, he was a little dipt in the Rebellion of the Commons; and being Brother-in-Law to *John of Ghant*, it was no wonder if he follow'd the Fortunes of that Family;
 50

14 forgo any conceit] forgive any conceit 1700. This can hardly be right, though most editors print it without comment. Christie, also without comment, prints forego

and was well with *Henry* the Fourth when he had depos'd his Predecessor. Neither is it to be admir'd, that *Henry*, who was a wise as well as a valiant Prince, who clam'd by Succession, and was sensible that his Title was not sound, but was rightfully in *Mortimer*, who had married the Heir of *York*; it was not to be admir'd, I say, if that great Politician should be pleas'd to have the greatest Wit of those Times in his Interests, and to be the Trumpet of his Praises. *Augustus* had given him the Example, by the Advice of *Mecænas*, who recommended *Virgil* and *Horace* to him; whose Praises help'd to make him popular while he was alive, and after his Death have made him Precious to Posterity. As for the Religion of our Poet, he seems to have some little Bias towards the Opinions of *Wicliff*, after *John of Gaunt* his Patron; somewhat of which appears in the Tale of *Piers Plowman*: 10 Yet I cannot blame him for inveighing so sharply against the Vices of the Clergy in his Age: Their Pride, their Ambition, their Pomp, their Avarice, their Worldly Interest, deserv'd the Lashes which he gave them, both in that, and in most of his *Canterbury Tales*: Neither has his Contemporary *Boccaccio*, spar'd them. Yet both those Poets lived in much esteem with good and holy Men in Orders: For the Scandal which is given by particular Priests, reflects not on the Sacred Function. *Chaucer's Monk*, his *Chanon*, and his *Friar* took not from the Character of his *Good Parson*. A Satyrical Poet is the Check of the Laymen on bad Priests. We are only to take care, that we involve not the Innocent with the Guilty in the same Condemnation. The Good cannot be too much honour'd, nor the Bad too coarsely us'd: For the Corruption of the Best, becomes the Worst. When a 20 Clergy-man is whipp'd, his Gown is first taken off, by which the Dignity of his Order is secur'd: If he be wrongfully accus'd, he has his Action of Slander; and 'tis at the Poet's Peril, if he transgress the Law. But they will tell us, that all kind of Satire, though never so well deserv'd by particular Priests, yet brings the whole Order into Contempt. Is then the Peerage of *England* anything disbonour'd, when a peer suffers for his Treason? If he be libell'd, or any way defam'd, he has his *Scandalum Magnatum* to punish the Offendor. They who use this kind of Argument, seem to be conscious to themselves of somewhat which has deserv'd the Poet's Lash; and are less concern'd for their Publick Capacity, than for their private: At least there is Pride at the bottom of their Reasoning. If the Faults of Men in Orders are only to be judg'd among themselves, they are all in some sort 30 Parties: For, since they say the Honour of their Order is concern'd in every Member of it, how can we be sure, that they will be impartial Judges? How far I may be allow'd to speak my Opinion in this Case, I know not: But I am sure a Dispute of this Nature caused Mischief in abundance betwixt a King of *England* and an Archbishop of *Canterbury*: one standing up for the Laws of his Land, and the other for the Honour (as he called it), of God's Church; which ended in the Murther of the Prelate, and in the whipping of his Majesty from Post to Pillar for his Penance. The Learn'd and Ingenious *Dr. Drake* has sav'd me the Labour of inquiring into the Esteem and Reverence which the Priests have had of old: and I would rather extend than diminish any part of it: Yet I must needs say, that when a Priest provokes me without any Occasion given him, I have no 40 Reason, unless it be the Charity of a *Christian*, to forgive him: *Prior læsi* is Justification sufficient in the Civil Law. If I answer him in his own Language, Self-defence, I am sure, must be allow'd me; and if I carry it farther, even to a sharp Recrimination, somewhat may be indulg'd to Humane Frailty. Yet my Resentment has not wrought so far but that I have follow'd *Chaucer* in his Character of a Holy Man, and have enlarg'd on that Subject with some Pleasure, reserving to my self the Right, if I shall think fit hereafter, to describe another sort of Priests, such as are more easily to be found than the Good Parson; such as have given the last Blow to Christianity in this Age, by a Practice so contrary to their Doctrine. But this will keep cold till another time. In the mean while, I take up *Chaucer* where I left him. He must have been a Man of a most 50 wonderful comprehensive Nature, because, as it has been truly observ'd of him, he has taken into the Compass of his *Canterbury Tales* the various Manners and Humours (as now call them) of the whole *English Nation* in his Age. Not a single Character has

escap'd him. All his Pilgrims are severally distinguish'd from each other : and not only io their Inclinations, but in their very Physiognomies and Persons. *Baphista Porta* could not have describ'd their Natures better, than by the Marks which the Poet gives them. The Matter and Manner of their Tales, and of their Telling are so suited to their different Educations, Humours and Callings, that each of them would be improper in any other Mouth. Even the grave and serious Characters are distinguish'd by their several sorts of Gravity : Their Discourses are such as belong to their Age, their Calling, and their Breeding ; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his Persons are Vicious, and some vertuous ; some are unlearn'd or (as *Chaucer* calls them) Lewd, and some are
 10 Learn'd. Even the Ribaldry of the Low Characters is different : The *Reeve*, the *Miller*, and the *Cook* are several Men, and distinguish'd from each other, as much as the mincing Lady Prioress and the broad-speaking gap-toothed Wife of *Bathe*. But enough of this : There is such a Variety of Game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my Choice, and know not which to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say, according to the Proverb, that here is God's Plenty. We have our Fore-fathers and Great Grandames all before us, as they were in *Chaucer's* Days ; their general Characters are still remaining in Mankind, and even in *England*, though they are called by other Names than those of *Monks* and *Fryars*, and *Chanons*, and *Lady Abbesses*, and *Nuns* : For Mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of Nature, though every thing is alter'd. May I have leave to do myself the
 20 Justice (since my Eoemies will do me none, and are so far from granting me to be a good Poet that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian, or a Moral Man), may I have leave, I say, to inform my Reader, that I have confin'd my Choice to such Tales of *Chaucer* as savour nothing of Immodesty. If I had desir'd more to please than to instruct, the *Reeve*, the *Miller*, the *Shipman*, the *Merchant*, the *Summoner*, and, above all, the Wife of *Bathe*, in the Prologue to her Tale, would have procur'd me as many Friends and Readers, as there are *Beaux* and Ladies of Pleasure in the Town. But I will no more offend against Good Manners : I am sensible, as I ought to be, of the Scandal I have given by my loose Writings ; and make what Reparation I am able by this Publick Acknowledgment. If anything of this Nature, or of Profaneness, be crept into these Poems, I am so far from
 30 defending it, that I disown it. *Totum hoc indictum volo*. *Chaucer* makes another manner of Apologie for his broad-speaking, and *Boccace* makes the like ; but I will follow neither of them. Our Country-man, in the end of his Characters, before the *Canterbury Tales*, thus excuses the Ribaldry, which is very gross in many of his Novels :

But first, I pray you of your courtesy,
 That ye ne arrete it nought my villany,
 Though that I platnly speak in this mattere
 To tellen you her words, and eke her chere :
 Ne though I speak her words properly,
 For this ye knowen as well as I,
 40 Who shall tellen a tale after a man
 He mote rehearse as nye as ever he can
 Everich word of it been in his charge,
 All speke he, never so rudely, ne large.
 Or else he mote tellen his tale untrive,
 Or feinte things, or find words new :
 He may not spare, altho he were his brother,
 He mote as well say o word as another.
 Christ spake himself full broad in holy writ,
 And well I wote no villany is it,
 50 Eke Plato saith, who so can him rede,
 The words mote been cousin to the dede.

Yet if a Man should have enquir'd of *Boccace* or of *Chaucer*, what need they had of,

introducing such Characters, where obscene Words were proper in their Mouths, but very undecent to be heard, I know not what Answer they could have made: For that Reason, such Tales shall be left untold by me. You have here a *Specimen of Chaucer's Language*, which is so obsolete, that his Sense is scarce to be understood; and you have likewise more than one Example of his unequal Numbers, which were mention'd before. Yet many of his Verses consist of Ten Syllables, and the Words not much behind our present *English*: As, for Example, these two lines, in the Description of the Carpenter's Young Wife:

*Winning she was, as is a jolly Coll,
Long as a Mast, and upright as a Bolt.*

I have almost done with *Chaucer*, when I have answer'd some Objections relating to my present Work. I find some People are offended that I have turned these Tales into modern *English*; because they think them unworthy of my Pains, and look on *Chaucer* as a dry, old-fashion'd Wit, not worth reviving. I have often heard the late Earl of *Leicester* say, that Mr. *Cowley* himself was of that opinion; who having read him over at my Lord's Request, declared he had no Taste of him. I dare not advance my Opinion against the Judgment of so great an Author: But I think it fair, however, to leave the Decision to the Publick: Mr. *Cowley* was too modest to set up for a Dictator; and being shock'd perhaps with his old Style, never examin'd into the depth of his good Sense. *Chaucer*, I confess, is a rough Diamond; and must first be polish'd e'er he shines. I deny not likewise, that, living in our early Days of Poetry, he writes not always of a piece; but sometimes mingles trivial Things with those of greater Moment. Sometimes also, though not often, he runs riot, like *Ovid*, and knows not when he has said enough. But there are more great Wits beside *Chaucer*, whose Fault is their Excess of Conceits, and those ill sorted. An Author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having observ'd this Redundancy in *Chaucer* (as it is an easie Matter for a Man of ordinary Parts to find a Fault in one of greater) I have not ty'd myself to a Literal Translation; but have often omitted what I judged unnecessary, or not of Dignity enough to appear in the Company of better Thoughts. I have presum'd farther in some Places; and added somewhat of my own where I thought my Author was deficient, and had not given his Thoughts their true Lustre, for want of Words in the Beginning of our Language. And to this I was the more embolden'd, because (if I may be permitted to say it of my self) I found I had a Soul congenial to his, and that I had been conversant in the same Studies. Another Poet, in another Age, may take the same Liberty with my Writings; if at least they live long enough to deserve Correction. It was also necessary sometimes to restore the Sense of *Chaucer*, which was lost or mangled in the Errors of the Press. Let this Example suffice at present: in the Story of *Palamon and Arcite*, where the Temple of *Diana* is describ'd, you find these Verses in all the Editions of our Author:

*There saw I Danè, tyried unto a Tree,
I mean not the Goddess Diane,
But Venus daughter, which that hight Donè.*

40

Which after a little Consideration I knew was to be reform'd into this Sense, that *Daphne*, the Daughter of *Peneus*, was turn'd into a Tree. I durst not make thus bold with *Ovid*; lest some future *Milbourn* should arise, and say, I varied from my Author, because I understood him not.

But there are other Judges who think I ought not to have translated *Chaucer* into *English*, out of a quite contrary Notion: They suppose there is a certain Veneration due to his old Language; and that it is little less than Profanation and Sacrilege to alter it. They are farther of opinion, that somewhat of his good Sense will suffer in this Transfusion, and much of the Beauty of his Thoughts will infallibly be lost, which appear with more Grace in their old Habit. Of this Opinion was that excellent Person whom I mention'd, the late Earl of *Leicester*, who valu'd *Chaucer* as much as Mr. *Cowley* despis'd him. My

Lord dissuaded me from this Attempt (for I was thinking of it some Years before his Death) and his Authority prevail'd so far with me as to defer my Undertaking while he liv'd, in deference to him: Yet my Reason was not convinc'd with what he urg'd against it. If the first End of a Writer be to be understood, then as his Language grows obsolete, his Thoughts must grow obscure: *nullo renascuntur quæ nunc cecidere; cadentque quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus, quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.* When an ancient Word for its Sound and Significancy deserves to be reviv'd, I have that reasonable Veneration for Antiquity, to restore it. All beyond this is Superstition. Words are not like Land-marks, so sacred as never to be remov'd: Customs are chang'd, and even Statutes are silently repeal'd, when the Reason ceases for which they were enacted. As for the other Part of the Argument, that his Thoughts will lose of their original Beauty, by the innovation of Words; in the first place, not only their Beauty, but their Being is lost, where they are no longer understood, which is the present Case. I grant, that something must be lost in all Transfusion, that is, in all Translations; but the Sense will remain, which would otherwise be lost, or at least be maim'd, when it is scarce intelligible; and that but to a few. How few are there who can read *Chaucer*, so as to understand him perfectly! And if imperfectly, then with less Profit, and no Pleasure. 'Tis not for the Use of some old *Saxon* Friends that I have taken these Pains with him: Let them neglect my Version, because they have no need of it. I made it for their sakes who understand Sense and Poetry as well as they; when that Poetry and Sense is put into Words which they understand. I will go farther, and dare to add, that what Beauties I lose in some Places, I give to others which had them not originally: But in this I may be partial to my self; let the Reader judge, and I submit to his Decision. Yet I think I have just Occasion to complain of them, who, because they understand *Chaucer*, would deprive the greater part of their Countrymen of the same Advantage, and hoord him up, as Misers do their Grandam Gold, only to look on it themselves, and hinder others from making use of it. In sum, I seriously protest, that no Man ever had, or can have, a greater Veneration for *Chaucer* than my self. I have translated some part of his Works, only that I might perpetuate his Memory, or at least refresh it, amongst my Countrymen. If I have alter'd him anywhere for the better, I must at the same time acknowledge, that I could have done nothing without him: *Facile est inventis addere*, is no great Commendation; and I am not so vain to think I have deserv'd a greater. I will conclude what I have to say of him singly, with this one Remark: A Lady of my Acquaintance, who keeps a kind of Correspondence with some Authors of the Fair Sex in *France*, has been inform'd by them, that *Mademoiselle de Saudery*, who is as old as *Sibyl*, and inspir'd like her by the same God of Poetry, is at this time translating *Chaucer* into modern *French*. From which I gather, that he has been formerly translated into the old *Provençal* (for, how she should come to understand Old *English*, I know not). But the Matter of Fact being true, it makes me think, that there is something in it like Fatality; that, after certain Periods of Time, the Fame and Memory of Great Wits should be renew'd, as *Chaucer* is both in *France* and *England*. If this be wholly Chance, 'tis extraordinary; and I dare not call it more, for fear of being tax'd with Superstition.

Boccace comes last to be consider'd, who, living in the same Age with *Chaucer*, had the same Genius, and follow'd the same Studies. Both writ Novels, and each of them cultivated his Mother-Tongue. But the greatest Resemblance of our two Modern Authors being in their familiar Style, and pleasing way of relating Comical Adventures, I may pass it over, because I have translated nothing from *Boccace* of that Nature. In the serious Part of Poetry, the Advantage is wholly on *Chaucer's* Side; for though the *Englishman* has borrow'd many Tales from the *Italian*, yet it appears, that those of *Boccace* were not generally of his own making, but taken from Authors of former Ages, and by him only modell'd: So that what there was of invention in either of them, may be judg'd equal. But *Chaucer* has refin'd on *Boccace*, and has mended the Stories which he has borrow'd in his way of telling; though Prose allows more Liberty of Thought, and the Expressior

is more easie, when unconfin'd by Numbers. Our Countryman carries Weight, and yet wins the Race at disadvantage. I desire not the Reader should take my Word; and therefore I will set two of their Discourses on the same Subject, in the same Light, for every Man to judge betwixt them. I translated *Chaucer* first; and amongst the rest, pitch'd on *The Wife of Bath's Tale*; not daring, as I have said, to adventure on her Prologue; because it is too licentious: There *Chaucer* introduces an old Woman of mean Parentage, whom a youthful Knight of Noble Blood was forc'd to marry, and consequently loath'd her: The Crone being in bed with him on the wedding Night, and fioding his Aversion, endeavours to win his Affection by Reason, and speaks a good Word for her self, (as who could blame her?) in hope to mollifie the sullen Bridegroom. She takes her Topiques from the Benefits of Poverty, the Advantages of old Age and Ugliness, the Vanity of Youth, and the silly Pride of Ancestry and Titles without inherent Vertue, which is the true Nobility. When I had clos'd *Chaucer*, I return'd to *Ovid*, and translated some more of his Fables; and by this time had so far forgotten *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, that, when I took up *Boccace*, unawares I fell on the same Argument of preferring Vertue to Nobility of Blood, and Titles, in the Story of *Sigismunda*; which I had certainly avoided for the Resemblance of the two Discourses, if my Memory had not fail'd me. Let the Reader weigh them both; and if he thinks me partial to *Chaucer*, 'tis in him to right *Boccace*.

I prefer in our Countryman, far above all his other Stories, the Noble Poem of *Palamon and Arcite*, which is of the Epique kind, and perhaps not much inferiour to the *Ilias* or the *Eneis*: The Story is more pleasing than either of them, the Manners as perfect, the Diction as poetical, the Learning as deep and various; and the Disposition full as artful: only it includes a greater length of time; as taking up seven years at least; but *Aristotle* has left undecided the Duration of the Action; which yet is easily reduc'd into the Compass of a year, by a Narration of what preceded the Return of *Palamon* to *Athens*. I had thought for the Honour of our Nation, and more particularly for his, whose Laurel, tho' unworthy, I have worn after him, that this Story was of *English* Growth and *Chaucer's* own: But I was undeceiv'd by *Boccace*; for casually looking on the End of his seventh *Giornata*, I found *Dioneo* (under which name he shadows himself) and *Fionella* (who represents his Mistress, the natural Daughter of *Robert, King of Naples*) of whom these 30 Words are spoken. *Dioneo e Fionella gran pezza cantarono insieme d'Arcite e di Palamone*: by which it appears that this Story was written before the time of *Boccace*; but the Name of its Author being wholly lost, *Chaucer* is now become an Original; and I question not but the Poem has receiv'd many Beauties by passing through his Noble Hands. Besides this Tale, there is another of his own Invention, after the manner of the *Provencalls*, called *The Flower and the Leaf*; with which I was so particularly pleas'd, both for the Invention and the Moral; that I cannot hinder my self from recommending it to the Reader.

As a Corollary to this Preface, in which I have done Justice to others, I owe somewhat to my self: not that I think it worth my time to enter the Lists with one *M——* or one *B——*, but barely to take notice, that such Men there are who have written scurrilously against me, without any Provocation. *M——*, who is in Orders, pretends amongst the rest this Quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on Priesthood; If I have, I am only to ask Pardon of good Priests, and am afraid his part of the Reparation will come to little. Let him be satisfied that he shall not be able to force himself upon me for an Adversary. I condemn him too much to enter into Competition with him. His own Translations of *Virgil* have answer'd his Criticisms on mine. If (as they say, he has declar'd in print) he prefers the Version of *Ogilby* to mine, the World has made him the same Compliment: For 'tis agreed on all hands, that he writes even below *Ogilby*: That, you will say, is not easily to be done; but what cannot *M——* bring about? I am satisfy'd, however, 50 that while he and I live together, I shall not be thought the worst Poet of the Age. It looks as if I had desir'd him underhand to write so ill against me: But upon my honest word I have not brish'd him to do me this Service, and am wholly guiltless of his Pamphlet.

'Tis true I should be glad if I could persuade him to continue his good Offices, and write such another Critique on any thing of mine: For I find by Experience he has a great Stroke with the Reader, when he condemns any of my Poems, to make the World have a better Opinion of them. He has taken some Pains with my Poetry; but no body will be persuaded to take the same with his. If I had taken to the Church (as he affirms, but which was never in my Thoughts) I should have had more Sense, if not more Grace, than to have turn'd myself out of my Benefice by writing Libels on my Parishioners. But his Account of my Manners and my Principles, are of a Piece with his Cavils and his Poetry: And so I have dooe with him for ever.

10 As for the City Bard or Knight Physician, I hear his Quarrel to me is, that I was the Author of *Absalom* and *Achilphel*, which he thinks is a little hard on his Fanatique Patrons in London.

But I will deal the more civilly with his two Poems, because nothing ill is to be spoken of the Dead: And therefore peace be to the *Manes* of his *Arthurs*. I will only say, that it was not for this Noble Knight that I drew the plan of an Epick Poem on King *Arthur*, in my Preface to the Translation of *Juvenal*. The Guardian Angels of Kingdoms were Machines too ponderous for him to manage; and therefore he rejected them, as *Dares* did the Whirl-bats of *Eryx*, when they were thrown before him by *Entellus*: Yet from that Preface he plainly took his Hint: For he began immediately upon the Story; though he had the Baseness not to acknowledge his Benefactor, but in stead of it, to traduce me in a Libel.

I shall say the less of Mr. *Collier*, because in many Thiogs he has tax'd me justly; and I have pleaded Guilty to all Thoughts and Expressions of mine, which can be truly argu'd of Obscenity, Profaneness, or Immorality; and retract them. If he be my Enemy, let him triumph; if he be my Friend, as I have given him no Personal Occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my Repentance. It becomes me not to draw my Pen in the Defence of a bad Cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove, that in many Places he has perverted my Meaning by his Glosses; and interpreted my Words into Blasphemy and Baudry, of which they were not guilty. Besides that, he is too much given to Horse-play in his Raillery; and comes to Battel, like a Dictatour from the Plough. I will not say, *The zeal of God's House has eaten him up*; but I am sure it has devour'd some Part of his Good Manners and Civility. It might also be doubted, whether it were altogether Zeal, which prompted him to this rough manner of Proceeding; perhaps it became not ooe of his Function to rake into the Rubbish of Ancient and Modern Plays; a Divine might have employ'd his Pains to better purpose thao in the Nastiness of *Plautus* and *Aristophanes*; whose Examples, as they excuse not me, so it might be possibly suppos'd, that he read them not without some Pleasure. They who have written Commentaries on those Poets, or on *Horace*, *Juvenal*, and *Martial*, have explaio'd some Vices, which without their Interpretation had been unknown to Modern Times. Neither has he judg'd impartially betwixt the former Age and us.

There is more Baudry in one Play of *Fletcher's*, called *The Custom of the Country*, than in all ours together. Yet this has been often acted on the Stage in my remembrance. Are the Times so much more reform'd now, than they were Five and twenty Years ago? If they are, I congratulate the Amendment of our Morals. But I am not to prejudice the Cause of my Fellow-Poets, though I abandon my own Defence: They have some of them answer'd for themselves, and neither they nor I can think Mr. *Collier* so formidable an Enemy, that we should shun him. He has lost Ground at the latter end of the Day, by pursuing his Point too far, like the Prince of *Conde* at the Battel of *Senneph*: From immoral Plays, to no Plays; *ab abusu ad usum, non valet consequentia*. But being a Party, I am not to erect myself into a Judge. As for the rest of those who have written against me, they are such Scoundrels, that they deserve not the least Notice to be taken of them. B—— and M—— are only distinguish'd from the Crowd by being remember'd to their Infamy.

*Demetri, Teque Tigelli
Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.*

TO
HER GRACE
THE
DUTCHESS
OF
ORMOND;
WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM OF
PALAMON AND ARCITE
FROM
CHAUCEUR.

TO
HER GRACE
THE
DUTCHESS
OF
ORMOND.

MADAM

The Bard who first adorn'd our Native
Tongue

Tun'd to his *British* Lyre this ancient Song -
Which *Homer* might without a Blush rehearse,
And leaves a doubtful Palm in *Virgil's*
Verse :

He match'd their Beauties, where they most
excell ;

Of Love sung better, and of Arms as well.

Vouchsafe, Illustrious *Ormond*, to behold
What Pow'r the Charms of Beauty had of
old ;

Nor wonder if such Deeds of Arms were done,
Inspir'd by two fair Eyes that sparkled like
your own. 10

If *Chaucer* by the best Idea wrought,
And Poets can divine each other's Thought,
The fairest Nymph before his Eyes he set ;
And then the fairest was *Plantagenet* ;
Who three contending Princes made her
Prize,

And rul'd the Rival-Nations with her Eyes :
Who left Immortal Trophies of her Fame,
And to the Noblest Order gave the Name.

Like Her, of equal Kindred to the Throne.
You keep her Conquests, and extend your
own : 20

As when the Stars, in their Eternal Race,
At length have roll'd around the Liquid
Space,
At certain Periods they resume their Place,
From the same Point of Heav'n their Course
advance,

And move in Measures of their former Dance ;
Thus, after length of Ages, she returns,
Restor'd in you, and the same Place adorns :
Or you perform her Office in the Sphere,
Born of her Blood, and make a new Platonick
Year.

O true *Plantagenet*, O Race Divine, 30
(For Beauty still is fatal to the Line,)

Had *Chaucer* liv'd that Angel-Face to view,
Sure he had drawn his *Emily* from You ;
Or had You liv'd to judge the doubtful Right,
Your Noble *Palamon* had been the Knight :
And Conqu'ring *Theseus* from his Side had
sent

Your Gen'rous Lord, to guide the *Theban*
Government

Time shall accomplish that ; and I shall see

A *Palamon* in him, in You an *Emily*.

Already have the Fates your Path prepar'd, 40

And sure Presage your future Sway declar'd :
When Westward, like the Sun, you took your Way,

And from henighted *Britain* hore the Day,
Blue *Triton* gave the Signal from the Shore,
The ready *Nereids* heard, and swam before
To smoothe the Seas ; a soft *Etesian* Gale
But just inspir'd, and gently swell'd the Sail ;
Portunus took his Turn, whose ample Hand
Heav'd up the lighten'd Keel, and sunk the Sand, 49

And steer'd the sacred Vessel safe to Land.
The Land, if not restrain'd, had met Your Way,

Projected out a Neck, and jutt'd to the Sea.
Hibernia, prostrate at your Feet, ador'd
In You the Pledge of her expected Lord ;
Due to her Isle ; a venerable Name ;
His Father and his Grandsire known to Fame ;

Aw'd by that House, accusom'd to command, 50

The stirry *Keris* in due subjection stand,
Nor hear the Reins in any Foreign Hand.

At Your Approach, they crowded to the Port ; 60

And scarcely Landed, You create a Court :
As *Ormond's* Harhinger, to You they run,
For *Venus* is the Promise of the Sun.

The Waste of Civil Wars, their Towns destroy'd,

Pales unhonour'd, *Ceres* unemploy'd,
Were all forgot ; and one Triumphant Day
Wip'd all the Tears of three Campaigns away.
Blood, Rapines, Massacres, were cheaply hought, 68

Somighty Recompense Your Beauty hrought.

As when the Dove returning hore the Mark
Of Earth restor'd to the long-lab'ring Ark,
The Relicks of Mankind, secure of Rest,
Op'd every Window to receive the Guest,
And the fair Bearer of the Message bless'd ;
So, when You came, with loud repeated Cries,
The Nation took an Omen from your Eyes,
And God advanc'd his Rainhow in the Skies,
To sign inviolable Peace restor'd ;
The Saints with solemn Shouts proclaim'd
the new accord.

When at Your second Coming You appear,
(For I foretell that Millenary Year) 81

The sharpen'd Share shall vex the Soil no more,

But Earth unhidden shall produce her Store :
The Land shall laugh, the circling Ocean smile,

And Heav'n's Indulgence bless the Holy Isle.

Heav'n from all Ages has reserv'd for You
That happy Clime, which Venom never knew ;

Or if it had been there, Your Eyes alone
Have Pow'r to chase all Poyson, but their own. 89

Now in this Interval, which Fate has cast
Betwixt Your Future Glories and Your Past,
This Pause of Pow'r, 'tis *Ireland's* Hour to mourn ;

While *England* celebrates Your safe Return,
By which You seem the Seasons to command,
And bring our Summers back to their forsaken Land.

The Vanquish'd Isle our Leisure must attend,

Till the Fair Blessing we vouchsafe to send ;
Nor can we spare You long, though often we may lend. 90

The Dove was twice employ'd abroad, before
The World was dry'd ; and she return'd no more. 100

Nor dare we trust so soft a Messenger,
New from her Sickness, to that Northern Air ;
Rest here a while. Your Lustre to restore,
That they may see You, as You shone before ;
For yet, th' Eclipse not wholly past, You wade

Thro' some Remains and Dimness of a Shade.

A Subject in his Prince may claim a Right,
Nor suffer him with Strength impair'd to fight ;

Till Force returns, his Ardour we restrain,
And curb his Warlike Wish to cross the Main.

Now past the Danger, let the Learn'd begin 111

Th' Enquiry, where Disease could enter in ;
How those malignant Atoms forc'd their Way,

What in the Faultless Frame they found to make their Prey ?

Where ev'ry Element was weigh'd so well,
That Heav'n alone, who mix'd the Mass, could tell

Which of the Four Ingredients could rebel ;

And where, imprison'd in so sweet a Cage,
A Soul might well be pleas'd to pass an Age.

And yet the fine Materials made it weak;
Porcelain by being Pure, is apt to break. 121
Ev'n to Your Breast the Sickness durst
aspire,

And forc'd from that fair Temple to retire,
Profanely set the Holy Place on Fire. }
In vain Your Lord, like young *Vespasian*,
mourn'd,

When the fierce Flames the Sanctuary burn'd,
And I prepar'd to pay in Verses rude
A most detested Act of Gratitude:
Ev'n this had been Your Elegy, which now
Is offer'd for Your Health, the Table of my
Vow. 130

Your Angel sure our *Morley's* Mind in-
spir'd,

To find the Remedy Your Ill requir'd;
As once the *Macedon*, by *Jove's* Decree,
Was taught to dream an Herb for *Ptolomee*:
Or Heav'n, which had such Over-cost
bestow'd

As scarce it could afford to Flesh and
Blood,

So lik'd the Frame, he would not work anew,
To save the Charges of another You.

Or by his middle Science did he steer,
And saw some great contingent Good
appear, 140

Well worth a Miracle to keep You here,
And for that End preserv'd the precious
Mould,

Which all the Future *Ormonds* was to hold;

And meditated, in his better Mind
An Heir from You who may redeem the
failing Kind.

Bless'd be the Power which has at once
restor'd

The Hopes of lost Succession to Your Lord;
Joy to the first, and last of each Degree,
Vertue to Courts, and, what I long'd to see,
To You the Graces, and the Muse to me. }

O daughter of the Rose, whose Cheeks
unite 151

The diff'ring Titles of the Red and White;
Who Heav'n's alternate Beauty well display,
The Blush of Morning, and the Milky Way;
Whose Face is Paradise, but fenc'd from Sin:
For God in either Eye has placed a Cherubin.

All is Your Lord's alone; ev'n absent, He
Employs the Care of Chast *Penelope*.

For him You waste in Tears Your Widow'd
Hours,

For him Your curious Needle paints the
Flow'rs; 160

Such Works of Old Imperial Dames were
taught,

Such for *Ascanius*, fair *Elisa* wrought.

The soft Recesses of Your Hours improve
The Three fair Pledges of Your Happy Love:
All other Parts of Pious Duty done,
You owe Your *Ormond* nothing but a son,
To fill in future Times his Father's Place,
And wear the Garter of his Mother's Race.

145 who] *Derrick and editors till Christie*
wrongly give which

PALAMON
AND
ARCITE:
OR
The Knight's Tale
FROM
CHAUCER
In Three Books.

BOOK I.

IN Days of old, there liv'd, of mighty Fame
A valiant Prince; and *Theseus* was his Name:
A Chief, who more in Feats of Arms excell'd
The Rising nor the Setting Sun beheld.

Of *Athens* he was Lord; much Land he won,
And added Foreign Countrys to his Crown.

In *Scythia* with the Warriour Queen he strove,
Whom first by Force he conquer'd, then by
Love;

He brought in Triumph back the beauteous
Dame,

With whom her Sister, fair *Emilia*, came. 10

With Honour to his Home let *Theseus* ride,

With Love to Friend, and Fortune for his
Guide,

And his victorious Army at his Side.

I pass their warlike Pomp, their proud Array,
Their Shouts, their Songs, their Welcome on
the Way:

But, were it not too long, I would recite
The Feats of *Amazons*, the fatal Fight

Betwixt the hardy Queen and *Heroe* Knight.

The Town besieg'd, and how much Blood it
cost

The Female Army, and th' *Athenian* Host;

The Spousals of *Hippolita* the Queen; 21

What Tilts, and Turneys at the Feast were
seen;

The Storm at their Return, the Ladies Fear:

But these and other Things I must forbear.

The Field is spacious I design to sow,
With Oxen far unfit to draw the Plow:

The Remnant of my Tale is of a leagth
To tire your Patience, and to waste my
Strength;

And trivial Accidents shall be forborn,
That others may have time to take their
Turn;

As was at first enjoind us by mine Host: 30

That he whose Tale is best, and pleases
most,

Should win his Supper at our common Cost.

And therefore where I left, I will pursue

This ancient Story, whether false or true,

In hope it may be mended with a new.

The Prince I mention'd, full of high Renown,

In this Array drew near th' *Athenian* Town:

Wheo, in his Pomp and utmost of his Pride,

Marching, he chanc'd to cast his Eye aside,

And saw a Quire of mourning Dames, who
lay 41

By Two and Two across the common Way:

At his Approach they rais'd a rueful Cry,

And beat their Breasts, and held their Hands
on high,

Creeping and crying, till they seiz'd at last

His Coursers Bridle and his Feet embrac'd.

Tell me, said *Theseus*, what and wheoce you
are,

And why this Funeral Pageant you prepare?

Is this the Welcome of my worthy Deeds, 49

To meet my Triumph in ill-omen'd Weeds?

Or envy you my Praise, and would destroy

With Grief my Pleasures, and pollute my Joy?

Or are you injur'd, and demand Relief?

Name your Request, and I will ease your
Grief.

PALAMON AND ARCITE. The text is that of the first and only contemporary edition, 1700, except for the variants here noted. There are some false stops in the original.

The most in Years of all the Mourning
 Train
 Began; (but sounded first away for Pain)
 Then scarce recover'd, spoke: Nor envy we
 Thy great Renown, nor grudge thy Victory;
 'Tis thine, O King, th' Afflicted to redress,
 And Fame has fill'd the World with thy
 Success: 60

We wretched Women sue for that alone,
 Which of thy Goodness is refus'd to none:
 Let fall some Drops of Pity on our Grief,
 If what we beg he just, and we deserve
 Relief:

For none of us, who now thy Grace implore,
 But held the Rank of Sovereign Queen
 before;

¶ Till, thanks to giddy Chance, which never
 bears

That Mortal Bliss should last for length of
 Years,

She cast us headlong from our high Estate,
 And here in hope of thy Return we wait: 70
 And long have waited in the Temple nigh,
 Built to the gracious Goddess *Clemency*.

But rev'rence thou the Pow'r whose Name it
 bears,

Relieve th' Oppressed, and wipe the Widows
 Tears.

I, wretched I, have other Fortune seen,
 The Wife of *Capaneus*, and once a Queen:
 At *Thebes* he fell; curs'd be the fatal Day!
 And all the rest thou seest in this Array,
 To make their Moan their Lords in Battell lost,
 Before that Town besieg'd by our Confed'rate
 Host: 80

But *Creon*, old and impious, who commands
 The *Theban* City, and usurps the Lands,
 Denies the Rites of Fun'ral Fires to those
 Whose breathless Bodies yet he calls his
 Foes.

Unburn'd, unhury'd, on a Heap they lie;
 Such is their Fate, and such his Tyranny;
 No Friend has leave to bear away the Dead,
 But with their Lifeless Limbs his Hounds are
 fed.

At this she shriek'd aloud, the mournful
 Train

Echo'd her Grief, and grov'ling on the Plain,

56 sounded] i e swoon'd *The form is genuine
 and was used by Goldsmith. Many editors
 wrongly give swooned and Christie gives
 swoounded*

89 shriek'd] shriek'd 1700.

With Groans, and Hands upheld, to move
 his Mind, 91

Besought his Pity to their helpless Kind!

The Prince was touch'd, his Tears began
 to flow,

And, as his tender Heart would break in two,
 He sigh'd; and could not but their Fate
 deplore,

So wretched now, so fortunate before.

Then lightly from his lofty Steed he flew,
 And raising one by one the suppliant Crew,

To comfort each, full solemnly he swore,
 That by the Faith which Knights to Knight-
 hood bore, 100

And what e'er else to Chivalry belongs,
 He would not cease, till he reveng'd their
 Wrongs:

That *Greece* should see perform'd what he
 declar'd,

And cruel *Creon* find his just Reward.

He said no more, but shunning all Delay

Rode on; nor enter'd *Athens* on his Way;

But left his Sister and his Queen behind,

And wav'd his Royal Banner in the Wind:

Where in an *Argent* Field the God of War
 Was drawn triumphant on his Iron Carr;

Red was his Sword, and Shield, and whole
 Attire, 111

And all the Godhead seem'd to glow with
 Fire;

Ev'n the Ground glitter'd where the Stan-
 dard flew,

And the green Grass was dy'd to sanguine
 Hue.

High on his pointed Lance his Pennon bore
 His *Cretan* Fight, the conquer'd *Minotaur*:

The Soldiers shout around with generous
 Rage,

And in that Victory, their own presage.

He promis'd their Ardour, duly pleas'd to see
 His Host, the Flow'r of *Grecian* Chivalry. 120

All Day he march'd; and all th' ensuing
 Night;

And saw the City with returning Light.

The Process of the War I need not tell,
 How *Theseus* conquer'd, and how *Creon* fell:

Or after, how by Storm the Walls were won,
 Or how the Victor sack'd and burn'd the
 Town;

How to the Ladies he restor'd again

The Bodies of their Lords in Battel slain;

And with what ancient Rites they were
interr'd ;

All these to fitter time shall be deferr'd : 130
I spare the Widows Tears, their woful Cries,
And Howling at their Husbands Obsequies ;
How *Theseus* at these Fun'als did assist,
And with what Gifts the mourning Dames
dismiss'd.

Thus when the Victor Chief had *Creon*
slain,
And conquer'd *Thebes*, he pitel'd upon the
Plain
His mighty Camp, and when the Day
return'd,

The Country wasted and the Hamlets burn'd ;
And left the Pillagers, to Rapine bred,
Without Controul to strip and spoil the
Dead. 140

There, in a Heap of Slain, among the rest
Two youthful Knights they found beneath
a Load oppress'd

Of slaughter'd Foes, whom first to Death
they sent,

The Trophies of their Strength, a bloody
Monument.

Both fair, and both of Royal Blood they
seem'd,

Whom Kinsmen to the Crown the Heralds
deem'd ;

That Day in equal Arms they fought for
Fame ;

Their Swords, their Shields, their Surcoats
were the same.

Close by each other laid they press'd the
Ground,

Their manly Bosoms pierc'd with many
a griesly Wound ; 150

Nor well alive nor wholly dead they were,
But some faint Signs of feeble Life appear :
The wandring Breath was on the Wing to
part,

Weak was the Pulse, and hardly heav'd the
Heart.

These two were Sisters Sons ; and *Arcite* one,
Much fam'd in Fields, with valiant *Palamon*.
From These their costly Arms the Spoilers
rent,

And softly both convey'd to *Theseus* Tent :
Whom, known of *Creon's* Line and cur'd
with Care, 159

He to his City sent as Pris'ners of the War,
Hopeless of Ransom, and condemn'd to lie
In Durance, doom'd a lingering Death to die.

This done, he march'd away with warlike
Sound,

And to his *Athens* turn'd with Laurels
crown'd,

Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd,
and more renown'd.

But in a Tow'r, and never to be loos'd.
The woful captive Kinsmen are enclos'd.

Thus Year by Year they pass, and Day by
Day,

Till once ('twas on the Morn of chearful *May*)
The young *Emilia*, fairer to be seen 170

Than the fair Lilly on the Flow'ry Green,
More fresh than *May* her self in Blossoms
new,

(For with the rosie Colour strove her Hue)
Wak'd, as her Custom was, before the Day, 7

To do th' Observance due to sprightly *May* :
For sprightly *May* commands our Youth to
keep

The Vigils of her Night, and breaks their
sluggard Sleep :

Each gentle Breast with kindly Warmth she
moves ;

Inspires new Flames, revives extinguish'd
Loves.

In this Remembrance *Emily* e'er day 180
Arose, and dress'd her self in rich Array ;

Fresh as the Month, and as the Morning
fair :

Adown her Shoulders fell her Length of
Hair :

A Ribband did the braided Tresses bind,
The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the
Wind :

Aurora had but newly clos'd the Night,
And purpl'd o'er the Sky with blushing Light,

When to the Garden-walks she took her way,
To sport and trip along in Cool of Day, 190

And offer Maiden Vows in Honour of the
May.

At ev'ry Turn she made a little Stand,
And thrust among the Thorns her Lilly hand

To draw the Rose ; and ev'ry Rose she drew,
She shook the Stalk, and brush'd away the
Dew :

Then party-colour'd Flow'rs of white and red
She wove, to make a Garland for her Head :

This done, she sung and caroll'd out so clear,
That Men and Angels might rejoice to hear.

Ev'n wondring *Philomel* forgot to sing,
And learn'd from Her to welcome in the
Spring.

The Tow'r, of which before was mention
made,
Within whose Keep the captive Knights were
laid,

Built of o lorge Extent, and strong withal,
Wns one Partition of the Palace Wall :
The Garden was enclos'd within the Square
Where young *Emilia* took the Morning-Air.

It happen'd *Palamon*, the Pris'ner Knight,
Restless for Woe, arose before the Light,
And with his Jaylor's leave desir'd to breathe
An Air more wholesom than the Damps
beneath. 210

This granted, to the Tow'r he took his way,
Cheer'd with the Promise of a glorious Day :
Then cast a languishing Regard round,
And saw with hoteful Eyes the Temples
crown'd
With golden Spires, and all the Hostile
Ground.

He sigh'd, and turned his Eyes, because he
knew

'Twas but a larger Jayl he had in view :

Then look'd below, and from the Castles
height

Beheld a nearer and more pleasing Sight ;
'T'he Garden, which before he had not seen,
In Spring's new Livery clad of White and
Green, 221

Fresh Flow'rs in wide *Parterres*, and shady
Walks between.

This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with Arms
ocross

He stood, reflecting on his Country's Loss ;
Himself an Object of the Publick Scorn,
And often wish'd he never had been born.
At last (for so his Destiny requir'd)

With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,
He thro' a little Window cast his Sight,
Tho' thick of Bars, that gave a scanty Light :
But ev'n thot Glimmering serv'd him to
descri 231

Th' inevitable Charms of *Emely*.

Scarec had he seen, but, seiz'd with sudden
Smart,

Stung to the Quick, he felt it ot his Heart ;
Struck blind with overpowering Light he
stood,

Then started back nmas'd, and cry'd aloud.

Young *Arcite* heard ; and up he ran with
hoste,

To help his Friend, ond in his Arms em-
brae'd ;

And ask'd him why he look'd so deadl'y wan,
And whence, ond how, his change of Cheer
began ? 240

Or who had done th' offence ? But if, said he,
Your Grief alone is hard Captivity ;

For Love of Heav'n, with Patience undergo
A cureless Ill, since Fate will have it so :

So stood our *Horoscope* in Chains to lie,
And *Saturn* in the Dungeon of the Sky,

Or other baleful Aspect, ru'd our Birth,
When all the friendly Stars were under Earth :

Whate'er betides, by Destiny 'tis done ;
And better bear like Men, than vainly seek

to shun, 250

Nor of my bonds, said *Palamon* again,
Nor of unhappy Planets I complain ;

But when my mortal Anguish caus'd my Cry,
The Moment I was hurt thro' either Eye ;

Pierc'd with a Random-shaft, I faint away,
And perish with insensible Decay :

A Glance of some new Goddess gave the
Wound,

Whom, like *Acteon*, unawore I found. 258

Look how she walks along yon shady Space ;
Not *Juno* moves with more Majestick Grace, }

And all the *Cyprian* Queen is in her face.

If thou art *Venus*, (for thy Charms confess
That Face was form'd in Heaven) nor art

thou less ;

Disguis'd in Habit, undisguis'd in Shape,
O help us Captives from our Chains to scape ;

But if our Doom be past in Bonds to lie
For Life, and in a loathsom Dungeon die ;

Then be thy Wrath appeas'd with our Dis-
grace,

And show Compassion to the *Theban* Race,
Oppress'd by Tyrant Pow'r ! While yet he

spoke, 270

Arcite on *Emely* had fix'd his Look ;

The fatal Dart a ready Passage found,
And deep within his Heart infix'd the Wound :

So that if *Palamon* were wounded sore,
Arcite was hurt as much as be, or more :

Then from his inmost Soul he sigh'd, and
said,

The Beauty I behold has struck me dead :
Unknowingly she strikes, and kills by chance ;

Poyson is in her Eyes, and Death in ev'ry
Glance.

O, I must ask ; nor ask alone, but move 280
Her Mind to Mercy, or must die for Love.

Thus *Arcite* : And thus *Palamon* replies,
(Eager his Tone, and ardent were his Eyes.)

Speak'st thou in earnest, or in jesting Vein?
 Jestings, said *Arcite*, suits but ill with Pain.
 It suits far worse, (said *Palamon* again,
 And bent his Brows) with Men who Honour

weigh,
 Their Faith to break, their friendship to
 betray ; 288

But worst with Thee, of Noble Lineage born,
 My Kinsman, and in Arms my Brother sworn.
 Have we not plighted each our holy Oath,
 That one shou'd be the Common Good of
 both ?

One Soul shou'd both inspire, and neither
 prove

His Fellows Hindrance in pursuit of Love ?
 To this before the Gods we gave our Hands,
 And nothing but our Death can break the
 Bands.

This binds thee, then, to farther my Design,
 As I am bound by Vow to farther thine :

Nor canst, nor dar'st thou, Traytor, on the
 Plain 299

Appeach my Honour, or thy own maintain,
 Since thou art of my Council, and the Friend
 Whose Faith I trust, and on whose Care
 depend :

And would'st thou court my Ladies Love,
 which I

Much rather than release, would chuse to die?
 But thou, false *Arcite*, never shalt obtain,
 Thy bad Pretence; I told thee first my
 Pain :

For first my Love began e'er thine was born ;
 Thou, as my Council, and my Brother sworn,
 Art bound t'assist my Eldership of Right,
 Or justly to be deem'd a perjur'd Knight. 310

Thus *Palamon* : But *Arcite* with disdain
 In haughty Language thus reply'd again :
 Forsworn thy self : The Traytor's odious
 Name

I first return, and then disprove thy Claim.
 If Love be Passion, and that Passion nurst
 With strong Desires, I lov'd the Lady first.
 Canst thou pretend Desire, whom Zeal in-
 flar'd

To worship, and a Pow'r Cœlestial nam'd ?
 Thine was Devotion to the Blest above,
 I saw the Woman, and desir'd her Love ; 320
 First own'd my Passion, and to thee com-
 mend

Th' important Secret, as my chosen Friend.
 Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy Desire
 A Moment elder than my Rival Fire ;

Can Chance of seeing first thy Title prove ?
 And know'st thou not, no Law is made for
 Love ?

Law is to Things which to free Choice relate ;
 Love is not in our Choice, but in our Fate:
 Laws are but positive : Loves Pow'r we see
 Is Natures Sanction, and her first Decree. 330
 Each Day we break the Bond of Humane
 Laws

For Love, and vindicate the Common Cause.
 Laws for Defence of Civil Rights are plac'd,
 Love throws the Fences down, and makes
 a general Waste :

Maids, Widows, Wives, without distinction
 fall ;

The sweeping Deluge, Love, comes on and
 covers all.

If then the Laws of Friendship I transgress,
 I keep the Greater, while I break the Less ;
 And both are mad alike, since neither can
 possess.

Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more
 To see the Sun, but as he passes o'er. 341
 Like Esop's Hounds contending for the Bone,
 Each pleaded Right, and wou'd be lord
 alone ;

The fruitless Fight continu'd all the Day,
 A Cur came by and snatch'd the Prize away.
 As Courtiers therefore juggle for a Grant,
 And when they break their Friendship, plead
 their Want,

So thou, if Fortune will thy Suit advance,
 Love on ; nor envy me my equal Chance :
 For I must love, and am resolv'd to try 350
 My Fate, or failing in th' Adventure die.

Great was their Strife, which hourly was
 renew'd,

Till each with mortal Hate his Rival view'd :
 Now Friends no more, nor walking Hand in
 Hand ;

But when they met, they made a surly Stand ;
 And glar'd like angry Lions as they pass'd,
 And wish'd that every Look might be their
 last.

It chanc'd at length, *Perithous* came
 t' attend

This worthy *Theseus*, his familiar Friend :

342 The first edition began a new paragraph
 here. This was a mistake, but it led some editors
 to suppose that *Arcite's* speech ended with the
 words passes o'er. In fact it goes down to in th'
 Adventure die, but the lines are not quite gram-
 matical. (

Their Love in early Infancy begao, 360
 And rose as Childhood ripen'd into Man.
 Companions of the War; and lov'd so well,
 That when one dy'd, as aocient Stories tell,
 His Fellow to redeem him went to Hell.
 But to pursue my Tale; to welcome
 home
 His Warlike Brother, is *Perithous* come:
Arcite of *Thebes* was knowo in Arms loog
 since,
 And honour'd by this young *Thessalian*
 Prince.
 Theseus, to gratifie his Friend and Guest,
 Who made our *Arcite's* Freedom his Request,
 Restor'd to Liberty the Captive Knight, 371
 But on these hard Conditions I recite:
 That if hereafter *Arcite* shou'd be found
 Within the Compass of *Athenion* Ground,
 By Day or Night, or oo whate'er Pretence,
 His Head shou'd pay the Forfeit of th'
 Offence.
 To this *Perithous* for his Friend agreed,
 And on his Promise was the Pris'ner freed.
 Unpleas'd and pensive hence he takes his
 way,
 At his own Peril; for his Life must pay.
 Who now but *Arcelle* mourns his bitter
 Fate, 381
 Finds his dear Purchase, and repents too
 late?
 What have I gain'd, he said, in Prison pent,
 If I but change my Bonds for Banishment?
 And banish'd from her Sight, I suffer more
 In Freedom than I felt in Bonds before;
 Forc'd from her Presence and condemn'd to
 live:
 Unwelcom Freedom and unthank'd Reprieve:
 Heav'n is not but where *Emily* abides, 389
 And where she's absent, all is Hell besides.
 Next to my Day of Birth, was that accurst
 Which bouod my Friendship to *Perithous*
 first:
 Had I not known that Prince, I still had
 been
 In Bondage, and had still *Emilla* seen:
 For tho' I never can her Grace deserve,
 'Tis Recompense enough to see and serve.
 O *Palamon*, my Kinsman and my Friend,
 How much more happy Fates thy Love
 attend!
 377 To this *Perithous* for his Friend] To this,
Perithous for his Friend, 1700.

Thine is th' Adventure; thine the Victory:
 Well has thy Fortuoe turn'd the Dice for
 thee: 400
 Thou on that Angels Face maist feed thy
 Eyes,
 In Prison, no; but blissful Paradise!
 Thou daily seest that Sun of Beauty shine,
 And lov'st at least in Loves extreamest Line.
 I mourn in Absence, Loves Eternal Night;
 And who can tell but sioc thou hast her
 Sight,
 And art a comely, young, and valiant
 Knight,
 Fortune (a various Pow'r) may cease to
 frown,
 And by some Ways unknown thy Wishes
 crown:
 But I, the most forlorn of Humaoe Kiod, 410
 Nor Help can hope, nor Remedy can find;
 But doom'd to drag my loathsom Life in
 Care,
 For my Reward, must end it in Despair.
 Fire, Water, Air, and Earth, and Force of
 Fates
 That governs all, and Heav'n that all
 creates,
 Nor Art, nor Natures Hand can ease my
 Grief;
 Nothing but Death, the Wretches last
 Relief:
 Then farewell Youth, and all the Joys that
 dwell
 With Youth and Life, and Life it self, fare-
 well.
 But why, alas! do mortal Men io vain 420
 Of Fortune, Fate, or Providence complain?
 God gives us what he knows our Wants
 require,
 And better Thiogs thao those which we
 desire:
 Some pray for Riches; Riches they obtain;
 But watch'd by Robbers, for their Wealth
 are slain:
 Some pray from Prisoo to be freed; and
 come
 When guilty of their Vows, to fall at home;
 Murder'd by those they trusted with their
 Life,
 A favour'd Servant, or a Bosom Wife.
 Such dear-bought Blessings bappen ev'ry
 Day, 430
 Because we know not for what Things to
 pray.

Like drunken Sots about the Streets we
roam

Well knows the Sot he has a certain Home ;
Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain
Place,

And blunders on, and staggers ev'ry Pace.
Thus all seek Happiness ; but few can find,
For far the greater Part of Men are blind.
This is my Case, who thought our utmost
Good

Was in one Word of Freedom understood :
The fatal Blessing came : From Prison free,
I starve abroad, and lose the Sight of
Emily. 441

Thus *Arcite* : but if *Arcite* thus deplore
His Sufferings, *Palamon* yet suffers more.

For when he knew his Rival freed and
gone,

He swells with Wrath ; he makes outrageous
Moan :

He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the
Ground ;

The hollow Tow'r with Clamours rings
around :

With briny Tears he bath'd his fetter'd
Feet,

And dropp'd all o'er with Agony of Sweat.
Alas ! he cry'd, I, Wretch, in Prison pine, 450

Too happy Rival, while the Fruit is thine :
Thou liv'st at large, thou draw'st thy Native

Air,
Pleas'd with thy Freedom, proud of my
Despair :

Thou may'st, since thou hast Youth and
Courage join'd,

A sweet Behaviour, and a solid Mind,
Assemble ours, and all the *Theban* Race,

To vindicate on *Athens* thy Disgrace ;
And after (by some Treaty made) possess

Fair *Emily*, the Pledge of lasting Peace.
So thine shall be the beauteous Prize, while I

Must languish in Despair, in Prison die. 461
Thus all th' Advantage of the Strife is thine,

Thy portion double Joys, and double Sorrows
mine.

The Rage of Jealousie then fir'd his Soul,
And his Face kind'd like a burning Coal :

Now cold Despair, succeeding in her stead,
To livid Paleness turns the glowing Red.

His Blood scarce Liquid, creeps within his
Veins,

Like Water which the freezing Wind con-
strains.

Then thus he said ; Eternal Deities 470
Who rule the World with absolute Decrees,
And write whatever Time shall bring to-
pass

With Pens of Adamant on Plates of Brass ;
What is the Race of Humane Kind your
Care

Beyond what all his Fellow-Creatures are ?
He with the rest is liable to Pain,

And like the Sheep, his Brother-Beast, is
slain.

Cold, Hunger, Prisons, Ills without a Cure,
All these he must, and guiltless oft, endure :

Or does your Justice, Pow'r, or Prescience
fail, 480

When the Good suffer and the Bad prevail ?
What worse to wretched Vertue could befall,

If Fate, or giddy Fortune govern'd all ?
Nay, worse than other Beasts is our Estate :

Them, to pursue their Pleasures you create ;
We, bound by harder Laws, must curb our

Will,
And your Commands, not our Desires

fulfil :

Then when the Creature is unjustly slain,
Yet, after Death at least, he feels no

Pain ;
But Man in Life surcharg'd with Woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer

more. 491
A Serpent shoots his Sting at unaware ;
An ambush'd Thief forelays a Traveller ;

The Man lies murder'd, while the Thief and
Snake,

One gains the Thickets, and one thrids the
Brake.

This let Divines decide ; but well I know,
Just, or unjust, I have my Share of Woe :

Through *Saturn* seated in a luckless Place,
And *Juno's* Wrath, that persecutes my

Race ;
Or *Mars* and *Venus* in a Quartil, move 500
My Pangs of Jealousie for *Arcite's* Love.

Let *Palamon* oppress'd in Bondage mourn,
While to his exil'd Rival we return.

By this the Sun, declining from his Height,
The Day had shortned to prolong the Night :

The lengthen'd Night gave length of Misery
Both to the Captive Lover, and the Free :

For *Palamon* in endless Prison mourns,
And *Arcite* forfeits Life if he returns. 509

The Banish'd never hopes his Love to see,
Nor hopes the Captive Lord his Liberty :

'Tis hard to say who suffers greater Pains,
One sees his Love, but cannot break his
Chains :

One free, and all his Motions uncontroll'd,
Beholds whate'er he wou'd, but what he
wou'd behold.

Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell
What Fortune to the banish'd Knight befel.
When *Arcite* was to *Thebes* return'd again,
The Loss of her he lov'd renew'd his Pain ;
Whot could be worse than never more to see
His Life, his Soul, his charming *Emilia* ? 521
He rav'd with all the Modness of Despair,
He roar'd, he beat his Breast, he tore his
Hair.

Dry Sorrow in his stupid Eyes appears,
For wanting Nourishment, he wanted Tears :
His Eye-balls in their hollow Sockets sink,
Bereft of Sleep ; he loaths his Meat and
Drink :

He withers at his Heart, and looks as wan
As the pale spectre of a murder'd Man : 529
That Pale turns Yellow, and his Face receives
The faded Hue of sapless Boxen Leaves ;
In solitary Groves he makes his Moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone.
Nor mix'd in Mirth, in youthfol Pleasure
shares,

But sighs when Songs and Instruments he
hears.

His Spirits are so low, his Voice is drown'd, }
He hears as from afar, or in a Swoond, }
Like the deaf Murmurs of a distant Sound : }
Uncomb'd his locks, and squalid his Attire,
Unlike the Trim of Love and gay Desire ;
But full of museful Mopings, which pre-
sage 541

The loss of Reason, and conclude in Rage.

This when he had endur'd a Year and
more,
Now wholly chang'd from what he was
before,

It happen'd once, that, slumbring as he lay,
He dreamt (his Dream began at Break of
Day)

That *Hermes* o'er his Head in Air appear'd,
And with soft Words his drooping Spirits
cheer'd :

His Hot adorn'd with Wings disclos'd the God,
And in his Hand he bore the Sleep-com-
pelling Rod ; 550

Such as he seem'd, when at his Sire's Com-
mand,

On *Argus* Head he laid the Snaky Wand ;
Arise, he said, to conquer *Athens* go,
There Fate appoints an End of all thy Woe.
The fright awaken'd *Arcite* with a Start,
Against his Bosom bounc'd his heaving
Heart ;

But soon he said, with scarce-recover'd
Breath,

And thither will I go to meet my Death,
Sure to be slain ; but Death is my Desire,
Since in *Emilia*'s Sight I shall expire. 560
By chance he spy'd a Mirror while he spoke,
And gazing there beheld his alter'd Look ;
Wondring, he saw his Features and his Hue
So much were chang'd, that scarce himself he
knew.

A sudden Thought then starting in his Mind,
Since I in *Arcite* cannot *Arcite* find,
The World may search in vain with all their
Eyes,

But never penetrate through this Disguise.
Thanks to the Change which Grief and Sick-
ness give,

In low Estate I may securely live, 570
And see unknown my Mistress Day by Day.
He said, and cloth'd himself in course Array ;
A lab'ring Hind in shew: Then forth he went,
And to the *Athenian* Tow'rs his Journey
bent :

One Squire attended in the same Disguise,
Made conscious of his Master's Enterprize.
Arriv'd at *Athens*, soon he came to Court,
Unknown, unquestion'd in that thick Resort ;
Proff'ring for Hire his Service at the Gate,
To drudge, draw Water, and to run or wait

So fair befel him, that for little Gain 581
He serv'd at first *Emilia*'s Chamberlain ;
And, watchful all Advantages to spy,
Was still at Hand, and in his Master's Eye ;
And as his Bones were big, and Sinews strong,
Refus'd no Toil that could to Slaves belong ;
Bot from deep Wells with Engines Water
drew,

And us'd his Noble Hands the Wood to hew.
He pass'd a Year at least attending thus
On *Emilia*, and call'd *Philostratus*. 590

But never was there Man of his Degree
So much esteem'd, so well belov'd as he.
So gentle of Condition was he known,
That through the Court his Courtesie was
blown :

All think him worthy of a greater Place,
And recommend him to the Royal Grace ;

That exercis'd within a higher Sphere,
His Vertues more conspicuous might appear.
Thus by the general Voice was *Arcite* prais'd,
And by Great *Theseus* to high Favour rais'd;
Among his Menial Servants first enroll'd, 601
And largely entertain'd with Sums of Gold:
Besides what secretly from *Thebes* was
sent,
Of his own Income, and his Annual Rent.

This well employ'd, he purchas'd Friends
and Fame,
But cautiously conceal'd from whence it
came.
Thus for three Years he liv'd with large
Increase,
In Arms of Honour, and Esteem in Peace;
To *Theseus* Person he was ever near, 609
And *Theseus* for his Vertues held him dear.

The End of the First Book.

PALAMON AND ARCITE: OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK II.

WHILE *Arcite* lives in Bliss, the Story turns
Where hopeless *Palamon* in Prison mourns.
For six long Years immur'd, the captive
Knight

Had dragg'd his Chains, and scarcely seen
the Light:

Lost Liberty, and Love at once he bore;
His Prison pain'd him much, his Passion
more:

Nor dares he hope his Fetters to remove,
Nor ever wishes to be free from Love.

But when the sixth revolving Year was run,
And *May* within the *Twins* received the Sun,
Were it by Chance, or forceful Destiny, 11
Which forms in Causes first whate'er shall be,
Assisted by a Friend one Moonless Night,
This *Palamon* from Prison took his flight:

A pleasant Beverage he prepar'd before
Of Wine and Honey mix'd, with added Store
Of *Optum*; to his Keeper this he brought,
Who swallow'd unaware the sleepy Draught,
And snor'd secure till Morn, his Senses bound
In Slumber, and in long Oblivion drown'd.

Short was the Night, and careful *Palamon* 21
Sought the next Covert e'er the rising Sun.
A thick spread Forest near the City lay,
To this with lengthened Strides he took
his Way,
(For far he cou'd not fly, and fear'd the
Day:)

Safe from Pursuit, he meant to shun the
Light,

Till the brown Shadows of the friendly Night
To *Thebes* might favour his intended Flight.
When to his Country come, his next Design
Was all the *Theban* Race in Arms to join, 30

And war on *Theseus*, till he lost his Life,
Or won the Beauteous *Emily* to Wife.
Thus while his thoughts the lingring Day
beguile,

To gentle *Arcite* let us turn our Style;
Who little dreamt how nigh he was to Care,
Till treacherous Fortune caught him in the
Snare.

The Morning-Lark, the Messenger of Day,
Saluted in her Song the Morning gray;
And soon the Sunnrose with Beannisso bright,
That all th' Horizon laugh'd to see the joyous
Sight; 40

He with his tepid Rays the Rose renews,
And licks the dropping Leaves, and dries the
Dews;

When *Arcite* left his Bed, resolv'd to pay
Observance to the Month of merry *May*,
Forth on his fiery Steed betimes he rode,
That scarcely prints the Turf on which he
trod:

At ease he seem'd, and pransing o'er the
Plains,

Turn'd only to the Grove his Horse's Reins,
The Grove I nam'd before; and lighting
there,

A Woodbind Garland sought to crown his
Hair; 50

Then turned his Face against the rising Day,
And rais'd his Voice to welcom in the *May*.

For thee, sweet Month, the Groves green
Liv'ries wear:

If not the first, the fairest of the Year:
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
And Nature's ready Pencil paints the Flow'rs:

42 dropping] Warton and others wrongly give
drooping

When thy short Reign is past, the Fev'rish
Sun

The sultry Tropick fears, and moves more
slowly on.

So may thy tender Blossoms fear no Blite,
Nor Goats with venom'd Teeth thy Tendrils
bite,

As thou shalt guide my wandring Feet to
find

The fragrant Greens I seek, my Brows to
bind.

His Vows address'd, within the Grove he
stray'd,

Till Fate, or Fortune, near the Place con-
vey'd

His Steps where secret *Palamon* was laid.
Full little thought of him the gentle Knight,

Who flying Death had there conceal'd his
Flight,

In Brakes and Brambles hid, and shunning
Mortal Sight ;

And less he knew him for his hated Foe,
But fear'd him as a Man he did not know. 70

But as it has been said of ancient Years,
That Fields are full of Eyes, and Woods have
Ears ;

For this the Wise are ever on their Guard,
For, Unforeseen, they say, is unprepar'd.

Uncautious *Arcite* thought himself alone,
And less than all suspected *Palamon*,

Who, listning, heard him, while he search'd
the Grove,

And loudly sung his Roundelay of Love :
But on the sudden stopp'd, and silent stood,

(As Lovers often muse, and change their
Mood ;)

Now high as Heav'n, and then as low as Hell,
Now up, now down, as Buckets in a Well :

For *Venus*, like her Day, will change her
Cheer,

And seldom shall we see a Friday clear.
Thus *Arcite* having sung, with alter'd Hue

Sunk on the Ground, and from his Bosom
drew

A desprate Sigh, accusing Heav'n and Fate,
And angry *Juno's* unrelenting Hate.

Curs'd be the Day when first I did appear ;
Let it be blotted from the Calendar, 90

Lest it pollute the Month, and poison all
the Year.

Still will the jealous Queen pursue our
Race ?

Cadmus is dead, the *Theban* City was :

Yet ceases not her Hate : For all who come
From *Cadmus* are involv'd in *Cadmus* Doom.

I suffer for my Blood : Unjust Decree !
That punishes another's Crime on me.

In mean Estate I serve my mortal Foe,
The Man who caus'd my Countrys Overthrow

This is not all ; for *Juno*, to my Shame, 100
Has forc'd me to forsake my former Name ;

Arcite I was, *Philostratus* I am.
That side of Heav'n is all my Enemy :

Mars ruin'd *Thebes* ; his Mother ruin'd me.
Of all the Royal Race remains but one

Beside my self, th' unhappy *Palamon*,
Whom *Theseus* holds in Bonds, and will not
free ;

Without a Crime, except his Kin to me.
Yet these, and all the rest I cou'd endure ;

But Love's a Malady without a Cure : 110
Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery

Dart,
He fries within, and hisses at my Heart.

Your Eyes, fair *Emily*, my Fate pursue ;
I suffer for the rest, I die for you.

Of such a Goddess no Time leaves Record,
Who burn'd the Temple where she was
ador'd :

And let it burn, I never will complain,
Pleas'd with my Suffrings, if you knew my
Pain.

At this a sickly Qualm his Heart assail'd,
His Ears ring inward, and his Senses fail'd.

No Word miss'd *Palamon* of all he spoke, 121
But soon to deadly Pale he changed his Look :

He trembl'd ev'ry Limb, and felt a Smart,
As if cold Steel had glided through his Heart ;

Nor longer staid, but starting from his Place,
Discover'd stood, and shew'd his hostile Face :

False Traytor, *Arcite*, Traytor to thy Blood,
Bound by thy sacred Oath to seek my Good,

Now art thou found forsworn for *Emily* ;
And dar'st attempt her Love, for whom I die.

So hast thou cheated *Theseus* with a Wile,
Against thy Vow, returning to beguile 132

Under a borrow'd Name : As false to me,
So false thou art to him who set thee free

But rest assur'd, that either thou shalt die,
Or else renounce thy Claim in *Emily* :

For though unarm'd I am, and (freed by
Chance)

Am here without my Sword, or poiated
Lance,

Hope not, base Man, unquestion'd hence to

For I am *Palamon*, thy mortal Foe. 140
Arcite, who heard his Tale and knew the
 Man,

His sword unsheath'd, and fiercely thus
 began :

Now, by the Gods who govern Heav'n above,
 Wert thou not weak with Hunger, mad with
 Love,

That Word had been thy last, or in this
 Grove

This Hand should force thee to renounce thy
 Love.

The Surety which I gave thee I defie ;
 Fool, not to know that Love endures no Tie,

And *Love* but laughs at Lovers Perjury. 149
 Know, I will serve the fair in thy despight ;
 But since thou art my Kinsman, and a Knight,

Here, have my Faith, to-morrow in this
 Grove

Our Arms shall plead the Titles of our Love :
 And Heaven so help my Right, as I alone

Will come, and keep the Cause and Quarrel
 both unknown ;

With Arms of Proof both for myself and thee ;
 Chuse thou the best, and leave the worst to
 me.

And, that at better Ease thou maist abide.
 Bedding and Clothes I will this Night provide,

And needful Sustenance, that thou maist be
 A Conquest better won, and worthy me. 161

His Promise *Palamon* accepts ; but pray'd,
 To keep it better than the first he made.

Thus fair they parted till the Morrows Dawn ;
 For each had laid his plighted Faith to Pawn.

Oh Love ! Thou sternly dost thy Pow'r
 maintain,

And wilt not bear a Rival in thy Reiga,
 Tyrants and thou all Fellowship disdain.

This was in *Arcite* prov'd and *Palamon* :
 Both in Despair, yet each would love alone.

Arcite return'd, and, as in Honour ty'd, 171
 His Foe with Bedding, and with Food sup-
 ply'd ;

Then, e'er the Day, two Suits of Armour
 sought,

Which born before him on his Steed he
 brought :

Both were of shining Steel, and wrought so
 pure

As might the Strokes of two such Arms
 endure.

Now, at the Time, and in th' appointed Place.
 The Challenger, and Challeng'd, Face to Face,
 Approach ; each other from afar they knew, 180
 And from afar their Hatred chang'd their
 Hue.

So stands the *Thracian* Heardsman with his
 Spear,

Full in the Gap, and hopes the hunted Bear,
 And hears him rustling in the Wood, and sees

His Course at Distance by the bending Trees:
 And thinks, Here comes my mortal Enemy,

And either he must fall in Fight, or I :
 This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his Dart ;

A gen'rous Chillness seizes ev'ry Part ;
 The Veins pour back the Blood, and fortifie

the Heart.

Thus pale they meet ; their Eyes with
 Fury burn ; 190

None greets ; for none the Greeting will
 return ;

But in dumb Surliness, each arm'd with Care
 His Foe protest, as Brother of the War ;

Then both, no Moment lost, at once advance
 Against each other, arm'd with Sword and

Lance :

They lash, they foil, they pass, they strive
 to bore

Their Corslets, and the thinnest Parts explore.
 Thus two long Hours in equal Arms they

stood,

And wounded, wound ; till both were bath'd
 in Blood ;

And not a Foot of Ground had either got, 200
 As if the World depended on the Spot.

Fell *Arcite* like an angry Tyger far'd,
 And like a Lion *Palamon* appear'd :

Or as two Boars whom Love to Battel draws,
 With rising Bristles and with froathy Jaws

Their adverse Breasts with Tusks oblique
 they wound ;

With Grunts and Groans the Forest rings
 around.

So fought the Knights, and fighting must
 abide,

Till Fate an Umpire sends their Diff'rence to
 decide. 209

The Pow'r that ministers to God's Decrees,
 And executes on Earth what Heav'n foresees,

Called Providence, or Chance, or Fatal Sway,
 Comes with resistless Force, and finds on

makes her Way.
 Nor Kiags, nor Nations, nor united Pow'r
 One Moment can retard th' appointed Hour.

And some one Day, some wondrous Chance
appears,
Which happen'd not in Centuries of Years:
For sure, whate'er we Mortals hate or love,
Or hope, or fear, depends on Pow'rs above:
They move our Appetites to Good or Ill, 220
And by Foresight necessitate the Will
In *Theseus* this appears; whose youthful Joy
Was Beasts of Chase in Forests to destroy;
This gentle Knight, inspir'd by jolly *May*,
Forsook his easie Couch at early Day,
And to the Wood and Wilds pursu'd his
Way.

Beside him rode *Hippolita* the Queen,
And *Emily* attir'd in lively Green,
With Horns, and Hounds, and all the tuneful
Cry,
To hunt a Royal Hart within the Covert
nigh: 230

And, as he follow'd *Mars* before, so now
He serves the Goddess of the Silver Bow.
The way that *Theseus* took was to the Wood,
Where the two Knights in cruel Battel stood:
The Laund on which they fought, th' ap-
pointed Place

In which th' uncoupl'd Hounds began the
Chace.

Thither forth-right he rode to rowse the Prey,
That shaded by the Fern in Harbour lay;
And thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the
Wood 239

For open Fields, and cross the Crystal Flood.
Approach'd, and looking underneath the Sun,
He saw proud *Arcite*, and fierce *Palamon*,
In mortal Battel doubling Blow on Blow
Like Lightning flam'd their Fauchions to
and fro,

And shot a dreadful Gleam; so strong they
strook,

There seem'd less Force requir'd to fell an
Oak:

He gaz'd with Wonder on their equal Might,
Look'd eager on, but knew not either Knight:
Resolv'd to learn, he spur'd his fiery Steed
With goring Rowels, to provoke his Speed.
The Minute ended that began the Race, 251
So soon he was betwixt 'em on the Place;
And with his Sword unsheath'd, on Pain of
Life

Commands both Combatants to cease their
Strife:

Then with imperious Tone pursues his Threat;
What are you? Why in Arms together met?

How dares your Pride presume against my
Laws,

As in a listed Field to fight your Cause?
Unask'd the Royal Grant; no Marshal by,
As Knightly Rites require; nor Judge to
try? 260

Then *Palamon*, with scarce recover'd Breath,
Thus hasty spoke; We both deserve the
Death,

And both wou'd die; for look the World
around,

A Pair so wretched is not to be found.
Our Life's a Load; encumber'd with the
Charge,

We long to set th' imprison'd Soul at large.
Now, as thou art a Sovereign Judge, decree
The rightful Doom of Death to him and me,
Let neither find thy Grace, for Grace is
Cruelty.

Me first, O kill me first, and cure my Woe;
Then sheath the Sword of Justice on my
Foe: 271

Or kill him first, for when his Name is
heard,

He foremost will receive his due Reward.
Arcite of *Thebes* is he, thy mortal Foe,
On whom thy Grace did Liberty bestow,
But first contracted, that, if ever found
By Day or Night upon th' *Athenian* Ground,
His Head should pay the Forfeit: See
return'd

The perjurd Knight, his Oath and Honour
scorn'd. 279

For this is he, who, with a borrow'd Name
And profer'd Service, to thy Palace came,
Now call'd *Philostratus*: retain'd by thee,
A Traytor trusted, and in high Degree,
Aspiring to the Bed of beauteous *Emily*.
My Part remains, from *Thebes* my Birth

I own,
And call myself th' unhappy *Palamon*.
Think me not like that Man; since no Dis-
grace

Can force me to renounce the Honour of my
Race.

Know me for what I am: I broke thy
Chain,

Nor promis'd I thy Pris'ner to remain: 290
The Love of Liberty with Life is giv'n,
And Life it self th' inferiour Gift of Heaven.
Thus without Crime I fled; but farther
know,

I with this *Arcite* am thy mortal Foe:

Then give me Death, since I thy Life pursue ;
For Safeguard of thy self, Death is my Due.
More would'st thou know ? I love hright

Emily,

And for her sake and in her Sight will
die :

But kill my Rival too ; for he no less
Deserves ; and I thy righteous Doom will
hless, 300

Assur'd that what I lose, he never shall
possess.

To this reply'd the stern *Athenian* Prince,
And sow'rly smild, In owning your Offence
You judge your self, and I hut keep record
In place of Law, while you pronounce the
Word.

Take your Desert, the Death you have
decreed ;

I seal your Doom, and ratifie the Deed.
By *Mars*, the Patron of my Arms, you die.

He said ; dumb Sorrow seiz'd the Standers
by. 309

The Queen, above the rest, by Nature Good,
(The Pattern form'd of perfect Womanhood)
For tender Pity wept : When she began,
Through the bright Quire th' infectious
Vertue ran.

All dropt their Tears, ev'n the contended
Maid ;

And thus among themselves they softly said :
What Eyes can suffer this unworthy Sight !
Two Youths of Royal Blood, renown'd in
Fight,

The Mastership of Heav'n in Face and Mind,
And Lovers, far beyond their faithless Kind:
See their wide streaming Wounds ; they
neither came 320

From Pride of Empire, nor desire of Fame :
Kings fight for Kingdoms, Madmen for
Applause ;

But Love for Love alone ; that crowns the
Lover's Cause.

This Thought, which ever bribes the beau-
teous Kind,

Such Pity wrought in ev'ry Ladies Miod,
They left their Steeds, and prostrate on the
Place,

From the fierce King, implor'd th' Offenders
Grace.

205 pursue ;] pursue, 1700

321 From] *Warton and others wrongly give*

For

323 Love for] love for 1700.

He paus'd a while, stood silent in his Mood,
(For yet his Rage was boiling in his Blood)
But soon his tender Mind th' Impression felt.
(As softest Metals are not slow to melt 331
And Pity soonest runs in gentle Minds :)
Then reasons with himself ; and first he finds
His Passion cast a Mist before his Sense,
And either made, or magnifi'd th' Offence.
Offence ! of what ? to whom ? Who judg'd
the Cause ?

The Pris'ner freed himself by Natures Laws ;
Born free, he sought his Right : The Man
he freed

Was perjurd, but his Love excus'd the Deed:
Thus pond'ring, he look'd under with his
Eyes, 340

And saw the Womens Tears, and heard their
Cries ;

Which mov'd Compassion more : He shook
his Head,

And softly sighing to himself, he said,
Curse on th' unpard'ning Prince, whom
Tears can draw

To no Remorse ; who rules by Lions Law ;
And deaf to Pray'rs, by no Submission
bow'd,

Rends all alike ; the Penitent, and Proud :
At this with look serene he rais'd his Head ;
Reason resum'd her Place, and Passion fled :
Then thus aloud he spoke : The Pow'r of

Love, 350
In Earth, and Seas, and Air, and Heav'n
above,

Rules, unresisted, with an awful Nod ;
By daly Miracles declar'd a God :
He blinds the Wise, gives Eye-sight to the
Blind ;

And moulds and stamps anew the Lover's
Mind.

Behold that *Arcite*, and this *Palamon*,
Freed from my Fetters, and in Safety gone,
What hinder'd either in their Native Soil
At ease to reap the Harvest of their Toil ?
But Love, their Lord, did otherwise ordain,
And brought 'em, in their own Despite again,
To suffer Death deserv'd ; for well they
know 362

'Tis in my Pow'r, and I their deadly Foe,
The Proverb holds, That to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the Gods above.

See how the Madmen bleed : Behold the Gains
With which, their Master, Love, rewards
their Pains :

For sev'n long Years, on Duty ev'ry Day,
Lo their Obedience, and their Monarch's
Pay: 369

Yet, as in Duty bound, they serve him on,
And ask the Fools, they think it wisely done:
Nor Ease nor Wealth nor Life it self regard,
For 'tis their Maxim, Love is Love's Reward.
This is not all; the Fair, for whom they
strove

Nor knew before, nor could suspect their
Love,

Nor thought, when she beheld the Fight
from far,

Her Beauty was th' Occasion of the War.

But sure a gen'ral Doom on Man is past,

And all are Fools and Lovers, first or last:

This both by others and my self I know,

For I have serv'd their Sovereign, long ago:

Oft have been caught within the winding

Train 382

Of Female Snares, and felt the Lover's

Pain,

And leorn'd how far the God can Humane

Hearts constrain.

To this Remembrance, and the Pray'rs of

those

Who for th' offending Warriors interpose,

I give their forfeit Lives; on this accord,

To do me Homage as their Sov'reign Lord;

And as my Vassals, to their utmost Might,

Assist my Person, and assert my Right. 390

This freely sworn, the Knights their Grace

obtain'd;

Then thus the King his secret Thoughts

explain'd:

If Wealth, or Honour, or a Royal Race,

Or each, or all, may win a Ladies Grace,

Then either of you Knights may well deserve

A Princess horn; and such is she you serve:

For *Emily* is Sister to the Crown,

And but too well to both her Beauty known:

But shou'd you combat till you both were

dead,

Two Lovers cannot share a single Bed: 400

As, therefore, both are equal in Degree,

The Lot of both be left to Destiny.

Now hear th' Award, and happy may it prove

To her, and him who best deserves her Love

Depart from hence in peace, and free as Air,

Search the wide World, and where you please

repair;

But on the Day when this returning Sun

To the same Point through ev'ry sign has run,

Then each of you his Hundred Knights shall
bring

In Royal Lists, to fight before the King; 410

And then, the Knight, whom Fate or happy

Chance

Shall with his Friends to Victory advance,

And grace his Arms so far in equal Fight,

From out the Bars to force his Opposite,

Or kill, or make him Recreant on the Plain,

The Prize of Valour and of Love shall gain;

The vanquish'd Party shall their Claim

release,

And the long Jars conclude in lasting Peace.

The Charge be mune t' adorn the chosen

Ground,

The Theatre of War, for Champions so

renown'd; 420

And take the Patrons Place of either

Knight,

With Eyes impartial to behold the Fight;

And Heav'n of me so judge, as I shall

judge aright.

If both are satisf'd with this Accord,

Swear by the Laws of Knighthood on my

Sword.

Who now but *Palamon* exults with joy?

And ravish'd *Arctie* seems to touch the Sky:

The whole assembl'd Troop was pleas'd as

well,

Extol'd the Award, and on their Knees they

fell

To bless the gracious King. The Knights

with Leave 430

Departing from the Place, his last Commands

receive;

On *Emily* with equal Ardour look,

And from her Eyes their Inspiration took:

From thence to *Thebes* old Walls pursue

their Way,

Each to provide his Champions for the Day.

It might be deem'd, on our Historian's

Part,

Or too much Negligence, or Want of Art,

If he forgot the vast Magnificence

Of Royal *Theseus*, and his large Expence.

He first enclos'd for Lists a level Ground, 440

The whole Circumference a Mile around:

The Form was Circular; and all without

A Trench was sunk, to Moat the Place about.

Within, an Amphitheatre appear'd,

Rais'd in Degrees; to sixty Paces rear'd:

429 Extol'd] *Derrick and editors before Chris*

tie wrongly give Extol

That when a Man was plac'd in one Degree,
Height was allow'd for him above to see.

Eastward was built a Gate of Marble
white;

The like adorn'd the Western opposite.

A nobler Object than this Fabrick was, 450
Rome never saw; nor of so vast a Space.

For, rich with Spoils of many a conquer'd
Land,

All Arts and Artists *Theseus* could command;
Who sold for Hire, or wrought for better
Fame:

The Master-Painters, and the Carvers came.
So rose within the Compass of the Year
An Ages Work, a glorious Theatre.

Then, o'er its Eastern Gate was rais'd above
A Temple, sacred to the Queen of Love;

An Altar stood below: On either Hand 460
A Priest with Roses crown'd, who held

a Myrtle Wand.

The Dome of *Mars* was on the Gate
oppos'd,

And on the North a Turret was enclow'd,

Within the Wall, of Alabaster white,

And erimson Coral, for the Queen of Night,

Who takes in Sylvan Sports her chaste
Delight.

Within these Oratories might you see

Rich Carvings, Pourtraitures, and Imagery:
Where ev'ry Figure to the Life express'd

The Godhead's Pow'r to whom it was
address'd. 470

In *Venus* Temple on the Sides were seen
The broken Slumbers of inamour'd Men;

Pray'rs that ev'n spoke and Pity seemed
to call,

And issuing Sighs that snotak'd along the
Wall;

Complaints and hot Desires, the Lover's Hell,
And scalding Tears, that wore a Channel

where they fell;

And all around were Nuptial Bonds, the
Ties

Of Loves Assurance, and a Train of Lies,
That, made in Lust, conclude in Perjuries.

Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and
Luxury, 480

And spritely Hope, and short-enduring Joy;
And Sorceries, to raise th' Infernal Pow'rs,

And Sigils fram'd in Planetary Hours;
Expense, and Alter-thought, and idle Care,

And Doubts of motley Ill, and dark De
spair;

Suspicious, and Fantastical Surmise,
And Jealousie suffus'd, with Jaundice in her
Eyes;

Discolouring all she view'd, in Tawney
dress'd;

Down-look'd, and with a Cuckow on her Fist.
Oppos'd to her, on t' other side advance 490

The costly Feast, the Carol, and the Dance,
Minstrels, and Musick, Poetry, and Play,

And Balls by night, and Turnaments by Day.
All these were painted on the Wall, and

more;

With Acts, and Monuments of Times before;
And others added by Prophetick Doom,

And Lovers yet unborn, and Loves to come:
For there th' *Idalian* mount, and *Cylleron*,

The Court of *I'enus*, was in Colours drawn:
Before the Palace-gate, in careless Dress, 500

And loose Array, sat Portress Idleness;
There, by the Fount, *Narcissus* pin'd alone;

There *Samson* was; with wiser *Solomon*,
And all the mighty Names by Love undone:

Mrdra's Charms were there; *Circean* Feasts,
With Bowls that turn'd inamour'd Youth

to Beasts.

Here might be seen, that Beauty, Wealth,
and Wit,

And Prowess, to the Pow'r of Love submit;
The spreading Snare for all Mankind is laid;

And Lovers all betray, and are betray'd. 510
The Goddess self, some noble Hand had

wrought;
Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing

Thought:

From Ocean as she first began to rise,
And smooth'd the ruff'd Seas, and clear'd

the Skies;

She trode the Brine, all bare below the
Breast,

And the green Waves but ill conceal'd the
Rest;

A Lute she held; and on her Head was seen
A Wreath of Roses red and Myrtles green;

Her Turtles sam'd the buxom Air above;
And, by his Mother, stood an Infant-Love:

With Wings unsledg'd; his Eyes were
banded o'er; 521

His Hands a Bow, his Back a Quiver bore,
Supply'd with Arrows bright and keen,

a deadly Store.

But in the Dome of mighty *Mars* the Red
With diff'rent Figures all the Sides were
spread :

This Temple, less in Form, with equal Grace
Was imitative of the first in *Thrace* :

For that cold Region was the lov'd Abode,
And Sovereign Mansion of the Warriour-God.
The Landscape was a Forest wide and bare ;
Where neither Beast nor Humane Kind
repair ;

The Fowl, that scent afar, the Borders fly,
And shun the bitter Blast, and wheel about
the Sky.

A Cake of Scurf lies baking on the Ground,
And prickly Stubs, instead of Trees, are found ;
Or Woods with Knots, and Knares deform'd
and old,

Headless the most, and hideous to behold :
A rattling Tempest through the Branches
went,

That stripp'd 'em bare, and one sole way
they bent.

Heav'n froze above, severe, the Clouds con-
geal,

And through the Crystal Vault appear'd the
standing Hail.

Such was the Face without, a Mountain stood
Threatning from high, and overlook'd the
Wood :

Beneath the lowring Brow, and on a Bent,
The Temple stood of *Mars* Armipotent ;
The Frame of burnish'd Steel, that cast a
glare

From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing
Air.

A streight, long Entry to the Temple led,
Blind with high Walls ; and Horror over
Head :

Thence issu'd such a Blast, and hollow Rore,
As threaten'd from the Hinge, to heave the
Door ;

In, through that Door, a Northern Light
there shone ;

'Twas all it had, for Windows there were
none.

The Gate was Adamant ; Eternal Frame !
Which, hew'd by *Mars* himself, from *Indian*
Quarries came,

The Labour of a God ; and all along
Tough Iron Plates were elench'd to make
it strong.

A Tun about was ev'ry Pillar there ; -
A polish'd Mirrour shone not half so clear.

There saw I how the secret Fellow wrought,
And Treason lab'ring in the Traytor's
Thought ;
And Midwife Time the ripen'd Plot to
Murder brought.

There, the Red Anger dar'd the Pallid Fear ;
Next stood Hypocrisie, with holy Lear :
Soft, smiling, and demurely looking down,
But hid the Dagger underneath the Gown :
Th' assassinating Wife, the Household Fiend ;
And far the blackest there, the Traytor-
Friend.

On t' other side there stood Destruction
bare ;

Unpunish'd Rapine, and a Waste of War, 570
Contest, with sharpen'd Knives in Cloysters
drawn,

And all with Blood bespread the holy Lawn.
Loud Menaces were heard, and foul Disgrace,
And bawling Infamy, in Language base ;
Till Sense was lost in Sound, and Silence
fled the Place.

The Slayer of Himself yet saw I there,
The Gore congeal'd was clotted in his Hair :
With Eyes half clos'd, and gaping Mouth
he lay,

And grim, as when he breath'd his sullen
Soul away.

In midst of all the Dome, Misfortune sat, 580
And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate,
And Madness laughing in his ireful Mood ;
And arm'd Complaint on Thelt ; and Cries
of Blood.

There was the murder'd Corps, in Covert
laid,

And Violent Death in thousand Shapes dis-
play'd :

The City to the Soldier's Rage resign'd :
Successful Wars, and Poverty behind :
Ships burnt in Fight, or forc'd on Rocky
Shores,

And the rash Hunter strangled by the Boars ;
The new-born Babe by Nurses overlaid ;
And the Cook caught within the raging Fire
he made.

All ills of *Mars* his Nature, Flame and
Steel :

The gasping Charioteer, beneath the Wheel
Of his own Car ; the ruin'd House that falls
And intercepts her Lord betwixt the Walls :
The whole Division that to *Mars* pertains,
All Trades of Death that deal in Steel for
Gains,

Were there: The Butcher, Armourer, and
Smith,
Who forges sharpen'd Fauchions, or the
Seythe.

The scarlet Conquest on a Tow'r was plac'd.
With Shouts, and Soldiers Acclamations
grac'd:

A pointed Sword hung threatening o'er his
Head,

Sustain'd but by a slender Twine of Thred.

There saw I *Mars* his *Ides*, the *Capitol*,

The Seer in vain foretelling *Cesar's* Fall;

The last *Triumirs*, and the Wars they move,

And *Antony*, who lost the World for Love.

These, and a thousand more, the Fane adorn;

Their Fates were painted e'er the Men were
born,

All copied from the Heav'n's, and ruling Force
Of the Red Star, in his revolving Course.

The Form of *Mars* high on a Chariot stood.

All sleath'd in Arms, and gruffly look'd the
God:

Two Geomantick Figures were
display'd

Above his Head, a *Warriour
and a Maid,

One when Direct, and one when
Retrograde.

Tir'd with Deformities of Death, I haste

To the third Temple of *Diana* chaste;

A Sylvan Scene with various Greens was
drawn,

Shades on the Sides, and on the midst
a Lawn:

The Silver *Cynthia*, with her Nymphs around,

Pursu'd the flying Deer, the Woods with
Horns resound:

Calisto there stood manifest of Shame,

And, turn'd a Bear, the Northern Star be-
came:

Her Son was next, and, by peculiar Grace

In the cold Circle held the second Place:

The Stag *Acteon* in the Stream had spy'd

The naked Huntress, and, for seemg, dy'd:

His Wounds, unknowing of his Change,
pursue

The Chace, and their mistaken Master slew.

Pencian Daphne too was there to see, 631

Apollo's Love before, and now his Tree:

Th' adjoining Fane th' assembl'd *Greeks*
express'd,

And hunting of the *Caledonian* beast.

Oenides Valour, and his env'y'd Prize;

The fatal Pow'r of *Atalanta's* Eyes;

Diana's Vengeance on the Victor shown,

The Murdres Mother, and consuming Son;

The *Polseian* Queen extended on the Plain;

The Treason punish'd, and the Traytor slain.

The rest were various fluttings, well
design'd. 641

And Salvage Beasts destroy'd, of ev'ry Kind:

The graceful Goddess was array'd in Greens;

About her Feet were little Beagles seen,

That watch'd with upward Eyes the Motions
of their Queen.

Her Legs were Buskin'd, and the Left before,

In act to shoot, a Silver Bow she bore,

And at her Back a painted Quiver wore.

She trod a waxing Moon, that soon wou'd
wane,

And drinking borrowed Light, be fill'd
again; 650

With down-cast Eyes, as seeming to survey

The dark Dominions, her alternate Sway.

Before her stood a Woman in her Throws,

And call'd *Lucina's* Aid, her Burden to
disclose.

All these the Painter drew with such
Command,

That Nature snatch'd the Pencil from his
Hand,

Asham'd nud angry that his Art could feign

And mend the Tortures of a Mothers Pain.

Theseus beheld the Fanes of ev'ry God,

And thought his mighty Cost was well
bestow'd: 660

So Princes now their Poets should regard;

But few can write, and fewer can reward.

The Theater thus rais'd, the Lists enclos'd,

And all with vast Magnificence dispos'd,

We leave the Monarch pleased, and haste to
bring

The Knights to combat; and their Arms
to sing.

The End of the Second Book.

615 side note. *Rubens* [Christie reports Rubens as the reading of 1700. My copy has *Rudeas*
634 *Caledonian*] i. e. *Calj donian*

PALAMON AND ARCITE: OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK III.

THE Day approach'd when Fortune shou'd
decide

Th' important Enterprize, and give the
Bride;

For now, the Rivals round the World had
sought,

And each his Number, well appointed,
brought.

The Nations far and near contend in Choice,
And send the Flow'r of Wor by Publick
Voice;

That after, or before, were never known
Such Chiefs; as each an Army seem'd alone:

Beside the Champions; all of high Degree,
Who Knighthood lov'd, and Deeds of

Chivalry, ^{ro}
Throng'd to the Lists, and envy'd to behold,

The Names of others, not their own, inroll'd.
Nor seems it strange; for ev'ry Noble

Knight
Who loves the Fair, and is endu'd with

Night,
In such a Quarrel wou'd be proud to fight.

There breaths not scarce a Man on *British*
Ground

(An Isle for Love and Arms of old renown'd)
But would have sold his Life to purchase

Fame,
To *Palamon* or *Arcite* sent his Name;

And had the Land selected of the best, ²⁰
Half had come hence, and let the World
provide the rest.

A hundred Knights with *Palamon* there
came,

Approv'd in Fight, and Men of Mighty
Name;

Their Arms were sev'ral, as their Nations
were,

But furnish'd all alike with Sword and Spear.
Some wore Coat-armour, imitating Scale;

And next their Skins were stubborn Shirts
of Mail.

Some wore a Breastplate and a light Jupon,
Their Horses cloth'd with rich Caparison;

Some for Defence would Leathern Bucklers
use, ³⁰

Of folded Hides; and others Shields of
Pruce.

One hung a Poleax at his Saddle-bow,
And one a heavy Mace, to stun the Foe:
One for his Legs and Knees provided well,
With *Jambeurs* arn'd, and double Plates
of Steel:

This on his Helmet wore a Ladies Glove,
And that a Sleeve embroider'd by his Love.

With *Palamon*, above the rest in Place,
Lycurgus came, the surly King of *Thrace*;
Black was his Beard, and manly was his

Face: ⁴⁰
The Balls of his broad Eyes roll'd in his head,
And glar'd betwixt a Yellow and a Red;

He look'd a Lion with a gloomy Stare,
And o'er his Eye-brows hung his matted

Hair;
Big-bon'd and large of Limbs, with Sinews

stroog,
Broad-shoulder'd, and his Arms were round
and long.

Four Milk-white Bulls (the *Thracian* Use
of old)

Were yok'd to draw his Car of burnish'd
Gold.

Upright he stood, and bore aloft his Shield,
Coarseneous from afar, and over-look'd the

Field ⁵⁰
His Surcoat was a Bear-skin on his Back;

His Hair hung long behind, and glossy
Raven-black.

His ample Forehead bore a Coronet
With sparkling Diamonds, and with Rubies

set:
Ten Brace, and more, of Greyhounds, snowy

fair,
And tall as Stags, ran loose, and cours'd

around his Chair,
A Motch for Pards in Flight, in grappling

for the Bear;
With Golden Muzzles all their Mouths were

bound,
And Collars of the same their Necks

surround
Thus thro' the Fields *Lycurgus* took his

way; ⁶⁰
His Hundred Knights attend in Pomp and
proud Array.

To match this Monarch, with strong
Arcite came

Evetrius, king of *Inde*, a mighty Name,

On a Bay Courser, goodly to behold,
The Trappings of his Horse emboss'd with
barb'reous Gold.

Not *Mars* bestrode a Steed with greater
Grace ;

His Surcoat o'er his Arms was Cloth of
Thrace,

Adorn'd with Pearls, all Orient, round, and
great ;

His Saddle was of Gold, with Emeralds set.

His Shoulders large a Mantle did attire, 70
With Rubies thick, and sparkling as the

Fire ;

His Amber-colour'd Locks in Ringlets run,
With graceful Negligence, and shone against
the Sun.

His Nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
Ruddy his Lips, and fresh and fair his Hue :
Some sprinkled Freckles on his Face were
seen,

Whose dusk set off the Whiteness of the
Skin :

His awful Presence did the Crowd surprize,
Nor durst the rash Spectator meet his
Eyes,

Eyes that confess'd him born for Kingly
Sway, 80

So fierce, they flash'd intolerable Day.

His Age in Nature's youthful Prime appeared,
And just began to bloom his yellow Beard.
Whene'er he spoke, his Voice was heard
around,

Loud as a Trumpet, with a Silver Sound.

A Laurel wreath'd his Temples, fresh, and
green,

And Myrtle-sprigs, the Marks of Love, were
mix'd between.

Upon his Fist he bore, for his Delight,
An Eagle well reclaim'd, and Lilly-white.

His hundred Knights attend him to the
War, 90

All arm'd for Battel ; save their Heads were
bare.

Words, and Devices blaz'd on ev'ry Shield,
And pleasing was the Terror of the Field.
For Kings, and Dukes, and Barons you
might see,

Like sparkling Stars, though different in
Degree,

All for th' Increase of Arms, and Love of
Chivalry.

Before the King, taine Leopards led the Way,
And Troops of Lions innocently play.

So *Bacchus* through the conquer'd *Indies*
rode,

And Beasts in Gambols trisk'd before their
honest God. 100

In this Array the War of either side

Through *Athens* pass'd with Military Pride.

At Prime, they entered on the Sunday Morn ;

Rich Tap'stry spread the Streets, and
Flowers the Posts adorn.

The Town was all a Jubilee of Feasts ;

So *Theseus* will'd, in Honour of his Guests ;

Himself with open Arms the Kings embrac'd,

Then all the rest in their Degrees were grac'd.

No Harbinger was needful for the Night,

For ev'ry House was proud to lodge a
Knight. 110

I pass the Royal Treat, nor must relate
The Gifts bestow'd, nor how the Champions
sate ;

Who first, who last, or how the Knights
address'd

Their Vows, or who was fairest at the Feast ;

Whose Voice, whose graceful Dance did most
surprise,

Soft am'rous Sighs, and silent Love of Eyes.

The Rivals call my Muse another Way,

To sing their Vigils for th' ensuing Day.

'Twas ebbing Darkness, past the Noon of
Night : 119

And *Phosphor* on the Confines of the Light,

Promis'd the Sun ; ere Day began to spring,

The tuneful Lark already stretch'd her
Wing,

And flick'ring on her Nest, made short
Essays to sing.

When wakeful *Palamon*, preventing Day,

Took, to the Royal Lists, his early way,

To *Venus* at her Fane, in her own House,
to pray.

There, falling on his Knees before her Shrine,

He thus implor'd with Pray'rs her Pow'r
divine.

Creator *Venus*, genial Pow'r of Love,

The Bliss of Men below, and Gods above.

Beneath the sliding Sun thou runn'st thy
Race, 131

Dost fairest shine, and best become thy
Place.

103 Poets] Poets 1700. Dr. Saintsbury pre-
fers this misprint, but cf. Cymon and Iph. 501.

'the Streets were throng'd around,
The Palace open'd, and the Posts were crown'd.'

For thee the Winds their Eastern Blasts
forbear,
Thy Month reveals the Spring, and opens all
the Year.

Thee, Goddess, thee the Storms of Winter
fly,
Earth smiles with Flow'rs renewing; laughs
the Sky,
And Birds to Lays of Love their tuneful
Notes apply.

For thee the Lion loaths the Taste of Blood,
And roaring hunts his Female through the
Wood;

For thee the Bulls rebellow through the
Groves, 140
And tempt the Stream, and snuff their absent
Loves.

'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or
fair;
All Nature is thy Province, Life thy Care,
Thou mad'st the World, and dost the World
repair.

Thou gladder of the mount of *Cytheron*,
Increase of *Jove*, Companion of the Sun,
If e'er *Adonis* touch'd thy tender Heart,
Have pity, Goddess, for thou know'st the
Smart: 148

Alas! I have not Words to tell my Grief;
To vent my Sorrow wou'd be some Relief:
Light Suff'rings give us Leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater Pain.
O Goddess, tell thy self what I would say,
Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray.
So grant my Suit, as I enforce my Might,
In Love to be thy Champion, and thy Knight,
A Servant to thy Sex, a Slave to thee,
A foe profess'd to barren Chastity.

Nor ask I Fame or Honour of the Field,
Nor chuse I more to vanquish, than to yield:
In my Divine *Emilia* make me blest, 161
Let Fate, or partial Chance, dispose the rest:
Find thou the Manner, and the Means pre-
pare;

Possession, more than Conquest, is my Care.
Mars is the Warriour's God; in him it lies
On whom he favours, to confer the Prize;
With smiling Aspect you serenely move
In your fifth Orb, and rule the Realm of
Love.

The Fates but only spin the courser Clue,
The finest of the Wooll is left for you. 17

Spare me but one small portion of the Twine,
And let the Sisters cut below your Line:

The rest among the Rubbish may they
sweep,
Or add it to the Yarn of some old Miser's
Heap.

But if you this ambitious Pray'r deny,
(A Wish, I grant, beyond Mortality.)
Then let me sink beneath proud *Arcite's*
Arms,

And I once dead, let him possess her Charms.
Thus ended he; then, with Observance
due,

The sacred Incense on her Altar threw: 180
The curling Smoke mounts heavy from the
Fires;

At length it catches Flame, and in a Blaze
expires;

At once the gracious Goddess gave the Sign,
Her Statue shook, and trembl'd all the
Shrine:

Pleas'd *Palamon* the tardy *Omen* took;
For, since the Flames pursued the trailing
Smoke,

He knew his Boon was granted; but the
Day

To distance driv'n, and Joy adjourn'd with
long Delay.

Now Morn with Rosie Light had streak'd
the Sky,

Up rose the Sun, and up rose *Emily* 190
Address'd her early Steps to *Cynthia's* Fane,
In State attended by her Maiden Train,
Who bore the Vests that Holy Rites require,
Incense, and od'rous Gums, and cover'd Fire.
The plenteous Horns with pleasant Mead
they crown,

Nor wanted aught besides in Honour of the
Moon.

Now while the Temple smok'd with hallow'd
Steam,

They wash the Virgin in a living Stream;
The secret Ceremonies I conceal:

Uncouth; perhaps unlawful to reveal: 200
But such they were as Pagan Use requir'd,
Performed by Women when the Men retir'd,
Whose Eyes profane their chaste mysterious
Rites

Might turn to Scandal, or obscene Delights.
Well-meaners think no Harm; but for the
rest,

Things sacred they pervert, and Silence is
the best.

Her shining Hair, uncomb'd, was loosely
spread,
A Crown of Mistletoe adorn'd her Head
When to the Shrine approach'd, the spotless
Maid
Had kindling Fires on either Altar laid : 200
(The Rites were such as were observ'd of old,
By *Statius* in his *Theban* Story told.)
Then kneeling with her Hands across her
Breast,
Thus lowly she preferr'd her chaste Request.
O Goddess, Haunter of the Woodland
Green,
To whom both Heav'n and Earth and Seas
are seen ;
Queen of the nether Skies, where half the
Year
Thy Silver Beams descend, and light the
gloomy Sphere ;
Goddess of Maids, and conscious of our
Hearts,
So keep me from the Vengeance of thy
Darts, 220
Which *Niobe's* devoted Issue felt,
When hissing through the Skies the feather'd
Deaths were dealt :
As I desire to live a Virgin-life,
Nor know the Name of Mother or of Wife.
Thy Votress from my tender Years I am,
And love, like thee, the Woods and Sylvan
Game.
Like Death, thou know'st, I loath the
Nuptial State,
And Man, the Tyrant of our Sex, I hate,
A lowly Servant, but a lofty Mate.
Where Love is Duty on the Female Side, 230
On theirs mere sensual Gnst, and sought
with surly Pride.
Now by thy triple Shape, as thou art seen
In Heav'n, Earth, Hell, and ev'ry where a
Queen,
Grant this my first Desire ; let Discord cease,
And make betwixt the Rivals lasting Peace :
Quench their hot Fire, or far from me
remove
The Flame, and turn it on some other Love.
Or if my frowning Stars have so decreed,
That one must be rejected, one succeed,
Make him my Lord, within whose faithful
Breast 240
Is fix'd my Image, and who loves me best.
But oh ! ev'n that avert ! I chuse it not,
But take it as the least unhappy Lot.

A Maid I am, and of thy Virgin-Train ;
Oh, let me still that spotless Name retain !
Frequent the Forests, thy chaste Will obey,
And only make the Beasts of Chase my Prey !
The Flames ascend on either Altar clear,
While thus the blameless Maid address'd her
Pray'r.
When lo ! the burning Fire that shone so
bright 250
Flew off, all sudden, with extinguisht Light,
And left one Altar dark, a little space :
Which turn'd self-kindl'd, and renew'd the
Blaze :
That other Vietour-Flame a Moment stood
Then fell, and lifeless left th' extinguisht
Wood ;
For ever lost, th' irrevocable Light
Forsook the blackning Coals, and sunk to
Night :
At either End it whistled as it flew,
And as the Brands were green, so dropp'd
the Dew ;
Infected as it fell with Sweat of Sanguine Hue.
The Maid from that ill Omen turned her
Eyes, 260
And with loud Shrieks and Clamours rent
the Skies,
Nor knew what signifi'd the boding Sign,
But found the Pow'rs displeas'd, and fear'd
the Wrath Divine.
Then shook the Sacred Shrine, and sudden
Light
Sprung through the vaulted Roof, and made
the Temple bright.
The Pow'r, behold ! the Power in Glory
shone,
By her bent Bow and her keen Arrows
known ;
The rest, a Huntress issuing from the Wood,
Reclining on her Cornel Spear she stood. 270
Then gracious thus began ; Dismiss thy
Fear,
And Heav'n's unchang'd Decrees attentive
hear :
More pow'ful Gods have torn thee from my
Side,
Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a Bride :
The two contending Knights are weigh'd
above ;
One *Mars* protects, and one the Queen of
Love :

254 That] *Derrick* wrongly gives The

But which the Man is in the Thund'rer's
Breast,

This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee
best.

The Fire that once extinct, reviv'd again
Foreshews the Love allotted to remain. 280
Farewell ! she said, and vanish'd from the
Place ;

The Sheaf of Arrows shook, and rattl'd in
the Casc.

Agast at this, the Royal Virgin stood,
Disclam'd, and now no more a Sister of the
Wood :

But to the parting Goddess thus she pray'd :
Propitious still, be present to my Aid,
Nor quite abandon your once favour'd
Maid.

Then sighing she return'd ; but smil'd be-
twixt,

With Hopes, and Fears, and Joys with
Sorrows mixt.

The next returning Planetary Hour 290
Of *Mars*, who shar'd the Heptarchy of Pow'r,
His Steps bold *Arcate* to the Temple bent,
T'adore with Pagan Rites the Pow'r Armi-
potent :

Then prostrate, low before his Altar lay,
And rais'd his manly Voice, and thus began
to pray.

Strong God of Arms, whose Iron Scepter
sways

The freezing North, and *Hyperborean* seas,
And *Scythian* Colds, and *Thracia's* Wintry
Coast,

Where stand thy Steeds, and thou art
honour'd most :

There most, but ev'ry where thy Pow'r is
known, 300

The Fortune of the Fight is all thy own :
Terror is thine, and wild Amazement flung
From out thy Chariot, withers ev'n the
Strong :

And Disarray and shameful Rout ensue,
And Force is added to the fainting Crew.
Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my Prayer,
I ought I have atchev'd deserve thy Care :
If to my utmost Pow'r with Sword and
Shield

I dar'd the Death, unknowing how to yield,
And falling in my Rank, still kept the
Field : 310

Then let my Arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,
That *Emily* by Conquest may be gain'd
Have pity on my Pains ; nor those un-
known

To *Mars*, which, when a Lover, were his own.
Venus, the Publick Care of all above,
Thy stubborn Heart has softned into Love :
Now by her Blandishments and pow'rful
Charms,

When yielded, she lay curling in thy Arms,
Ev'n by thy Shame, if Shame it may be
call'd,

When *Vulcan* had thee in his net intral'd ;
O envy'd Ignominy, sweet Disgrace, 321
When ev'ry god that saw thee, wish'd thy
Place !

By those dear Pleasures, aid my Arms in
Fight,

And make me conquer in my Patron's
Right :

For I am young, a Novice in the Trade,
The Fool of Love, unpractis'd to persuade ;
And want the soothing Arts that catch the
Fair,

But, caught my self, lie struggling in the
Snare ;

And she I love, or laughs at all my Pain
Or knows her Worth too well ; and pays me
with Disdain. 330

For sure I am, unless I win in Arms,
To stand excluded from *Emilia's* Charms :
Nor can my Strength avail, unless by thee
Endu'd with force I gain the Victory :
Then for the Fire which warm'd thy gen'rous
Heart,

Pity thy Subject's Pains and equal Smart
So be the Morrows Sweat and Labour mine,
The Palm and Honour of the Conquest
thine :

Then shall the War, and stern Debate, and
Strife

Immortal, be the Bus'ness of my Life ; 340
And in thy Fane, the dusty Spoils among,
High on the burnish'd Roof, my Banner
shall be hung :

Rank'd with my Champions Bucklers, and
below,

With Arms revers'd, th' Atchievements of
my Foe :

And while these Limbs the vital Spirit
feeds,

While Day to Night, and Night to Day
succeeds,

Thy smocking Altar shall be fat with Food
Of Incence and the grateful Steam of Blood ;
Burnt Off'rings Morn and Ev'ning shlll be
thine,

And Fires eternal in thy Temple shine. 350
This Bush of yellow Beard, this Length of
Hair,

Which from my Birth inviolate I bear,
Guiltless of Steel, and from the Razour free,
Shall fall a plenteous Crop, reserv'd for thee.
So may my Arms with Victory be blest,
I ask no more ; let Fate dispose the rest.

The Champion ceas'd ; there follow'd in
the Close

A hollow Groan ; n murm'ring Wind arose,
The Riogs of Ir'n, that on the Doors were
hung,

Sent out a jarring Sound, and harshly rung
The bolted Gates flew open at the Blast, 361
The Storm rush'd in ; and *Arcite* stood
agast :

The Flames were blown aside, yet shoae
they bright,
Fann'd by the Wind, and gave a ruff'd
Light.

Then from the Ground a Seent began to
rise,

Sweet-smelling as accepted Sacrifice :

This *Omen* pleas'd, and as the Flames aspire,
With od'rous Incence *Arcite* heaps the Fire
Nor wanted Hymns to *Mars* or Heathen
Charms :

At length the nodding Statue clash'd his
Arms, 370

And with a sullen Sound, and feeble Cry,
Half sunk, and half pronounc'd the Word of
Victory.

For this, with Soul devout, he thank'd the
God,

And, of Success secure, return'd to his
Abode.

These Vows thus granted, rais'd a Strife
above,

Betwixt the God of War, and Queen of Love.
She granting first, had Right of Time to
plead ; 377

But he had granted too, nor would recede.
Jove was for *Venus* : but he fear'd his Wife,
And seem'd unwilling to decide the Strife ;
Till *Saturn* from his Leaden Throne arose,
And found a Way the Diff'rence to compose:

Though sparing of his Grace, to Mischief
bent,

He seldom does n Good with good Intent.
Wayward, but wise ; by long Experience
taught,

To please both Parties, for ill Ends, he
sought :

For this Advantage Age from Youth has
won,

As not to be outridden, though outrun.

By Fortune he wns now to *Venus* Trin'd,
And with stern *Mars* in *Capricorn* was
join'd : 390

Of him disposing in his own Abode,
He sooth'd the Goddess, while he gull'd the
God :

Cease, Daughter, to complain ; and stint the
Strife ;

Thy *Palamon* shall have his promis'd Wife :
And *Mars*, the Lord of Conquest, in the
Fight

With *Palmand* Laurel shall adorn his Knight.
Wide is my Course, nor turn I to my Place
Till Length of Time, and move with tardy
Pace.

Man feels me, when I press thl' Ethereal
Plains ; 399

My Hand is heavy, and the Wound remains.

Mine is the Shipwreck in a Watry Sign ;
And in an Earthy, the dark Dungeon mine.
Cold shivering Agues, melancholy Care,
And bitter blasting Winds, and poison'd Air,
Are mine, and wilful Death, resulting from
Despair.

The throting Quinsey 'tis my Star appoints,
And Rheumatisms I send to rack the Joints:
When Churls rebel against their Native
Prince,

I arm their Hands, and furnish the Pretence ;
And housing in the Lion's hateful Sign, 410
Bought Senates, and deserting Troops are
mine.

Mine is the privy Pois'ning ; I command
Unkindly Seasons, nnd ungrateful Land.
By me Kings Palaces are push'd to Ground,
And Miners, crush'd beneath their Mines
are found.

'Twas I slew *Sansou*, when the Pillar'd Hall
Fell down, and crush'd the Many with the
Fall.

351 This] *Christie wrongly gives* The

407 I send] *Warton and others absurdly give*
ascend

My Looking is the Sire of Pestilence,
 That sweeps at once the People and the Prince.
 Now weep no more, but trust thy Grandsire's Art ; 420
Mars shall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy Part.
 'Tis ill, though diff'rent your Complexions are,
 The Family of Heav'n for Men should war.
 Th' Expedient pleas'd, where neither lost his Right :
Mars had the Day, and *Venus* had the Night.
 The Management they left to *Chronos* Care.
 Now turn we to th' Effect, and sing the War.
 In *Athens* all was Pleasure, Mirth, and Play,
 All proper to the Spring, and spritely *May* :
 Which every Soul inspir'd with such Delight,
 'Twas Justing all the Day, and Love at Night. 431
 Heav'n smil'd, and gladdened was the Heart of Man ;
 And *Venus* had the World, as when it first began.
 At length in Sleep their Bodies they compose,
 And dreamt the future Fight, and early rose
 Now scarce the dawning Day began to spring,
 As at a Signal giv'n, the Streets with Clamours ring :
 At once the Crowd arose; confus'd and high, }
 Even from the Heav'n was heard a shouting Cry ; 439
 For *Mars* was early up, and row'd the Sky
 The Gods came downward to behold the Wars,
 Sharpening their Sights, and leaning from their Stars.
 The Neighing of the gen'rous Horse was heard,
 For Battel by the busie Groom prepar'd :
 Rustling of Harness, rattling of the Shield,
 Clatt'ring of Armour, furbish'd for the Field.
 Crowds to the Castle mounted up the Street ;
 Batt'ring the Pavemeat with their Coursers Feet :

The greedy Sight might there devour the Gold
 Of glittering Arms, too dazling to beho'd : 450
 And polish'd Steel that cast the View aside,
 And Crested Morions, with their Plummy Pride.
 Knights, with a loag Retinue of their Squires,
 In gawdy Liv'ries march, and quaint Attires.
 One lac'd the Helm, another held the Lance :
 A third the shining Buckler did advance.
 The Courser paw'd the Ground with restless Feet,
 And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the Golden Bit.
 The Smiths and Armourers on Palfreys ride,
 Files in their Hands, and Hammers at their Side, 460
 And nails for loosen'd Spears, and Thongs for Shields provide.
 The Yeomen guard the Streets, in seemly Bands ;
 And Clowns come crowding on, with Cudgels in their Hands.
 The Trumpets, neat the Gate, in order plac'd,
 Attend the Sign to sound the Martial Blast :
 The Palace-yard is fill'd with floating Tides,
 And the last Comers bear the former to the Sides
 The Throng is in the midst : The common Crew
 Shut out, the Hall admits the better Few.
 In Knots they stand, or in a Rank they walk, 470
 Serious in Aspect, earnest in their Talk :
 Factious, and fav'ring this or t'other Side,
 As their strong Fancies, and weak Reason guide ;
 Their Wagers back their Wishes : Numbers hold
 With the fair freekl'd King, and Beard of Gold :
 So vig'rous are his Eyes, such Rays they cast,
 So prominent his Eagles Beak is plac'd.
 But most their Looks on the black Monarch bend,
 His rising Muscles, and his Brawn commend ;
 His double-biting Ax, and beamy Spear, 480
 Each asking a Gygantick Force to rear.
 All spoke as partial Favour mov'd the mind ;
 And safe themselves, at others Cost divin'd.

Wak'd by the Cries, th' *Athenian* Chief
 arose,
 The Knightly Forms of Combate to dispose ;
 And passing through th' obsequious Guards,
 he sate
 Conspicuous on a Throne, sublime in State ;
 There, for the two contending Knights he
 sent :
 Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, with Rev'rence low they
 bent ;
 He smil'd on both, and with superiour Look
 Alike their offer'd Adoration took. 491
 The People press on ev'ry Side to see
 Their awful Princee, and hear his high
 Decree.
 Then signing to their Heralds with his
 Hand,
 They gave his Orders from their lofty Stand.
 Silence is thrice enjoin'd ; then thus aloud
 The King at Arms bespeaks the Knights and
 listning Crowd.
 Our Sovereign Lord has ponder'd in his
 Mind
 The Means to spare the Blood of gentle
 Kind ;
 And of his Grace and in-born Clemency 500
 He modifies his first severe Decree ;
 The keener Edge of Battel to rebate,
 The Troops for Honour fighting, not for
 Hate.
 He wills, not Death shou'd terminate their
 Strife,
 And Wounds, if Wounds ensue, be short of
 Life ;
 But issues, e'er the Fight, his dread Com-
 mand,
 That Slings afar, and Ponyards Hand to
 Hand,
 Be banish'd from the Field ; that none shall
 dare
 With shortned Sword to stab in closer War ;
 But in fair Combate fight with manly
 Strength 510
 Nor push with biting Point, but strike at
 length.
 The Turney is allow'd but one Career,
 Of the tough Ash, with the sharp-grinded
 Spear.
 But Knights unhors'd may rise from off the
 Plain,
 And fight on Foot, their Honour to regain.
 Nor, if at Mischief taken, on the Ground
 Be slain, but Pris'ners to the Pillar bound,

At either Barrier plac'd ; nor (Captives
 made,)

Be freed, or arm'd anew the Fight invade :
 The Chief of either side, bereft of Life, 520
 Or yielded to his Foe, concludes the Strife.
 Thus doom'd the Lord : Now valiant Knights
 and young,
 Fight each his fill with Swords and Maces
 long.
 The Herald ends : The vaulted Firma-
 ment
 With loud Acclams, and vast Applause is
 rent :
 Heav'n guard a Princee so gracious and so
 good,
 So just, and yet so provident of Blood !
 This was the gen'ral Cry. The Trumpets
 sound,
 And Warlike Symphony is heard around.
 The marching Troops through *Athens* take
 their Way, 530
 The great Earl-Marshal orders their Array.
 The Fair from high the passing Pomp behold ;
 A Rain of Flow'rs is from the Windows roll'd.
 The Casements are with Golden Tissue
 spread,
 And Horses Hoofs, for Earth, on silken
 Tap'stry tread.
 The King goes midmost, and the Rivals ride
 In equal Rank, and close his either Side.
 Next after these, there rode the Royal Wife,
 With *Emily*, the Cause, and the Reward of
 Strife.
 The following Cavalcade, by Three and
 Three, 540
 Proceed by Titles marshall'd in Degree.
 Thus through the Southern Gate they take
 their Way,
 And at the Lists arriv'd e'er Prime of Day.
 There, parting from the King, the Chiefs
 divide,
 And wheeling East and West, before their
 Many ride.
 Th' *Athenian* Monarch mounts his Throne
 on high,
 And after him the Queen, and *Emily* :
 Next these, the Kindred of the Crown are
 grac'd
 With nearer Seats, and Lords by Ladies
 plac'd.
 Scarcely were they seated, when with Clamour
 loud 550
 In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous Crowd,

The Guards, and then each other overbare,
 And in a Moment throng the spacious
 Theatre
 Now chang'd the jarring Noise to Whispers
 low,
 As Winds forsaking Seas more softly blow,
 When at the Western Gate, on which the
 Car
 Is plac'd aloft, that bears the God of War,
 Proud *Arate* entring arm'd before his Train
 Stops at the Barrier, and divides the Plain.
 Red was his Banner, and display'd abroad
 The bloody Colours of his Patron God. 561
 At that self-moment enters *Palamon*
 The Gate of *Venus*, and the Rising Sun;
 Wav'd by the wonton Winds, his Banner
 flies,
 All maiden White, and shares the peoples
 Eyes.
 From East to West, look all the World
 around,
 Two Troops so match'd were never to be
 found:
 Such Bodies built for Strength, of equal Age,
 In Stature siz'd; so proud an Equipage:
 The nicest Eye cou'd no Distinction make,
 Where lay th' Advantage, or whot Side to
 take. 571
 Thus rang'd, the Herald for the last pro-
 claims
 A Silence, while they answer'd to their
 Names:
 For so the King decreed, to shun with Care
 The Fraud of Musters false, the common
 Bane of War.
 The Tale was just, and then the Gates were
 clos'd;
 And Chief to Chief, and Troop to Troop
 oppos'd.
 The Heralds last retir'd, and loudly cry'd,
 The Fortune of the Field be fairly try'd
 At this the Challenger, with fierce Defie
 His Trumpet sounds; the Challenger'd makes
 Reply: 581
 With Clangour rings the Field, resounds
 the vaulted Sky.
 Their Vizors closed, their Laneees in the
 Rest,
 Or at the Helmet pointed, or the Crest;
 They vanish from the Barrier, speed the
 Race,
 And spurring see decrease, the middle
 Space.

A Cloud of Smoke envelops either Host,
 And all at once the Combatants are lost:
 Darkling they join odverse, and shock un-
 seen,
 Coursers with Coursers jostling, Men with
 Men: 590
 As lab'ring in *Lelipse*, a while they stay,
 Till the next Blast of Wind restores the Day
 They look onew: The beauteous Form of
 Fight
 Is chang'd, and War appears a grisly Sight
 Two Troops in fair Array one moment
 show'd,
 The next, a Field with fallen Bodies strow'd
 Not half the Number in their Seats are
 found,
 But Men and Steeds he grov'ling on the
 Ground.
 The points of Spears are stuck within the
 Shield,
 The Steeds without their Riders scour the
 Field. 600
 The Knights unhors'd, on Foot renew the
 Fight;
 The glitt'ring Fauchions cast a gleaming
 Light;
 Hauberks and Helms are hew'd with many
 a Wound;
 Out spins the streaming Blood, and dies the
 Ground.
 The mighty *Moses* with such Haste descend,
 They break the Bones, and make the solid
 Armour bend.
 Thus thrusts omid the Throng with furious
 Force;
 Down goes, at once, the Horseman and the
 Horse:
 That Courser stumbles on the fallen Steed,
 And floundring, throws the Rider o'er his
 Head. 610
 One rolls along, a Foot-ball to his Foes;
 One with a broken Truncheon deals his
 Blows
 Thus halting, thus disabl'd with his Wound,
 In Triumph led, is to the Pillar bound,
 Where by the King's Award he must abide.
 There goes a Captive led on t'other Side.
 By Fits they cease; and leaning on the
 Lanee,
 Toke Breath o while, and to new Fight
 advance.
 Full oft the Rivals met, and neither spar'd
 His utmost Force, and each forgot to word.

The Head of this was to the Saddle bent, 621
 That other backward to the Crupper sent :
 Both were by Turns unhors'd ; the jealous
 Blows

Fall thick and heavy, when on Foot they
 close.

So deep their Fauchions bite, that ev'ry
 Stroke

Pierc'd to the Quick ; and equal Wounds
 they gave and took.

Born far asunder by the Tides of men,
 Like Adamant and Steel they met agen.

So when a Tyger sucks the Bullock's)
 Blood,

A famish'd Lion issuing from the Wood 630
 Roars Lordly fierce, and challenges the
 Food.

Each claims Possession, neither will obey,
 But both their Paws are fasten'd on the
 Prey ;

They bite, they tear ; and while in vain they
 strive,

The Swains come arm'd between, and both
 to Distance drive.

At length, as Fate foredoom'd, and all
 things tend

By Course of Time to their appointed End ;
 So when the Sun to West was far declin'd,

And both afresh in mortal Battel join'd,
 The strong *Emetrios* came in *Arcite's* Aid,

And *Palamon* with Odds was overlaid : 641
 For turning short, he struck with all his
 Might

Full on the Helmet of th' unwary Knight.
 Deep was the Wound ; he stagger'd with the

Blow,
 And turn'd him to his unexpected Foe ;

Whom with such Force he struck, he fell'd
 him down,

And elst the Circle of his Golden Crown.
 But *Arcite's* Men, who now prevail'd in

Fight,
 Twice Ten at once surround the single

Knight :
 O'erpower'd at length, they force him to the

Ground, 650
 Unyielded as he was, and to the Pillar

bound ;
 And king *Lycurgus*, while he fought in Vain

His Friend to free, was tumbld on the Plain.

Who now laments but *Palamon*, compell'd
 No more to try the Fortune of the Field !

And worse than Death, to view with hate-
 ful Eyes

His Rival's Conquest, and renounce the
 Prize !

The Royal Judge on his Tribunal plac'd,
 Who had beheld the Fight from first to last,

Bad cease the War ; pronouncing from on
 high 660

Arcite of *Thebes* had won the beauteous
Emily.

The Sound of Trumpets to the Voice reply'd,
 And round the Roynl Lists the Heralds

ery'd,
Arcite of *Thebes* has won the beauteous

Bride.

The People rend the Skies with vast
 Applause ;

All own the Chief, when Fortune owns the
 Cause.

Arcite is own'd ev'n by the Gods above,
 And conqu'ring *Mars* insults the Queen of

Love.
 So laugh'd he when the rightful *Titan*

fail'd,
 And *Jove's* usurping Arms in Heav'n pre-
 vail'd. 670

Laugh'd all the Pow'rs who favour Tyranny ;
 And all the Standing Army of the Sky.

But *Venus* with dejected Eyes appears,
 And weeping, on the Lists, distill'd her

Tears ;
 Her Will refus'd, which grieves a Woman

most,
 And, in her Champion foil'd, the Cause of

Love is lost.
 Till *Saturn* said, Fair Daughter, now be

still,
 The blustering Fool has satisf'd his Will ;

His Boon is given ; his Knight has gain'd
 the Day,

But lost the Prize, th' Arrears are yet to
 pay. 680

Thy Hour is come, and mine the Care shall be
 To please thy Knight, and set thy Promise

free.
 Now while the Heralds run the Lists

around,
 And *Arcite*, *Arcite*, Heav'n and Earth

resound,
 A Miracle (nor less it could be call'd)

Their Joy with unexpected Sorrow pall'd.

622 That] *Derrick, Christie, and others*
wrongly give The

The Victor Knight had laid his Helm aside,
 Part for his Ease, the greater part for Pride :
 Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,
 And paid the Salutations of the Crowd ; 690
 Then spurring, at full speed, ran endlong on
 Where *Theseus* sat on his Imperial Throne ;
 Furious he drove, and upward cast his
 Eye,
 Where next the Queen was plac'd his
 Emily ;
 Then passing, to the Saddle-bow he bent,
 A sweet Regard the gracious Virgin lent :
 (For Women to the Brave an easie Prey,
 Still follow Fortune, where she leads the
 Way :)
 Just then, from Earth sprung out a flashing
 Fire,
 By *Pluto* sent, at *Saturn's* bad Desire : 700
 The startling Steed was seiz'd with sudden
 Fright,
 And, bounding, o'er the Pummel cast the
 Knight ;
 Forward he flew, and pitching on his Head,
 He quiver'd with his Feet, and lay for Dead.
 Black was his Count'nance in a little Space,
 For all the Blood was gather'd in his Face.
 Help was at Haud ; they rear'd him from
 the Ground,
 And from his cumbrous Arms his Limbs
 unbound ;
 Then lanc'd a Vein, and watch'd returning
 Breath ;
 It came, but clogg'd with Symptoms of his
 Death. 710
 The Saddle-bow the Noble Parts had prest,
 All bruise'd and mortifi'd his Manly Breast.
 Him still entranc'd, and in a Litter laid,
 They bore from Field, and to his Bed con-
 vey'd.
 At length he wak'd ; and, with a feeble Cry,
 The Word he first pronounc'd was *Emily*.
 Mean time the King, though inwardly be
 mourn'd,
 In Pomp triumphant to the Town return'd,
 Attended by the Chiefs who fought the Field,
 (Now friendly mix'd, and in one Troop
 compell'd ;) 720
 Compos'd his Looks to counterfeit'd Cheer,
 And bade them not for *Arcite's* Life to fear.
 But that which gladdened all the Warriour
 Train,
 Though most were sorely wounded, none
 were slain.

The Surgeons soon despoil'd 'em of their Arms,
 And some with Salves they cure, and some
 with Charms ;
 Foment the Bruises, and the Pains assuage
 And heal their inward Hurts with Sov'reign
 Draughts of Sage.
 The King in Person visits all around, 729
 Comforts the Sick, congratulates the Sound ;
 Honours the Princely Chiefs, rewards the rest,
 And holds for thrice three Days a Royal
 Feast.
 None was disgrac'd ; for Falling is no Shame ;
 And Cowardice alone is Loss of Fame.
 The vent'rous Knight is from the Saddle
 thrown,
 But 'tis the Fault of Fortune, not his own.
 If Crowds and Palms the conqu'ring Side
 adorn,
 The Victor under better Stars was born :
 The brave Man seeks not popular Applause,
 Nor overpower'd with Arms, deserts his
 Cause ; 740
 Unsham'd, though foil'd, he does the best
 he can ;
 Force is of Brutes, but Honour is of Man.
 Thus *Theseus* smil'd on all with equal
 Grace,
 And each was set according to his Place.
 With Ease were reconcil'd the diff'ring Parts,
 For Envy never dwells in Noble Hearts.
 At length they took their Leave, the Time
 expir'd ;
 Well pleas'd ; and to their sev'ral Homes
 retir'd.
 Mean while, the Health of *Arcite* still
 impairs ;
 From Bad proceeds to Worse, and mocks the
 Leeches Cares : 750
 Swoln is his Breast, his inward Pains in-
 crease ;
 All Means are us'd, and all without Success.
 The clotted Blood lies heavy on his Heart,
 Corrupts, and there remains in spite of Art :
 Nor breathing Veins nor Cupping will
 prevail ;
 All outward Remedies and inward fail :
 The Mold of Natures Fabrick is destroy'd,
 Her Vessels discompos'd, her Vertue void :
 The Bellows of his Lungs begins to swell ;
 All out of frame is ev'ry secret Cell, 760
 Nor can the Good receive, nor Bad expel.

Those breathing Organs thus within oppress,
With Venom soon distend the Sinews of his
Breast.

Nought profits him to save abandon'd Life,
Nor Vomits upward Aid, nor downward
Laxative.

The midmost Region batter'd, and destroy'd,
When Nature cannot work, th' Effect of
Art is void.

For Physick can but mend our crazie State,
Patch an old Building, not a new create.

Arcite is Doom'd to die in all his Pride, 770
Must leave his Youth, and yield his beau-
teous Bride,

Gain'd hardly, against Right, and un-
enjoy'd.

When 'twas declar'd, all Hope of Life was
past,

Conscience, that of all Physick works the
last,

Caus'd him to send for *Emily* in haste.

With her, at his Desire, came *Palamon*;

Then, on his Pillow rais'd, he thus begun.

No Language can express the smallest part
Of what I feel, and suffer in my Heart, 779

For you, whom best I love and value most ;

But to your Service I bequeath my Ghost ;

Which, from this mortal Body when unty'd,

Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your Side ;

Nor fright you waking, nor your Sleep offend,

Nor wait officious, and your Steps attend.

How I have lov'd, excuse my faltering Tongue,

My Spirit's feeble, and my Pains are strong:

This I may say, I only grieve to die,

Because I lose my charming *Emily*.

To die, when Heav'n had put you in my

Pow'r ; 790

Fate could not chuse a more malicious Hour !

What greater Curse cou'd envious Fortune

give,

Than just to die when I began to live !

Vain Men, how vanishing a Bliss we crave,

Now warm in Love, now with'ring in the

Grave !

Never, O never more to see the Sun !

Still dark, in a damp Vault, and still alone !

This Fate is common ; but I lose my Breath

Near Bliss, and yet not bless'd before my

Death.

Farewell ; but take me dying in your Arms,

'Tis all I can enjoy of all your Charms : 801

This Hand I cannot but in Death resign ;

Ah, could I live ! But while I live 'tis mine.

I feel my End approach, and thus em-
brace'd

Am pleas'd to die ; but hear me speak my
last.

Ah ! my sweet Foe, for you, and you alone,
I broke my Faith with injur'd *Palamon*.

But Love the Sense of Right and Wrong
confounds ;

Strong Love and proud Ambition have no
Bounds.

And much I doubt, shou'd Heav'n my Life
prolong, 810

I shou'd return to justify my Wrong ;

For while my former Flames remain within,

Repentance is but want of Pow'r to Sin.

With mortal Hatred I pursu'd his Life,

Nor he nor you were guilty of the Strife ;

Nor I, but as I lov'd ; Yet all combin'd,

Your Beauty, and my Impotence of Mind,

And his concurrent Flame, that blew my

Fire ;

For still our Kindred Souls had one Desire.

He had a Moments Right in point of Time ;

Had I seen first, then his had been the

Crime. 821

Fate made it mine, and justified his Right ;

Nor holds this Earth a more deserving

Knight

For Vertue, Valour, and for Noble Blood,

Truth, Honour, all that is compriz'd in Good ;

So help me Heav'n, in all the World is none

So worthy to be lov'd as *Palamon*.

He loves you too ; with such a holy Fire,

As will not, cannot but with Life expire :

Our vow'd Affections both have often

try'd, 830

Nor any Love but yours could ours divide,

Then by my Loves inviolable Band,

By my long Suffering, and my short Com-

mand,

If e'er you plight your Vows when I am gone,

Have pity on the faithful *Palamon*.

This was his last ; for Death came on

again,

And exercis'd below his Iron Reign ;

Then upward, to the Seat of Life he goes ;

Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he

froze :

Yet cou'd he not his closing Eyes withdraw,

Though less and less of *Emily* he saw : 841

So, speechless, for a little space he lay ;

Then grasp'd the Hand he held, and sigh'd

his Soul away.

But whither went his Soul, let such relate
Who search the Secrets of the future State :
Divines can say but what themselves believe;
Strong Proofs they have, but not demonstra-
tive :

For, were all plain, then all Sides must agree,
And Faith it self be lost in Certainty.
To live uprightly then is sure the best ; 850
To save our selves, and not to damn the rest.
The soul of *Arcite* went, where Heathens go,
Who better live than we, though less they
know.

In *Palamon* a manly Grief appears ;
Silent, he wept, asham'd to show his Tears
Emilia shriek'd hut once ; and then,
oppress'd

With Sorrow, sunk upon her Lovers Breast :
Till *Theseus* in his Arms convey'd with Care
Far from so sad a Sight, the swooning Fair.
'Twere Loss of Time her Sorrow to relate ;
Ill bears the Sex a youthful Lover's
Fate, 861

When just approaching to the Nuptial State
But like a low-hung Cloud, it rains so fast,
That all at once it falls, and cannot last.
The Face of Things is chang'd, and *Athens* now.
That laugh'd so late, becomes the Scene of
Woe :

Matrons and Maids, both Sexes, ev'ry State,
With Tears lament the Knight's untimely
Fate.

Not greater Grief in falling *Troy* was seen
For *Hector's* Death ; but *Hector* was not
then. 870

Old Men with Dust deform'd their hoary
Hair,

The Women heat their Breasts, their Checks
they tear.

Why would'st thou go, with one consent
they cry,

When thou hadst Gold enough, and *Emily* !
Theseus himself, who shou'd have cheer'd
the Grief

Of others, wanted now the same Relief.
Old *Egeus* only could revive his Son,
Who various Changes of the World had
known,

And strange Vicissitudes of Humane Fate,
Still alt'ring, never in a steady State : 880

844 Soul,] *Christie and others wrongly give*
Soul ;

869 Not] *Varlton and others wrongly give*
Nor

Good after Ill and after Pain, Delight,
Alternate, like the Scenes of Day and Night.
Since ev'ry Man who lives is horn to die,
And none can boast sincere Felicity,
With equal Mind, what happens, let us bear,
Nor joy, nor grieve too much for Things
beyond our Care

Like Pilgrims to th' appointed Place we
tend ;

The World's an Inn, and Death the Journeys
End

Ev'n Kings but play ; and when their Part
is done,

Some other, worse or better, mount the
Throne. 890

With words like these the Crowd was satis-
f'd ;

And so they would have been, had *Theseus*
dy'd.

But he, their King, was lab'ring in his Mind,
A fitting Place for Fun'ral Poms to find,
Which were in Honour of the Dead design'd
And, after long Debate, at last he found
(As Love it self had mark'd the Spot of
Ground)

That Grove for ever green, that conscious
Lawnd,

Where lie with *Palamon* fought Haad to
Hand :

That where he fed his amorous Desires 900
With soft Complaints, and felt his hottest

Fires,
There other Flames might waste his Earthly
Part,

And burn his Limbs, where Love had burn'd
his Heart.

This once resolv'd, the Peasants wcre
enjoin'd

Sere Wood, and Firs, and dodder'd Oaks to
find.

With sounding Axes to the Grove they go,
Fell, splht, and lay the Fewel on a Row,
Vulcanian Food : A Bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifeless Body should be rear'd,
Cover'd with Cloth of Gold, on which was
laid 910

The Corps of *Arcite*, in like Robes array'd
White Gloves were on his Haads, and on
his Head

A Wreath of Laurel, mix'd with Myrtle,
spread

907 on] *Christie wrongly gives in*

A Sword keen-edg'd within his Right he held,
The warlike Emblem of the conquer'd Field :
Bare was his manly Visage on the Bier ;
Menac'd his Countenance ; ev'n in Death
severe.

Then to the Palace-Hall they bore the
Knight,
To lie in solemn State, a Publick Sight.
Groans, Cries, and Howlings fill the Crowded
Place, 920

And unaffected Sorrow sat on ev'ry Face.
Sad *Palamon* above the rest appears,
In Sable Garments, dew'd with gushing
Tears :

His Aubourn Locks on either Shoulder
flow'd,

Which to the Fun'ral of his Friend he vow'd :
But *Emily*, as Chief, was next his Side,
A Virgin-Widow and a *Mourning Bride*.

And that the Princely Obsequies might be
Perform'd according to his high Degree, <
The Steed, that bore him living to the Fight, >
Was trapp'd with polish'd Steel, all shining
bright, 931

And cover'd with th' Atchievements of the
Knight.

The Riders rode abreast, and one his Shield,
His Lance of Cornel-wood another held ;
The third his Bow, and, glorious to behold,
The costly Quiver, all of hurnish'd Gold.
The Noblest of the *Grecians* next appear,
And weeping, on their Shoulders bore the
Bier ;

With sober Pace they march'd, and often
staid,

And through the Master-Street the Corps
convey'd. 940

The Houses to their Tops with Black were
spread,

And ev'n the Pavements were with Mourn-
ing hid.

The Right-side of the Pall old *Egeus* kept,
And on the Left the Royal *Theseus* wept ;
Each bore a Golden Bowl of Work Divine,
With Honey fill'd, and Milk, and mix'd
with ruddy Wine.

Then *Palamon*, the Kinsman of the Slain,
And after him appear'd th' Illustrious Train :
To grace the Pomp came *Emily* the Bright,
With cover'd Fire, the Fun'ral Pile to
light. 950

With high Devotion was the Service made
And all the Rites of Pagan-Honour paid :

So lofty was the Pile, a *Parthian* Bow,
With Vigour drawn, must send the Shaft
below.

The Bottom was full twenty Fathom broad,
With crackling Straw beneath in due Pro-
portion strow'd.

The Fabrick seem'd a Wood of rising Green,
With Sulphur and Bitumen cast between,
To feed the Flames : The Trees were
unctuous Fir, 959

And Mountain-Ash, the Mother of the
Spear ;

The Mourner Eugh and Builder Oak were
there :

The Beech, the swimming Alder, and the
Plane,

Hard Box, and Linden of a softer Grain,
And Laurels, which the Gods for Conqu'ring
Chiefs ordain.

How they were rank'd shall rest untold
by me,

With nameless Nymphs that liv'd in ev'ry
Tree ;

Nor how the Dryads and the Woodland
Train,

Disherited, ran howling o'er the Plain :

Nor how the Birds to Foreign Seats repair'd,
Or Beasts that bolted out, and saw the
Forest bar'd : 970

Nor how the Ground now clear'd with
gastly Fright

Beheld the sudden Sun, a Stranger to the
Light.

The Straw, as first I said, was laid below :
Of Chips and Sere-wood was the second Row ;
The third of Greens, and Timber newly fell'd ;
The fourth high Stage the fragrant Odours
held,

And Pearls, and precious Stones, and rich
Array ;

In midst of which, embalm'd, the Body lay.
The Service sung, the Maid with mourning
Eyes

The Stubble fir'd ; the smouldring Flames
arise : 980

This Office done, she sunk upon the Ground ;
But what she spoke, recover'd from her
Swoond,

I want the Wit in moving Words to dress ;
But hy themselves the tender Sex may guess.

961 Eugh] *The editors print Yew Dryden's*
was a Westminster spelling, probably Busby's ;
cf. Oxford Historical Society, vol. xxxii, p. 294.

While the devouring Fire was burning fast,
Rich Jewels in the Flame the Wealthy cast;
And some their Shields, and some their
Lances threw,

And gave the Warriour's Ghost a Warriour's
Due.

Full Bowls of Wine, of Honey, Milk and
Blood

Were pour'd upon the Pile of burning
Wood, 990

And hissing Flames receive, and hungry
lick the Food.

Then thrice the mounted Squadrons ride
around

The Fire, and *Arcite's* Name they thrice
resound:

Hail, and Farewell, they shouted, thrice
again,

Thrice facing to the Left, and thrice they
turn'd again:

Still, as they turn'd, they beat their
clatt'ring Shields;

The Women mix their Cries; and Clamour
fills the Fields.

The warlike Wakes continu'd all the Night,
And Fun'ral Games were played at new-
returning Light;

Who naked wrestl'd best, besmear'd with
Oil, 1000

Or who with Gantlets gave or took the
Foil,

I will not tell you, nor wou'd you attend;
But briefly haste to my long Stories End.

I pass the rest; the Year was fully
mourn'd,

And *Palamon* long since to *Thebes* return'd:
When, by the *Grecians* general Consent,

At *Athens Theseus* held his Parliament;
Among the Laws that pass'd, it was decreed;

That conquer'd *Thebes* from Bondage shou'd
be freed;

Reserving Homage to th' *Athenian* throne,
To which the Sov'reign summon'd *Palamon*. 1011

Unknowing of the Cause, he took his Way,
Mournful in Mind, and still in Black Array,

The Monarch mounts the Throne, and,
plac'd on high,

Commands into the Court the beauteous
Emily:

So call'd, she came; the Senate rose, and
paid

Becoming Rev'rence to the Royal Maid.
And first, soft Whispers through th' Assembly
went;

With silent Wonder then they watch'd th'
Event;

All hush'd, the King arose with awful Grace;
Deep Thought was in his Breast, and

Counsel in his Face. 1021

At length he sigh'd; and having first
prepar'd

Th' attentive Audience, thus his Will
declar'd.

The Cause and Spring of Motion, from
above

Hung down on Earth the Golden Cham of
Love:

Great was th' Effect, and high was his Intent,
When Peace among the jarring Seeds he
sent;

Fire, Flood, and Earth, and Air by this were
bound,

And Love, the common Link, the new
Creation crown'd.

The Chain still holds; for though the Forms
decay, 1030

Eternal Matter never wears away:
The same First Mover certain Bounds has
plac'd,

How long those perishable Forms shall last;
Nor can they last beyond the Time assign'd

By that All-seeing and All-making Mind:
Shorten their Hours they may, for Will is
free,

But never pass th' appointed Destiny.
So Men oppress'd, when weary of their
Breath,

Throw off the Burden, and subborn their
Death

Then, since those Forms begin, and have
their End, 1040

On some unalter'd Cause they sure depend:
Parts of the Whole are we, but God the
Whole,

Who gives us Life, and animating Soul.
For Nature cannot from a Part derive

That Being, which the Whole can only give:
He perfect, stable; but imperfect We,

Subject to Change, and diff'rent in Degree;
Plants, Beasts, and Man; and, as our
Organs are,

We more or less of his Perfection share.

But, by a long Descent, th' *Ethereal Fire*
Corrupts; and Forms, the mortal Part,
expire. 1051

As he withdraws his *Vertue*, so they pass,
And the same Matter makes another Mass:
This Law th' *Omniscient Pow'r* was pleas'd
to give,

That ev'ry Kind should by Succession live;
That Individuals dié; his Will ordains;
The propagated Species still remains.

The Monarch Oak, the Patriarch of the Trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow
Degrees;

Three Centuries he grows, and three he stays,
Supreme in State; and in three more
decays: 1061

So wears the paving Pebble in the Street,
And Towns and Tow'rs their fatal Period
meet:

So Rivers, rapid once, now naked lie,
Forsaken of their Springs; and leave their
Channels dry.

So Man, at first a Drop, dilates with Heat,
Then form'd, the little Heart begins to beat;
Secret he feeds, unknowing in the Cell;
At length, for Hatching ripe, he breaks the
Shell, 1069

And struggles into Breath, and cries for Aid;
Then, helpless, in his Mother's Lap is laid.
He creeps, he walks, and, issuing into Man,
Grudges their Life from whence his own
began:

Retchless of Laws, affects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and restless on the Throne;
First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last;
Rich of Three Souls, and lives all three to
waste.

Some thus; hut thousands more in Flow'r
of Age:

For few arrive to run the latter Stage.

Sunk in the first, in Battel some are slain,
And others whelm'd beneath the stormy
Main. 1081

What makes all this, but *Jupiter* the King,
At whose Command we perish, and we
spring?

Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to dié,
To make a *Vertue* of Necessity.

Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;
The Bad grows better, which we well sustain:
And cou'd we chuse the Time, and chuse
aright,

Tis best to dié, our Honour at the height.

When we have done our Ancestors no
Shame, 1090

But serv'd our Friends, and well secur'd our
Fame;

Then should we wish our happy Life to close,
And leave no more for Fortune to dispose:
So should we make our Death a glad Relief
From future Shame, from Sickness, and from
Grief:

Enjoying while we live the present Hour,
And dying in our Excellence, and Flow'r.
Then round our Death-bed every Friend
shou'd run,

And joy us of our Conquest, early won;
While the malicious World, with envious
Tears, 1100

Shon'd grudge our happy End, and wish it
Theirs.

Since then our *Arcite* is with Honour dead,
Why shou'd we mourn, that he so soon is
freed,

Or call untimely, what the Gods decreed?

With Grief as just a Friend may be deplor'd,
From a foul Prison to free Air restor'd.
Ought he to thank his Kinsman, or his Wife,
Cou'd Tears recall him into wretched Life!
Their Sorrow hurts themselves; on him
is lost;

And worse than both, offends his happy
Ghost. 1110

What then remains, but after past Annoy
To take the good Vicissitude of Joy?
To thank the gracious Gods for what they
give,

Possess our Souls, and, while we live, to live?
Ordain we then two Sorrows to combine,
And in one Point th' Extremes of Grief to
join;

That thence resulting Joy may be renewed,
As jarring Notes in Harmony conclude.

Then I propose that *Palamon* shall he
In Marriage join'd with beauteous *Emily*;
For which already I have gained the
Assent 1121

Of my free People in full Parliament.

Long Love to her has borne the faithful
Knight,

And well deserv'd, had Fortune done him
Right:

'Tis Time to mend her Fault; since *Emily*
By *Arcite's* Death from former Vows is free:

1099 joy us] *Warton and others absurdly give*
joyous

If you, Fair Sister, ratifie the Accord,
And take him for ynur Husband, and your
Lnrđ.

'Tis no Dishonour to confer ynur Grace
On one descended from a Royal Race: 113n
And were he less, yet Years of Service
past

From grateful Souls exact Reward at last:
Pity is Heav'n's and yours; Nor can she
find

A Thnrne so soft as in a Womans Mind.
He said; she blush'd; and as o'eraw'd by
Night,

Seem'd to give *Theseus* what she gave the
Knight.

Then turning tn the *Theban*, thus he said:
Small Arguments are needful to persuade
Your Temper to comply with my Com-
mand;

And speaking thus, he gave *Emilia's* Hand.

Smil'd *Venus*, to behnd her own true
Knight 1141

Obtain the Conquest, though he lost the
Fight,

And bless'd with Nuptial Bliss the sweet
labnrious Night.

Eros, and *Anteros*, on either Side,
One fir'd the Bridegroom, and nne warm'd
the Bride;

And loog-attending *Hymen* from nbove
Show'd on the Bed the whole *Idahan* Grove.

All of a Tenour was their After-Life,
No Day discolour'd with Dnmestick Strife;
No Jealnsie, but mutual Truth believ'd,
Secure Repose, and Kindness undeceiv'd.

Thus Heavn, beyond the Compass of his
Thought, 1152

Sent him the Blessing he so dearly bought.
So may the Queen of Love long Duty bless,
And all true Lovers find the same Success.

The End of the Third Book.

THE COCK AND THE FOX: OR, THE TALE OF
THE NUN'S PRIEST.

THERE liv'd, as Authors tell, in Days of
Yore,

A Widow, somewhat old, and very poor:
Deep in a Cell her Cottage lonely stond,
Well thatch'd, and under covert of a Wood.

This Dowager, nn whnm my Ttle I found,
Since last she laid her Husband in the
Ground,

A simple sober Life in patience led,
And had but just enough to buy her Brend:
But Huswifing the little Heav'n had lent,
She duly paid a Groat for Quarter-Rent; 10
And pinch'd her Belly, with her Daughters
two,

To bring the Year nbout with much ado.

The Cattel in her Hnmestead were three
Sons,

An Ewe called *Mally*, and three brinded
Cows

Her Parlor-Window stuck with Herbs around
Of sav'ry Smell; and Rushes strewed the
Ground.

A Maple-Dresser in her Hall she had;
On which full many n slender Meal she made:

Fnr no delicious Morsel pass'd her Throat;
According to her Cloth she cut her Coat: 2n

No paynant Sance she knew, nn costly Treat,
Her Hunger gave a Relish to her Meat:

A sparing Diet did her Health assure;
Or sick, n Pepper-Posset was her Cure.

Before the Day was dne, her Work she sped,
And never went by Candle-light to Bed;

With Exercise she sweat ill Humors nut;
Her Dancing was not hinder'd by the Gnut.

Her Poverty was glad; her Heart cntent,
Nor knew she what the Spleen or Vapns

meant. 30

1128 Lord] Some editors print Lord, The full
stop of the original seems right.

THE COCK AND THE FOX Text from the origi-
nal and only contemporary edition, 1700 There
are some very false stops in the original.

3 Cell] This can hardly be right. Clancer's
word is Dale. Bell conjectured Dell, and this
may be right.

11] Daughters] Daughter 1700. A misprint
21 paynant] Dryden elsewhere uses the form
poynant, and perhaps it should be restored here.

Of Wine she never tasted through the Year,
But White and Black was all her homely
Chear;

Brown Bread, and Milk (but first she
skim'd her bowls)

And Rashers of sing'd Bacon on the Coals.
On Holy-Days, an Egg or two at most;
But her Ambition never reach'd to roast.

A Yard she had with Pales enclos'd about,
Some high, some low, and a dry Ditch
without.

Within this Homestead, liv'd without a Peer,
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer: 40
So hight her Cock, whose singing did surpass
The merry Notes of Organs at the Mass.

More certain was the crowing of a Cock
To number Hours, than is an Abbey-clock.
And sooner than the Mattin-Bell was rung,
He clap'd his Wings upon his Roost, and
sung:

For when Degrees fifteen ascended right,
By sure Instinct he knew 'twas One at
Night.

High was his Comb, and Coral-red withal,
In dents embattel'd like a Castle-Wall; 50
His Bill was Raven-black, and shon like Jet,
Blue were his Legs, and Orient were his Feet:
White were his Nails, like Silver to behold,
His Body glitt'ring like the burnish'd Gold.

This gentle Cock, for solace of his Life,
Six Misses had beside his lawful Wife;
Scandal, that spares no King, tho' ne'er so
good,

Says, they were all of his own Flesh and
Blood:

His Sisters both by Sire, and Mother's Side,
And sure their Likeness show'd them near
ally'd. 60

But make the worst, the Monarch did no
more

Than all the *Ptolomey's* had done before:
When Incest is for Int'rest of a Nation,
'Tis made no Sin by Holy Dispensation.
Some Lines have been maintain'd by this
alone,

Which by their common Ughness are known.

But passing this as from our Tale apart,
Dame Partlet was the Sovereign of his Heart:
Ardent in Love, outrageous in his Play,
He feather'd her a hundred times a Day; 70
And she, that was not only passing fair,
But was withal discreet, and debonair,

Resolv'd the passive Doctrin to fulfil,
Tho' loath, and let him work his wicked
Will:

At Board and Bed was affable and kind,
According as their Marriage-Vow did bind,
And as the Churelies Precept had enjoin'd.
Ev'n since she was a Sennight old, they say
Was chaste, and humble to her dying Day,
Nor Chick nor Hen was known to dis-
obey. 80

By this her Husband's Heart she did
obtain;

What cannot Beauty join'd with Virtue gain?
She was his only Joy, and he her Pride:
She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his
Side;

If, spurning up the Ground, he sprung a
Corn,

The Tribute in his Bill to her was born.
But oh! what Joy it was to hear him sing
In Summer, when the Day began to spring.
Stretching his Neck, and warbling in his
Throat,

Solus cum Sola, then was all his Note. 90
For in the Days of Yore, the Birds of Parts
Were bred to Speak, and Sing, and learn the
lib'ral Arts.

It happ'd that perching on the Parlor
beam
Amidst his Wives he had a deadly Dream,
Just at the Dawn, and sigh'd, and groan'd
so fast,

As every Breath he drew would be his last.
Dame Partlet, ever nearest to his Side,
Heard all his piteous Moan, and how he cry'd
For help from Gods and Men: And sore
aghast

She peck'd and pull'd, and waken'd him at
last. 100

Dear Heart, said she, for Love of heav'n
declare

Your Pain, and make me Partner of your
Care.

You groan, Sir, ever since the Morning-light,
As something had disturb'd your noble
Spright.

And, Madam, well I might, said Chanti-
cleer,

Never was *Shrovetide*-Cock in such a Fear.
Ev'n still I run all over in a Sweat,
My Princely Senses not recover'd yet.
For such a Dream I had of dire Portent,
That much I fear my Body will be shent;

It bodes I shall have Wars and woful
Strife, 111

Or in a loathsom Dungeon end my Life.
Know, Dame, I dreamt within my troubl'd
Breast,

That in our Yard I saw a murd'rous Beast,
That on my Body would have made Arrest.
With waking Eyes I ne'er beheld his Fellow,
His Colour was betwixt a Red and Yellow.
Tipp'd was his Tail, and both his pricking
Ears

With black; and much unlike his other
Hairs:

The rest, in Shape a Beagle's Whelp through-
out, 120

With broader Forehead, and a sharper Snout:
Deep in his Front were sunk his glowing
Eyes,

That yet, methinks, I see him with Surprise
Reach out your Hand, I drop with clammy
Sweat,

And lay it to my Heart, and feel it beat.
Now fy for Shame, quoth she, by Heav'n
above,

Thou hast for ever lost thy Ladies Love.
No Woman can endure a Recrunt Knight,
He must be bold by Day, and free by Night:
Our Sex desires a Husband or a Friend, 130

Who can our Honour and his own defend;
Wise, Hardy, Secret, lib'ral of his Purse;
A Fool is nauseous, but a Coward worse:
No bragging Coxcomb, yet no baffled Knight.
How dar'st thou talk of Love, and dar'st not
Fight?

How dar'st thou tell thy Dame thou art
affer'd?

Hast thou no manly Heart, and hast a Beard?
If ought from fearful Dreams may be
divin'd,

They signify a Cock of Dunghill-kind.
All Dreams, as in old *Galen* I have read, 140
Are from Repletion and Complexion bred;
From rising Fumes of indigested Food,
And noxious Humors that infect the Blood:
And sure, my Lord, if I can read aright,
These foolish Fancies you have had to Night
Are certain Symptoms (in the canting Style)
Of boiling Choler and abounding Bile:
This yellow Gaul that in your Stomach floats,
Ingenders all these visionary Thoughts.

When Choler overflows, then Dreams are
bred 150

Of Flames, and all the Family of Red;
Red Dragons, and red Beasts in Sleep we
view;

For Humors are distinguish'd by their Hue.
From hence we Dream of Wars and Warlike
Things,

And Wasps and Hornets with their double
Wings.

Choler adust congeals our Blood with fear,
Then black Bulls toss us, and black Devils
tear.

In sanguine airy Dreams aloft we bound;
With Rhumes oppress'd, we sink in Rivers
drown'd

More I could say, but thus conclude my
Theme, 160

The dominating Humour makes the Dream
Cato was in his time accounted Wise,
And he condemns them all for empty Lies.
Take my Advice, and when we fly to Ground,
With Laxatives preserve your Body sound,
And purge the peccant Humors that abound.

I should be loath to lay you on a Bier;
And though there lives no 'Potheacary near,
I dare for once prescribe for your Disease,
And save long Bills, and a damn'd Doctor's
Fees. 170

Two Sovereign Herbs, which I by practise
know,
Are both at hand (for in our Yard they
grow;)

On Peril of my Soul shall rid you wholly
Of yellow Choler, and of Melancholy:
You must both Purge, and Vomit; but obey,
And for the Love of Heav'n make no delay.
Since hot and dry in your Complexion join,
Beware the Sun when in a vernal Sign;
For when he mounts exalted in the Ram,
If then he finds your Body in a Flame, 180
Replete with Choler, I dare lay a Groat,
A Tertian Ague is at least your Lot.
Perhaps a Fever (which the Gods forefend)
May bring your Youth to some untimely End.
And therefore, Sir, as you desire to live,
A Day or two before your Laxative,
Take just three Worms, nor under nor above,
Because the Gods unequal Numbers love,
These Digestives prepare you for your Purge,
Of Fumetery, Centaury, and Spurge, 190

119 With] *Warton and others wrongly give*
Were

187 under] over 1700 *A slip of the pen*

And of Ground-Ivy add a Leaf, or two,
All which within our Yard or Garden grow.
Eat these, and be, my Lord, of better Cheer;
Your Father's Son was never born to fear.

Madam, quoth he, Grammercy for your
Care,

But *Cato*, whom you quoted, you may spare;
'Tis true, a wise, and worthy Man he seems,
And (as you say) gave no belief to Dreams:
But other Men of more Authority,
And, by th' Immortal Powers as wise as He,
Maintain, with sounder Sense, that Dreams
forebode;

For *Homer* plainly says they come from God.
Nor *Cato* said it: But some modern Fool
Impos'd in *Cato's* Name on Boys at School.

Believe me, Madam, Morning Dreams fore-
show

Th' Events of Things, and future Weal or
Woe:

Some Truths are not by Reason to be try'd,
But we have sure Experience for our Guide.
An ancient Author, equal with the best,
Relates this Tale of Dreams among the rest.

Two Friends, or Brothers, with devout
Intent,

On some far Pilgrimage together went.
It happen'd so that, when the Sun was down,
They just arriv'd by twilight at a Town;
That Day had been the baiting of a Bull,
'Twas at a Feast, and ev'ry Inn so full,
That no void Room in Chamber, or on
Ground,

And but one sorry Bed was to be found,
And that so little it would hold but one,
Though till this Hour they never lay alone.

So were they forc'd to part; one stay'd
behind,

His Fellow sought what Lodging he could
find:

At last he found a Stall where Oxen stood,
And that he rather chose than lie abroad.
'Twas in a farther Yard without a Door;
But, for his ease, well litter'd was the Floor.
His Fellow, who the narrow Bed had kept,
Was weary, and without a Rocker slept:
Supine he snor'd; but in the Dead of Night,
He dreamt his Friend appear'd before his
Sight,

Who, with a ghastly Look and doleful Cry,
Said, Help me, Brother, or this Night I die:
Arise, and help, before all Help be vain,
Or in an Oxes Stall I shall be slain.

Rowz'd from his Rest, he waken'd in a
Start,

Shiv'ring with Horror, and with aking
Heart:

At length to cure himself by Reason tries;
'Tis but a Dream, and what are Dreams
but Lies?
So thinking chang'd his Side, and closed
his Eyes.

His Dream returns; his Friend appears,
again:

The Murd'ers come, now help, or I am
slain:

'Twas but a Vision still, and Visions are
but vain.

He dreamt the third: But now his Friend
appear'd,

Pale, naked, pierc'd with Wounds, with
Blood besmear'd:

Thrice warn'd, awake, said he; Relief is late,
The Deed is done; but thou revenge my
Fate:

Tardy of Aid, unseal thy heavy Eyes,
Awake, and with the dawning Day arise:

Take to the Western Gate thy ready way,
For by that Passage they my Corps convey:

My Corps is in a Tumbrel laid; among
The Filth and Ordure, and enclos'd with
Dung.

That Cart arrest, and raise a common Cry,
For sacred hunger of my Gold I die;

Then show'd his grisly Wounds; and last
he drew

A piteous Sigh; and took a long Adieu.

The frighted Friend arose by break of Day,
And found the Stall where late his Fellow lay.

Then of his impious Host inquiring more,
Was answer'd that his Guest was gone
before:

Muttering, he went, said he, by Morning-light,
And much complain'd of his ill Rest by
Night.

This rais'd Suspicion in the Pilgrim's Mind;
Because all Hosts are of an evil Kind,
And oft, to share the Spoil, with Robbers
join'd.

His Dream confirm'd his Thought: with
troubled look

Straight to the Western-Gate his Way he
took;

There, as his Dream foretold, a Cart he found,
That carry'd Composs forth to dung the
Ground.

This when the Pilgrim saw, he stretch'd his
Throat, 270
And cry'd out Murther with a yelling Note.
My murther'd Fellow in this Cart lies dead,
Vengeance and Justice on the Villain's
Head.

You, Magistrates, who sacred Laws dispense,
On you I call to punish this Offence.

The Word thus giv'n, within a little Space
The Mob came roaring out, and throng'd the
Place.

All in a trice they cast the Cart to Ground, }
And in the Dung the murther'd Body found; }
Though breathless, warm, and reeking from }
the Wound. 280 }

Good Heav'n, whose darling Attribute we
find

Is boundless Grace, and Mercy to Mankind,
Abhors the Cruel; and the Deeds of Night
By wond'rous Ways reveals in open Light:
Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,
But tardy Justice will o'ertake the Crime
And oft a speedier pain the Guilty feels,
The Hue and Cry of Heav'n pursues him
at the Heels,

Fresh from the Fact; as in the present Case; }
The Criminals are seiz'd upon the Place: 290 }
Carter and Host confronted Face to Face. }
Stiff in denial, as the Law appoints,
On Engios they distend their tortur'd
Joints:

So was confession forc'd, th' Offence was
known,
And publick Justice on th' Offenders done.

Here may you see that Visions are to
dread:

And in the Page that follows this I read
Of two young Merchants, whom the hope
of Gain

Induc'd in Partnership to cross the Moin:
Waiting till willing Winds their Sails
supply'd, 300

Within a Trading-Town they long abide, }
Full fairly situate on a Haven's side. }

One Evening it befel that looking out,
The Wind they long had wish'd was come
about:

Well pleas'd they went to Rest; and if the
Gale

Till Morn continu'd, both resolv'd to sail.

But as together in a Bed they lay,
The younger had a Dream at break of Day.
A Man, he thought, stood frowning at his
side, 309

Who warn'd him for his Safety to provide,
Not put to Sea, but safe on Shore abide. }
I come, thy Genius, to command thy stay; }
Trust not the Winds, for fatal is the Day, }
And Death uohop'd attends the watry way. }

The Vision said: And vanish'd from his
Sight;

The Dreamer waken'd in a mortal Fright;
Then pull'd his drowzy Neighbour, and
declar'd

What in his Slumber he had seen, and heard.
His Friend smil'd scornful, and, with proud
contempt,

Rejects as idle what his Fellow dreamt. 320
Stay, who will stay: For me no Fears
restrain,

Who follow *Mercury* the God of Gain:
Let each Man do as to his Façy seems,
I wait not, I, till you have better Dreams.
Dreams are but Interludes, which Fancy
makes;

When Monarch-Reason sleeps, this Mimick
wakes:

Compounds a Medley of disjointed Things,
A Mob of Coblers and a Court of Kings:
Light Fumes are merry, grosser Fumes are
sad;

Both are the reasonable Soul run mad: 330
And many monstrous Forms in Sleep we
see,

That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes, forgotteo Things long cast
behind

Rush forward in the Braio, and come to
mind.

The Nurses Legends are for Truths receiv'd,
And the Man dreams but what the Boy
believ'd.

Sometimes we but rehearse a former Play, }
The Night restores our Actions dooe by }
Day;

As Houods in sleep will open for their Prey. }
In short, the Farce of Dreams is of a piece,
Chimera's all; and more absurd, or less. 341
You, who believe in Tales, abide olone,
What e'er I get this Voyage is my own.

Thus while he spoke he heard the shouting
Crew

That call'd aboard and took his last adieu.

The Vessel went before a merry Gale,
 And for quick Passage put on ev'ry Sail:
 But when least fear'd, and ev'n in open Day,
 The Mischief overtook her in the way:
 Whether she sprung a Leak, I cannot find,
 Or whether she was overset with Wind; 351
 Or that some Rock below, her bottom rent;
 But down at once with all her Crew she went;
 Her Fellow Ships from far her Loss de-
 scry'd;
 But only she was sunk, and all were safe
 beside.

By this Example you are taught again,
 That Dreams and Visions are not always vain:
 But if, dear Partlet, you are yet in doubt,
 Another Tale shall make the former out.

Kenelm, the Son of Kenulph, Mercia's
King, 360

Whose holy Life the Legends loudly sing,
 Warn'd, in a Dream, his Murder did foretel
 From Point to Point as after it befel:
 All Circumstances to his Nurse he told,
 (A Wonder, from a Child of sev'n Years old)
 The Dream with Horror heard, the good old
 Wife

From Treason counsel'd him to guard his
 Life:

But close to keep the Secret in his Mind,
 For a Boy's Vision small Belief would find.
 The pious Child, by Promise bound, obey'd,
 Nor was the fatal Murder long delay'd: 371
 By *Quenda* slain, he fell before his time,
 Made a young Martyr by his Sister's Crime.
 The Tale is told by venerable *Bede*,
 Which, at your better leisure, you may
 read.

Macrobius too relates the Vision sent
 To the great *Scipio* with the fam'd event;
 Objections makes, but after makes Replies,
 And adds, that Dreams are often Prophecies.

Of *Daniel* you may read in Holy
 Writ, 380

Who, when the King his Vision did forget,
 Cou'd Word for Word the wond'rous
 Dream repeat.

Nor less of Patriarch *Joseph* understand,
 Who by a Dream inslav'd th' *Egyptian* Land,
 The Years of Plenty and of Dearth foretold,
 When for their Bread, their Liberty they
 sold.

Nor must th' exalted Buttler he forgot,
 Nor he whose Dream presag'd his hanging
 Lot.

And did not *Cræsus* the same Death
 foresee,

Rais'd in his Vision on a lofty Tree? 390
 The wife of *Hector* in his utmost Pride,
 Dreamt of his Death the Night before he
 dy'd:

Well was he warn'd from Battle to refrain;
 But Men to Death decreed are warn'd in
 vain:

He dar'd the Dream, and by his fatal Foe
 was slain.

Much more I know, which I forbear to
 speak,

For see the ruddy Day begins to break:
 Let this suffice, that plainly I foresee
 My Dream was bad, and bodes Adversity:
 But neither Pills nor Laxatives I like, 400
 They only serve to make a well-man sick:
 Of these his Gain the sharp Physician makes,
 And often gives a Purge, but seldom takes:
 They not correct, but poyson all the Blood,
 And ne'er did any hurt the Doctors good.
 Their Tribe, Trade, Trinkets, I defy them all,
 With ev'ry work of 'Pothecary's Hall.

These melancholy Matters I forbear;
 But let me tell Thee, Partlet mine, and
 swear,

That when I view the Beauties of thy Face,
 I fear not Death, nor Dangers, nor Dis-
 grace: 411

So may my Soul have Bliss, as when I spy
 The Scarlet Red about thy Partridge Eye,
 While thou art constant to thy own true
 Knight,

While thou art mine, and I am thy delight,
 All Sorrows at thy Presence take their
 flight.

For true it is, as in *Principio*,

Mulier est hominis confusio.

Madam, the meaning of this Latin is, 419
 That Woman is to Man his Sovereign Bliss.
 For when by Night I feel your tender Side,
 Though for the narrow Perch I cannot ride,
 Yet I have such a Solace in my Mind,
 That all my hoding Cares are cast behind:
 And ev'n already I forget my Dream.

He said, and downward flew from off the
 Beam,

For Day-light now began apace to spring,
 The Thrush to whistle, and the Lark to sing.
 Then crowing clap'd his Wings, th' appointed
 call,

To chuck his Wives together in the Hall. 430

By this the Widow had unbarr'd the Door,
And Chanticleer went strutting out before,
With Royal Courage, and with Heart so light,
Asshew'd the scorn'd the Visions of the Night.
Now roaming in the Yard, he spurn'd the
Ground,

And gave to Partlet the first Grain he found.
Then often feather'd her with wanton Play,
And trod her twenty times e'er prime of Day
And took by turns and gave so much delight,
Her Sisters pin'd with Envy at the Sight. 440

He chuck'd again, when other Corns he
found,

And scarcely deign'd to set a Foot to
Ground,

But swagger'd like a Lord about his Hall,
And his sev'n Wives came running at his call.

'Twas now the Month in which the World
began,

(If *March* beheld the first created Man :)

And since the vernal Equinox, the Sun
In *Aries* twelve Degrees, or more had run ;
When, casting up his Eyes against the Light,
Both Month, and Day, and Hour, he
measur'd right ; 450

And told more truly, than th' Ephemeris,
For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.

Thus numb'ring Times, and Seasons in
his Breast,

His second crowing the third Hour confess'd.
Then turning, said to Partlet, See, my Dear,
How lavish Nature has adorn'd the Year ;
How the pale Primrose, and blue Violet
spring,

And Birds essay their Throats disus'd to sing :
All these are ours ; and I with pleasure see
Man strutting on two Legs, and aping
me ! 460

An unfledg'd Creature, of a lumpish frame,
Indew'd with fewer Particles of Flame :

Our Dame sits cowering o'er the Kitchen-fire,
I draw fresh Air, and Nature's Works
admire :

And ev'n this Day, in more delight abound,
Than, since I was an Egg, I ever found.

The time shall come when Chanticleer shall
wish

His Words unsaid, and hate his boasted Bliss :
The crested Bird shall by Experience know,

Joe made not him his Master-piece below ; }
And learn the latter end of Joy is Woe. 471

The Vessel of his Bless to Dregs is run,
And Heav'n will have him tast his other Tun.

nr.

Ye Wise, draw near, and hearken to my
Tale,
Which proves that oft the Proud by Flatt'ry
fall ;

The Legend is as true I undertake
As *Tristram* is, and *Launcelot* of the Lake :
Which all our Ladies in such rev'rence hold,
As if in Book of Martyrs it were told.

A Fox full fraught with seeming Sanctity,
That fear'd an Oath, but like the Devil,
would lie, 481

Who look'd like Lent, and bad the holy Leet,
And durst not sia before he say'd his Pray'r :
This pious Cheat, that never suck'd the
Blood,

Nor chaw'd the Flesh of Lambs, but when
he cou'd,

Had pass'd thrice Summers in the neigh-
b'ring Wood ;

And musing long whom next to circumvent,
On Chanticleer his wicked Fancy hent ;

And in his high imagination cast,
By Stratagem to gratify his Tast. 490

The Plot contriv'd, before the break of
Day,

Saint *Reynard* through the Hedge had made
his way ;

The Pale was next, but proudly, with a
bound

He leapt the Fence of the forbidden Ground :
Yet fearing to be seen, within a Bed

Of Coleworts he conceal'd his wily Head ;
Then sculk'd till Afternoon, and watch'd
his time,

(As Murd'ers use) to perpetrate his Crime.
O Hypocrite, ingenious to destroy,

O Traytor, worse than *Strow* was to *Troy* ;
O vile Subverter of the *Gallick* Reign, 501

More false than *Gano* was to *Charlemain* !
O Chanticleer, in an unhappy Hour

Did'st thou forsake the Safety of thy Bow'r :
Better for Thee thou bad'st believ'd thy
Dream,

And not that Day descended from the Beam !
But here the Doctors eagerly dispute :

Some hold Predestination absolute :
Some Clerks maintain, that Heav'n at first

foresees,
And in the virtue of Foresight decrees. 510

If this be so, then Prescience binds the Will.
And Mortals are not free to Good or Ill

For what he first foresaw, he must ordain
Or its eternal Prescience may be vain

N

As bad for us as Prescience had not bin :
For first, or last, he's Author of the Sin.
And who says that, let the blaspheming Man
Say worse ev'n of the Devil, if he can.

For how can that Eternal Pow'r be just
To punish Man, who Sins because he must ?
Or, how can He reward a vertuous Deed, 521
Which is not done by us ; but first decreed ?

I cannot bould this Matter to the Bran,
As *Bradwardin* and holy *Austin* can :
If Prescience can determine Actions so
That we must do, because he did foreknow
Or that foreknowing, yet our Choice is free,
Not forc'd to Sin by strict necessity ;
This strict necessity they simple call,
Another sort there is, conditional. 530
The first so binds the Will that Things fore-
known

By Spontaneity, not Choice, are done.
Thus Galley-Slaves tug willing, at their Oar, }
Content to work, in prospect of the Shore ;
But wou'd not work at all, if not con-
strain'd before. }

That other does not Liberty constrain,
But Man may either act, or may refrain.
Heav'n made us Agents free to Good or Ill,
And forc'd it not, tho' he foresaw the Will.
Freedom was first bestow'd on human
Race, 540

And Prescience only held the second place.
If he could make such Agents wholly free,
I not dispute ; the Point 's too high for me ;
For Heav'n's unfathom'd Pow'r what Man
can sound,

Or put to his Omnipotence a Bound ?
He made us to his Image all agree ;
That Image is the Soul, and that must be, }
Or not the Maker's Image, or be free. }

But whether it were better Man had been
By Nature bound to Good, not free to Sin,
I wave, for fear of splitting on a Rock. 551
The Tale I tell is only of a Cock ;
Who had not run the hazard of his Life
Had he believ'd his Dream, and not his Wife:
For Women, with a mischief to their Kind,
Pervert, with bad Advice, our better Mind.
A Woman's Counsel brought us first to Woe,
And made her Man his Paradise forego,
Where at Heart's ease he liv'd, and might
have bin

As free from Sorrow as he was from Sin. 560

For what the Devil had their Sex to do,
That, born to Folly, they presum'd to know,
And could not see the Serpent in the Grass ?
But I my self presume, and let it pass.

Silence in times of Suffring is the best,
'Tis dang'rous to disturb a Hornet's Nest
In other Authors you may find enough,
But all they say of Dames is idle Stuff.
Legends of lying Wits together bound,
The Wife of *Bath* would throw 'em to the
Ground: 570

These are the words of Chanticleer, not mine,
I honour Dames, and think their Sex divine.

Now to continue what my Tale begun.
Lay Madam Partlet basking in the Sun,
Breast-high in Sand : Her Sisters, in a row,
Enjoyed the Beams above, the Warmth
below.

The Cock, that of his Flesh was ever free,
Sung merrier than the Mermaid in the Sea :
And so befel, that as he cast his Eye
Among the Colworts on a Butterfly, 580
He saw false *Reynard* where he lay full low,
I need not swear he had no list to Crow :
But cry'd, Cock, Cock, and gave a suddain
Start,

As sore dismaid and frighted at his Heart.
For Birds and Beasts, inform'd by Nature,
know

Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their Foe.
So, Chanticleer, who never saw a Fox,
Yet shun'd him as a Sailor shuns the Rocks.
But the false Loon, who cou'd not work
his Will

By open Force, employed his flatt'ring Skill :
I hope, my Lord, said he, I not offend, 591
Are you afraid of me that am your Friend ?
I were a Beast indeed to do you wrong,
I, who have lov'd and honour'd you so long :
Stay, gentle Sir, nor take a false Alarm,
For, on my Soul, I never meant you harm.
I come no Spy, nor as a Traytor press,
To learn the Secrets of your soft Recess :
Far be from *Reynard* so prophane a Thought,
But by the Sweetness of your Voice was
brought: 600

For, as I bid my Beads, by chance I heard
The Song as of an Angel in the Yard :
A Song that wou'd have charm'd th' infernal
Gods,
And banish'd Horror from the dark Abodes :

Had *Orpheus* sung it in the nerther Sphere,
 So much the Hymn had pleas'd the Tyrant's
 Ear,
 The Wife had been detain'd, to keep the
 Husband there.

My Lord, your Sire familiarly I knew,
 A Peer deserving such a Son, as you :
 He, with your Lady-Mother (whom Heav'n
 rest)

Has often grac'd my House, and been my
 Guest

To view his living Features does me good,
 For I am your poor Neighbour in the Wood ;
 And in my Cottage shou'd be proud to see
 The worthy Heir of my Friend's Family.

But since I speak of Singing let me say,
 As with an upright Heart I safely may,
 That, save your self, there breaths not on
 the Ground

One like your Father for a Silver sound.

So sweetly noud he wake the Winter-day,
 That Matrons to the Church mistook
 their way,

And thought they heard the merry Organ
 play.

And he to raise his Voice with artful Care.
 (What will not Beaux attempt to please
 the Fair ?)

On Tiptoe stood to sing with greater Strength,
 And stretch'd his comely Neck at all the
 length :

And while he pain'd his Voice to pierce the
 Skies,

As Saints in Raptures use, would shut his
 Eyes,

That the sound striving through the narrow
 Throat,

His winking might avail, to mend the Note.

By this, in Song, he never had his Peer, 639

From sweet *Cecilia* down to Chanticleer ;

Not *Moss's* Muse, who sung the mighty Man,

Nor *Pindar's* heav'nly Lyre, nor *Horace*
 when a Swan.

Your Ancestors proceed from Race divine :

From *Brennus* and *Belinus* is your Line ;

Who gave to sov'raign *Rome* such loud

Alarms,

That ev'n the Priests were not excus'd from
 Arms.

605 *Orpheus*] Orphans 1700 *A ludicrous mis-*
print.

627 pain'd] *Derrick, Warton, and others*
wrongly give strain'd

Besides, a famous Monk of modern times,
 Has left of Cocks recorded in his Rhimes, 640
 That of a Parish-Priest the Son and Heir
 (When Sons of Priests were from the
 Proverb clear)

Affronted once a Cock of noble Kind,
 And either lam'd his Legs, or struck him
 blind ;

For which the Clerk his Father was disgrac'd,
 And in his Benefice another plac'd.

Now sing, my Lord, if not for love of me,

Yet for the sake of sweet Saint Charity ;

Make Hills and Dales, and Earth and
 Heav'n rejoice,

And emulate your Father's Angel-voice. 650

The Cock was pleas'd to hear him speak
 so fair,

And proud beside, as solar People are ;

Nor cou'd the Treason from the Truth descry,

So was he ravish'd with this Flattery :

So much the more as from a little Elf,

He had a high Opinion of himself :

Though sickly, slender, and not large of
 Limb,

Concluding all the World was made for
 him.

Ye Princes, rais'd by Poets to the Gods,

And *Alexander'd* up in lying Odes, 660

Believe not ev'ry flatt'ring Knave's report,

There's many a *Reynard* lurking in the
 Court ;

And he shall be receiv'd with more regard

And list'ned to, than modest Truth is
 heard.

This Chanticleer, of whom the Story sings,

Stood high upon his Toes, and clap'd his
 Wings ;

Then stretch'd his Neck, and wink'd with
 both his Eyes,

Ambitious, as he sought th' Olympick
 Prize.

But while he pain'd himself to raise his Note,

False *Reynard* rush'd, and caught him by the
 Throat.

670

Then on his Back he laid the precious Load,

And sought his wonted shelter of the Wood ;

Swiftly he made his way, the Mischief done,

Of all unheeded, and pursu'd by none.

Alas, what stay is there in human State,

Or who can shun inevitable Fate ?

The Doom was written, the Decree was past,

E'er the Foundations of the World were
 cast !

In *Aries* though the Sun exalted stood,
His Patron-Planet to procure his good ; 680
Yet *Saturn* was his mortal Foe, and he
In *Libra* rais'd, oppos'd the same Degree :
The Rays both good and bad, of equal Pow'r,
Each thwarting other, made a mingled Hour.

On *Friday*-morn he dreamt this direful
Dream,

Cross to the worthy Native, in his Scheme !
Ah blissful *Venus*, Goddess of Delight,
How cou'dst thou suffer thy devoted Knight,
On thy own Day, to fall by Foe oppress'd,
The wight of all the World who serv'd thee
best ? 690

Who true to Love, was all for Recreation,
And minded not the Work of Propagation.
Gaufride, who could'st so well in Rhime
complain

The Death of *Richard* with an Arrow slain,
Why had not I thy Muse, or thou my Heart.
To sing this heavy Dirge with equal Art !
That I like thee on *Friday* might complain ;
For on that Day was *Ceur de Lion* slain.

Not louder Cries, when *Illum* was in
Flames,

Were sent to Heav'n by woful *Trojan*
Dames, 700

When *Pyrhus* toss'd on high his burnish'd
Blade,

And offer'd *Priam* to his Father's Shade,
Than for the Cock the widow'd Poultry
made.

Fair Partlet first, when he was born from
sight,

With sovereign Shrieks bewail'd her Captive
Knight :

Far lower than the *Carthaginian* Wife,
When *Asdrubal* her Husband lost his Life,
When she beheld the smouldring Flames
ascend,

And all the *Punic* Glories at an end :
Willing into the Fires she plung'd her Head,
With greater Ease than others seek their
Bed. 711

Not more aghast the Matrons of Renown,
When Tyrant *Nero* burn'd th' Imperial
Town,

Shriek'd for the downfal in a doleful Cry,
For which their guiltless Lords were doom'd
to die.

Now to my Story I return again :
The trembling Widow, and her Daughters
twain,

This woful cackling Cry with Horror heard,
Of those distracted Damsels in the Yard ;
And starting up, beheld the heavy Sight, 720
How *Reynard* to the Forest took his Flight,
And cross his Back, as in triumphant Scorn,
The Hope and Pillar of the House was born.

The Fox, the wicked Fox, was all the Cry,
Out from his House ran ev'ry Neighbour
nigh :

The Vicar first, and after him the Crew,
With Forks and Staves the Fellow to pursue.
Ran *Coll* our Dog, and *Talbot* with the Band,
And *Malkin*, with her Distaff in her Hand :
Ran Cow and Calf, and Family of Hogs, 730
In Panique Horror of pursuing Dogs ;
With many a deadly Grunt and doleful
Squeak

Poor Swine, as if their pretty Hearts would
break.

The Shouts of Men, the Women in dismay,
With Shrieks augment the Terror of the
Day.

The Ducks, that heard the Proclamation
cry'd,

And fear'd a Persecution might betide,
Full twenty Mile from Town their Voyage
take,

Obscure in Rushes of the liquid Lake.
The Geese fly o'er the Barn ; the Bees in
Arms, 740

Drive headlong from their Waxed Cells in
Swarms.

Jack Straw at *London*-stone with all his Rout
Struck not the City with so loud a Shout ;
Not when with English Hate they did pursue
A French Man, or an unbelieving *Jer* :
Not when the Welkin rung with one and
all ;

And Echoes hounded back from *Fox's* Hall ;
Earth seem'd to sink beneath, and Heav'n
above to fall.

With Might and Main they chas'd the
murderous Fox,

With brazen Trumpets, and inflated Box,
To kindle *Mars* with military Sounds, 751
Nor wanted Horns t' inspire sagacious
Hounds.

But see how Fortune can confound the
Wise,

And when they least expect it, turn the Dice.
The Captive Cock, who scarce cou'd draw
his Breath,

And lay within the very Jaws of Death,

Yet io this Agony his Fancy wrought,
And Fear supply'd him with this happy
Thought :

Yours is the Prize, victorious Prioce, said he,
The Vicar my defeat, nnd all the Village
see, 760

Eojoy your friendly Fortune while you may,
And bid the Churls that envy you the Prey,
Call back their mungril Curs, and cease their
Cry,

See, Fools, the shelter of the Wood is nigh,
And Chaoticleer in your despiht shall die.
He shall be pluck'd and eaten to the
Bone.

'Tis well advis'd, in Faith it shall be done ;
This Reynard said : hut as the Word he
spoke,

The Prisoner with a Spring from Prison
broke :

Then stretch'd his feather'd Fans with all
his might, 770
And to the neigh'ring Maple wing'd his
flight.

Whom when the Traytor safe on Tree
beheld,

He curs'd the Gods, with Shame and Sorrow
fill'd ;

Shame for his Folly ; Sorrow out of time,
For Plottiog an unprofitable Crime :

Yet mast'ring both, th' Artificer of Lies
Renews th' Assault, and his last Batt'ry
tries.

Though I, said he, did ne'er in Thought
offend,

How justly may my Lord suspect his
Friend !

Th' appearance is against me, I confess, 780
Who seemingly have put you in Distress :

You, if your Goodness does not plead my
Cause,

May think I broke all hospitable Laws,
To hear you from your Palace-yard by
Might,

And put your noble Person in a Fright :
This, since you take it ill, I must repent,
Though Heav'n can witness with no bad
intent

I practis'd it, to make you taste your Cheer,
With double Pleasure, first prepared by fear.

So loyal Subjects often seize their
Prince, 790

Fore'd (for his Good) to seeming Violence,
Yet meao his sacred Persoo not the least
Offeoce.

Descend ; so help me *Jove* as you shall find
That *Reynard* comes of no dissembling Kind.

Nay, quoth the Cock ; but I beshrew us
both,

If I believe a Saint upon his Oath :
An bonest Man may take a Knave's Advice,
But Idiots only will be couzen'd twice :

Once warn'd is well bewar'd : No flattering
lies

Shall sooth me more to sing with winking
Eyes, 800

And opeo Mouth, for fear of catchiog Flies.
Who Blindfold walks upon a Rivers brim,
When he should see, has he deserv'd to
swim ?

Better, Sir Cock, let all Contention cease,
Come down, said *Reynard*, let us treat of
Peace.

A Peace with all my Soul, said Chanticleer ;
But, with your Favour, I will treat it here :
And least the Truce with Treason should be
mixt,

'Tis my concern to have the Tree betwixt.

THE MORAL

In this plain Fable you th' Effect may see
Of Neghgence, and food Credulity : 811
Aod learn besides of Flatt'ers to beware,
Then most peroicious when they speak too
fair.

The Cock and Fox, the Fool and Knave
imply ;

The Truth is moral, though the Tale a Lie.
Who spoke in Parables, I dare not say ;

But sure, he knew it was a pleasing way,
Sound Seose, by plain Example, to convey.

And in a Beathen Author we may find,
That Pleasure with Instruction should be
join'd : 820

So take the Corn, and leave the Chaff be-
hind.

798 will] *Christie and others give may*
799 No] *Christie wrongly gives not*

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF; OR, THE LADY IN THE ARBOUR.

A VISION.

<p>Now turning from the wintry Signs, the Sun His Course exalted through the Ram had run : And whirling up the Skies, his Chariot drove Through <i>Taurus</i>, and the lightsome Realms of Love, Where <i>Venus</i> from her Orb descends in Show'rs To glad the Ground, and paint the Fields with Flow'rs : When first the tender Blades of Grass appear, And Buds that yet the blast of <i>Eurus</i> fear, Stand at the door of Life ; and doubt to cloath the Year ; Till gentle Heat, and soft repeated Rains 10 Make the green Blood to dance within their Veins : Then, at their Call, embolden'd out they come, And swell the Gems, and burst the narrow Room ; Broader and broader yet, their Blooms dis- play, Salute the welcome Sun, and entertain the Day. Then from their breathing Souls the Sweets repair To scent the Skies, and purge th' unwhole- some Air : Joy spreads the Heart, and with a general Song, Spring issues out, and leads the jolly Months along. In that sweet Season, as in Bed I lay, 20 And sought in Sleep to pass the Night away, I turned my weary Side, but still in vain, Tho' full of youthful Health, and void of Pain : Cares I had none to keep me from my Rest, For Love had never enter'd in my Breast ; I wanted nothing Fortune could supply, Nor did she Slumber till that hour deny :</p>	<p>I wonder'd then, but after found it true, Much Joy had dry'd away the balmy Dew : Sea's wou'd be Pools without the brushing- Air, 30 To curl the Waves ; and sure some little Care Shou'd weary Nature so, to make her want repair. When Chaunticleer the second Watch had sung, Scorning the Scorners Sleep from Bed I sprung. And dressing, by the Moon, in loose Array Pass'd out in open Air, preventing Day, And sought a goodly Grove, as Fancy led my way. Strait as a Line in beauteous Order stood Of Oaks unshorn a venerable Wood ; Fresh was the Grass beneath, and ev'ry Tree, 40 At distance planted in a due degree. Their branching Arms in Air with equal space Stretch'd to their Neighbours with a long Embrace : And the new Leaves on ev'ry Bough were seen, Some ruddy-colour'd, some of lighter green. The painted Birds, Companions of the Spring, Hopping from Spray to Spray, were heard to sing ; Both Eyes and Ears receiv'd a like Delight, Enchanting Musick, and a charming Sight. On <i>Philomel</i> I fix'd my whole Desire ; 50 And list'n'd for the Queen of all the Quire ; Fain would I hear her heav'nly Voice to sing ; And wanted yet an Omen to the Spring. Attending long in vain ; I took the way Which through a Path, but scarcely printed, lay ; In narrow Mazes oft it seemed to meet, And look'd as lightly press'd by Fairy Feet.</p>
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THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF. Text from the first and only contemporary edition, 1700, except or variants noted.

57 look'd as lightly press'd | look'd, as lightly press'd, 1700.

Wandering I walk'd alone, for still methought
To some strange End so strange a Pnth was
wrought :
At last it led me where an Arbour stood, 60
The sacred Receptacle of the Wood :
This Place unmark'd though oft I walk'd
the Green,
In all my Progress I had never seen :
And seiz'd at once with Wonder and
Delight,
Gaz'd all around me, new to the transport-
ing Sight.
'Twas bench'd with Turf, and, goodly to
be seen,
The thick young Grass arose in fresher
Green :
The Mound was newly made, no Sight cou'd
pass
Betwixt the nice Partitions of the Grass ;
The well-united Sods so closely lay ; 70
And all around the Shades defended it
from Day.
For Sycamours with Eglantine were spread,
A Hedge about the Sides, a Covering over
Head.
And so the fragrant Bricr was wove between,
The Sycamour and Flow'rs werc mix'd with
Green,
That Nature seem'd to vary the Delight ;
And satisfy'd at once the Smell and Sight.
The Master Work-man of the Bow'r was
known
Through Fairy-Lands, and built for Oberon ;
Who twining Leaves with such Proportion
drew, 80
They rose by Measure, and by Rule they
grew ;
No Mortal Tongue can half the Beauty tell,
For none but Hands divine could work so
well.
Both Roof and Sides were like a Parlour
made,
A soft Recess, and a cool Summer Shade ;
The Hedge was set so thick, no Foreign
Eye
The Persons plac'd within it could espy ;
But all that pass'd without with Ease was
seen,
As if nor Fence nor Tree was plac'd between
'Twas border'd with a Field ; and some was
plain 90
With Grass ; and some was sow'd with
rising Grain.

That (now the Dew with Spangles deck'd
the Ground,)
A sweeter spot of Earth was never found.
I look'd, and look'd, and still with new
Delight ;
Such Joy my Soul, such Pleasures fill'd my
Sight :
And the fresh Eglantine exhal'd a Breath ;
Whose Odours were of Pow'r to raise from
Death.
Nor sullen Discontent nor anxious Care,
Ev'n tho' brought thither, could inhabit
there :
But thence they fled as from their mortal
Foe ; 100
For this sweet Place cou'd only Pleasure
know.
Thus as I mus'd, I cast aside my Eye,
And saw a Medlar-Tree was planted nigh.
The spreading Branches made a goodly
Show,
And full of opening Blooms was ev'ry
Bough :
A Goldfinch there I saw with gawdy Pride
Of painted Plumes, that hopp'd from side
to side,
Still pecking as she pass'd ; and still she
drew
The Sweets from ev'ry Flower, and suck'd
the Dew : 109
Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her Throat,
And tun'd her Voice to many a merry Note,
But indistinct, and neither Sweet nor Clear,
Yet such as sooth'd my Soul, and pleas'd
my Ear.
Her short Performance was no sooner
try'd,
When she I sought, the Nightingale reply'd :
So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
That the grove eccho'd, and the Valleys
rung :
And I so ravish'd with her heav'nly Note
I stood intranc'd, and had no room for
Thought, 119
But all o'er-pow'r'd with Extasy of Bliss,
Was in a pleasing Dream of Paradise ;
At length I wak'd ; and looking round the
Bow'r
Search'd every Tree, and pry'd on ev'ry
Flow'r,

120 o'er-pow'r'd] o'er-pow'r'd 1700 Probably
a misprint.

If anywhere by chance I might espy
The rural Poet of the Melody:
For still methought she sung not far away;
At last I found her on a Lawrel Spray,
Close by my Side she sate, and fair in Sight,
Full in a Line, against her opposite;
Where stood with Eglantine the Lawrel
twin'd: 130

And both their native Sweetness were well con-
join'd.

On the green Bank I sat, and listen'd long;
(Sitting was more convenient for the Song!)
Nor till her Lay was ended could I move,
But wish'd to dwell for ever in the Grove.
Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,
And ev'ry Note I fear'd would be the last.
My Sight, and Smell, and Hearing were
employ'd,

And all three Senses in full Gust enjoy'd.
And what alone did all the rest surpass, 140
The sweet Possession of the Fairy Place;
Single, and conscious to my Self alone
Of Pleasures to th' excluded World unknown.
Pleasures which nowhere else, were to be
found,

And all *Elysium* in a spot of Ground.

Thus while I sat intent to see and hear,
And drew Perfumes of more than vital Air,
All suddenly I heard th' approaching sound
Of vocal Musick, on th' enchanted Ground:
An Host of Saints it seem'd, so full the
Quire; 150

As if the Bless'd above did all conspire,
To join their Voices, and neglect the Lyre.)
At length there issu'd from the Grove
behind

A fair Assembly of the Female Kind:

A Train less fair, as ancient Fathers tell,
Seduc'd the Sons of Heaven to rebel.
I pass their Forms, and ev'ry charming
Grace,

Less than an Angel would their Worth
debase:

But their Attire like Liveries of a kind,
All rich and rare is fresh within my Mind.
In Velvet white as Snow the Troop was
gown'd, 161

The Seams with sparkling Emeralds set
around;

Their Hoods and Sleeves the same: And
purpled o'er

With Diamonds, Pearls, and all the shining
store

Of Eastern Pomp: Their long descending
Train

With Rubies edg'd, and Sapphires, swept the
Plain:

High on their Heads, with Jewels richly set
Each Lady wore a radiant Coronet.

Beneath the Circles, all the Quire was grac'd
With Chaplets green on their fair Foreheads
plac'd, 170

Of Lawrel some, of Woodbine many more;
And Wreaths of *Agnus castus* others bore:
These last, who with those Virgin Crowns
were dress'd,

Appear'd in higher Honour than the rest.

They danc'd around, but in the midst was
seen

A Lady of a more majestique Mien;

By Stature, and by Beauty mark'd their
Sovereign Queen.

She in the midst began with sober Grace;
Her Servants Eyes were fix'd upon her Face,
And as she mov'd or turn'd, her Motions
view'd, 180

Her Measures kept, and Step by Step
pursu'd.

Methought she trod the Ground with
greater Grace,

With more of Godhead shining in her Face;
And as in Beauty she surpass'd the Quire,
So, nobler than the rest, was her Attire.

A crown of ruddy Gold inclos'd her Brow,
Plain without Pomp, and Rich without
a Show:

A Branch of *Agnus castus* in her Hand
She bore aloft (her Scepter of Command);
Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling Crowd,
For wheresoe'er she turn'd her Face, they
bow'd: 191

And as she danc'd, a Roundelay she sung,
In honour of the Lawrel, ever young:

She rais'd her Voice on high, and sung
so clear,

The Fawns came scudding from the Groves
to hear:

And all the hending Forest lent an Ear.
At ev'ry Close she made, th' attending
Throng

Reply'd, and bore the Burden of the
Song:

157 Forms] *Christie wrongly gives form*
159 kind,] *Christie omitted the comma, but no*
doubt of a kind means 'of one kind', i.e. uni
form.

So just, so small, yet in so sweet a Note,
It seem'd the Musick melted in the Throat.

Thus dancing on, and singing as they
danc'd, 201

They to the middle of the Mead adyaoc'd:
Till round my Arbour, a new Ring they
made,

And footed it about the secret Shade:
O'erjoy'd to see the jolly Troop so near,
But somewhat aw'd I shook with holy Fear;
Yet not so much, but that I noted well
Who did the most in Song, or Dance excel.

Not loog I had observ'd, when from afar
I heard a suddain Symphony of War; 210
The neighing Coursers, and the Soldiers cry,
And sounding Trumps that seem'd to tear
the Sky.

I saw soon after this, behind the Grove
From whence the Ladies did in order move,
Come issuing out in Arms a Warrior-Train,
That like a Deluge pour'd upon the Plain:
On barbed Steeds they rode in proud Array,
Thick as the College of the Bees in May,
When swarming o'er the dusky Fields they
fly,

New to the Flow'rs, and intercept the Sky
So fierce they drove, their Coursers were so
fleet, 221

That the Turf trembled underneath their
Feet.

To tell their costly Furniture were long,
The Summers Day wou'd end before the
Song;

To purchase but the Tenth of all their Store
Would make the mighty Persian Monarch
poor.

Yet what I can, I will; before the rest
The Trumpets issu'd in white Mantles dress'd:
A numerous Troop, and all their Heads,
aroud

With Chaplets green of Cerial-Oak were
crown'd, 230

And at each Trumpet was a Banner bound;
Which waving in the Wind display'd at large
Their Master's Coat of Arms, and Knightly
Charge.

Broad were the Banners, and of snowy Hue,
A purer Web the Silk-worm never drew.
The chief about their Necks the Scutcheons
wore,

With Orient Pearls and Jewels powder'd o'er:

Broad were their Collars too, and ev'ry one
Was set about with many a costly Stone.

Next these of Kings at Arms a goodly Traio,
In proud Array came prancing o'er the
Plain: 241

Their Cloaks were Cloth of Silver mix'd with
Gold,

And Garlands green arround their Temples
roll'd:

Rich Crowns were on their royal Scutcheons
plac'd,

With Sappires, Diamonds, aod with Rubies
grac'd:

And as the Trumpets their appearance
made,

So these in Habits were alike array'd;
But with a Pace more sober, aod more slow:

And twenty, Raok in Rank, they rode a-row.
The Pursevents came next, in number more;

And like the Heralds each his Scutcheon
bore: 251

Clad in white Velvet all their Troop they led,
With each an Oaken Chaplet on his Head.

Nine royal Koughs in equal Rank succeed,
Each Warrior mounted on a fiery Steed:

In golden Armour glorious to behold;
The Rivets of their Arms were nail'd with
Gold.

Their Surcoats of white Ermm-Fur were
made;

With Cloth of Gold between that cast a
glitt'ring Shade.

The Trappings of their Steeds were of the
same; 260

The golden Frioge ev'o set the Ground on
flame,

And drew a precious Trail: A Crown divine
Of Lawrel did about their Temples twine.

Three Henchmen were for ev'ry Kough
assign'd,

All in rich Livery clad, and of a kind:
White Velvet, hut unshorn, for Cloaks they
wore,

And each within his Hand a Truncheon bore:
The foremost held a Helm of rare device;

A Prince's Ransom wou'd not pay the
Price. 269

The second bore the Buckler of his Knight,
The third of Cornel-Wood a Spear upright,

Headed with piercing Steel, and polish'd
bright.

Like to their Lords their Equipage was seen,
And all their Foreheads crown'd with Gar-
lands green.

And after these came arm'd with Spear
and Shield

An Host so great as cover'd all the Field:
And all their Foreheads, like the Knights
before,

With Lawrels ever green were shaded o'er,
Or Oak, or other Leaves of lasting kind,
Tenacious of the Stem and firm against the
Wind. 280

Some in their Hands, besides the Lance and
Shield,

The Boughs of Woodbind or of Hawthorn
beld,

Or Branches for their mistique Emblems
took,

Of Palm, of Lawrel, or of Cerial Oak.

Thus marching to the Trumpets lofty
Sound,

Drawn in two Lines adverse they wheel'd
around,

And in the middle Meadow took their
Ground.

Among themselves the Turney they divide
In equal Squadrons rang'd on either side.

Then turn'd their Horses Heads, and Man
to Man, 290

And Steed to Steed oppos'd, the Justs
began.

They lightly set their Lances in the rest,
And, at the Sign, against each other press'd

They met, I sitting at my Ease beheld
The mix'd Events, and Fortunes of the Field.

Some broke their Spears, some tumbled
Horse and Man,

And round the Fields the lighten'd Coursers
ran.

An Hour and more like Tides, in equal sway
They rush'd, and won by turns, and lost
the Day:

At length the Nine (who still together held)
Their fainting Foes to shameful Flight

compell'd, 301

And with resistless Force, o'er-ran the Field.)
Thus, to their Fame, when finish'd was the
Fight,

The Victors from their lofty Steeds alight:

Like them dismounted all the Warlike Train,
And two by two proceeded o'er the Plain:
Till to the fair Assembly they advanc'd,
Who near the secret Arbour sung and danc'd.

The Ladies left their Measures at the
Sight,
To meet the Chiefs returning from the
Fight, 310
And each with open Arms embrac'd her
chosen Knight.

Amid the Plain a spreading Lawrel stood,
The Grace and Ornament of all the Wood:
That pleasing Shade they sought, a soft
Retreat

From sudden April Show'rs, a Shelter from
the Heat.

Her leavy Arms with such extent were spread,
So near the Clouds was her aspiring Head,
That Hosts of Birds that wing the liquid Air,
Perch'd in the Boughs, had nightly Lodging
there.

And Flocks of Sheep beneath the Shade
from far 320

Might hear the rattling Hail, and wintry War;
From Heav'n's Inclemency here found
retreat,

Enjoy'd the cool, and shun'd the scorching
Heat:

A hundred Knights might there at Ease
abide;

And ev'ry Knight a Lady by his side:
The Trunk it self such Odours did bequeath

That a Moluccan Breeze to these was
common Breath.

The Lords, and Ladies here approaching,
paid

Their Homage, with a low Obeisance made:
And seem'd to venerate the sacred Shade.

These Rites perform'd, their Pleasures they
pursue, 331

With Songs of Love, and mix with Measures
new;

Around the holy Tree their Dance they
frame,

And ev'ry Champion leads his chosen Dame.
I cast my Sight upon the farther Field,

And a fresh Object of Delight beheld:
For from the Region of the West I heard

New Musick sound, and a new Troop
appear'd;

297 Coursers] Courses 1700 *A misprint.*
298 Tides, in equal sway] *Christie gives tides*
in equal sway
301 Flight] Fight 1700. *A misprint*

332 Measures] *Derrick wrongly gives plea-*
sures

Of Knights, and Ladies mix'd a jolly Band,
But all on Foot they march'd, and Hand in
Hand. 340

The Ladies dress'd in rich Symarrs were
seen
Of Florence Sattu, flower'd with White and
Green,
And for a Shade betwixt the bloomy
Gndelin.

The Borders of their Petticoats below
Were guarded thick with Rubies on a-row ;
And ev'ry Damsel wore upon her Head
Of Flow'rs a Garland blended White and
Red.

Attir'd in Mantles all the Knights were seen
That gratify'd the View with chearful Green:
Their Chaplets of their Ladies Colours were
Compos'd of White and Red, to shade their
shining Hair. 351

Before the merry Troop the Minstrels play'd,
All in their Master's Liveries were array'd,
And clad in Green, and on their Temples
were

The Chaplets White and Red their Ladies
bore.

Their Instruments were various in their
kind,

Some for the Bow, and some for breathing
Wind :

The Sawtry, Pipe, and Hautbois noisy band,
And the soft Lute trembling beneath the
touching Hand.

A Tuft of Daises on a flow'ry Lay 360
They saw, and thitherward they bent their
way :

To this both Knights and Dames their
Homage made,

And due Obeisance to the Daisy paid.
And then the Band of Flutes began to play,
To which a Lady sung a Virelay ;
And still at ev'ry close she wou'd repeat
The Burden of the Song, *The Daisy is so
sweet.*

The Daisy is so sweet when she begun,
The Troop of Knights and Dames con-
tinu'd on.

The Concert and the Voice so charm'd my
Ear, 370

And sooth'd my Soul, that it was Heav'n
to hear.

But soon their Pleasure pass'd : At Noon
of Day

The Sun with sultry Beams began to play :
Not *Syrus* shoots a fiercer Flame from high,
When with his poisonous Breath he blasts
the Sky :

Then droop'd the fading Flow'rs (their
Beauty fled)

And clos'd their sickly Eyes, and hung the
Head ;

And, rivell'd up with Heat, lay dying in
their Bed.

The Ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could
respire ;

The Breath they drew, no longer Air, but
Fire ; 380

The fainty Knights were scorch'd ; and
knew not where

To run for Shelter, for no Shade was near.
And after this the gath'ring Clouds amain

Pour'd down a Storm of rattling Hail and
Rain ;

And lightning flashed betwixt : The Field,
and Flow'rs,

Burnt up before, were bury'd in the Show'rs.
The Ladies, and the Knights no Shelter nigh,

Bare to the Weather, and the wintry Sky,
Were dropping wet, disconsolate, and wan,

And through their thin Array receiv'd the
Rain. 390

While those in White, protected by the
Tree,

Saw pass the vain Assault, and stood from
Danger free.

But as Compassion mov'd their gentle Minds,
When ceas'd the Storm, and silent were the
Winds,

Displeas'd at what, not suffer'ing they had
seen,

They went to clear the Faction of the Green.
The Queen in white Array before her Band,

Saluting, took her Rival by the Hand ;
So did the Knights and Dames, with courtly

grace

And with Behaviour sweet their Foes em-
brace. 400

Then thus the Queen with Lawrel on her
Brow :

Fair Sister, I have suffer'd in your Woe :
Nor shall be wanting ought within my Pow'r

For your Relief in my refreshing Bow'r.
That other answer'd with a lowly Look,

And soon the gracious Invitation took

360 Lay] *This is the Northamptonshire spell-
ing, wrongly taken by Dr. Saintsbury for a
misprint and given by him and Chubb as the*

For ill at ease both she and all her Train
The scorching Sun had born, and beating
Rain.

Like Courtesy was us'd by all in White,
Each Dame a Dame receiv'd, and ev'ry
Knight a Knight. 410

The Lawrel-Champions with their Swords
invade

The neighb'ring Forests where the Justs were
made,

Aod Serewood from the rotten Hedges
took,

And Seeds of Latent-Fire from Flints pro-
voke :

A cheerful Blaze arose, and by the Fire
They warm'd their frozen Feet, and dry'd
their wet Attire.

Refresh'd with Heat the Ladies sought
around

For virtuous Herbs which gathered from the
ground

They squeez'd the Juice ; and cooling
Ointment made,

Which on their Sun-burnt Cheeks, and their
chapt Skins they laid : 420

Then sought green Salads, which they bad
'em eat,

A Sovereign Remedy for inward Heat.

The Lady of the Leaf ordain'd a Feast,
And made the Lady of the Flow'r her Guest :
When lo, a Bow'r ascended on the Plain,
With suddaio Seats adorn'd, and large for
either Train.

This Bow'r was near my pleasant Arbour
plac'd,

That I could hear and see whatever pass'd
The Ladies sat, with each a Knight between,

Distinguish'd by their Colours White and
Green ; 430

The vanquish'd Party with the Victors
join'd,

Nor wanted sweet Discourse, the Banquet
of the Mind.

Mean time the Minstrels play'd on either
side

Vain of their Art, and for the Mast'ry vy'd
The sweet Conteotion lasted for an Hour,

And reach'd my secret Arbour from the
Bow'r.

The Sun was set ; and Vesper to supply
His absent Beams, bad lighted up the Sky ;

When *Philomel*, officious all the Day
To sing the Service of th' ensuing *May*, 440

Fled from her Lawrel Shade, and wlog'd
her Flight

Directly to the Queen array'd in White :
And hopping sate familiar on her Hand,

A new Musitalia, and increas'd the Band.
The Goldfinch, who to shun the scalding

Heat,
Had chang'd the Medlar for a safer Seat,

And hid in Bushes scap'd the bitter Show'r,
Now perch'd upon the Lady of the Flow'r ;

And either Songster holding out their
Throats,

And folding up their Wings renew'd their
Notes : 450

As if all Day, precluding to the Fight,
They only had rehears'd, to sing by Night.

The Banquet ended, and the Battle dooe,
They danc'd by Star-light aod the friendly

Moon :

And when they were to part, the Laureat
Queen

Supply'd with Steeds the Lady of the
Green,

Her, and her Train conducting on the way
The Moon to follow, and avoid the Day.

This when I saw, inquisitive to know
The secret Moral of the Mystique Show, 460

I started from my Shade, in hopes to find
Some Nymph to satisfy my longing Mind :

And as my fair Adventure fell, I found
A Lady all in White, with Lawrel crown'd,

Who clos'd the Rear and softly pac'd along,
Repeating to her self the former Song.

With due respect my Body I inclin'd,
As to some Being of Superiour Kind,

And made my Court, according to the Day,
Wishing her Queen and Her a happy *May*.

Great Thanks my Daughter, with a gracious
Bow 471

She said ; and I who much desir'd to know
Of whence she was, yet fearful how to break

My Miod, adventur'd humbly thus to speak
Madam, Might I presume and not offend,

So may the Stars and shining Moon attend
Your Nightly Sports, as you vouchsafe to

tell,
What Nymphs they were who mortal

Forms excel,
Aod what the Knights who fought in listed

Fields so well.

To this the Dame reply'd : Fair daughter
know, 480

That what you saw, was all a Fairy Show :

And all those oiry Shapcs you now behold
Were humane Bodies once, and cloath'd with
earthly Mold.

Our Souls, not yet prepar'd for upper Light,
Till Doomsday wander in the Shades of
Night ;

This only Holiday of all the Year,
We priviledg'd in Sun-shine may appear :
With Songs and Dance we celebrate the Day,
And with due Honours usher in the May.

At other Times we reign by Night alone, 490
And posting through the Skies pursue the
Moon :

But when the Morn arises, none are found ;
For cruel *Demogorgon* walks the round,
And if he finds a Fairy lag in Light,
He drives the Wretch before ; and lashes
into Night.

All Courteous are by Kind ; and ever proud
With friendly Offices to help the Good.

In every Land we have a larger Space
Than what is known to you of mortal Roce ,
Where we with Green adorn our Fairy
Bow'rs, 500

And even this Grove unseen before, is ours.
Know farther ; Ev'ry Lady cloath'd in
White,

And crown'd with Oak and Lawrel ev'ry
Knight,

Are Servants to the Leaf, by Liveries known
Of Innocence ; and I myself am one.

Saw you not Her so graceful to behold,
In white Attire, and crown'd with Radiant
Gold ?

The Sovereign Lady of our Lond is She,
Diana call'd, the Queen of Chastity : 509

And, for the spotless Name of Maid she bears,
That *Agnus castus* in her Hand appears ;
And all her Tram with leavy Choplets
crown'd

Were for unblam'd Virginity renown'd
But those the chief and highest in Command
Who bear those holy Branches in their
Hand :

The Knights adorned with Lawrel-Crowns,
are they,

Whom Death nor Danger ever cou'd dis-
moy,

Victorious Names, who made the World
obey :

Who while they liv'd, in Deeds of Arms
excell'd,

And after Death for Deities we held. 520

But those who wear the Woodbine on their
Brow

Were Knights of Love, who never broke
their Vow :

Firm to their plightd Faith, and ever free
From Fears and fickle Chance, and jealousy.
The Lords and Ladies, who the Woodbine
bear,

As true as *Tristram* and *Isotta* were.

But what are those said I, th' unconquered
Nine,

Who crown'd with Lawrel-Wreaths, in
golden Armour shine ?

And who the Knights in Green, and what
the Train 529

Of Ladies dress'd with Daisies on the Plain ?
Why both the Bands in Worship disagree,

And some adore the Flow'r, and some the
Tree ?

Just is your Suit, fair daughter, said the
Dame,

Those lawrell'd Chiefs were Men of mighty
Fame ;

Nine Worthies were they call'd of diff'rent
Rites,

Three Jews, threc Pogans, and three
Christian Knights.

These, as you see, ride foremost in the Field, }
As they the foremost Rank of Honour held, }
And all in Deeds of Chivalry excell'd. }

Their Temples wreath'd with Leafs, that
still renew ; 540

For deathless Lawrel is the Victor's due.
Who bear the Bows were Knights in *Arthur's*

Reign,
Twelve they, and twelve the Peers of *Charle-*

main :
For Bows the Strength of brawny Arms simply

Emblems of Valour, and of Victory.
Behold an Order yet of newer Date

Doubling their Number, equal in their State ;
Our *England's* Ornament, the Crown's

Defence,
In Battle brave, Protectors of their Prince

Unchang'd by Fortune, to their Sovereign
true, 550

For which their manly Legs are bound with
Blue.

These, of the Garter call'd, of Faith un-
stain'd,

In fighting Fields the Lawrel have obtain'd,
And well repaid those Honours which they

gain'd.

The Lawrel-Wreaths were first by *Cæsar* worn,
And still they *Cæsar's* Successors ndorn :
One Leaf of this is Immortality,
And more of Worth, than all the World
can buy.

One Doubt remains, said I, the Dames in
Green,

What were their Qualities, and who their
Queen ? 560

Flora commands, said she, those Nymphs
and Knights,

Who liv'd in slothful Ease, and loose
Delights :

Who never Aets of Honour durst pursue,
The Men inglorious Knights, the Ladies all
untrue :

Who nurs'd in Idleness, and train'd in
Courts,

Pass'd all their preeious Hours in Plays, and
Sports,

Till Death behind came stalking on, unseen,
And wither'd (like the Storm) the fresliness
of their Green.

These, and their Mates, enjoy the present
Hour,

And therefore pay their Homage to the
Flow'r. 570

But Knights in Knightly Deeds should
persevere,

And still continue what at first they were ;
Continue, and proceed in Honour's fair
Career.

No room for Cowardise, or dull Delay ;
From Good to Better they should urge
their way.

For this with golden Spurs the Chiefs are
grac'd,

With pointed Rowels arm'd to mend their
haste ;

For this with lasting Leaves their Brows
are bound,

For Lawrel is the Sign of Labour crown'd ;
Which bears the bitter Blast, nor shaken
falls to Ground : 580

From Winter-Winds it suffers no decay,
For ever fresh and fair, and ev'ry Month
is *May*.

Ev'n when the vital Sap retreats below,
Ev'n when the hoary Head is hid in Snow ;
The Life is in the Leaf, and still between
The Fits of falling Snows, appears the
streaky Green.

Not so the Flow'r which lasts for little space,
A short-liv'd Good, and an uncertain Grace ;
This way and that the feeble Stem is driv'n,
Weak to sustain the Storms, and Injuries
of Heav'n. 590

Prop'd by the Spring, it lifts aloft the Head,
But of a sickly Beauty, soon to shed ;
In Summer living, and in Winter dead.
For Things of tender Kind for Pleasure made
Shoot up with swift Increase, and suddain
are decay'd.

With humble Words, the wisest I could
frame,

And profer'd Service I repaid the Dame :
That of her Grace she gave her Maid to
know

The seeret meaning of this moral Show.
And she to prove what Profit I had made 600
Of mystique Truth, in Fables first convey'd,
Demanded, till the next returning *May*,
Whether the Leaf or Flow'r I would obey ?
I chose the Leaf ; she smil'd with sober
Chear,

And wish'd me fair Adventure for the Year,
And gave me Charms and Sigils, for defence
Against ill Tongues that scandal Innocence :
But I, said she, my Fellows must pursue,
Already past the Plain, and out of view.

We parted thus ; I homeward sped my
way, 610

Bewilder'd in the Wood till Dawn of Day :
And met the merry Crew who dane'd about
the *May*.

Then late refresh'd with Sleep I rose to
write

The visionary Vigils of the Night.
Blush, as thou may'st, my little Book for
Shame,

Nor hope with homely Verse to purchase
Fame ;

For such thy Maker chose ; and so design'd
Thy simple Style to suit thy lowly Kind.

569 the] *Christie* and others give their

586 Snows] *Warton* and *Christie* wrongly
give snow

THE WIFE OF BATH HER TALE.

IN Days of Old, when *Arthur* fill'd the Throne,
 Whose Aets and Fame to Foreign Lands
 were blown,
 The King of Elfs and little fairy Queen
 Gamboll'd on Heaths, and danc'd on ev'ry
 Green ;
 And where the jolly Troop had led the
 Round,
 The Grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the
 Ground.
 Nor darkling did they dance, the Silver
 Light
 Of *Phæbe* serv'd to guide their Steps
 aright,
 And, with their Tripping pleas'd, prolong'd
 the Night.
 Her Beams they follow'd, where at full
 she plaid, ¹⁰
 Nor longer than she shed her Horns they
 staid,
 From thence with airy Flight to Foreign
 Lands convey'd.
 Above the rest our *Britain* held they dear,
 More solemnly they kept their Sabbaths
 here,
 And made more spacious Rings, and revell'd
 half the Year.
 I speak of ancient Times ; for now the
 Swain
 Returning late may pass the Woods in vain,
 And never hope to see the nightly Train :
 In vain the Dairy now with Mints is dress'd,
 The Dairy-Maid expects no Fairy Guest, ²⁰
 To skim the Bowls and after pay the Feast.
 She sighs, and shakes her empty Shoes in
 vain,
 No Silver Penny to reward her Pain :
 For Priests with Pray'rs, and other godly
 Geer,
 Have made the merry Goblins disappear ;
 And where they plaid their merry Pranks
 before,
 Have sprinkled Holy Water on the Floor :
 And Fry'rs that through the wealthy
 Regions run
 Thiek as the Motes, that twinkle in the Sun,

THE WIFE OF BATH'S TALE. Text from the
 original and only contemporary edition, 1700
 7 dance] Some editors wrongly give glance

Resort to Farmers rich, and bless their
 Halls
 And exorcise the Beds, and cross the Wolls :
 This makes the Fairy Quires forsake the
 Place,
 When once 'tis hallow'd with the Rites of
 Grace :
 But in the Walks, where wicked Elves have
 been,
 The Learning of the Parish now is seen,
 The Midnight Parson posting o'er the Green
 With Gown tuck'd up to Wakes ; for
 Sunday next
 With bumm'ng Ale encouragiog his Text ;
 Nor wons the holy Leer to Country-Girl
 betwixt.
 From Fiends and Imps he sets the Village
 free, ⁴⁰
 There haunts not any Incubus, but He.
 The Maids and Women need no Donger fear
 To walk by Night, and Sanctity so near :
 For by some Haycock or some shady Thorn
 He bids his Beads both Even-song and Morn.
 It so befel in this King *Arthur's* Reign,
 A lusty Knight was pricking o'er the Plain ;
 A Bachelor he was, and of the courtly Train.
 It happen'd as he rode, a Damsel gay ⁴⁹
 In Russet-Robes to Market took her way ;
 Soon on the Girl he cast an amorous Eye,
 So strait she walk'd, and on her Pasterns
 high :
 If seeing her behind he lik'd her Pace,
 Now turning short he better lik'd her Face.
 He lights in hast, and, full of Youthful
 Fire,
 By Force accomplish'd his obscene Desire
 This done away he rode, not unesp'y'd,
 For swarming at his Back the Country
 ery'd ;
 And once in view they never lost the Sight,
 But seiz'd, and pinion'd brought to Court
 the Knight. ⁶⁰
 Then Courts of Kings were held in high
 Renown,
 E'er made the common Brothels of the
 Town ;
 There, Virgins honourable Vows receiv'd,
 But chast as Maids in Monasteries liv'd :

60 Court] court 1700

The King himself to Nuptial Ties a Slave,
No bad Example to his Poets gave ;
And they not bad, but in a vicious Age
Had not to please the Prince debauch'd the
Stage.

Now what shou'd *Arthur* do ? He lov'd
the Knight,

But Sovereign Monarchs are the Source of
Right : 70

Mov'd by the Damsels Tears and common
Cry,

He doom'd the brutal Ravisher to die.

But fair *Genevra* rose in his Defence,

And pray'd so hard for Mercy from the
Prince ;

That to his Queen the King th' Offender
gave,

And left it in her Pow'r to Kill or Save :

This gracious Act the Ladies all approve,
Who thought it much a Man shou'd die for
Love ;

And with their Mistress join'd in close
Debate,

(Covering their Kindness with dissembled
Hate ;) 80

If not to free him, to prolong his Fate.
At last agreed, they call'd him by consent

Before the Queen and Female Parliament.

And the fair Speaker, rising from her Chair
Did thus the Judgment of the House declare.

Sir Knight, tho' I have ask'd thy Life,
yet still

Thy Destiny depends upon my Will :

Nor hast thou other Surety than the Grace
Not due to thee from our offended Ræe.

But as our Kind is of a softer Mold, 90
And cannot Blood without a Sigh behold,

I grant thee Life ; reserving still the
Pow'r

To take the Forfeit when I see my Hour ;
Unless thy Answer to my next Demand

Shall set Thee free from our avenging
Hand ;

The Question, whose Solution I require,
Is what the Sex of Women most desire ?

In this Dispute thy Judges are at Strife ;

Beware, for on thy Wit depends thy Life

Yet (lest surpriz'd, unknowing what to say,
Thou damn thy self) we give thee farther

Day : 101

A Year is thine to wander at thy Will :

And learn from others, if thou want'st the
Skill.

But, not to hold our Proffer [as] in Scorn,
Good Sureties will we have for thy return ;
That at the time prefix'd thou shalt obey,
And at thy Pledges Peril keep thy Day.

Woe was the Knight at this severe
Command !

But well he knew 'twas bootless to with-
stand :

The Terms accepted as the Fair ordain, 110

He put in Bail for his return again ;

And promis'd Answer at the Day assign'd,

The best, with Heav'n's Assistance, he could
find.

His Leave thus taken, on his Way he went ;

With heavy Heart, and full of Discontent,

Misdoubting much, and fearful of th' Event.

'Twas hard the Truth of such a Point to find,

As was not yet agreed among the Kind.

Thus on he went ; still anxious more and
more,

Ask'd all he met ; and knock'd at ev'ry
Door ; 120

Enquir'd of Men ; but made his chief
Request

To learn from Women what they lov'd the
best.

They answer'd each according to her Mind,

To please her self, not all the Female Kind.

One was for Wealth, another was for Place :

Crones old and ugly, wish'd a better Face ;

The Widow's Wish was oftentimes to Wed ;

The wanton Maids were all for Sport a Bed.

Some said the Sex were pleas'd with hand-
som Lies,

And some gross Flatt'ry lov'd without
disguise : 130

Truth is, says one, he seldom foils to win

Who Flatters well ; for that's our darling Sin.

But long Attendance, and a duteous Mind,

Will work ev'n with the wisest of the Kind.

One thought the Sexes prime Felicity

Was from the Bonds of Wedlock to be
free ;

101 Proffer [as] in Scorn] Proffer in Scorn 1700
*A word has dropt out in the printing. Warton
gives proffer'd turn in scorn and is followed by
Scott and Saintsbury, but the conjecture has
little to recommend it. Christie gives proffer for
in scorn, a reading which Saintsbury justly
stigmatises as meaningless. The conjecture in
the text is mine. The added word makes no
appreciable difference in the sense, and the same
word, though no editor seems to have noticed the
fact, has dropt out in 543 below*

Their Pleasures, Hours, and Actions all
 their own,
 And uncontroll'd to give Account to none.
 Some wish a Husband-Fool; but such are
 curst,
 For Fools perverse, of Husbands are the
 worst: 140
 All Women wou'd be counted Chast and
 Wise,
 Nor should our Spouses see, but with our
 Eyes;
 For Fools will prate; and tho' they want
 the Wit
 To find close Faults, yet open Blots will hit:
 Tho' better for their Ease to hold their
 Tongue,
 For Womankind was never in the Wrong.
 So Noise ensues, and Quarrels last for Life;
 The Wife abhors the Fool, the Fool the Wife.
 And some Men say, that great Delight
 have we,
 To be for Truth extoll'd, and Secrecy: 150
 And constant in one Purpose still to dwell;
 And not our Husband's Counsels to reveal.
 But that's a Fable: for our Sex is frail,
 Inventing rather than not tell a Tale.
 Like leaky Sives no Secrets we can hold:
 Witness the famous Tale that *Ovid* told.
Midas the King, as in his Book appears,
 By *Phæbus* was endow'd with Asses Ears,
 Which under his long Locks, he well con-
 ceal'd 159
 (As Monarch's Vices must not be reveal'd),
 For fear the People have 'em in the Wind,
 Who long ago were neither Dumb nor Blind;
 Nor apt to think from Heav'n their Title
 springs,
 Since *Jove* and *Mars* left off begetting Kings.
 This *Midas* knew; and durst communicate
 To none but to his Wife, his Ears of State;
 One must be trusted, and he thought her fit,
 As passing prudent; and a parlous Wit.
 To this sagacious Confessor he went,
 And told her what a Gift the Gods had sent,
 But told it under Matrimonial Seal, 171
 With strict Injunction never to reveal.
 The Secret heard she plighted him her Troth,
 (And sacred sure is every Woman's Oath)
 The royal Malady should rest unknown
 Both for her Husband's Honour and her
 own:
 But ne'ertheless she pin'd with Discontent;
 The Counsel rumbled till it found a vent.

The Thing she knew she was oblig'd to hide;
 By Int'rest and by Oath the Wife was ty'd,
 But if she told it not, the Woman dy'd. 181
 Loath to betray a Husband and a Prince,
 But she must burst, or blab; and no
 pretence
 Of Honour ty'd her Tongue from Self-
 defence.
 A marshy Ground commodiously was near,
 Thither she ran, and held her Breath for
 fear,
 Lest if a Word she spoke of any Thing,
 That Word might be the Secret of the King.
 Thus full of Counsel to the Fen she went,
 Grop'd all the way, and longing for a vent:
 Arriv'd, by pure Necessity compell'd, 191
 On her majestick mary-bones she kneel'd:
 Then to the Waters-brink she laid her Head,
 And, as a Bittour bumps within a Reed,
 To thee alone, O Lake, she said, I tell
 (And as thy Queen command thee to con-
 ceal)
 Beneath his Locks the King my Husband
 wears
 A goodly Royal pair of Asses Ears:
 Now I have eas'd my Bosom of the Pain
 Till the next longing Fit return again! 200
 Thus through a Woman was the Secret
 known;
 Tell us, and in effect you tell the Town:
 But to my Tale: The knight with heavy
 Cheer,
 Wandring in vain, had now consum'd the
 Year:
 One Day was only left to solve the Doubt,
 Yet knew no more than when he first set
 out.
 But home he must: And as th' Award had
 been,
 Yield up his Body Captive to the Queen.
 In this despairing State he hap'd to ride,
 As Fortune led him, by a Forest-side: 210
 Lonely the Vale, and full of Horror stood,
 Brown with the shade of a religious Wood:
 When full before him at the Noon of night,
 (The Moon was up, and shot a gleamy Light)
 He saw a Quire of Ladies in a round,
 That featly footing seem'd to skim the
 Ground:
 Thus dancing Hand in Hand, so light they
 were,
 He knew not where they trod, on Earth or
 Air.

At speed he drove, and came a suddain
 Guest,
 In hope where many Women were, at least,
 Some one by chance might answer his
 Request. 221
 But faster than his Horse the Ladies flew,
 And in a trice were vanish'd out of view.
 One only Hag remain'd : But fowler far
 Than Grandame Apes in *Indian* Forests are :
 Against a wither'd Oak she lean'd her
 weight,
 Prop'd on her trusty Staff, not half upright,
 And dropp'd an awkward Court'sy to the
 Knight.
 Then said, What make you, Sir, so late
 abroad
 Without a Guide, and this no beaten Road ?
 Or want you aught that here you hope to
 find, 231
 Or travel for some Trouble in your Mind ?
 The last I guess ; and, if I read aright,
 Those of our Sex are bound to serve a
 Knight :
 Perhaps good Counsel may your Grief
 asswage,
 Then tell your pain : For Wisdom is in Age.
 To this the Knight : Good Mother, wou'd
 you know
 The secret Cause and Spring of all my
 Woe ?
 My Life must with to Morrow's Light expire,
 Unless I tell, what Women most desire : 240
 Now cou'd you help me at this hard Essay,
 Or for your inborn Goodness, or for Pay :
 Yours is my Life, redeem'd by your Advice,
 Ask what you pleas, and I will pay the
 Price :
 The proudest Kerchief of the Court shall
 rest
 Well satisfy'd of what they love the best.
 Plight me thy Faith, quoth she : That what
 I ask
 Thy Danger over, and perform'd the Task ;
 That shalt thou give for Hire of thy Demand ;
 Here take thy Oath, and seal it on my
 Hand ; 250
 I warrant thee, on Peril of my Life,
 Thy Words shall please both Widow, Maid,
 and Wife.

228 awkward] Another Northamptonshire form
 wrongly altered by the editors. Pepps has
 'awkerd', and in *Hudibras* the word rhymes
 with 'hawkerd'.

More Words there needed not to move the
 Knight,
 To take her Offer, and his Truth to plight.
 With that she spread her Mantle on the
 Ground,
 And first enquiring whether he was bound,
 Bade him not fear, tho' long and rough the
 Way,
 At Court he should arrive e'er break of Day
 His Horse should find the way without
 a Guide.
 She said: With Fury they began to ride, 260
 He on the midst, the Beldam at his Side.)
 The Horse, what Devil drove I cannot tell,
 But only this, they sped their Journey well :
 And all the way the Crone inform'd the
 Knight,
 How he should answer the Demand aright.
 To Court they came: The News was
 quickly spread
 Of his returning to redeem his Head.
 The Female Senate was assembled soon,
 With all the Mob of Women in the Town :
 The Queen sate Lord Chief Justice of the
 Hall, 270
 And bad the Cryer cite the Criminal.
 The Knight appear'd ; and Silence they
 proclaim,
 Then first the *Culprit* answer'd to his Name ;
 And after Forms of Laws, was last requir'd
 To name the Thing that Women most desir'd.
 Th' Offender, taught his Lesson by the
 way,
 And by his Counsel order'd what to say,
 Thus bold began ; My Lady Liege, said he,
 What all your Sex desire is *Sovereignty*.
 The Wife affects her Husband to command ;
 All must be hers, both Mony, House, and
 Land. 281
 The Maids are Mistresses ev'n in their Name ;
 And of their Servants full Dominion claim.
 This, at the Peril of my Head, I say
 A blunt plain Truth, the Sex aspires to
 sway,
 You to rule all ; while we, like Slaves,
 obey.
 There was not one, or Widow, Maid, or
 Wife,
 But said the Knight had well deserv'd his
 Life.

256 whether] The form is Dryden's but the
 editors print wliether

Ev'n fair *Geneura*, with a Blush confess'd,
The Man had found what Women love the best.

Upstarts the Beldam, who was there
unseen,

And Reverence made, accosted thus the Queen.

My Liege, said she, before the Court arise,
May I poor Wretch find Favour in your Eyes,

To grant my just Request: 'Twas I who taught

The Knight this Answer, and inspir'd his Thought.

None but a Woman could a Man direct
To tell us Women, what we most affect.

But first I swore him on his Knightly Troth,
(And here demand performance of his Oath)

To grant the Boon that next I should desire;
He gave his Faith, and I expect my Hire:

My Promise is fulfill'd: I sav'd his Life,
And claim his Debt, to take me for his Wife.

The Knight was ask'd, nor cou'd his Oath deny,

But hop'd they would not force him to comply.

The Women, who would rather wrest the Laws,

Than let a Sister-Plaintiff lose the Cause,
(As Judges on the Bench more gracious are,

And more attent to Brothers of the Bar) 310
Cry'd, one and all, the Suppliant should have Right,

And to the Grandame-Hag adjudg'd the Knight.

In vain he sigh'd, and oft with Tears desir'd

Some reasonable Sute might he requir'd.
But still the Crone was constant to her Note;

The more he spoke, the more she stretch'd her Throat.

In vain he proffer'd all his Goods, to save
His Body, destin'd to that living Grave.

The liquorish Hag rejects the Pelf with scorn:

And nothing but the Man would serve her turn.

Not all the Wealth of Eastern Kings, said she,

Have Pow'r to part my plighted Love, and me;

And, Old, and Ugly as I am, and Poor;
Yet never will I break the Faith I swore;

For mine thou art by Promise, during Life,
And I thy loving and obedient Wife.

My Love! Nay, rather my Damnation Thou,

Said he: Nor am I bound to keep my Vow:
The Fiend thy Sire has sent thee from below,

Else how cou'dst thou my secret Sorrows know?

Avaunt, old Witch, for I renounce thy Bed:
The Queen may take the Forfeit of my Head,

E'er any of my Race so foul a Crone shall wed.

Both heard, the Judge pronounc'd against the Knight;

So was he Marry'd in his own despight;
And all Day after hid him as an Owl,

Not able to sustain a Sight so foul.
Perhaps the Reader thinks I do him wrong

To pass the Marriage-Feast and Nuptial Song:

Mirth there was none, the Man was *a-la-mori*,

And little Courage had to make his Court.
To Bed they went, the Bridegroom and the Bride:

Was never such an ill-pair'd Couple ty'd.
Restless he toss'd, and tumbled to and fro,

And row'd, and wriggled further off; for Woe.

The good old Wife lay smiling by his Side,
And caught him in her quiv'ring Arms, and cry'd,

When you my ravish'd Predecessor saw,

You were not then become this Man of Straw;

Had you been such, you might have scap'd the Law.

Is this the Custom of King *Arthur's* Court?
Are all Round-Table Knights of such a sort?

Remember I am she who sav'd your Life,
Your loving, lawful, and complying Wife:

Not thus you swore in your unhappy Hour,
Nor I for this return employ'd my Pow'r.

In time of Need I was your faithful Friend;
Nor did I since, nor ever will offend.

Believe me, my lov'd Lord, 'tis much unkind;

What Fury has possessed your alter'd Mind?

Thus on my Wedding-night—Without Pre-
tence—

Come, turn this way, or tell me my Offence.

If not your Wife, let Reasons Rule persuade,
Name but my Fault, amends shall soon be made.

Amends! Nay, that's impossible, said he,
What change of Age, or Ugliness can be!
Or could *Medea's* Magick mend thy Face,
Thou art descended from so mean a Race,
That never Knight was match'd with such
Disgrace.

What wonder, Madam, if I move my Side,
When, if I turn, I turn to such a Bride? 37r
And is this all that troubles you so sore!
And what the Devil cou'dst thou wish me more?

Ah *Benedicite*, reply'd the Crone:
Then cause of just Complaining have you none.

The Remedy to this were soon apply'd,
Wou'd you be like the Bridegroom to the Bride.

But, for you say a long descended Race,
And Wealth, and Dignity, and Pow'r, and Place,

Make Gentlemen, and that your high Degree 38o

Is much disparag'd to be match'd with me;
Know this, my Lord, Nobility of Blood
Is but a glitt'ring, and fallacious Good:
The Nobleman is he whose noble Mind
Is fill'd with inborn Worth, unborrow'd
from his Kind.

The King of Heav'n was in a Manger laid;
And took his Earth but from an humble Maid:

Then what can Birth, or mortal Men bestow,
Since Floods no higher than their Fountains flow?

We who for Name, and empty Honour strive,
Our true Nobility from him derive. 39r
Your Ancestors, who puff your Mind with Pride,

And vast Estates to mighty Titles ty'd,
Did not your Honour, but their own advance,
For Virtue comes not by Inheritance.

If you tralinate from your Father's Mind,
What are you else but of a Bastard-kind?
Do, as your great Progenitors have done,
And by their virtues prove your self their Son.

No Father can infuse, or Wit or Grace; 40o
A Mother comes across, and marring the Race.
A Grandsire or a Grandame taints the Blood;
And seldom three Descents continue Good.

Were Virtue by Descent, a noble Name
Could never villanize his Father's Fame:
But, as the first the last of all the Line,
Wou'd like the Sun ev'n in Descending shine.

Take Fire, and bear it to the darkest House
Betwixt King *Arthur's* Court and *Caucasus*,
If you depart, the Flame shall still remain,
And the bright Blaze enlighten all the Plain; 41r

Nor, till the Fewel perish, can decay,
By Nature form'd on Things combustible to prey.

Such is not Man, who mixing better Seed
With worse, begets a base, degenerate Breed:
The Bad corrupts the Good, and leaves behind

No trace of all the great Begetter's Mind.
The Father sinks within his Son, we see,
And often rises in the third Degree;
If better Luck, a better Mother give: 42o
Chance gave us being, and by Chance we live.

Such as our Atoms were, ev'n such are we,
Or call it Chance, or strong Necessity.
Thus, loaded with dead weight, the Will is free.

And thus it needs must be: For Seed conjoin'd

Lets into Nature's Work th' imperfect Kind:

Bat Fire, th' enliv'n'ner of the general Frame,
Is one, its Operation still the same.

Its Principle is in it self: While ours
Works, as Confederate's War, with mingled Pow'rs: 43o

Or Man, or Woman, which soever fails;
And, oft, the Vigour of the Worse prevails.
Æther with Sulphur blended alters hue,
And casts a dusky gleam of *Sodom* blue.

Thus in a Brute, their ancient Honour ends,
And the fair Mermaid in a Fish descends:
The Line is gone; no longer Duke or Earl;
But by himself degraded turns a Churl.

Nobility of Blood is but Renown
Of thy great Fathers by their Virtue known, 44o

And n long trail of Light, to thee descending down.

If in thy Smoke it ends, their Glories shine;
But Infamy and Villanage are thine.
Then what I said before, is plainly show'd,
That true Nobility proceeds from God:

Nor left us by inheritance, but giv'n
By Bounty of our Stars, and Grace of
Heaven.

Thus from a Captive *Servius Tullus* rose,
Whom for his Virtues, the first *Romans*
chose:

Fabritius from their Walls repell'd the Foe,
Whose noble Hands had exerceis'd the
Plough. 451

From hence, my Lord, and Love, I thus
conclude,

That tho' my homely Ancestors were rude,
Mean as I am, yet I may have the Grace
To make you Father of a generous Race:
And Noble then am I, when I begin,
In Virtue cloath'd, to cast the Rags of Sin:
If Poverty be my upbraided Crime,
And you believe in Heav'n; there was a
time, 459

When He, the great Controller of our Fate
Deign'd to be Man, and liv'd in low Estate:
Which he who had the World at his dispose,
If Poverty were Vice, wou'd never choose.
Philosophers have said, and Poets sing,
That a glad Poverty's an honest Thing.
Content is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind;
And happy He who can that Treasure find,
But the base Miser starves amidst his Store,
Broods on his Gold, and griping still at
more

Sits sadly pining, and believes he's Poor.
The ragged Beggar, tho' he wants
Relief, 471

Has not to lose, and sings before the Thief.
Want is a bitter, and a hateful Good,
Because its Virtues are not understood.
Yet many Things, impossible to Thought,
Have been by Need to full Perfection
brought:

The daring of the Soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of Wit, and active Diligence:
Prudence at once, and Fortitude it gives,
And if in patience taken mends our Lives;
For ev'n that Indigence that brings me
low 481

Makes me my self and Him above to know.
A Good which none would challenge, few
would choose,
A fair Possession, which Mankind refuse.

If we from Wealth to Poverty descend,
Want gives to know the Flatt'rer from the
Friend.

If I am Old, and Ugly, well for you,
No leud Adult'rer will my Love pursue;
Nor Jealousy, the Bane of marry'd Life,
Shall haunt you, for a wither'd homely Wife:
For Age, and Ugliness, as all agree, 491
Are the best Guards of Female Chastity.

Yet since I see your Mind is Worldly beat,
I'll do my best to further your Content.
And therefore of two Gifts in my dispose,
Think e'er you speak, I grant you leave to
choose:

Wou'd you I should be still Deform'd, and
Old,
Nauseous to Touch, and Loathsome to
Behold;

On this Condition, to remain for life
A careful, tender and obedient Wife, 500
In all I can contribute to your Ease,
And not in Deed, or Word, or Thought dis-
please?

Or would you rather have me Young and
Fair,
And take the Chance that happens to your
share?

Temptations are in Beauty, and in Youth,
And how can you depend upoa my Truth?
Now weigh the Danger with the doubtful
Bliss,

And thank your self, if ought should fall
amiss.

Sore sigh'd the Knight, who this long
Sermon heard;
At length considering all, bis Heart he
ehear'd, 510

And thus reply'd, My Lady, and my Wife,
To your wise Conduet I resign my Life:
Choose you for me, for well you understand
The future Good and Ill, on either Hand:
But if an humble Husband may request,
Provide, and order all Things for the best;
Your's be the Care to profit, and to please:
And let your Subject-Servant take his Ease.

Then thus in Peace, quoth she, concludes
the Strife,

Since I am turn'd the Husband, you the
Wife: 520

The Matrimonial Victory is mine,
Which having fairly gain'd, I will resign;
Forgive if I have said, or done amiss,
And seal the Bargain with a Friendly Kiss:

448 *Tullus*] Editors print *Tullius*, but the
error is *Dryden's*.
471 nol] Editors give nought, perhaps rightly.

I promis'd you but one Content to spare.
But now I will become both Good, and Fair.
No Nuptial Quarrel shall disturb your Ease,
The Business of my Life shall be to please:
And for my Beauty that, as Time shall try;
But draw the Curtain first, and cast your
Eye.

530

He look'd, and saw a Creature heav'nly
Fair,
In bloom of Youth, and of a charming Air.
With Joy he turn'd, and seiz'd her Iv'ry
Arm;

And like *Pygmalion* found the Statue warm.
Small Arguments there needed to prevail,
A Storm of Kisses pour'd as thick as Hail.

Thus long in mutual Bliss they lay em-
braced,
And their first Love continu'd to the last:
One Sun-shine was their Life; no Cloud
between;

Nor ever was a kinder Couple seen. 540
And so may all our Lives like their's be
led;

Heav'n send the Maids young Husbands,
fresh in Bed:

May Widows Wed as often as they can,
And ever for the better change their Man.
And some devouring Plague pursue their
Lives,

Who will not well be govern'd by their Wives.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

IMITATED FROM CHAUCER AND ENLARG'D.

A Parish-Priest was of the Pilgrim-Train;
An Awful, Reverend, and Religious Man.
His Eyes diffus'd a venerable Grace,
And Charity it self was in his Face.

Rich was his Soul, though his Attire was
poor;

(As God had cloath'd his own Ambassador;)
For such, on Earth, his bless'd Redeemer
bore.

Of Sixty Years he seem'd; and well might
last

To Sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast;
Refin'd himself to Soul, to curb the Sense; 10
And made almost a Sin of Abstinence.

Yet, had his Aspect nothing of severe,
But such a Face as promis'd him sincere.

Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see,
But sweet Regards; and pleasing Sanctity:

Mild was his Accent, and his Action free.
With Eloquence innate his Tongue was

arm'd;
Tho' harsh the Precept, yet the Preacher

charm'd;
For, letting down the golden Chain from high,

He drew his Audience upward to the Sky: 20

And oft, with holy Hymns, he charm'd their
Ears

(A Musick more melodious than the
Spheres.)

For *David* left him, when he went to rest,
His Lyre; and after him, he sung the best.

He bore his great Commission in his Look:
But sweetly temper'd Awe, and soften'd all
he spoke.

He preach'd the Joys of Heav'n and Pains
of Hell;

And warn'd the Sinner with becoming Zeal;
But on Eternal Mercy lov'd to dwell.

He taught the Gospel rather than the Law:
And forc'd himself to drive; but lov'd to

draw. 31

For Fear but freezes Minds; but Love, like
Heat,

Exhales the Soul sublime, to seek her
Native Seat.

To Threats, the stubborn Sinner oft is
hard,

Wrap'd in his Crimes, against the Storm
prepar'd;

But, when the milder Beams of Mercy
play,

He melts, and throws his cumb'rous Cloak
away.

543 often as they] often they 1700. The correction was silently made in the second edition, and, as no editor has really collated the first, the omission has never been noticed. See note on 101. above.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON. Text from the original and only contemporary edition, 1700.

Lightnings and Thunder (Heav'n's Artillery)

As Harbingers before th' Almighty fly:
Those, hut proclaim his Stile, and disappear;
The stiller Sound succeeds; and God is there.

The Tythes, his Parish freely paid, he took;

But never Su'd; or Curs'd with Bell and Book.

With Patience bearing wrong; hut off'ring none:

Since every Man is free to lose his own.

The Country-Churles, according to their Kind,

(Who grudge their Dues, and love to be behind,)

The less he sought his Off'rings, pinch'd the more;

And prais'd a Priest, contented to be Poor.

Yet, of his little, he had some to spare, 50
To feed the Famish'd, and to cloath the Bare:

For Mortify'd he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself, he wou'd not see

Truc Priests, he said, and Preachers of the Word,

Werc only Stewards of their Sovereign Lord,
Nothing was theirs; hut all the publick Store,

Intrusted Riches to relieve the Poor.

Who, shou'd they steal, for want of his Relief

He judg'd himself Accomplice with the Thief.

Wide was his Parish; not contracted close
In Streets, hut here and there a straggling House; 61

Yet still he was at Hand, without Request
To serve the Sick; to succour the Distress'd;

Tempting, on Foot, alone, without affright,
The Dangers of a dark, tempestuous Night.

All this the good old Man perform'd alone,
Nor spar'd his pains; for Curate he had none.

Nor durst he trust another with his Care;
Nor rode himself to Pauls, the publick Fair,

To chaffer for Preferment with his Gold, 70
Where Bishopricks, and *sine Cures* are sold.

But duly watch'd his Flock, by Night and Day;

And from the prowling Wolf, redeem'd the Prey,

And hungry sent the wily Fox away.

The Proud he tam'd, the Penitent he chear'd;

Nor to rebuke the rich Offender fear'd.

His Preaching much, but more his Practice wrought;

(A living Sermon of the Truths he taught;)
For this hy Rules severe his Life he squar'd:

That all might see the Doctrin which they heard. 80

For Priests, he said, are Patterns for the rest:

(The Gold of Heav'n, who hear the God Impress'd:)

But when the precious Coin is kept unclean,
The Sovereign's Image is no longer seen.

If they be foul, on whom the People trust,
Well may the baser Brass contract a rust.

The Prelate for his Holy Life he priz'd;
The worldly Pomp of Prelacy despis'd.

His Saviour came not with a gawdy Show,
Nor was his Kingdom of the World below. 90

Patience in Want, and Poverty of Mind,
These Marks of Church and Churchmen he

design'd,
And living taught; and dying left behind.

The Crown he wore was of the pointed Thorn:
In Purple he was Crucify'd, not horn.

They who contend for Place and high Degree,
Are not his Sons, hut those of Zebadee.

Not, hut he knew the Signs of Earthly Pow'r

Might well become St. Peter's Successor;
The Holy Father holds a double Reign, 100

The Prince may keep his Pomp; the Fisher must be plain.

Such was the Saint; who shone with every Grace:

Reflecting, *Moses*-like, his Maker's Face.
God saw his Image lively was express'd;

And his own Work, as in Creation, bless'd.
The Tempter saw him too, with envious Eye,

And, as on *Job*, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when *Richard* was depos'd,

And High and Low with happy *Harry* clos'd.
This Prince, tho' great in Arms, the Priest

withstood, 110

Near tho' he was, yet not the next of Blood.
Had *Richard* unconstrain'd, resign'd the

Throne,

A King can give no more than is his own:
The Title stood entail'd, had *Richard* had

n Son.

Conquest, an odious Name, was laid
 aside,
 Where all submitted, none the Battle
 try'd.
 The senseless Plea of Right by Providence,
 Was, by a flatt'ring Priest, invented since :
 And lasts no longer than the present
 sway ;
 But justifies the next who comes in play. 120
 The People's Right remains ; let those
 who dare
 Dispute their Pow'r, when they the Judges
 are.
 He join'd not in their Choice ; because
 he koew
 Worse might, and often did from Change
 eouse.
 Much to himself he thought ; but little
 spoke :
 And, Undepriv'd, his Benefice forsook.

Now, through the Land, his Cure of Soul-
 he stretch'd,
 And like a Primitive Apostle preach'd.
 Still Cheerful ; ever Constant to his Call ;
 By many follow'd ; Lov'd by most, Admir'd
 by All. 130
 With what he beg'd, his Brethren he reliev'd ;
 And gave the Charities himself receiv'd ;
 Gave, while he Taught ; and Edify'd the
 more,
 Because he shew'd by Proof, 'twas easy to
 be Poor.
 He went not, with the Crowd, to see a
 Shrine ;
 But fed us by the way, with Food divine.
 In deference to his Virtues, I forbear
 To show you, what the rest in Orders were
 This Brillant is so Spotless, and so Bright,
 He needs no Foyl : But shies by his own
 proper Light. 140

SIGISMONDA AND GUISCARDO.

FROM BOCCACE.

WHILE Norman Tancred in Salerno reign'd,
 The Title of a Gracious Prince he gain'd ;
 Till turn'd a Tyrant in his latter Days,
 He lost the Lustre of his former Praise,
 And from the bright Meridian where he stood
 Descending, dipp'd his Hands in Lovers
 Blood.

This Prince, of Fortunes Favour long
 possess'd,
 Yet was with one fair Daughter only bless'd ;
 And bless'd he might have been with her
 alone :

But oh ! how much more happy, had he
 none ! 10

She was his Care, his Hope, and his Delight,
 Most in his Thought, and ever in his Sight :
 Next, nay beyond his Life, he held her dear ;
 She liv'd by him, and now he liv'd in her.
 For this, when ripe for Marriage, he delay'd
 Her Nuptial Bands, and kept her long a
 Maid,

As envying any else should share a Part
 Of what was his, and claiming all her Heart.

At length, as Publick Decency requir'd,
 And all his Vassals eagerly desir'd, 20
 With Mind averse, he rather underwent
 His Peoples Will than gave his own Consent
 So was she torn, as from a Lover's Side,
 And made almost in his despite a Bride.

Short were her Marriage-Joys ; for in the
 Prime

Of Youth, her Lord expir'd before his time ;
 And to her Father's Court in little space
 Restor'd anew, she held a higher Place ;
 More lov'd, and more exalted into Grace.

This Princess fresh and young, and fair, and
 wise, 30

The worshipp'd Idol of her Father's Eyes,
 Did all her Sex in ev'ry Grace exceed,
 And had more Wit beside than Women need.

Youth, Health, and Ease, and most an
 amorous Mind,
 To second Nuptials had her Thoughts
 inclin'd ;

And former Joys had left a secret Sting
 behind.

130 Brillant] *The editors wrongly print Brillant*

SIGISMONDA AND GUISCARDO. Text from the original and only contemporary edition, 1700.

But, prodigal in ev'ry other Grant,
Her Sire left unsupply'd her only Want ;
And she, betwixt her Modesty and Pride,
Her Wishes, which she could not help, would
hide.

Resolv'd at last to lose no longer Time,
And yet to please her self without a Crime,
She cast her Eyes around the Court, to find
A worthy Subject suiting to her Mind,
To him in holy Nuptials to be ty'd,
A seeming Widow, and a secret Bride.
Among the Train of Courtiers, one she found
With all the Gifts of bounteous Nature
crown'd,

Of gentle Blood ; hut one whose niggard
Fate

Had set him far below her high Estate ; 50
Guiscard his Name was call'd, of blooming
Age,

Now Squire to *Tancred*, and before his Page ;
To him, the Choice of all the shining Crowd,
Her Heart the noble *Sigismonda* vow'd.

Yet hitherto she kept her Love conceal'd,
And with elose Glances ev'ry Day beheld
The graceful Youth ; and ev'ry Day
increas'd

The raging Fire that burn'd within her
Breast ;

Some secret Charm did all his Aets attend,
And what his Fortune wanted, hers could
mend ; 60

Till, as the Fire will force its outward way,
Or, in the Prison pent, consume the Prey ,
So long her earnest Eyes on his were set,
At length their twisted Rays together met ;
And he, surpriz'd with humble Joy, survey'd
One sweet Regard, shot by the Royal Maid :
Not well assur'd, while doubtful Hopes he
nurs'd,

A second Glance came gliding like the first ;
And he, who saw the Sharpness of the Dart,
Without Defence receiv'd it in his Heart. 70
In Publick though their Passion wanted
Speech,

Yet mutual Looks interpreted for each :
Time, Ways, and Means of Meeting were
deny'd,

But all those Wants ingenious Love supply'd.
Th' inventive God, who never fails his Part,
Inspires the Wit, when once he warms the
Heart.

When *Guiscard* next was in the Circle seen,
Where *Sigismonda* held the Place of Queen,

A hollow Cane withm her Hand she brought,
But in the Concave had endos'd a Note ; 80
With this she seem'd to play, and, as in
sport,

Toss'd to her Love, in presence of the Court ;
Take it, she said ; and when your Needs
require,

This little Brand will serve to light your Fire.
He took it with a Bow, and soon divin'd
The seeming Toy was not for nought
design'd :

But when retir'd, so long with curious Eyes
He view'd the Present, that he found the
Prize.

Much was in little writ ; and all convey'd
With cautious Care, for fear to be be-
tray'd 90

By some false Confident or Fav'rite Maid.
The Time, the Place, the Manner how to
meet,

Were all in punctual Order plainly writ :
But since a Trust must be, she thought it
best

To put it out of Laymens Pow'r at least,
And for their solemn Vows prepar'd a
Priest.

Guiscard (her secret purpose understood)
With Joy prepar'd to meet the coming Good ;
Nor Pains nor Danger was resolv'd to
spare, 99

But use the Means appointed by the Fair.
Near the proud Palace of *Salerno* stood
A Mount of rough Ascent, and thick with
Wood ;

Through this a Cave was dug with vast
Expence,

The Work it seem'd of some suspicious
Prince,

Who, when abusing Pow'r with lawless
Might,

From Publick Justice would secure his
Flight.

The Passage made by many a winding Way,
Reach'd ev'n the Room in which the Tyrant
lay.

Fir for his purpose, on a lower Floor
He lodg'd, whose Issue was an Iron Door,
From whence, by Stairs descending to the
Ground, 100

In the blind Grot a safe Retreat he found.
Its Outlet ended in a Brake o'ergrown
With Brambles, choak'd by Time, and now
unknown.

A Rift there was, which from the Mountains
 Height
 Convey'd a glimm'ring and malignant Light,
 A Breathing-place to draw the Damps away,
 A Twilight of an intercept'd Day.
 The Tyrants Den, whose Use, though lost to
 Fame,
 Was now th' Apartment of the Royal Dame ;
 The Cavern, only to her Father known, 121
 By him was to his Darling-Daughter shown.
 Neglected long she let the Secret rest,
 Till Love recall'd it to her lab'ring Breast,
 And hinted as the Way by Heav'n design'd
 The Teacher, by the Means he taught, to
 blind.
 What will not Women do, when Need inspires
 Their Wit, or Love their Inclination fires !
 Though Jealousie of State th' Invention
 found,
 Yet Love refin'd upon the former Ground.
 That Way, the tyrant had reserv'd, to fly 131
 Pursuing Hate, now serv'd to bring two
 Lovers nigh.
 The Dame, who long in vain had kept
 the Key,
 Bold by Desire, explor'd the secret Why ;
 Now try'd the Stairs, and wading through
 the Night,
 Search'd all the deep Recess, and issu'd into
 Light.
 All this her Letter had so well explain'd,
 Th' instructed Youth might compass what
 remain'd ;
 The Cavern-mouth alone was hard to find,
 Because the Path disus'd, was out of mind :
 But in what Quarter of the Cops it lay, 141
 His Eye by certain Level could survey :
 Yet (for the Wood perplex'd with Thorns
 he knew)
 A Froek of Leather o'er his Limbs he drew ;
 And thus provided, search'd the Brake
 around,
 Till the choak'd Entry of the Cave he found.
 Thus, all prepar'd, the promis'd Hour
 arriv'd,
 So long expected, and so well contriv'd :
 With Love to Friend, th' impatient Lover
 went,
 Fenc'd from the Thorns, and trod the deep
 Descent. 150
 The conscious Priest, who was suborn'd
 before,
 Stood ready posted at the Postern-door ;

The Maids in distant Rooms were sent to
 rest,
 And nothing wanted but th' invited Guest.
 He came, and, knocking thrice, without
 delay,
 The longing Lady heard, and turn'd the Key ;
 At once invaded him with all her Charms,
 And the first Step he made, was in her Arms :
 The Leathern Out-side, boistrous as it was,
 Gave way, and bent beneath her strict
 Embrace : 160
 On either Side the Kisses flew so thick,
 That neither he nor she had Breath to speak.
 The holy Man amaz'd at what he saw,
 Made haste to sanctifie the Bliss by Law ;
 And mutter'd fast the Matrimony o're,
 For fear committ'd Sin should get before.
 His Work perform'd, he left the Pair alone,
 Because he knew he could not go too soon ;
 His Presence odious, when his Task was done.
 What Thoughts he had besceems not me
 to say, 170
 Though some surmise he went to fast and
 pray,
 And needed both, to drive the tempting
 Thoughts away.
 The Foe once gone, they took their full
 Delight ;
 'Twas restless Rage, and Tempest all the
 night ;
 For greedy Love each Moment would employ,
 And grudg'd the shortest Pauses of their Joy.
 Thus were their Loves auspiciously begun,
 And thus with secret Care were carried on,
 The Stealth it self did Appetite restore,
 And look'd so like a Sin, it pleas'd the more.
 The Cave was now become a common
 Way, 181
 The Wicket, often open'd, knew the Key :
 Love rioted secure, and long enjoy'd,
 Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd.
 But as Extremes are short, of Ill and Good,
 And Tides at highest Mark regorge the
 Flood ;
 So Fate, that could no more improve their
 Joy,
 Took n maliceious Pleasure to destroy.
 Tancred, who fondly lov'd, and whose
 Delight 189
 Was plac'd in his fair Daughters daily Sight
 Of Custom, when his State-Affairs were done,
 Would pass his pleasing Hours with her
 alone : c

And, as a Father's Privilege allow'd,
Without Attendance of th' officious Crowd.

It happen'd once, that when in Heat of
Day

He try'd to sleep, as was his usual Way,
The balmy Slumber fled his wakeful Eyes,
And forc'd him, in his own despite, to rise :
Of Sleep forsaken, to relieve his Care,
He sought the Conversation of the Fair ; 200
But with her Train of Damsels she was gone,
In shady Walks the scorching Heat to shun :
He would not violate that sweet Recess,
And found besides a welcome Heaviness
That seiz'd his Eyes ; and Slumber, which
forgot

When called before to come, now came
unsought.

From Light retir'd, behind his Daughters
Bed,

He for approaching Sleep compos'd his
Head ;

A Chair was ready, for that Use design'd,
So quilted that he lay at ease reclin'd ; 210
The Curtains closely drawn, the Light to
skreen,

As if he had contriv'd to lie unseen :
Thus cover'd with an artificial Night,
Sleep did his Office soon, and seal'd his Sight.

With Heav'n averse. in this ill-omen'd
Hour

Was *Guiscard* summon'd to the secret Bow'r,
And the fair Nymph, with Expectation fix'd,
From her attending Damsels was retir'd :
For, true to Love, she measur'd Time so
right

As not to miss one Moment of Delight. 220
The Garden, seated on the level Floor,
She left behind, and locking ev'ry Door,
Thought all secure ; but little did she know,
Blind to her Fate, she had inclos'd her Foe.
Attending *Guiscard* in his Leather Frock
Stood ready, with his thrice-repeated
Knock :

Thrice with a doleful Sound the jarring
Grate

Rung deaf, and hollow, and presag'd their
Fate.

The Door unlock'd, to known Delight they
haste, 230

And panting in each other's Arms, embrac'd,
Rush to the conscious Bed, a mutual Freight.
And heedless press it with their wonted
Weight.

The sudden Bound awak'd the sleeping
Sire,

And shew'd a Sight no Parent can desire :
His opening Eyes at once with odious View
The Love discover'd, and the Lover knew :
He would have cry'd ; but hoping that he
dreamt,

Amazement ty'd his Tongue, and stopp'd th'
Attempt.

Th' ensuing Moment all the Truth declar'd.
But now he stood collected, and prepar'd ;
For Malice and Revenge had put him on
his Guard. 240

So, like a Lion, that unheeded lay,
Dissembling Sleep, and watchful to betray,
With inward Rage he meditates his Prey.
The thoughtless Pair, indulging their Desires,
Alternate kindl'd and then quench'd their
Fires ;

Nor thinking in the Shades of Death they
play'd,

Full of themselves, themselves alone sur-
vey'd,

And, too secure, were by themselves
betray'd.

Long time dissolv'd in Pleasure thus they
lay, 250

Till Nature could no more suffice their Play ;
Then rose the Youth, and through the Cave
again

Return'd ; the Princess mingl'd with her
Train.

Resolv'd his unripe Vengeance to defer.
The Royal Spy, when now the Coast was
clear,

Sought not the Garden, but retir'd unseen.
To brood in secret on his gather'd Spleen.
And methodize Revenge : To Death he
griev'd ;

And, but he saw the Crime, had scarce
believ'd.

Th' Appointment for th' ensuing Night he
heard ; 260

And therefore in the Cavern had prepar'd
Two brawny Yeomen of his trusty Guard.

Scarce had unwary *Guiscard* set his Foot
Within the farthest Entrance of the Grot,

When these in secret Ambush ready lay,
And rushing on the sudden, seiz'd the Prey :

Encumber'd with his Frock, without defence,
An easie Prize, they led the Prisoner thence.

And, as commanded, brought before the
Prince

The gloomy Sire, too sensible of Wrong 270
To vent his Rage in Words, restrain'd his
Tongue ;

And only said, Thus Servants are preferr'd
And trusted, thus their Sov'reigns they
reward.

Had I not seen, had not these Eyes receiv'd
Too clear a Proof, I could not have
believ'd.

He paus'd, and choak'd the rest. The
Youth, who saw

His forfeit Life abandon'd to the Law,
The Judge th' Accuser, and th' Offence to
him,

Who had both Pow'r and Will t' avenge the
Crime ; 279

No vain Defence prepar'd, but thus reply'd,
The Faints of Love by Love are justify'd ;
With unresisted Night the Monarch reigns,
He levels Mountains, and he raises Plains,
And, not regarding Difference of Degree,
Abas'd your Daughter, and exalted me.

This bold Return with seeming Patience
heard,

The Pris'ner was remitted to the Guard.
The sullen Tyrant slept not all the Night,
But lonely walking by a winking Light,
Sobb'd, wept, and groan'd, and beat his
wither'd Breast, 290

But would not violate his Daughters Rest ;
Who long expecting lay, for Bliss prepar'd,
Listening for Noise, and griev'd that none
she heard ;

Of rose, and oft in vain employ'd the Key,)
And oft accus'd her Lover of Delay,)
And pass'd the tedious Hours in anxious)
Thoughts away.)

The Morrow came ; and at his usual Hour
Old *Tancred* visited his Daughters Bow'r ;
Her Cheek (for such his Custom was) he
kiss'd,

Then blessed her kneeling, and her Maids
dismiss'd. 300

The Royal Dignity thus far maintain'd,
Now left in private, he no longer feign'd ;
But all at once his Grief and Rage appear'd,
And Floods of Tears ran trickling down his
Beard.

O *Sigismonda*, he began to say ;
Thrice he began, and thrice was forc'd to
stay,
Till Words with often trying found their
Way :

I thought, O *Sigismonda*, (But how blind
Are Parents Eyes their Childrens Faults to
find !) 309

Thy Virtue, Birth, and Breeding were above
A mean Desire, and vulgar sense of Love :
Nor less than Sight and Hearing could
convince

So fond a Father, and so just a Prince,
Of such an unforeseen, and unbeliev'd
Offence.

Then what indignant Sorrow must I have,
To see thee lie subjected to my Slave !

A Man so smelling of the Peoples Lee,
The Court receiv'd him first for Charity ;
And since with no Degree of Honour grac'd,
But only suffer'd where he first was
plac'd : 320

A grow'ling Insect still ; and so design'd
By Natures Hand, nor born of Noble Kind :
A Thing by neither Man nor Woman priz'd,
And scarcely known enough to be despis'd :
To what has Heav'n reserv'd my Age ? Ah !
why

Should Man, when Nature calls, not chuse
to die,

Rather than stretch the Span of Life, to find
Such Ills as Fate has wisely cast behind,
For those to feel, whom fond Desire to live
Makes covetous of more than Life can give !
Each has his Share of Good ; and when 'tis
gone, 331

The Guest, though hungry, cannot rise too
soon.

But I, expecting more, in my own wrong
Protracting Life, have liv'd a Day too long.

If Yesterday con'd be recall'd again,
Ev'n now would I conclude my happy Reign :
But 'tis too late, my glorious Race is run,
And a dark Cloud o'ertakes my setting Sun.
Hadst thou not lov'd, or loving sav'd the
Shame,

If not the Sin, by some Illustrious Name, 340
This little Comfort had reliev'd my Mind,
'Twas Frailty, not unusual to thy Kind :
But thy low Fall beneath thy Royal Blood
Shews downward Appetite to mix with Mud :
Thus not the least Excuse is left for thee,
Nor the least Refuge for unhappy me.

For him I have resolv'd : whom by
Surprise

I took, and scarce can call it, in Disguise ;
For such was his Attire, as, with Intent
Of Nature, suit'd to his mean Descent : 350

The harder Question yet remains behind,
What Pains a Parent and a Prince can find
To punish an Offence of this degenerate
Kind,

As I have lov'd, and yet I love thee more
Than ever Father lov'd a Child before;
So, that Indulgence draws me to forgive:
Nature, that gave thee Life, would have
thee live,

But, as a Publick Parent of the State,
My Justice, and thy Crime, requires thy
Fate.

Fain would I chuse a middle Course to
steer;

Nature's too kind, and Justice too severe:
Speak for us both, and to the Balance bring
On either side, the Father, and the King.
Heav'n knows, my Heart is bent to favour
thee;

Make it but scanty weight, and leave the
rest to me.

Here stopping with a Sigh, he pour'd a
Flood

Of Tears, to make his last Expression good.
She who had heard him speak, nor saw
alone

The secret Conduct of her Love was known,
But he was taken who her Soul possess'd,
Felt all the Pangs of Sorrow in her Breast:
And little wanted, but a Womans Heart
With Cries, and Tears had testifi'd her
Smart:

But in-born Worth, that Fortune can
controul,

New strung, and stiffer bent her softer Soul;
The *Heroine* assum'd the Womans Place,
Confirmed her Mind, and fortifi'd her Face:
Why should she beg, or what cou'd she
pretend,

When her stern Father had condemn'd her
Friend!

Her Life she might have had; hut her
Despair

Of saving his, had put it past her Care:
Resolv'd on Fate, she would not lose her
Breath,

But rather than not die, solicit Death.
Fix'd on this Thought, she, not as Women
use,

Her Fault by common Frailty would excuse;
But holdly justifi'd her Innocence,
And while the Fact was own'd, deny'd th'
Offence:

Then with dry Eyes, and with an open Look,
She met his Glance mid-way, and thus un-
daunted spoke.

Tancred, I neither am dispos'd to make
Request for Life, nor offer'd Life to take;
Much less deny the Deed; but least of all
Beneath pretended Justice weakly fall.
My Words to sacred Truth shall be confin'd,
My Deeds shall shew the Greatness of my
Mind.

That I have lov'd, I own; that still I love,
I call to Witness all the Pow'r's above:
Yet more I own; To *Guiscard's* Love I give
The small remaining Time I have to live;
And if beyond this Life Desire can be,
Not Fate it self shall set my Passion free.

This first avow'd; nor Folly warp'd my
Mind,

Nor the frail Texture of the Female Kind
Betray'd my Vertue: For too well I knew
What Honour was, and Honour had his due:
Before the Holy Priest my Vows were ty'd,
So came I not a Strumpet, hut a Bride;
This for my Fame, and for the Publick Voice:
Yet more, his Merits justify'd my Choice;
Which had they not, the first Election
thine,

That Bond dissolv'd, the next is freely mine:
Or grant I err'd, (which yet I must deny),
Had Parents Pow'r ev'n second Vows to tie,
Thy little Care to mend my Widow'd Nights
Has forc'd me to recourse of Marriage-Rites,
To fill an empty Side, and follow known
Delights.

What have I done in this, deserving Blame?
State-Laws may alter: Nature's are the
same

Those are usurp'd on helpless Woman-kind.
Made without our Consent, and wanting
Pow'r to bind.

Thou, *Tancred*, better should'st have
understood,

That, as thy Father gave thee Flesh and
Blood,

So gav'st thou me: Not from the Quarry
hew'd,

But of a softer Mould, with Sense endu'd;
Ev'n softer than thy own, of suppler Kind,
More exquisite of Taste, and more than man
refin'd.

Nor need'st thou by thy Daughter to be told,
Though now thy spritely Blood with Age
he cold,

Thou hast been young ; and canst remember
still,
That when thou hadst the Pow'r, thou hadst
the Will ;

And from the past Experience of thy Fires, }
Canst tell with what a Tide our strong }
Desires }
Come rushing on in Youth, and what their }
Rage requires. } 430

And grant thy Youth was exercis'd in
Arms,
When Love no Leisure found for softer
Charms,

My tender Age in Luxury was train'd, }
With idle Ease and Pageants entertain'd ; }
My Hours my own, my Pleasures un- }
restrain'd. }

So bred, no wonder if I took the Bent
That seem'd ev'n warrant'd by thy Consent ;
For, when the Father is too fondly kind, 441
Such Seed he sows, such Harvest shall he find.
Blame then thy self, as Reason's Law
requires,

(Since Nature gave, and thou foment st my
Fires ;)

If still those Appetites continue strong,
Thou mayest consider I am yet but young
Consider too, that having been a Wife,
I must have tasted of a better Life,
And am not to be blam'd, if I renew,
By lawful Means, the Joys which then
I knew. 450

Where was the Crime, if Pleasure I procur'd,
Young, and a Woman, and to Bliss inur'd ?
That was my Case, and this is my Defence ;
I pleas'd my self, I shunn'd Incontinence,
And, urg'd by strong Desires, indulg'd
my Sense.

Left to my self, I must avow, I strove
From publick Shame to screen my secret
Love,

And, well acquainted with thy Native
Pride,
Endeavour'd, what I could not help, to
hide.

For which a Womans Wit an easie Way
supply'd. 460

How this, so well contriv'd, so closely laid,
Was known to thee, or by what Chance
betray'd,

Is not my Care : To please thy Pride alone
I could have wish'd it had been still un-
known.

Nor took I *Guiscard* by blind Fancy led,
Or hasty Choice, as many Women wed ;
But with delib'rate Care, and ripen'd
Thought,

At Leisure first design'd, before I wrought :
On him I rested after long Debate,
And not without consid'ring, fix'd my Fate :
His Flame was equal, though by mine
inspir'd : 471

(For so the Diff'rence of our Birth requir'd :)
Had he been born like me, like me his Love
Had first begun, what mine was forc'd to
move :

But thus beginning, thus we persevere ;
Our Passions yet continue what they were, }
Nor length of Trial makes our Joys the }
less sincere. }

At this my Choice, though not by thine
allow'd,

(Thy Judgement herding with the common
Crowd)

Thou tak'st unjust Offence ; and, led by
them, 480

Dost less the Merit than the Man esteem.
Too sharply, *Tancr'd*, by thy Pride betray'd.

Hast thou against the Laws of Kind in-
veigh'd ;

For all th' Offence is in Opinion plac'd,
Which deems high Birth by lowly Choice
debas'd.

This Thought alone with Fury fires thy
Breast,

(For Holy Marriage justifies the rest)

That I have sunk the Glories of the State,
And mix'd my Blood with a Plebeian Mate :

In which I wonder thou shouldst oversee
Superiour Causes, or impute to me 491

The Fault of Fortune, or the Fates Decree.
Or call it Heav'n's Imperial Pow'r alone,

Which moves on Springs of Justice, though
unknown ;

Yet this we see, though order'd for the best,
The Bad exalted, and the Good oppress'd ;

Permitted Laurels grace the Lawless Brow,
Th' Unworthy rais'd, the Worthy cast below.

But leaving that : Search we the secret
Springs,

And backward trace the Principles of
Things ; 500

There shall we find, that when the World
began,

One common Mass compos'd the Mould of
Man ;

One Paste of Flesh on all Degrees bestow'd,
And kneaded up alike with moistning Blood.
The same Almighty Pow'r inspir'd the
Frame

With kindl'd Life, and form'd the Souls the
same :

The Faculties of Intellect, and Will,
Dispens'd with equal Hand, dispos'd with
equal Skill,
Like Liberty indulg'd with Choice of Good
or Ill.

Thus born alike, from Vertue first began 510
The Diff'rence that distinguish'd Man from
Man :

He claim'd no Title from Descent of Blood,
But that which made him Noble, made him
Good :

Warm'd with more Particles of Heav'nly
Flame,

He wing'd his upward Flight, and soar'd
to Fame ;

The rest remain'd below, a Tribe without
a Name.

This Law, though Custom now diverts
the Course,

As Natures Institute, is yet in Force ;
Uncancell'd, tho' disus'd : And he, whose
Mind

Is Vertuous, is alone of Noble Kind ; 520
Though poor in Fortune, of Celestial Race ;
And he commits the Crime, who calls him
Base.

Now lay the Line ; and measure all thy
Court,

By inward Vertue, not external Port,
And find whom justly to prefer above

The Man on whom my Judgment plac'd my
Love :

So shalt thou see his Parts, and Person
shine,

And thus compar'd, the rest a baser degenerate
Line.

Nor took I, when I first survey'd thy Court,
His Valour or his Vertues on Report ; 530

But trusted what I ought to trust alone,
Relying on thy Eyes, and not my own ;

Thy Praise (and Thine was then the Publick
Voice)

First recommended *Guiscard* to my Choice :
Directed thus by thee, I look'd, and found

A Man, I thought, deserving to be crown'd !
First by my Father pointed to my Sight,

Nor less conspicuous by his Native Light :

His Mind, his Meen, the Features of his
Face,

Excelling all the rest of Humane Race : 540
These were thy Thoughts, and thou could'st
judge aright,

Till Int'rest made a Jaundice in thy Sight.
Or shou'd I grant thou didst not rightly
see ;

Then thou wert first deceiv'd, and I deceiv'd
by thee.

But if thou shalt alledge, through Pride of
Mind,

Thy Blood with one of base Condition join'd,
'Tis false ; for 'tis not Baseness to be
Poor ;

His Poverty augments thy Crime the
more ;

Upbraids thy Justice with the scant Regard
Of Worth : Whom Princes praise, they
shou'd reward. 550

Are these the Kings entrusted by the Crowd
With Wealth, to be dispens'd for Common
Good ?

The People sweat not for their King's
Delight,

T' enrich a Pimp, or raise a Parasite ;
Theirs is the Toil ; and he who well has serv'd

His Country, has his Country's Wealth
deserv'd.

Ev'n mighty Monarchs oft are meanly
bora,

And Kings by Birth to lowest Rank return ;
All subject to the Pow'r of giddy Chance,

For Fortune can depress, or can advance :
But true Nobility is of the Mind, 560

Not giv'n by Chance, and not to Chance
resign'd.

For the remaining Doubt of thy Decree,
What to resolve, and how dispose of me,

Be warn'd to cast that useless Care aside,
My self alone will for my self provide.

If in thy doting, and decrepit Age,
Thy Soul, a Stranger in thy Youth to Rage,

Begins in cruel Deeds to take Delight,
Gorge with my Blood thy barbarous Appete ; 570

For I so little am dispos'd to pray
For Life, I would not cast a Wish away.

Such as it is, th' Offence is all my own ;
And what to *Guiscard* is already done,

Or to be done, is doom'd by thy Decree,
That, if not executed first by thee,

Shall on my Person be perform'd by me.

Away, with Women weep, and leave me
here,
Fix'd, like a Man to die, without a Tear;
Or save, or slay us both this present
Hour, 580

'Tis all that Fate has left within thy Pow'r.
She said: Nor did her Father fail to find,
In all she spoke, the Greatness of her Mind;
Yet thought she was not obstinate to die,
Nor deem'd the Death she promis'd was so
nigh:

Secure in this Belief, he left the Dame,
Resolv'd to spare her Life, and save her
Shame;
But that detested Object to remove,
To wreak his Vengeance, and to cure her
Love.

Intent on this, a secret Order sign'd 590
The Death of Guiscard to his Guards
enjoin'd:

Strangling was chosen, and the Night the
Time;

A mute Revenge, and blind as was the
Crime:

His faithful Heart, a bloody Sacrifice,
Torn from his Breast, to glut the Tyrant's
Eyes,

Clos'd the severe Command: For, (Slaves
to pay)

What Kings decree the Soldier must obey:
Wag'd against Foes, and, when the Wars
are o'er,

Fit only to maintain Despotick Pow'r:
Dang'rous to Freedom, and desir'd alone 600
By Kings, who seek an Arbitrary Throne.
Such were these Guards; as ready to have
slain

The Prince himself, allur'd with greater gain:
So was the Charge perform'd with better Will.
By Men inur'd to Blood, and exercis'd in Ill.

Now, though the sullen Sire had eas'd
his Mind,

The Pomp of his Revenge was yet behind, }
A Pomp prepar'd to grace the Present he
design'd.

A Goblet rich with Gems, and rough with
Gold,

Of Depth, and Breadth, the precious Pledge
to hold, 610

With cruel Care he chose: The hollow Part
Inclos'd, the Lid conceal'd the Lover's Heart:
Then of his trusted Mischiefs one he sent,
And bad him with these Words the Gift
present:

Thy Father sends thee this, to cheer thy
Breast,
And glad thy Sight with what thou lov'st the
best,

As thou hast pleas'd his Eyes, and joy'd his
Mind,

With what he lov'd the most of Humane
Kind.

E'er this the Royal Dame, who well had
weigh'd

The Consequence of what her Sire had said,
Fix'd on her Fate, against th' expected
Hour, 621

Procur'd the Means to have it in her Pow'r:
For this she had distill'd, with early Care,
The Juice of Simples, friendly to Despair,
A Magazine of Death; and thus prepar'd,
Secure to die, the fatal Message heard:

Then smil'd severe; nor with a troubl'd
Look,

Or trembling hand, the Fun'ral Present took;
Ev'n kept her Count'nance, when the Lid
remov'd

Disclos'd the Heart, unfortunately lov'd:
She needed not be told within whose
Breast 631

It lodg'd; the Message had explain'd the
rest.

Or not amaz'd, or hiding her Surprise,
She sternly on the Bearer fix'd her Eyes:
Then thus; Tell *Tancred*, on his Daughters
part,

The Gold, though precious, equals not the
Heart:

But he did well to give his best; and I,
Who wish'd a worthier Urn, forgive his
Poverty.

At this she curb'd a Groan, that else had
come,

And pausing, view'd the Present in the
Tomb: 640

Then to the Heart ador'd devoutly glew'd
Her Lips, and raising it, her Speech renew'd:
Ev'n from my Day of Birth, to this, the
Bound

Of my unhappy Being, I have found
My Father's Care and Tenderness express'd:
But this last Act of Love excels the rest:

579 Fix'd, like a Man to die, without a Tear;
Christie wrongly gives Fix'd like a man, to die
without a tear;

For this so dear a Present, bear him back
The best Return that I can live to make.

The Messenger dispatch'd, again she
view'd

The lov'd Remains, and sighing, thus
pursu'd: 650

Source of my Life, and Lord of my Desires,
In whom I liv'd, with whom my Soul ex-
pires;

Poor Heart, no more the Spring of Vital
Heat,

Curs'd be the Honds that tore thee from thy
Seat!

The Course is finish'd, which thy Fates
decreed,

And thou, from thy Corporeal Prison freed:
Soon hast thou reach'd the Goal with
mended Pace,

A World of Woes dispatch'd in little space:
Forc'd by thy Worth, thy Foe in Death
become

Thy Friend, has lodg'd thee in a costly
Tomb; 660

There yet remain'd thy Fun'ral Exequies,
The weeping Tribute of thy Widows Eyes;
And those, indulgent Heav'n has found the
way

Thot I, before my Death, have leave to pay
My Father ev'n in Cruelty is kind,
Or Heaven has turn'd the Malice of his
Mind

To better Uses than his Hate design'd;
And made th' Insult, which in his Gift
appears,

The Means to mourn thee with my pious
Tears;

Which I will pay thee down, before I go, 670
And sove my self the Pains to weep below,
If Souls can weep; though once I meant
to meet

My Fote with Face unmov'd, and Eyes un-
wet,

Yet since I have thee here in narrow
Room,

My Tears shall set thee first afloat within
thy Tomb:

Then (as I know thy Spirit hovers nigh)
Under thy friendly Conduct will I fly
To Regions unexplor'd, secure to share
Thy State; nor Hell shall Punishment
appear;

And Heav'n is double Heav'n, if thou art
there. 680

She said: Her brim-full Eyes, that ready
stood,

And only wanted Will to weep a Flood,
Releas'd their watry Store, and pour'd
aman,

Like Clouds low hung, a sober Show'r of
Ran;

Mute solemn Sorrow, free from Female
Noise,

Such as the Majesty of Grief destroys:
For, bending o'er the Cup, the Tears she shed

Seem'd by the Posture to discharge her
Head,

O'er-fill'd before; and oft (her Mouth
apply'd

To the cold Heart) she kiss'd at once, and
cry'd. 690

Her Maids, who stood omaz'd, nor knew the
Cause

Of her Complaining, nor whose Heart it was;
Yet all due Measures of her Mourning kept,
Did Office at the Dirge, and by Infection
wept;

And oft enquir'd th' Occasion of her Grief,
(Unanswer'd but by Sighs) and offer'd vain
Relief.

At length, her Stock of Tears already shed,
She wip'd her Eyes, she rais'd her drooping
Head,

And thus pursu'd: O ever faithful Heart,
I have perform'd the Ceremonial Part, 700

The Decencies of Grief; It rests behind,
That, as our Bodies were, our Souls be join'd:

To thy whate'er obode, my Shade convey,
And as an elder Ghost, direct the way.

She said; and bad the Vial to be brought,
Where she before had brew'd the deadly
Draught:

First pouring out the med'cinable Bane,
The Heart, her Tears had rins'd, she bath'd
again;

Then down her Throat the Death securely
throws,

And quaffs a long Oblivion of her Woes. 710
This done, she mounts the Genial Bed, and
there,

(Her Body first compos'd with honest Care,)
Attends the welcom Rest; Her Honds yet
hoff

Close to her Heart, the Monumental Gold;
Nor farther Word she spoke, but clos'd
her Sight.

And quiet, sought the Covert of the Night

The Damsels, who the while in Silence
mourn'd,
Not knowing, nor suspecting Death suhorn'd,
Yet, as their Duty was, to *Tancred* sent,
Who, conscious of th' Occasion, fear'd th'
Event. 720
Alarm'd, and with presaging Heart he came
And drew the Curtains, and expos'd the
Dame
To loathsome Light ; then with a late Relief
Made vain Efforts to mitigate her Grief.
She, what she could, excluding Day, her
Eyes
Kept firmly seal'd, and sternly thus replies :
Tancred, restrain thy Tears unsought by
me,
And Sorrow, unavailing now to thee :
Did ever Man before afflict his Mind,
To see th' Effect of what himself design'd ?
Yet, if thou hast remaining in thy Heart 731
Some Sense of Love, some unextinguish'd
Part
Of former Kindness, largely once profess'd,
Let me by that adjure thy harden'd Breast,
Not to deny thy Daughters last Request :
The secret Love which I so long enjoy'd,
And still conceal'd, to gratifie thy Pride,

Thou hast disjoin'd ; but, with my dying
Breath,
Seek not, I beg thee, to disjoin our Death :
Where-e'er his Corps by thy Command is
laid, 740
Thither let mine in publick be convey'd ;
Expos'd in open View, and Side by Side,
Acknowledg'd as a Bridegroom and a Bride.
The Prince's Anguish hinder'd his Reply :
And she, who felt her Fate approaching
nigh,
Seiz'd the cold Heart, and heaving to her
Breast,
Here, precious Pledge, she said, securely rest.
These Accents were her last ; the creeping
Death
Benumb'd her Senses first, then stopp'd her
Breath.
Thus she for Disobedienee justly dy'd ; 750
The Sire was justly punish'd for his Pride :
The Youth, least guilty, suffer'd for th'
Offence
Of Duty violated to his Princee ;
Who late repenting of his cruel Deed,
One common Sepulcher for both decreed ;
Intomb'd the wretch'd Pair in Royal State,
And on their Monument inscrib'd their Fate.

THEODORE AND HONORIA.

Of all the Cities in *Romanian* Lands,
The chief, and most renown'd *Ravenna*
stands :
Adorn'd in ancient Times with Arms and Arts,
And rich Inhabitants, with generous Hearts.
But *Theodore* the Brave, above the rest,
With Gifts of Fortune, and of Nature
bless'd,
The foremost Place, for Wealth and Honour
held,
And all in Feats of Chivalry excell'd.
This noble Youth to Madness lov'd a
Dame,
Of high Degree, *Honoria* was her Name ; 10
Fair as the Fairest, but of haughty Mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind ;
Proud of ber Birth ; (for equal she had
none ;)
The rest she scorn'd ; but hated him alone.

His Gifts, his constant Courtship, nothing
gain'd ;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more dis-
dain'd :
He liv'd with all the Pomp he cou'd devise,
At Tilts and Turnaments obtain'd the Prize,
But found no favour in his Ladies Eyes :
Relentless as a Rock, the lofty Maid 20
Turn'd all to Poyson that he did, or said :
Nor Pray'rs, nor Tears, nor offer'd Vows
could move ;
The Work went backward ; and the more
he strove
T' advance his Sute, the farther from her
Love.
Weary'd at length, and wanting Remedy,
He doubted olt, and olt resolv'd to die.
But Pride stood ready to prevent the Blow,
For who would die to gratify a Foe ?
His generous Mind disdain'd so mean a Fate ;
That pass'd, his next Endeavour was to
Hate. 33

But vainer that Relief than all the rest ;
The less he hop'd, with more Desire pos-
sessed ;

Love stood the Siege, and would not yield
his Breast.

Change was the next, but change deceiv'd
his Care,

He sought a Fairer, but found none so Fair.
He would have worn her out by slow
degrees,

As Men by Fasting starve th' untam'd
Disease :

But present Love requir'd a present Ease.
Looking he feeds alone his famish'd Eyes,
Feeds lingring Death, but, looking not, he
dies.

Yet still he chose the longest way to Fate,
Wasting at once his Life, and his Estate.

His Friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain,
For what Advice can ease a Lover's Pain !
Absence, the best Expedient they could find
Might save the Fortune, if not cure the
Mind :

This Means they long propos'd, but little
gain'd,

Yet after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.

Hard, you may thioik it was, to give con-
sent,

But, struggling with his own Desires, he
went ;

With large Expence, and with a pompous
Train,

Provided, as to visit *France* or *Spain*,
Or for some distant Voyage o'er the Main.

But Love had clipp'd his Wings, and cut
him short,

Confin'd within the purlieus of his Court :
Three Miles he went, nor farther could
retreat ;

His Travels ended at his Country-Seat :
To *Chassis* pleasing Plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his Tents, and there resolv'd
to stay.

The Spring was in the Prime ; the neigh-
b'ring Grove

Supply'd with Birds, the Chorsters of
Love :

Musick unbought, that minister'd Delight
To Morning-walks, and lull'd his Cares by
Night :

There he discharg'd his Friends ; but not
th' Expence

Of frequent Treats, and proud Magnificence.

He liv'd as Kings retire, though more at
large,
From publick Business, yet with equal
Charge ;

With House, and Heart still open to receive ;
As well content, as Love would give him
leave :

He would have liv'd more free ; but many
a Guest,

Who could forsake the Friend, pursu'd the
Feast.

It happ'd one Morning, as his Faner led,
Before his usual Hour, he left his Bed ;
To walk within a lonely Lawn, that stood
On ev'ry side surrounded by the Wood :

Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive Mind,
And sought the deepest Solitude to find :

'Twas in a Grove of spreading Pines he
stray'd ;

The Winds, within the quiv'ring Branches
plaid,

And Daneing-Trees a mournful Musick
made.

The Place it self was suiting to his Care,
Uncouth and Salvage as the cruel Fair.

He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the Wood, and all on Love intent :

The Day already half his Race had run,
And summon'd him to due Repast at Noon.

But Love could feel no Hunger but his own.
While list'ning to the murmur'ing Leaves
he stood,

More than a Mile immers'd within the
Wood,

At once the Wind was laid ; the whispering
sound

Was dumb ; a rising Earthquake rock'd the
Ground :

With deeper Brown the Grove was over-
spread,

A sudden Horror seiz'd his giddy Head,
And his Ears tinkled, and his Colour fled.

Nature was in alarm ; some Danger might
Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal
Eye :

Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his Soul,
And stood collected in himself, and whoe'er

Not long : For soon a Whirlwind rose
around,

And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a Dame distress'd, who cry'd for Aid.

And fill'd with loud Imments the secret
Shade.

One Happy Hour is to a Souldier better,
Than Mother *Juno's* recommending Letter,
Or *Venus*, when to *Mars* she wou'd prefer
My Suit, and own the Kindness done to Her.

See what Our Common Priviledges are: 10
As first no Sawcy Citizen shall dare
To strike a Souldier, nor when struck, resent
The wrong, for fear of farther Punishment:
Not tho his Teeth are beaten out, his Eyes
Hang by a String, in Bumps his Fore-head
rise,

Shall He presume to mention his Disgrace,
Or Beg amends for his demolish'd Face.
A Booted Judge shall sit to try his Cause,
Not by the Statute, but by Martial-Laws;
Which old *Camillus*² order'd, to confine 20
The Brawls of Souldiers to the Treoch and
Line:

A Wise Provision; and from thence 'tis
clear,
That Officers a Souldiers Cause shou'd
hear:

And taking cognizance of Wrongs receiv'd,
An Honest Man may hope to be reliev'd.
So far 'tis well: But with a General cry,
The Regiment will rise in Mutiny,
The Freedom of Their Fellow Rogue demand,
And, if refus'd, will threaten to Disband.
Withdraw thy Action, and depart in
Peace; 30

The Remedy is worse than the Disease:
This Cause is worthy 'him, who in the
Hall

Wou'd for his Fee, and for his Client
bawl:

But wou'dst Thou Friend who hast two Legs
alone,

(Which Heav'n be prais'd, Thou yet may'st
call Thy own,)

Wou'dst Thou to run the Gauntlet these
expose

To a whole Company of 'Hob-nail'd Shoes?
Sure the good Breeding of Wise Citizens
Shou'd teach 'em more good Nature to
their Shins.

Besides, whom can'st Thou think so
much thy Friend,

Who dares appear thy Business to defend?
Dry up thy Tears, and Pocket up th'
Abuse,

Nor put thy Friend to make a bad excuse:
The Judge cries out, Your Evidence pro-
duce.

Will He, who saw the Souldier's Mutton
Fist,
And saw Thee maul'd, appear within the
List;

To witness Truth? When I see one so
Brave,

The Dead, think I, are risen from the Grave;
And with their long Spade Beards and
Matted Hair,

Our honest Ancestors are come to take
the Air. 50

Against a Clown, with more security,
A Witness may be brought to swear a Lye,
Than, tho his Evidence be Full and Fair,
To vouch a Truth against a Man of War.

More Benefits remain, and claim'd as
Rights,

Which are a standing Armies Perquisites.
If any Rogue vexatious Suits advance
Against me for my known Inheritance,
Enter by Violence my Fruitful Grounds,
Or take the Sacred Land-Mark from my
Bounds, 60

Those Bounds which with Procession and
with Pray'r,
And Officer'd Cakes, have been my Annual
care:

Or if my Debtors do not keep their day,
Deny their Hands, and then refuse to pay;
I must with Patience all the Terms attend,
Among the common Causes that depend
Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd
for day

Is still encumber'd with some new delay:
Perhaps the Cloath of State is only spread,
Some of the *Quorum* may be Sick a Bed; 70
That Judge is Hot, and do's his Gown,
while this

O're night was Bowsy, and goes out to
Piss:

So many Rubs appear, the time is gone
For bearing, and the tedious Suit goes on:
But Buff, and Belt-Men never know these
Cares,

No Time, nor Trick of Law, their Action
Bars:

Their Cause They to an easier Issue put:
They will be heard, or They lug out, and cut.

Another Branch of their Revenue still
Remains beyond their boundless Right
to kill, 80
Their Father yet alive, impow'r'd to make
a Will.

And as in unrepenting Sin she dy'd,
Doom'd to the same had Place, is punish'd
for her Pride ;

Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
And made a Merit of her Cruelty. 171
There, then, we met ; both try'd, and both
were cast,

And this irrevocable Sentence pass'd ;
That she whom I so long pursu'd in vain,
Should suffer from my Hands a lingering
Pain :

Renew'd to Life, that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly ;
No more a Lover but a mortal Foe,
I seek her Life (for Love is none below :) 180

As often as my Dogs with better speed
Arrest her Flight, is she to Death decreed :
Then with this fatal Sword on which I dy'd,
I pierce her open'd Back or tender Side,
And tear that harden'd Heart from out her
Breast,

Which, with her Entrails, makes my hungry
Hounds a Feast.

Nor lies she long, but as her Fates ordain, }
Springs up to Life, and fresh to second Pain, }
Is sav'd to Day, to Morrow to be slain. }

This, vers'd in Death, th' infernal Knight
relates,

And then for Proof fulfill'd their common
Fates ; 190

Her Heart and Bowels through her Back he
drew,

And fed the Hounds that help'd him to
pursue.

Stern look'd the Fiend, as frustrate of his
Will,

Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the Soul expiring through the
Wound,

Had left the Body breathless on the Ground,
When thus the grisly Spectre spoke again :
Behold the Fruit of ill-rewarded Pain :

As many Months as I sustain'd her Hate,
So many Years is she condemn'd by Fate 209
To daily Death ; and ev'ry several Place,
Conscious of her Disdain, and my Disgrace,
Must witness her just Punishment ; and he
A Scene of Triumph and Revenge to me.
As in this Grove I took my last Farewel,
As on this very spot of Earth I fell,

168 unrepenting] Editors till Christie wrongly
give unrepented
183 open'd] Some editors wrongly give open

As Friday saw me die, so she my Prey
Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving Day.

Thus while he spoke, the Virgin from the
Ground

Upstart'd fresh, already clos'd the Wound,
And unconcern'd for all she felt before, 211
Precipitates her Flight along the Shore :
The Hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with Flesh
and Blood

Pursue their Prey, and seek their wonted
Food :

The Fiend remounts his Courser ; mends his
Pace,

And all the Vision vanish'd from the Place.
Long stood the noble Youth oppress'd
with Awe

And stup'd at the wond'rous Things he saw
Surpassing common Faith ; transgressing
Nature's Law.

He would have been asleep, and wish'd to
wake, 220

But Dreams, he knew, no long Impression
make,

Though strong at first : If Vision, to what
end,

But such as must his future State portend ?
His Love the Damsel, and himself the
Fiend.

But yet reflecting that it could not be
From Heav'n, which cannot impious Acts
decree,

Resolv'd within him self to shun the Snare
Which hell for his Destruction did prepare ;
And as his better Genius should direct
From an ill Cause to draw a good effect. 230

Inspir'd from Heav'n he homeward took
his way,

Nor pall'd his new Design with long delay ;
But of his Train a trusty Servant sent,
To call his Friends together at his Tent.

They came, and usual Salutations paid,
With Words premeditated thus he said :

What you have often counsell'd, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded Love ;

By Thrift my sinking Fortune to repair,
Tho' late, yet is at last become my Care : 240

My Heart shall be my own ; my vast Expeience
Reduc'd to bounds, by timely Providence :

This only I require ; invite for me
Honoria, with her Father's Family,

Her Friends, and mine ; the Cause I shall
display,

On Friday next, for that's th' appointed Day.

Well pleas'd were all his Friends, the
 Task was light ;
 The Father, Mother, Daughter they invite
 Hardly the Dame was drawn to this repast ;
 But yet resolv'd, because it was the last. 250
 The Day was come ; the Guests invited
 came,
 And, with the rest, th' inexorable Dame :
 A Feast prepar'd with riotous Expence,
 Much Cost, more Care, and most Magnifi-
 cence.
 The Place ordain'd was in that haunted
 Grove
 Where the revenging Ghost pursu'd his Love :
 The Tables in a proud Pavilion spread,
 With Flow'rs below, and Tissue overhead :
 The rest in rank ; *Honoria* chief in place
 Was artfully contriv'd to set her Face 260
 To froot the Thicket and behold the Chace.
 The Feast was serv'd ; the time so well
 forecast,
 That just when the Dessert, and Fruits were
 plac'd,
 The Fiend's Alarm began ; the hollow sound
 Sung in the Leaves, the Forest shook
 around,
 Air blacken'd ; rowl'd the Thunder ;
 groan'd the ground.
 Nor long before the loud Laments arise,
 Of one distress'd, and Mastiffs mingled Cries :
 And first the Dame came rushing through
 the Wood,
 And next the famish'd Hounds that sought
 their Food 270
 And grip'd her Flanks, and oft essay'd their
 Jaws in Blood.
 Last came the Fellow on the Sable Steed,
 Arm'd with his naked Sword, and urg'd his
 Dogs to speed :
 She ran, and cry'd ; her Flight directly
 bent,
 (A Guest unbidden) to the fatal Tent,
 The Scene of Death, and Place ordain'd for
 Punishment.
 Loud was the Noise, aglaint was every Guest.
 The Women shriek'd, the Men forsook the
 Feast ;
 The Hounds at nearer distance hoarsely
 bay'd ;
 The Hunter close pursu'd the visionary
 Maid, 280
 She rent the Heav'n with loud Laments,
 imploring Aid.

The Gallants, to protect the Ladies right,
 Their Fauchions brandish'd at the grisly
 Spright ;
 High on his Stirrups, he provok'd the Fight.
 Then on the Crowd he cast a furious Look,
 And wither'd all their Strength before he
 strook :
 Back on your Lives ; let be, said he, my
 Prey,
 And let my Vengeance take the destin'd way.
 Vain are your Arms, and vainer your
 Defence,
 Against th' eternal Doom of Providence : 290
 Mine is th' ungrateful Maid by Heav'n
 design'd :
 Mercy she would not give, nor Mercy shall
 she find.
 At this the former Tale again he told
 With thund'ring Tone, and dreadful to
 behold :
 Sunk were their Hearts with Horror of the
 Crime.
 Nor needed to be warn'd a second time.
 But bore each other back ; some knew the
 Face,
 And all had heard the much lamented Case :
 Of him who fell for Love, and thus the fatal
 Place.
 And now th' infernal Minister advanc'd.
 Seiz'd the due Victim, and with Fury
 lani'd 300
 Her Back, and piercing through her inmost
 Heart,
 Drew backward, as before, th' offending part.
 The reeking Entrails next he tore away,
 And to his meagre Mastiffs made a Prey :
 The pale Assistants on each other star'd,
 With gaping Mouths for issuing Words
 prepar'd ;
 The still-born sounds upon the Palate hung,
 And dy'd imperfect on the Inluring Tongue.
 The Fright was general ; but the Female
 Band 310
 (A helpless Train) in more Confusion stand ;
 With horror shuddering on a heap they run,
 Sick at the sight of hateful Justice done ;
 For Conscience ring th' Alarm, and made
 the Case their own.
 So spread upon a Lake, with upward Eye,
 A plump of Fowl beheld their Foe on high :
 They close their trembling Troop ; and all
 attend
 On whom the sowing Engle will descend.

But most the proud *Honoria* fear'd th'
 Event,
 And thought to her alone the Vision sent. 320
 Her Guilt presents to her distracted Mind
 Heav'n's Justice, *Theodore's* revengful
 Kind,
 And the same Fate to the same Sin assign'd,
 Already sees her self the Monster's Prey,
 And feels her Heart, and Entrails torn away.
 'Twas a mute Scene of Sorrow, mix'd with
 fear;
 Still on the Tole lay th' unfinished Cheer;
 The Knight, and hungry Mastiffs stood
 around,
 The mangled Dame lay breathless on the
 Ground;
 When on a suddain re-inspired with Breath,
 Again she rose, again to suffer Death; 331
 Nor stay'd the Hell-hounds, nor the Hunter
 stay'd,
 But follow'd, as before, the flying Maid:
 Th' Avenger took from Earth th' avenging
 Sword,
 And mounting light as Air, his Sable Steed
 he spur'd:
 The Clouds dispell'd, the Sky resum'd her
 Light,
 And Nature stood recover'd of her Fright.
 But Fear, the last of Ills, remain'd behind,
 And Horror heavy sat on ev'ry Mind.
 Nor *Theodore* encourag'd more his Feast, 340
 But sternly look'd, as hatching in his Breast
 Some deep Design, which when *Honoria*
 view'd
 The fresh Impulse her former Fright
 renew'd:
 She thought her self the trembling Dame
 who fled,
 And him the grisly Ghost that spur'd till
 infernal Steed:
 The more dismay'd, for when the Guests
 withdrew,
 Their courteous Host saluting all the Crew
 Regardless passed her o'er; nor grac'd
 with kind adieu.
 That sting infix'd within her haughty Mind,
 The downfall of her Empire she divin'd; 350
 And her proud Heart with secret Sorrow
 pin'd.
 Home as they went, the sad Discourse
 renew'd
 Of the relentless Dame to Death pursu'd,
 And of the Sight obscene so lately view'd;
 None durst arraign the righteous Doom she
 bore,
 Ev'n they who pity'd most yet blam'd her
 more:
 The Parallel they needed not to name,
 But in the Dead they damn'd the living
 Dame.
 At ev'ry little Noise she look'd behind,
 For still the Knight was present to her
 Mind: 360
 And anxious oft she started on the way,
 And thought the Horseman-Ghost came
 thundering for his Prey
 Return'd, she took her Bed with little
 Rest,
 But in short Slumbers dreamt the Funeral
 Feast:
 Awak'd, she turned her Side; and slept
 again,
 The same black Vapors mounted in her
 Brain,
 And the same Dreams return'd with
 double Pain.
 Now forc'd to wake because afraid to
 sleep
 Her Blood all Fever'd, with a furious Leap
 She sprung from Bed, distracted in her
 Mind, 370
 And fear'd, at ev'ry Step, a twitching
 Spright behind.
 Darkling and desperate, with a staggering
 pace,
 Of Death afraid, and conscious of Disgrace;
 Fear, Pride, Remorse, at once her Heart
 assail'd,
 Pride put Remorse to flight, but Fear pre-
 vail'd.
 Friday, the fatal Day, when next it came,
 Her Soul forethought the Friend would
 change his Game,
 And her pursue, or *Theodore* he slain,
 And two Ghosts join their Packs to hunt
 her o'er the Plain.
 This dreadful Image so possess'd her
 Mind, 380
 That, desp'rate any Succour else to find,
 She ceas'd all farther Hope; and now began
 To make reflection on th' unhappy Man.
 Rich, Brave, and Young, who past expres-
 sion lov'd,
 Proof to Disdain; and not to be remov'd:
 Of all the Men respected, and admir'd,
 Of all the Dames, except her self, desir'd:

Why not of her? Prefer'd above the rest
By him with Knightly Deeds, and open
Love profess'd?
So had another been; where he his Vows
address'd. 390
This quell'd her Pride, yet other Doubts
remain'd,
That once disdain'd she might be dis-
dain'd:
The Fear was just, but greater Fear prevail'd,
Fear of her Life by bellish Hounds assail'd:
He took a low'ring leave; but who can tell
What outward Hate might inward Love
conceal?

Her Sexes Arts she knew, and why not then
Might deep dissembling have a place in Men?
Here Hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost Remedy; 400
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'Twas time enough at last on Death to call;
The Precipice in sight, a Shrub was all,
That kindly stood betwixt to break the
fatal fall.

One Maid she had, below'd above the rest:
Secure of her, the Secret she confess'd:
And now the cheerful Light her Fears
dispell'd,
She with no winding turns the Truth con-
ceal'd,
But put the Woman off, and stood reveal'd:

With Faults confess'd commission'd her
to go, 410
If Pity yet had place, and reconcile her
Foe.

The welcom Message made, was soon
receiv'd;
'Twas what he wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce
believ'd;

Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present,
He knew the Sex, and fear'd she might
repent,
Should he delay the moment of Consent.
There yet remain'd to gain her Friends
(a Care

The modesty of Maidens well might spare:)
But she with such a Zeal the Cause em-
brace'd,

(As Women where they will, are all in
hast,) 420

That Father, Mother, and the Kin beside,
Were overborn by Fury of the Tide:
With full consent of all, she chang'd her
State,

Resistless in her Love, as in her Hate.
By her Example warn'd, the rest beware;
More Easy, less Imperious, were the Fair:
And that one Hunting which the Devil
design'd,
For one fair Female, lost him half the
Kind.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

FROM BOCCACE.

Poeta loquatur,

Old as I am, for Ladies Love unfit,
The Pow'r of Beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my Soul, and still
inspires my Wit.
If Love be Folly, the severe Divine
Has felt that Folly, tho' he censures mine;
Pollutes the Pleasures of a chaste Embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in Grace
With riotous Excess, a Priestly Race:
Suppose him free, and that I forge th'
offence, 9
Heshew'd the way, perverting first my Sense:

In Mahee witty, and with Venom fraught,
He makes me speak the Things I never
thought.

Compute the Gains of his ungovern'd Zeal;
Ill sutes his Cloth the Praise of Railing well!
The World will think that what we loosely
write,

Tho' now arraign'd, he read with some
delight;
Because he seems to chew the Cud again,
When his broad Comment makes the Text
too plain,

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

1 Ladies] *Christie and Saintsbury give lady's*
Some editors give ladies' There can be no
doubt that the word is genitive plural: cf.
Horace, Car. ii 26. 1.

403 sight, a] sight: A 1700.

413 what he] *Warton and others wrongly give*
to be

And teaches more in one explaining Page,
Than all the double Meanings of the Stage.

What needs he Paraphrase on what we
mean?

We were at worst but Wanton; he's
Obscene. 21

I, nor my fellows, nor my Self excuse;
But Love's the Subject of the Comick Muse:
Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A Tale of only dry Instruction view;
Nor Love is always of a vicious Kind,
But oft to virtuous Acts inflames the Mind,
Awakes the sleepy Vigour of the Soul,
And, brushing o'er, adds Motion to the
Pool. 30

Love, studious how to please, improves our
Parts,

With polish'd Manners, and adorns with
Arts.

Love first invented Verse, and form'd the
Rhyme,

The Motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the
Chime;

To lib'ral Acts enlarg'd the narrow-Soul'd,
Soft'n'd the Fierce, and made the Coward
Bold:

The World when wast, he Peopled with
increase,

And warring Nations reconcil'd in Peace.

Ormond, the first, and all the Fair may find

In this one Legend to their Fame design'd,

When Beauty fires the Blood, bow Love
exalts the Mind. 41

In that sweet Isle, where *Venus* keeps her
Court,

And ev'ry Grace, and all the Loves resort;

Where either Sex is form'd of softer Earth,

And takes the bent of Pleasure from their
Birth;

There liv'd a *Cyprian* Lord, above the rest
Wise, Wealthy, with a num'rous Issue blest.

But as no Gift of Fortune is sincere,

Was only wanting in a worthy Heir:

His eldest Born a goodly youth to view 50

Excell'd the rest in Shape, and outward
Shew;

Fair, Tall, his Limbs with due Proportion
join'd,

But of a heavy, dull, degenerate Mind.

His Soul bely'd the Features of his Face:

Beauty was there, but Beauty in disgrace.

A clownish Mien, a Voice with rustick sound,

And stupid Eyes, that ever lov'd the Ground.

He looked like Nature's Error; as the Mind
And Body were not of a Piece design'd,
But made for two, and by mistake in one
were join'd. 60

The ruling Rod, the Father's forming
Care,

Were exercis'd in vain, on Wit's despair;
The more inform'd the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the
Mud.

Now scorn'd of all, and grown the publick
Shame,

The people from *Galesus* changed his name,
And *Cymon* call'd, which signifies a Brute;
So well his Name did with his Nature sute.

His Father, when he found his Labour
lost,

And Care employ'd that answer'd not the
Cost, 70

Chose an ungrateful Object to remove,
And loath'd to see what Nature made him
love;

So to his Country-Farm the Fool confin'd:
Rude Work well suted with a rustick Mind.

Thus to the Wilds the sturdy *Cymon* went,
A Squire among the Swains, and pleas'd
with Banishment.

His Corn, and Cattle, were his only Care,
And his supreme Delight o' Country-Fair.

It happen'd on a Summers Holiday,
That to the Greenwood-shade he took his
way; 80

For *Cymon* shunn'd the Church, and us'd
not much to Pray.

His Quarter Staff, which he cou'd ne'er for-
sake,

Hung half before, and half behind his Back.
He trudg'd along unknowing what he
sought,

And whistled as he went, for wont of
Thought.

By Chance conducted, or by Thurst con-
strain'd,

The deep Recesses of the Grove he gain'd;
Where, in a Plain, defended by the Wood,

Crept through the matted Grass a Chrystal
Flood,

By which an Alabaster Fountinstood: 90

And on the Margin of the Fount was laid
(Attended by her Slaves) a sleeping Maid

Like *Dian* and her Nymphs, when, tir'd
with Sport,

To rest by cool *Eurotas* they resort:

The Dame herself the Goddess well express'd,

Not more distinguish'd by her Purple Vest,
Than by the charming Features of her Face,
And ev'n in Slumber a superiour Grace:
Her comely Limbs compos'd with decent

Care, 99

Her Body shaded with a slight Cymarr;
Her Bosom to the view was only bare:
Where two beginning Paps were scarcely
spy'd

For yet their Places were but signify'd:
The fanning Wind upon her Bosom blows,
To meet the fanning Wind the Bosom rose;
The fanning Wind, and purling Streams
continue her repose.

The Fool of Nature, stood with stupid
Eyes

And gaping Mouth, that testify'd Surprise,
Fix'd on her Face, nor cou'd remove his
Sight,

New as he was to Love, and Novice in
Delight: 110

Long mute he stood, and leaning on his Staff,
His Wonder witness'd with an Ideot laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimmer-
ing Sense

First found his want of Words, and fear'd
Offence:

Doubted for what he was he should be
known,

By his Clown-Accent and his Country-Tone.
Through the rude Chaos thus the running
Light

Shot the first Ray that pierc'd the Native
Night:

Then Day and Darkness in the Mass were
mix'd,

Till gather'd in a Globe, the Beams were
fix'd: 120

Last shon the Sun who, radiant in his
Sphere

Illumin'd Heav'n, and Earth, and rowl'd
around the Year.

So Reason in this Brutal Soul began:
Love made him first suspect he was a Man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian
Sound;

By Love his want of Words and Wit he
found;

That sense of want prepar'd the future way
To Knowledge, and disclos'd the promise
of a Day.

What not his Father's Care, nor Tutor's
Art

Cou'd plant with Pains in his unpolish'd
Heart, 130

The best Instructor Love at once inspir'd,
As barren Grounds to Fruitfulness are fir'd;
Love taught him Shame, and Shame with
Love at Strife

Soon taught the sweet Civilities of Life;
His gross material Soul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her Kind:
Exciting a Desire till then unknown,

Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
This made the first Impression in his Mind,
Above, but just above, the Brutal Kind. 140
For Beasts can like, but not distinguish too.

Nor their own liking by reflection know;
Nor why they like or this, or t'other Face,
Or judge of this or that peculiar Grace;
But love in gross, and stupidly admire;
As Flies allur'd by Light, approach the
Fire.

Thus our Man-Beast advancing by degrees
First likes the whole, then separates what
he sees:

On sev'ral Parts a sev'ral Praise bestows,
The ruby Lips, the well-proportion'd Nose,
The snowy Skin, in Raven-glossy Hair. 151
The dimpled Cheek, the Forehead rising
fair,

And ev'n in Sleep it self a smiling Air.
From thence his Eyes descending view'd
the rest,

Her plump round Arms, white Hands, and
heaving Breast.

Long on the last he dwelt, though ev'ry
part

A pointed Arrow sped to pierce his Heart.
Thus in a trice a Judge of Beauty grown,

(A Judge erected from a Country-Clown)
He long'd to see her Eyes in Slumber hid,
And wish'd his own cou'd pierce within the
Lid: 161

He wou'd have wak'd her, but restrain'd
his Thought,
And Love new-born the first good Manners
taught.

An awful Fear his ardent Wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the Goddess of the Wood;
For such she seem'd by her celestial Face,
Excelling all the rest of Imman Race:

And Things divine, by common Sense he knew,

Must be devoutly seen at distant view:

So checking his Desire, with trembling Heart

170

Gazing he stood, nor would, nor could depart;

I'r'd as a Pilgrim wilder'd in his way,

Who dares not stir by Night for fear to stray;

But stands with awful Eyes to watch the dawn of Day.

At length awaking, *Iphigene* the fair

(So was the Beauty call'd who caus'd his Cure)

Unclous'd her eyes, and double Day reveal'd,

While those of all her Slaves in Sleep were seal'd.

The slumbering Cudden, prop'd upon his Staff,

Stood ready gaping with a grinning Laugh,

To welcome her awake, nor durst begin

181

To speak, but wisely kept the Fool within. Then she: What make you *Cymon* here alone?

(For *Cymon's* name was round the Country known,

Because descended of a noble Race,

And for a Soul ill sorted with his Face.)

But still the Sot stood silent with Surprise,

With fix'd regard on her new open'd Eyes,

And in his Breast receiv'd th' invenom'd Dart,

A tickling Pain that pleas'd amid the Smart.

But conscious of her Form, with quick distrust

191

She saw his sparkling Eyes, and fear'd his brutal Lust:

This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy Crew,

And rising hasty took a short Adieu.

Then *Cymon* first his rustick Voice essay'd,

With proffer'd Service to the parting Moid

To see her safe; his Hand she long deny'd,

But took not length, ashamed of such a Guide.

So *Cymon* led her home, and leaving there,

No more won'd to his Country Clowns repair,

200

But sought his Father's House, with better Mind,

Refusing in the Farm to be confin'd.

The Father wonder'd at the Son's return,

And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;

But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still

To learn the secret Causes of his alter'd Will

Nor was he long delay'd: the first Request

He made, was, like his Brothers to be dress'd,

And, as his Birth requir'd, above the rest.

With ease his Sute was granted by his Syre,

Distinguishing his Heir by rich Attire: 211

His Body thus adorn'd, he next design'd

With lib'ral Arts to cultivate his Mind;

He sought a Tutor of his own accord,

And study'd Lessons he before abhorr'd.

Thus the Man-Child advanc'd, and learned

so fast,

That in short time his Equals he surpass'd:

His brutal Manners from his Breast evil'd,

His Alien he fashion'd, and his Tongue be

fil'd;

In ev'ry Exercise of all admir'd,

He seem'd, nor only seem'd but was in-

spir'd:

Inspir'd by Love, whose Business is to

please;

He Rode, he Fenc'd, he moved with grace-

ful Ease,

More fam'd for Sense, for courtly Carriage

more,

Than for his brutal Folly known before.

What then of alter'd *Cymon* shall we say,

But that the Fire which choak'd in Ashes lay,

A Load too heavy for his Soul to move,

Was upward blown below, and brush'd away

by Love?

Love made no active Progress through his

Mind,

The dusky Ports he clear'd, the gross refin'd;

The drowsy wak'd; and as he went im-

press'd

The Maker's Image on the human Breast.

Thus was the Mon mended by Desire,

And, tho' he lov'd perhaps with too much

Fire,

His Father nill his Faults with Reason scan'd,

And lik'd an error of the better Bond;

Excus'd th' excess of Passion in his Mind,

By Flames too fierce, perhaps too much

refin'd: 239

So *Cymon*, since his Sire indulg'd his Will,

Impetuous lov'd, and would be *Cymon* still;

Gales he disown'd, and chose to bear

The Name of Fool confirm'd, and Bishop'd

by the Fair.

233 Bressi] All the English editors change this word into Bressi, a most thoughtless and ludicrous error.

To *Cipseus* by his Friends his Sute he
mov'd,

Cipseus the Father of the Fair he lov'd :
But he was pre-ingag'd by former Ties,
While *Cymon* was endear'ring to be wise
And *Iphigene*, oblig'd by former Vows,
Had giv'n her Faith to wed a Foreign Spouse:
Her Sire and She to *Rhodian Pasimond*, 250
Tho' both repenting, were by Promise
bound,

Nor could retract; and thus, as Fate decreed,
Tho' better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.

The Doom was past, the Ship already sent
Did all his tardy Diligence prevent :

Sigh'd to her self the fair unhappy Maid,
While stormy *Cymon* thus in secret said :
The time is come for *Iphigene* to find
The Miracle she wrought upon my Mind :
Her Charms have made me Man, her ravish'd
Love 260

In rank shall place me with the Bless'd above.
For mine by Love, by Force she shall be
mine,

Or Death, if Force should fail, shall finish
my Design.

Resolv'd he said : And rigg'd with speedy
Care

A Vessel strong, and well equipp'd for War.
The secret Ship with chosen Friends he
stor'd,

And bent to die, or conquer, went aboard.
Ambush'd he lay behind the *Cyprian* Shore,
Waiting the Sail that all his Wishes bore ;
Nor long expected, for the following Tide 270
Sent out the hostile Ship and beauteous
Bride.

To *Rhodes* the Rival Bark directly steer'd,
When *Cymon* sudden at her Back appear'd.
And stop'd her Flight : Then standing on
his Prow

In haughty Terms he thus defy'd the Foe :
Or strike your Sails at Summons, or prepare
To prove the last Extremities of War.

Thus warn'd, the *Rhodians* for the Fight
provide ;

Already were the Vessels Side by Side,
These obstinate to save, and those to seize
the Bride. 280

But *Cymon* soon his crooked Grapples cast,
Which with tenacious hold his Foes em-
brace'd,

And arm'd with Sword and Shield, amid
the Press he pass'd.

Fierce was the Fight, but hast'ning to his
Prey,

By force the furious Lover freed his way :
Himself alone dispers'd the *Rhodian* Crew,
The Weak disdain'd, the Valiant overthrew ;
Cheap Conquest for his following Friends
remain'd,

He reap'd the Field, and they but only
glean'd. 285

His Victory confess'd, the Foes retreat,
And cast their Weapons at the Victor's Feet.
Whom thus he cheer'd : O *Rhodian* Youth,
I fought

For Love alone, nor other Booty sought :
Your Lives are safe ; your Vessel I resign.

Yours be your own, restoring what is mine :
In *Iphigene* I claim my rightful Due,

Rob'd by my Rival, and detain'd by you :
Your *Pasimond* a lawless Bargain drove,

The Parent could not sell the Daughters
Love ;

Or if he cou'd, my Love disdains the Law.
And like a King by Conquest gains his
Cause ; 300

Where Arms take place, all other Pleas are
vain ;

Love taught me Force, and Force shall Love
maintain.

You, what by Strength you could not let go,
release,

And at an easy Ransom buy your Peace.
Fear on the conquer'd Side soon sign'd
th' Accord.

And *Iphigene* to *Cymon* was restor'd :
While to his Arms the blushing Bride he took.

To seeming Sadness she compos'd her Look :
As if by Force subjected to his Will. 310

Tho' pleas'd, dissembling, and a Woman still.
And, for she wept, he wip'd her falling Tears,

And pray'd her to dismiss her empty Fears :
For yours I am, he said, and have deserv'd

Your Love much better, whom so long I
serv'd,

Than he to whom your formal Father ty'd
Your Vows ; and sold a Slave, not sent a
Bride.

Thus while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing
Prey,

As *Paris* bore the *Spartan* Spouse away :
Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her Eyes
confess'd 320

She rather would be thought, than was dis-
tress'd.

Who now exults but *Cymon* in his Mind?
 Vain hopes and empty Joys of human Kind,
 Proud of the present, to the future blind!
 Secure of Fate, while *Cymon* plows the Sea,
 And steers to *Candy* with his conquer'd Prey,
 Scarce the third Glass of measur'd Hours
 was run,

When like a fiery Meteor sunk the Sun,
 The Promise of a Storm; the shifting Gales
 Forsake by Fits and fill the flagging Sails:
 Hoarse Murmurs of the Main from far were
 heard, 331

And Night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
 But all at once; at once the Winds arise,
 The Thunders roul, the forky Lightning flies
 In vain the Master issues out Commands,
 In vain the trembling Sailors ply their
 Hands;

The Tempest unforeseen prevents their Care,
 And from the first they labour in despair.
 The giddy Ship betwixt the Winds and
 Tides,

Forc'd back and forwards, in a Circle rides,
 Stun'd with the diff'rent Blows; then shoots
 amain 341

Till counterbuff'd she stops, and sleeps again.
 Not more aghast the proud Archangel fell,
 Plung'd from the height of Heav'n to
 deepest Hell,

Than stood the Lover of his Love possess'd
 Now curs'd the more, the more he had been
 bless'd;

More anxious for her Danger than his own,
 Death he defies; but would be lost alone.

Sad *Iphigene* to Womanish Complaints
 Adds pious Pray'rs, and wearies all the
 Saints; 350

Ev'n if she could, her Love she would
 repent,

But since she cannot, dreads the Punish-
 ment:

Her forfeit Faith, and *Pasimond* betray'd,
 Are ever present, and her Crime upbraid.
 She blames herself, nor blames her Lover
 less;

Augments her Anger as her Fears increase,
 From her own Back the Burden would
 remove,

And lays the Load on his ungovern'd Love,
 Which interposing durst in Heav'n's despight
 Invade, and violate another's Right: 360

The Pow'rs incens'd awhile deferr'd his Pain,
 And made him Master of his Vows in vain:

But soon they punish'd his presumptuous
 Pride;

That for his daring Enterprize she dy'd,
 Who rather not resisted, than comply'd.

Then impotent of Mind, with alter'd Sense,
 She hugg'd th' Offender, and forgave th'
 Offence,

Sev to the last. Mean time with Sails
 declin'd

The wand'ring Vessel drov e before the Wind:
 Toss'd, and retoss'd, aloft, and then alow;

Nor Port they seek, nor certain Course
 they know, 371

But ev'ry moment wait the coming Blow.
 Thus blindly driv'n, by breaking Day they
 view'd

The Land before 'em, and their Fears
 renew'd;

The Land was welcome, but the Tempest
 bore

The threaten'd Ship against a rocky Shore.

A winding Bay was near; to this they
 bent,

And just escap'd; their Force already spent.
 Secure from Storms, and panting from the
 Sea,

The Land unknown at leisure they survey;
 And saw (but soon their sickly Sight with-
 drew) 381

The rising Tow'rs of *Rhodes* at distant view;
 And curs'd the hostile Shoar of *Pasimond*,
 Sav'd from the Seas, and shipwreck'd on
 the Ground.

The frighted Sailors try'd their Strength
 in vain

To turn the Stern, and tempt the stormy
 Main;

But the stiff Wind withstood the lab'ring
 Oar,

And forc'd them forward on the fatal Shoar!
 The crooked Keel now bites the *Rhodian*
 Strand,

And the Ship moor'd, constrains the Crew
 to land: 390

Yet still they might be safe, because un-
 known;

But as ill Fortune seldom comes alone,
 The Vessel they dismiss'd was driv'n before,

Already shelter'd on their Native Shoar;
 Known each, they know: But each with
 change of Cheer;

The vanquish'd side exults; the Victors
 fear;

Not them but theirs, made Pris'ners ere
they Fight,

Despairing Conquest and depriv'd of Flight.

The Country rings around with loud
Alarms,

And raw in Fields the rude Militia swarms ;

Mouths without Hands ; maintain'd at vast
Expence, 401

In Peace a Charge, in War a weak Defence ;

Stout once a Month they march, a blust'ring
Band,

And ever, but in Times of Need, at hand ;

This was the Morn when issuing on the
Guard,

Drawn up in Rank and File they stood
prepar'd

Of seeming Arms to make a short essay,

Then hasten to be Drunk, the Business of
the Day.

The Cowards would have fled, but that
they knew

Themselves so many, and their Foes so few ;

But crowding on, the last the first impel ; 411

Till overborn with weight the *Cyprians* fell.

Cymon inslav'd, who first the War begun,

And *Iphigene* once more is lost and won.

Deep in a Dungeon was the Captive cast,

Depriv'd of Day, and held in Fetters fast :

His Life was only spar'd at their Request,

Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd :

But *Iphigenia* was the Ladies Care,

Each in their turn address'd to treat the
Fair ; 420

While *Pasimond* and his, the Nuptial Feast
prepare.

Her secret Soul to *Cymon* was inclin'd,

But she must suffer what her Fates assign'd ;

So passive is the Church of Womankind.

What worse to *Cymon* could his Fortune deal,

Rowl'd to the lowest Spoke of all her Wheel ?

It rested to dismiss the downward weight,

Or raise him upward to his former height ;

The latter pleas'd ; and Love (concern'd the
most)

Prepar'd th' amends, for what by Love he
lost. 430

The Sire of *Pasimond* had left a Son,

Though younger, yet for Courage early known,

Ormisda call'd, to whom, by Promise ty'd,

A *Rhodian* Beauty was the destin'd Bride :

Cassandra was her Name, above the rest

Renown'd for Birth, with Fortune amply
blest'd.

Lysymachus who rul'd the *Rhodian* State,

Was then by choice their annual Magistrate :

He lov'd *Cassandra* too with equal Fire,

But Fortune had not favour'd his Desire ;

Cross'd by her Friends, by her not dis-

approv'd, 441

Nor yet prefer'd, or like *Ormisda* lov'd :

So stood th' Affair : Some little Hope

remain'd,

That should his Rival chance to lose, he

gain'd.

Meantime young *Pasimond* his Marriage

press'd,

Ordain'd the Nuptial Day, prepar'd the

Feast ;

And frugally resolv'd (the Charge to shun,

Which would be double should he wed alone)

To join his Brother's Bridal with his own.

Lysymachus oppress'd with mortal Grief

Receiv'd the News, and study'd quick Re-

lief : 451

The fatal Dayn approach'd : If Force were us'd,

The Magistrate his publick Trust abus'd ;

To Justice liable, as Law requir'd,

For when his Office ceas'd, his Pow'r ex-

pir'd :

While Pow'r remain'd, the Means were in

his Hand

By Force to seize, and then forsake the Land :

Betwixt Extreams he knew not how to

move,

A Slave to Fame, but more a Slave to Love :

Restraining others, yet himself not free,

Made impotent by Pow'r, debas'd by

Dignity ! 461

Both Sides he weigh'd : But after much

Debate,

The Man prevail'd above the Magistrate.

Love never fails to master what he finds,

But works a different way in different

Minds,

The Fool enlightens, and the Wise he

blinds.

This Youth proposing to possess, and scape,

Began in Murder, to conclude in Rape :

Unprais'd by me, tho' Heav'n sometime

may bless

An impious Act with undeserv'd Success :

The Great, it seems, are priviledg'd alone 471

To punish all Injustice but their own.

But here I stop, not daring to proceed,

Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous Deed :

For Crimes are but permitted, not decreed.

Resolv'd on Force, his Wit the Pretor bent
To find the Means that might secure th' event;

Not long he labour'd, for his lucky Thought
In Captive *Cymon* found the Friend he sought.

Th' Example pleas'd: The Cause and Crime the same;

An injur'd Love, and a ravish'd Dame.
How much he durst he knew by what he dur'd.

The less he had to lose, the less he car'd
To menage louchsom Life when Love was the Reward.

This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
In depth of Night he for the Pra'ner sent;
In secret sent, the publick Vow to shun,
Then with a sober Bride he thus begun:

The Poet is above, who bountiously bestow
Their Gifts and Graces on Mankind below,

Yet prove our Merit first, nor blindly give
To such as are not worthy to receive;

For Valour and for Virtue they provide
Their due Reward, but first they must be try'd;

These fruitful Seeds within your Mind they sow'd;

'Twas yours t' improve the Talent they bestow'd;

They gave you to be born of noble Kind,
They gave you Love to lighten up your Mind

And purge the grosser Parts; they gave you Care
To please, and Courage to deserve the Fair;

Thus far they try'd you, and by Proof they found
The Grain intrusted in a grateful Ground;

But still the great Experiment remain'd,
They suffer'd you to lose the Prize you gain'd;

That you might learn the Gilt was theirs alone,
And when restor'd, to them the Blessing own.

Restor'd it soon will be; the Means prepar'd,
The Difficulty smooth'd, the Danger shair'd;

Be but your self, the Care to me resign.
Then *Iphigenia* is yours, *Cassandra* mine.

Your Rival *Perimenides* pursues your Life,
Impatient to revenge his ravish'd Wife,

But yet not life; to *Morron* is behind,
And Love our Fortunes in one Bind has join'd;

Two Brothers are our Foes, *Orontes* mine,
As much declar'd, as *Pausanias* is thine;

To *Morron* must their common Vows be try'd;

With Love to Friend, and Fortune for our Guide,
Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a Bride.

Right I have none, nor hast thou much to plead;

'Tis Force when done must justify the Deed;
Our Task perform'd we next propose for Flight;

And let the Losers talk in vain of Right;
We with the Fair will sail before the Wind,

If they are grav'd, I leave the Laws behind,
Speak thy Resolves; if not thy George drop.

Despair in Prison, and abandon Hope;
But if thou dar'st in Arms thy Love regain,

(For Liberty without thy Love were vain.)
Then second my Design to cure the Pain,

Or lead to second Rape, for all thou know'st of the way.

Said *Cymon*, overjoy'd, Do Thine proposals
The Means to Fight, and only show the Place

Far from the first, when Love had fed my Mind,
Resolv'd I left the Care of Life behind.

To this the bold *Ephyrarchus* reply'd,
Let Heaven be our suter and the Smell of Sails;

The Signals are prepar'd, already plye
The Mustrels, and provide the tandy Fry;

By thus the Brides are us'd, their Grooms are decreed;

All *Readers* is summon'd to the Nuptial Feast,
All but my self, the sole unbidden Guest;

Unbidden though I am, I will be there,
And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the Fair.

Now hear the rest; when Day appears the Light,
And cheerful Torches guide the jolly Boat;

Be ready at my Call, my self on foot
With Arms administer'd shall not thy Crew.

Then entering unexpected will we seize
Our destin'd Prey, from *Mis* dech'd r ease,

By Wine disabled, unprepared for Fight,
And bringing to the Seas our own Riches;

The Seas are ours, for I command the Fort,
A Ship well man'd, expects us in the Port:
If they, or if their Friends the Prize contest,
Death shall attend the Man who dares resist.

It pleas'd! The Pris'ner to his Hold
retir'd,

His Troop with equal Emulation fir'd,
All fix'd to Fight, and all their wonted
Work requir'd.

The Sun arose; the Streets were throng'd
around,

The Palace open'd, and the Posts were
crown'd:

The double Bridegroom at the Door attends
Th' expected Spouse, and entertains the
Friends:

They meet, they lead to Church; the Priests
invoke

The Pow'rs, and feed the Flames with
fragrant Smoke:

This done they Feast, and at the close of
Night

By kindled Torches vary their Delight,
These lead the lively Dance, and those the
brimming Bowls invite.

Now, at th' appointed Place and Hour
assign'd,

With Souls resolv'd the Ravishers were
join'd:

Three Bands are form'd: The first is sent
before

To favour the Retreat and guard the Shore:
The second at the Palace-gate is plac'd,

And up the lofty Stairs ascend the last:
A peaceful Troop they seem with shining
Vests,

But Coats of Mail beneath secure their
Breasts.

Dauntless they enter, *Cymon* at their
Head,

And find the Feast renew'd, the Table spread:
Sweet Voices mix'd with instrumental
Sounds

Ascend the vaulted Roof, the vaulted Roof
rebounds.

When like the Harpies rushing through the
Hall

The sudden Troop appears, the Tables fall,
Their smoking Load is on the Pavment
thrown;

Each Ravisher prepares to seize his own:
The Brides invaded with a rude Embrace

Shreek out for Aid, Confusion fills the Place:

Quick to redeem the Prey their plighted
Lords

Advance, the Palace gleams with shining
Swords.

But late is all Defence; and Succour vain;
The Rape is made, the Ravishers remain:

Two sturdy Slaves were only sent before
To bear the purchas'd Prize in Safety to the
Shore.

The Troop retires, the Lovers close the rear,
With forward Faces not confessing Fear:

Backward they move, but scorn their Pace
to mend,

Then seek the Stairs, and with slow hast
descend.

Fierce *Pasimond*, their passage to pre-
vent,

Thrust full on *Cymon's* Back in his descent,
The Blade return'd unbath'd, and to the
Handle bent:

Stout *Cymon* soon remounts, and cleft in two
His Rival's Head with one descending Blow:

And as the next in rank *Ormisda* stood,
He turn'd the Point; The sword inur'd to
Blood

Bor'd his unguarded Breast, which pour'd
a purple Flood.

With vow'd Revenge the gath'ring Crowd
pursues,

The Ravishers turn Head, the Fight renews;
The Hall is heap'd with Corps; the sprinkled
Gore

Besmears the Walls, and floats the Marble
Floor.

Dispers'd at length the drunken Squadron
flies,

The Victors to their Vessel bear the Prize;
And hear behind loud Groans, and lament-
able Cries.

The Crew with merry Shouts their
Anchors weigh,

Then ply their Oars, and brush the buxom
Sea,

While Troops of gather'd *Rhodians* croud
the Key.

What should the People do, when left alone?
The Governor, and Government are gone;

The publick Wealth to Foreign Parts con-
vey'd;

Some Troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.
Rhodes is the Sovereign of the Sea no more;

Their Ships unrigg'd, and spent their Naval
Store;

620

They neither could defend, nor can pursue,
 But grind their Teeth, and cast a helpless
 view :
 In vain with Darts a distant War they try,
 Short, and more short the missive Weapons
 fly.
 Mean while the Ravishers their Crimes enjoy,
 And flying Sails, and sweeping Oars employ .
 The Cliffs of *Rhodes* in little space are lost ;
Jove's Isle they seek ; nor *Jove* denies his
 Coast.
 In safety landed on the *Caudiau* Shore,
 With generous Wines their Spirits they
 restore ;

There *Cymon* with his *Rhodian* Friend
 resides,
 Both Court, and Wed at once the willing
 Brides.
 A War ensues, the *Cretans* own their Cause,
 Stiff to defend their hospitable Laus .
 Both Parties lose by turns , and neither
 wins,
 Till Peace propounded by a Truce begins.
 The Kindred of the *Slam* forgive the Deed,
 But a short Exile must for Show precede ;
 The Term expir'd, from *Candia* they
 remove ;

630 | And happy each at Home enjoys his love 639

TRANSLATIONS OF LATIN HYMNS AND MINOR MISCELLANIES.

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS.

TRANSLATED IN PARAPHRASE.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The World's Foundations first were laid,
 Come, visit ev'ry pious Mind ;
 Come, pour thy Joys on Human Kind ;
 From Sin, and Sorrow set us free ;
 And make thy Temples worthy Thee.
 O, Source of uncreated Light,
 The Father's promis'd *Paraclete* !
 Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,
 Our Hearts with Heav'nly Love inspire ; To
 Come, and thy Sacred Unction bring
 To Sanctifie us, while we sing !
 Plenteous of Grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy sev'n-fold Energy !
 Thou strength of his Almighty Hand,
 Whose Pow'r does Heav'n and Earth com-
 mand :
 Proceeding Spirit, our Defence,
 Who do'st the Gift of Tongues dispence, }
 And crown'st thy Gift with Eloquence !

Refine and purge our Earthy Parts ; 20
 But, oh, inflame and fire our Hearts !
 Our Frailties help, our Vice controul ;
 Submit the Senses to the Soul ;
 And when Rebellious they are grown,
 Then, lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.
 Chace from our Minds th' Infernal Foe ;
 And Peace, the fruit of Love, bestow ;
 And, lest our Feet shou'd step astray,
 Protect, and guide us in the way.
 Make us Eternal Truths receive, 30
 And practise, all that we believe :
 Give us thy self, that we may see
 The Father and the Son, by thee.
 Immortal Honour, endless Fame,
 Attend th' Almighty Father's Name :
 The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
 Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd :
 And equal Adoration be,
 Eternal *Paraclete*, to thee.

TE DEUM.

THEE, Sovereign God, our grateful Accents	Thou King of Glory, Christ, of the Most
praise ;	High
We own thee Lord, and bless thy wondrous	Thou co-eternal filial Deity ;
ways ;	Thou who, to save the World's impending
To thee, Eternal Father, Earth's whole	Doom,
Frame	Vouchsaf'dst to dwell within a Virgin's
With loudest Trumpets sounds immortal	Womb ;
Fame.	Old Tyrant Death disarm'd, before thee flew
Lord God of Hosts ! for thee the heav'nly	The Bolts of Heav'n, and back the Foldings
Pow'rs	drew,
With sounding Anthems fill the vaulted	To give access, and make thy faithful way ;
Tow'rs.	From God's right Hand thy filial Beams
Thy Cherubims thrice Holy, Holy, Holy cry ;	display.
Thrice Holy, all the Seraphims reply,	Thou art to judge the Living and the Dead ;
And thrice returning Echoes endless Songs	Then spare those Souls for whom thy Veins
supply.	have bled.
Both Heav'n and Earth thy Majesty dis-	31
play ;	O take us up amongst thy blest above,
They owe their Beauty to thy glorious	To share with them thy everlasting Love
Ray.	Preserve, O Lord ! thy People, and enhance
Thy Praises fill the loud Apostles' Quire :	Thy Blessing on thine own Inheritance.
The Train of Prophets in the Song conspire.	For ever raise their Hearts, and rule their
Legions of Martyrs in the Chorus shine,	ways,
And vocal Blood with vocal Musick join.	Each Day we bless thee, and proclaim thy
By these thy Church, inspir'd by heav'nly	Praise ;
Art,	No Age shall fail to celebrate thy Name.
Around the World maintains a second Part,	No Hour neglect thy everlasting Fame.
And tunes her sweetest Notes, O God, to	Preserve our Souls, O Lord, this Day from
thee,	Ill ;
The Father of unbounded Majesty ;	30
The Son, ador'd Co-partner of thy Seat,	Have Mercy on us, Lord, have Mercy still :
And equal everlasting <i>Paraclete</i> .	As we have hop'd, do thou reward our Pain :
	We've hop'd in thee, let not our Hope be
	vain.

HYMN FOR THE NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

24TH JUNE.

O SYLVAN Prophet ! whose eternal Fame	Hearing the News, and doubting in Surprise.
Echoes from <i>Judah's</i> Hills and <i>Jordan's</i>	His faltering Speech in fetter'd Accent dy's ;
Stream,	But Providence, with happy Choice.
The Musick of our Numbers raise,	In thee restor'd thy Father's Voice.
And tune our Voices to thy Praise.	
A Messenger from high <i>Olympus</i> came	In the Recess of Nature's dark Abode.
To bear the Tidings of thy Life and Name,	Though still enclos'd, yet knewest thou thy
And told thy Sire each Prodigy	God ;
That Heav'n design'd to work in thee.	Whilst each glad Parent told and blest
	The Secrets of each other's Breast.

TE DEUM First printed as Dryden's by Scott from a Roman Catholic *Primer* of Hymns, 1706
HYMN FOR THE NATIVITY OF ST JOHN. Printed with an incorrect title by Scott from the same. The title was corrected by Saintsbury, who adds

other verses from the *Primer*. There is no proof that these are Dryden's, and in any case, since the compilers of Hymn Books often deal immorally with their texts, it seems best not to publish what may be spurious and is certainly corrupt.

LINES IN A LETTER TO HIS LADY COUSIN,
HONOR DRIDEN,

WHO HAD GIVEN HIM A SILVER INKSTAND, WITH A SET OF
WRITING MATERIALS, 1655.

<p>FOR since 'twas mine, the white hath lost its Hiew, . To show twas n'ere it selfe but whilst in you, The virgin Waxe hath blush'd it selfe to red Since it with mee hath lost its Maydenhead.</p>	<p>You, Fairest Nymph, are Waxe: Oh may you bee As well in Softnesse as in Purity! Till Fate and your own happy Choice reveale Whom you so farre shall bless to make your Seale.</p>
--	--

LINES PRINTED UNDER THE ENGRAVED PORTRAIT
OF MILTON,

IN TONSON'S FOLIO EDITION OF THE 'PARADISE LOST,' 1688.

THREE Poets, in three distant Ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in Loftiness of Thought surpass'd,
The next in Majesty, in both the last:
The Force of Nature could no farther go;
To make a thurd she join'd the former two.

IMPROMPTU LINES ADDRESSED TO HIS COUSIN,
MRS. CREED,

IN A CONVERSATION AFTER DINNER ON THE ORIGIN OF NAMES.

<p>So much Religion in your Name doth dwell, Your Soul must needs with Piety excel. Thus Names, like [] Pictures drawn of old, Their owners' Nature and their Story told. Your Name but half expresses, for in you Belief and Practice do together go.</p>	<p>My Pray'rs shall be, while this short Life endures, These may go Hand in Hand, with you and yours; Till Faith hereafter is in Vision drown'd, And Practice is with endless Glory crown'd. 10</p>
--	---

FRAGMENT OF A CHARACTER OF JACOB TONSON,
HIS PUBLISHER.

WITH leering Looks, Bull-fac'd, and freckl'd fair,
With two left Legs, and *Judas*-colour'd Hair,
And frowzy Pores that taint the ambient Air.

LINES IN A LETTER. Text from the original as printed
LINES ON MILTON Text from the original of 1688
IMPROMPTU LINES. Text first printed by Malone

SONGS FROM THE PLAYS.

SONG OF AERIAL SPIRITS,

FROM THE INDIAN QUEEN.

Poor Mortals that are clog'd with Earth
below

Sink under Love and Care,
While we that dwell in Air
Such heavy Passions never know.
Why then shou'd Mortals be
Unwilling to be free
From Blood, that sullen Cloud
Which shining Souls does shroud ?
Then they'll shew bright,
And like us light,
When leaving Bodies with their Care
They slide to us and Air.

HYMN TO THE SUN, FROM THE SAME.

You to whom Victory we owe,
Whose glories rise
By sacrifice
And from our fates below,
Never did your Altars shine
Feasted with Blood so near divine.
Princes to whom we bow,
As they to you,
Thus you can ravish from a throne,
And by their loss of pow'r declare your
own.

FROM THE INDIAN EMPEROR.

I LOOK'D and saw within the Book of Fate,
When many Days did lower,
When lo one happy hour
Leapt up, and smil'd to save thy sinking
State ;
A day shall come when in thy pow'r
Thy cruel Foes shall be
Then shall thy Land be free
And then in Peace shall Reign :
But take, O take that opportunity,
Which once refus'd will never come again

FROM THE INDIAN EMPEROR.
4 thy] the same *edd.*

FROM THE SAME

An fading joy, how quickly art thou past !
Yet we thy ruine haste :
As if the Cares of Humane Life were few,
We seek out new,
And follow Fate that does too fast pursue.
See how on ev'ry Bough the Birds express
In their sweet notes their happiness.
They all enjoy and nothing spare ;
But on their Mother Nature lay their care:
Why then should Man, the Lord of all
below,
Such troubles chuse to know,
As none of all his Subjects undergo ?

Hark, hark, the Waters fall, fall, fall
And with a Murmuring sound
Dash, dash, upon the ground,
To gentle slumbers call.

FROM THE MAIDEN QUEEN.

I Feed a Flame within which so torments me
That it both pains my heart, and yet con-
tents me :
'Tis such a pleasing smart and I so love it,
That I had rather die, then once remove it.
Yet he for whom I grieve shall never know it,
My tongue does not betray, nor my eyes
shew it :
Not a sigh not a tear my pain discloses,
But they fall silently like dew on Roses.
Thus to prevent my love from being cruel,
My heart's the sacrifice as 'tis the fuel :
And while I suffer thus to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love, tho he deny it.
On his eyes will I gaze, and there delight
me ;
Where I conceal my love, no frown can
fright me :
To be more happy I dare not aspire ;
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

FROM THE SAME.
5 that does] *Some editors give* which would

FROM SIR MARTIN MARR-ALL.

He. Make ready fair Lady to night,
And stand at the Door below,
For I will be there
To receive you with Care,
And to your true Love you shall go.

She. And when the Stars twinkle so bright,
Then down to the Door will I creep,
To my Love will I flye,
E'er the jealous can spye,
And leave my old daddy asleep. 10

FROM THE SAME (*after VOITURE*).

BLIND Love, to this hour,
Had never like me, a Slave under his Pow'r.
Then blest be the Dart
That he threw at my heart,
For nothing can prove
A joy so great as to be wounded with love.

My Days and my Nights
Are fill'd to the purpose with sorrows and
frights;
From my heart still I sigh,
And my Eyes are ne'r dry, 10
So that, *Cupid* be prais'd.
I am to the top of Love's happiness rais'd.

My Soul's all on fire
So that I have the pleasure to dote and
desire,
Such a pretty soft pain,
That it tickles each vein,
'Tis the dream of a smart,
Which makes me breathe short when it
beats at my heart.

Sometimes in a Pet,
When I am despis'd, I my freedom would
get; 20
But straight a sweet smile
Does my nnger beguile,
And my heart does recall,
Then the more I do struggle the lower I fall.

Heaven does not impart
Such a grace as to love unto ev'ry one's
heart;
For many may wish
To be wounded, and miss
Then blest be loves Fire,
And more blest her Eyes that first taught
me desire. 30

FROM AN EVENING'S LOVE.

YOU charm'd me not with that fair face
Though it was all Divine.
To be anothers is the Grace,
That makes me wish you mine.
The Gods and Fortune took their port
Who like young Monarchs fight;
And boldly dare invade that Heart
Which is anothers right.
First mad with hope we undertake
To pull up ev'ry Bar; 10
But once possess'd we faintly make
A dull defensive War.
Now ev'ry Friend is turn'd a foe
In hope to get our store;
And passion makes us Cowards grow
Which made us brave before.

FROM THE SAME.

AFTER the pangs of o desperate Lover,
When day and night I have sigh'd all
in vain,
Ah what a Pleasure it is to discover
In her eyes pity, who causes my pain!

When with unkindness our Love at a
stand is,
And both have punish'd our selves with
the pain,
Ah what a pleasure the touch of her
hand is,
Ah what a pleasure to press it again!

When the denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her Eyes give what her tongue
does deny, 10
Ah what a trembling I feel when I ven-
ture,
Ah what a Trembling does usher my
joy!

When, with a Sigh, she accords me the
blessing,
And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure
and pain;
Ah what a joy 'tis, beyond all Express-
ing,
Ah what a joy to hear, shall we again!

FROM THE SAME.

CALM was the Even, and clear was the Sky,
 And the new-budding Flowers did spring,
 When all alone went *Anytus* and I
 To hear the sweet Nightingale sing;
 I sate, and he laid him down by me;
 But scarcely his breath he could draw;
 For when with a fear, he began to draw
 near,
 He was dash'd with A ha ha ha ha!

He blush'd to himself, and lay still for
 a while,
 And his modesty curb'd his desire; 10
 But straight I convinc'd all his fear with
 a smile,
 Which added new Flames to his Fire.
 O *Sylvia*, said he, you are cruel,
 To keep your poor Lover in awe;
 Then once more he prest with his hand to
 my breast
 But was dash'd with A ha ha ha ha.

I knew 'twas his passion that caus'd all his
 fear;
 And therefore I pity'd his Case:
 I whisper'd him softly, there's no body here
 And laid my Cheek close to his Face: 20
 But as he grew bolder and bolder,
 A Shepherd came by us and saw;
 And just as our bliss we began with a Kiss,
 He laugh'd out with A ha ha ha ha.

FROM THE SAME.

Damon. *Celina*, of my heart
 None shall e'er bereave you:
 If with your good leave I may
 Quarrel with you once a day
 I will never leave you.

Celina. Passion's but an empty name
 Where respect is wanting:
Damon, you mistake your aim;
 Hang your Heart and burn your Flame,
 If you must be ranting. 10

Damon. Love as dull and muddy is,
 As decaying Liquor:
 Anger sets it on the Lees,
 And refines it by degrees,
 Till it works it quicker

FROM THE SAME (3)
 15 it quicker | the quicker *Edd*.

Celina. Love by Quarrels to beget
 Wisely you endeavour;
 With a grave Physician's wit,
 Who to cure an Ague fit
 Put me in a Feavor. 20

Damon. Anger rouses Love to fight,
 And his only bait is,
 'Tis the spur to dull delight,
 And is but an eager Bite,
 When desire at height is.

Celina. If such drops of heat can fall
 In our wooing weather
 If such drops of heat can fall
 We shall have the Devil and all
 When we come together. 30

FROM TYRANNICK LOVE

You pleasing Dreams of Love and sweet
 delight,
 Appear before this slumbring Virgins sight:
 Soft visions set her free
 From mournful piety.
 Let her sad thoughts from Heav'n retire:
 And let the Melancholy Love
 Of those remoter joys above
 Give place to your more sprightly fire.
 Let purling streams be in her fancy seen:
 And flowry Meads, and Vales of chearful
 green: 10
 And in the midst of deathless Groves
 Soft smiling wishes ly,
 And smiling hopes fast by,
 And just beyond 'em ever Laughing Loves.

FROM THE SAME.

All how sweet it is to love,
 Ah how gay is young desire!
 And what pleasing pains we prove
 When we first approach Loves fire!
 Pains of Love be sweeter far
 Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which ure from Lovers blown,
 Do but gently heave the Heart:
 Ev'n the tears they shed alone
 Cure, like trickling Balm, their smart. 10
 Lovers when they lose their breath
 Bleed away in easie death

Love and Time with reverence use,
Treat 'em like a parting friend :
Nor the golden gifts refuse
Which in youth sincere they send :
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before

Love like Spring-tides full and high
Swells in ev'ry youthful vein : 20
But each Tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in agam
If a flow in Age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

FROM THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

1
WHEREVER I am, and whatever I doe,
My *Phyllis* is still in my mind :
When angry I mean not to *Phyllis* to goe,
My Feet of themselves the way find :
Unknown to my self I am just at her door,
And when I would raile, I can bring out no
more,
Than *Phyllis* too fair and unkind !

2
When *Phyllis* I see, my Heart bounds in
my Breast,
And the Love I wou'd stifle is shown :
But asleep, or awake, I am never at Rest
When from my Eyes *Phyllis* is gone !
Sometimes a sad Dream does delude my
sad mind,
But, alas, when I wake and no *Phyllis* I find
How I sigh to my self all alone.

3
Should a King be my Rival in her I adore
He should offer his Treasure in vain :
O let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my *Phyllis* again :
Let *Phyllis* be mine, and but ever be kind
I could to a Desert with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his Raig'n.

4
Alas, I discover too much of my Love,
And she too well knows her own power !
She makes me each day a new Martyrdom
prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour :
But let her each minute torment my poor mind
I had rather love *Phyllis* both false and
Unkind,
Than ever be freed from her Pow'r.

SONG OF THE ZAMBRA DANCE,
FROM
THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

1
BENEATH a Myrtle shade
Which Love for none but happy Lovers
made,
I slept, and straight my Love before me
brought
Phyllis the object of my waking thought ;
Undres'd she came my flames to meet,
While Love strow'd flow'rs beneath her
feet ;
Flow'rs, which so press'd by her, became
more sweet.

2
From the bright Visions Head
A careless veil of Lawn was loosely sprend :
From her white temples fell her shaded hair,
Like cloudy sunshine not too brown nor fair :
Her hands, her lips did love inspire ;
Her ev'ry grace my heart did fire :
But most her eyes which languish'd with
desire.

3
Ah, Charming fair, said I,
How long can you my bliss and yours deny ?
By Nature and by love this lonely shade
Was for revenge of suffering Lovers made :
Silence and shades with love agree :
Both shelter you and favour me ;
You cannot blush because I cannot see.

4
No, let me dye, she said,
Rather than loose the spotless name of
Maid :
Faintly methought she spoke, for all the while
She bid me not believe her, with a smile.
Then dye, said I, she still deny'd :
And is it thus, thus, thus she cry'd
You use a harmless Maid, and so she dy'd !

5
I wak'd, and straight I knew
I lov'd so well it made my dream prove true :
Fancy, the kinder Mistress of the two.
Fancy had done what *Phyllis* wou'd not do !
Ah, Cruel Nymph, cease your disdain,
While I can dream you scorn in vain :
Asleep or waking you must ease my pain.

FROM THE SAME, PART II.

1
He. How unhappy a Lover am I
 While I sigh for my *Phyllis* in vain;
 All my Hopes of Delight
 Are another man's Right,
 Who is happy while I am in pain!

2
She. Since her Honour allows no Relief,
 But to pity the pains which you
 bear,
 'Tis the best of your Fate,
 (In a hopeless Estate.)
 To give o're and betimes to despair.

3
He. I have try'd the false Med'cine in
 vain;
 For I wish what I hope not to win:
 From without, my desire
 Has no Food to its Fire,
 But it burns and consumes me
 within.

4
She. Yet at least 'tis a pleasure to know
 That you are not unhappy alone:
 For the Nymph you adore
 Is as wretched and more,
 And accounts all your sufferings her
 own.

5
He. O ye Gods, let me suffer for both;
 At the Feet of my *Phyllis* I'll lye:
 I'll resign up my Breath,
 And take Pleasure in Death,
 To be pity'd by her when I dye.

6
She. What her Honour deny'd you in
 Life
 In her Death she will give to your
 Love:
 Such a Flame as is true
 After Fate will renew,
 For the Souls to meet closer above.

FROM MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

1
 Why should a foolish Marriage Vow
 Which long ago was made,
 Oblige us to each other now
 When Passion is decay'd?
 We lov'd, and we lov'd, as long as we cou'd,
 Till our Love was lov'd out in us both:
 But our Marriage is dead, when the Pleasure
 is fled:
 'Twas Pleasure first made it an Oath.

2
 If I have Pleasures for a Friend,
 And farther Love in store,
 What Wrong has he whose Joys did end,
 And who cou'd give no more?
 'Tis a madness that he
 Shou'd be jealous of me,
 Or that I shou'd bar him of another:
 For all we can gain is to give our selves pain,
 When neither can hinder the other.

FROM THE SAME.

1
 WHILEST *Alexis* lay prest
 In her Arms he lov'd best,
 With his hands round her neck,
 And his head on her breast,
 He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to
 stay,
 And his soul in the tempest just flying away.

2
 When *Celia* saw this,
 With a sigh, and a kiss,
 She cry'd, Oh my dear, I am robb'd of my
 bliss;
 'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully
 done,
 To leave me behind you, and die all alone.

3
 The Youth, though in haste,
 And breathing his last,
 In pity dy'd slowly, while she dy'd more
 fast;
 Till at length she cry'd, Now, my dear, now
 let us go,
 Now die, my *Alexis*, and I will die too.

4

Thus intranc'd they did he,
Till *Alexis* did try
To recover new Breath, that again he might
die :
Then often they di'd ; but the more they
did so,
The Nymph dy'd more quick, and the
Shepherd more slow.

FROM THE ASSIGNATION.

LONG betwixt Love and fear *Phyllis* tor-
mented
Shun'd her own wish yet at last she con-
sented :

But loath that day shou'd her Blushes
discover,
Come, gentle Night She said,
Come quickly to my aid,
And a poor Shamefac'd Maid
Hide from her Lover.

Now cold as Ice I am, now hot as Fire,
I dare not tell my self my own desire ;
But let Day fly away, and let Night haste
her : 10

Grant ye kind Powers above,
Slow Hours to parting Love,
But when to Bliss we move,
Bid 'em fly faster.

How sweet it is to Love when I discover
That Fire which burns my Heart warming
my Lover ;

'Tis Pity Love so true shou'd be mistaken :
But if this Night he be
False or unkind to me, 8
Let me dye ere I see 20
That I'm forsaken.

EPITHALAMIUM, FROM AMBOYNA.

THE Day is come, I see it rise,
Betwixt the Bride's and Bridegroom's Eyes,
That Golden day they wish'd so long
Love pick'd it out amidst the throng ;
He destin'd to himself this Sun,
And took the Reins and drove him on ;
In his own Beams he drest him bright,
Yet bid him bring a better night.

The day you wish'd arriv'd at last,
You wish as much that it were past, 10
One Minute more and night will hide
The Bridegroom and the blushing Bride.
The Virgin now to Bed do's goe :
Take care oh Youth, she rise not soe ;
She pants and trembles at her doom
And fears and wishes thou wou'dst come.

The Bridegroom comes, He comes apace
With Love and Fury in his Face ;
She shrinks away, He close pursues,
And Pray'rs and Threats at once do's use ; 20
She softly sighing begs delay,
And with her hand, puts his away,
Now out aloud for help she cries,
And now despairing shuts her Eyes.

SONG OF THE SEA FIGHT,

FROM THE SAME.

Who ever saw n noble sight,
That never view'd a brave Sea Fight ?
Hang up your bloody Colours in the Air,
Up with your Fights and your Nettings
prepare,
Your Merry Mates cheer with a lusty bold
spright,
Now each Man his brindice and then to the
Fight.

St. George, St. George, we cry,
The shouting Turks reply.
Oh now it begins, and the Gunroom grows hot
Ple it with Culverin and with small shot ; 10
Heark do's it not Thunder ? no 'tis the Guns
roar

The Neighbouring Billows are turn'd into
Gore.

Now each Man must resolve to dye,
For here the Coward cannot flye.
Drums and Trumpets toll the Knell,
And Culverins the Passing Bell
Now now they Grapple and now board a Main,
Blow up the Hatches, they're off all again :
Give 'em a broadside, the Dice run at all,
Down comes the Mast and Yard, and tack-
lings fall ; 20

She grows giddy now like blud fortunes
wheel ;
She sinks there she sinks she turns up her
Keel,

Who ever beholds so noble a sight
As this so brave, so bloody Sea Fight.

FROM THE KIND KEEPER.

SONG FROM THE ITALIAN.

By a dismal Cypress lying,
Damon cry'd, all pale and dying,
 Kind is Death that ends my pain,
 But cruel She I lov'd in vain.
 The Mossy Fountains
 Murmure my trouble,
 And hollow Mountains
 My groans redouble:
 Every Nymph mourns me,
 Thus while I languish;
 She only scorns me.
 Who caus'd my anguish.
 No Love returning me, all my hope denying;
 By a dismal Cypress lying,
 Like a *Swan*, so sung he dying:
 Kind is Death that ends my pain,
 But cruel She I lov'd in vain.

FROM OEDIPUS.

SONG TO APOLLO.

Phæbus, God belov'd by men;
 At thy dawn, ev'ry Beast is rous'd in his
 Den;
 At thy Setting, all the Birds of thy absence
 complain,
 And we dye, all dye till the morning comes
 again,
Phæbus, God helov'd by men!
 Idol of the Eastern Kings,
 Awful as the God who flings
 His Thunder round, and the Lightning
 wings;
 God of Songs, and *Orphean* Strings,
 Who to this mortal bosom brings
 All harmonious heav'nly Things!
 Thy drouzie Prophet to revive,
 Ten thousand thousand forms before him
 drive;
 With Chariots and Horses all o' Fire awake
 him,
 Convulsions, and Furies, and Prophecies
 shake him:
 Let him tell it in Groans, tho' he bend with
 the load,
 Tho' he hurst with the weight of the terrible
 God.

KIND KEEPER. 6 Murmure my *in editions.*

FROM TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

CAN Life be a Blessing,
 Or worth the possessing,
 Can Life be a blessing if Love were away?
 Ah no! though our Love all Night keep
 us waking,
 And though he torment us with Cares all
 the Day,
 Yet he sweetens he sweetens our Pains in
 the taking,
 There's an Hour at the last, there's an Hour
 to repay.

2

In ev'ry possessing,
 The ravishing Blessing,
 In ev'ry possessing the Fruit of our Pain,
 Poor Lovers forget long Ages of Anguish,
 What e're they have suffer'd and done to
 obtain;
 'Tis a Pleasure, a Pleasure to sigh and
 to languish,
 When we hope, when we hope to be happy
 again.

FROM THE SPANISH FRYAR.

1

FARWELL ungratefull Traytor,
 Farwell my perjur'd Swain,
 Let never injur'd Creature
 Believe a Man again.
 The Pleasure of Possessing
 Surpasses all Expressing,
 But 'tis too short a Blessing,
 And Love too long a Pain.

II

'Tis easie to deceive us
 In Pity of your Pain,
 But when we love you leave us
 To rail at you in vain.
 Before we have descry'd it,
 There is no Bliss beside it,
 But she that once has try'd it
 Will never love again.

III

The Passion you pretended
Was only to obtain
But when the Charm is ended
The Charmer you disdain.
Your Love by ours we measure
Till we have lost our Treasure,
But dying is a Pleasure,
When Living is a Pain.

SONG BETWIXT A SHEPHERD AND
A SHEPHERDESS,

FROM

THE DUKE OF GUISE.

Shepherdess. Tell me *Thursis*, tell your
Anguish,
Why you Sigh, and why you Languish ;
When the Nymph whom you Adore,
Grants the Blessing of Possessing,
What can Love and I do more ?

Shepherd. Think It's Love beyond all
Measure,
Makes me faint away with Pleasure ;
Strength of Cordial may destroy,
And the Blessing of possessing
Kills me with Excess of Joy. 10

Shepherdess. *Thursis*, how can I believe
you ?

But confess and I'll forgive you ;
Men are false, and so are you ;
Never Nature fram'd a Creature
To enjoy, and yet be true.

Shepherd. Mine's a Flame beyond expiring,
Still possessing, still desiring,
Fit for Love's imperial Crown ;
Ever shining, and refining,
Still the more 'tis melted down. 20

Chorus together. Mine's a Flame beyond
expiring,
Still possessing, still desiring,
Fit for Love's imperial Crown ;
Ever shining, and refining,
Still the more 'tis melted down.

FROM AMPHITRYON.

I

Celia, that I once was blest
Is now the Torment of my Brest ,
Since to curse me, you bereave me
Of the Pleasures I possess :
Cruel Creature, to deceive me !
First to love, and then to leave me.

II

Had you the Bliss refus'd to grant,
Then I had never known the want :
But possessing once the Blessing,
Is the Cause of my Complaint :
Once possessing is but tasting ;
'Tis no Bliss that is not lasting.

III

Celia now is mine no more ;
But I am hers and must adore :
Nor to leave her will endeavour ;
Charms, that captiv'd me before,
No Unkindness can disserve ;
Love that's true, is Love for ever.

FROM THE SAME.

I

FAIR *Iris* I love and hourly I dye,
But not for a Lip nor a languishing Eye :
She's fickle and false, and there I agree ;
For I am as false and as fickle as she :
We neither believe what either can say ;
And, neither believing, we neither betray.

II

'Tis civil to swear and say Things of course ;
We mean not the taking for better or worse.
When present we love, when absent agree ;
I think not of *Iris*, nor *Iris* of me :
The Legend of Love no Couple can find
So easie to part, or so equally join'd.

PASTORAL DIALOGUE FROM THE
SAME.

I

Thyrsis Fair *Iris* and her Swain
Were in a shady Bow'r ;
Where *Thyrsis* long in vain
Had sought the Shepherd's hour .
At length his Hand advancing upon her
snowy Breast,
He said, O kiss me longer,
And longer yet and longer,
If you will make me Blest.

II

Iris. An easie yielding Maid
By trusting is undone ;
Our Sex is oft betray'd,
By granting Love too soon.
If you desire to gain me, your Suff'rings to
redress ;
Prepare to love me longer,
And longer yet, and longer,
Before you shall possess.

III

Thyrsis. The little Care you show,
Of all my Sorrows past,
Makes Death appear too slow,
And Life too long to last.
Fair Iris kiss me kindly, in pity of my
Fate ;
And kindly still, and kindly,
Before it is too late.

IV

Iris. You fondly Court your Bliss,
And no Advances make ;
'Tis not for Maids to kiss,
But 'tis for Men to take.
So you may kiss me kindly, and I will
not rebell ;
But kindly still, and kindly,
But Kiss me not and tell.

V

A RONDEAU

Chorus. Thus at the Height we love and
live,
And fear not to be poor :
We give, and give, and give, and give,
Till we can give no more :
But what to day will take away,
To Morrow will restore.
Thus at the height we love and live,
And fear not to be poor.

FROM KING ARTHUR.

Man sings

Oh SIGHT, the Mother of Desires,
What Charming Objects dost thou yield !
'Tis sweet, when tedious Night expires,
To see the Rosie Morning guild
The Mountain-Tops and paint the Field !

But when *Clorinda* comes in Sight,
She makes the Summers Day more bright,
And when she goes away, 'tis Night.

Chorus. When fair *Clorinda* comes in
Sight, &c.

Woman sings

'Tis sweet the Blushing Morn to view ; 10
And Plains adorn'd with Pearly Dew :
But such cheap Delights to see,
Heaven and Nature
Give each Creature ;
They have Eyes, as well as we.
This is the Joy, all Joys above,
To see, to see,
That only she,
That only she we love !

Chorus. This is the Joy, all Joys above, &c.

Man sings

And, if we may discover,
What Charms both Nymph and Lover,
'Tis, when the Fair nt Mercy lies,
With Kind and Amorous Anguish,
To Sigh, to Look, to Languish,
On each others Eyes !

Chorus of all Men and Women
And if we may discover, &c.

FROM THE SAME.

1

How happy the Lover,
How easie his Chain,
How pleasing his Pain !
How sweet to discover
He sighs not in vain.
For Love ev'ry Creature
Is form'd by his Nature ;
No Joys are above
The Pleasures of Love.

2

In vain are our Graces.
In vain are your Eyes,
If Love you despise :
When Age furrows Fnees,
'Tis time to be wise.
Then use the short Blessing,
That flies in Possessing :
No Joys are above
The Pleasures of Love.

SONG OF ÆOLUS, FROM THE SAME.

Æ blust'ring Brethreo of the Skies,
Whose Breath has ruffled all the Watry
Plain,

Retire, and let *Britannia* rise,
In Triumph o'er the Main.

Serene and Calm, and void of Fear,
The Queen of Islands must appear:
Serene and Calm, as when the Spring
The New-Created World began,
And Birds on Boughs did softly sing,
Their peaceful Homage paid to Man, 10
While *Eurus* did his Blasts forbear
In Favour of the Tender Year.
Retreat, rude Winds, Retreat,
To Hollow Rocks, your Stormy Seat;
There swell your Lungs, and vainly, vainly
threat.

SONG OF PAN AND NEREIDE, FROM
THE SAME.

ROUND thy Coasts, Fair Nymph of *Britain*,
For thy Guard our Waters flow:
Prateus all his Herds admitting
On thy Greens to Graze below.
Foreign Lands thy Fishes Tasting
Learn from thee Luxurious Fasting.

1
For Folded Flocks, on Fruitful Plains,
The Shepherds and the Farmers Gains,
Fair *Britain* all the world outvies;
And *Pon*, as in *Arcadia* reigns
Where Pleasure mixt with Profit lyes.

2
Though *Jason's* Fleece was Fam'd of old,
The *British* Wool is growing Gold;
No Mines can more of Wealth supply:
It keeps the Peasant from the Cold,
And takes for Kings the *Tyrian* Dye.

FROM THE SAME.

Covins. Your Hay it is Mow'd, and your
Corn is Reap'd;

Your Barns will be full, and your
Hovels heap'd:

Come, my Boys, come;

Come, my Boys, come;

And merrily Roar out Harvest Home.

Chorus. Come, my Boys, come, &c.

1 *Mau*. We ha' cheated the Parson, we'll
cheat him agen,
For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in
Ten?

One in Ten,

One in Ten,

For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in
Ten?

2 For Prating so long like a Book-learn'd
Sot,

Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot,

Burn to Pot,

Burn to Pot,

Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot.

Chorus. Burn to Pot, &c.

3 We'll toss off our Ale till we canno'
stand,

And Hoigh for the Honour of old *England*:

Old *England*,

Old *England*,

And Hoigh for the Honour of Old *England*.

Chorus. Old *England*, &c.

SONG OF VENUS, FROM THE SAME.

1
FAIREST Isle, all Isles Excelling,
Seat of Pleasures, and of Loves;
Venus here will chuse her Dwelling,
And forsake her *Cyprion* Groves.

2
Cupid, from his Fav'rite Nation,
Care and Envy will Remove;
Jealousy that poysons Passion,
And Despair that dies for Love.

3
Gentle Murmurs, sweet Complaining,
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;
Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove.

4
Ev'ry Swain shall pay his Duty,
Grateful ev'ry Nymph shall prove;
And as these Excel in Beauty,
Those shall be Renown'd for Love.

FROM CLEOMENES

No, no, poor suff'ring Heart, no Change
endeavour,
Choose to sustain the smart, rather than
leave her;
My ravish'd Eyes behold such Charms
about her,
I can dye with her, but not live without
her
One tender Sigh of hers to see me Languish,
Will more than pay the price of my past
Anguish:
Beware, O cruel Fair, how you smile on me,
'Twas a kind look of yours that has undone
me.

2

Love has in store for me one happy
Minute,
And She will end my pain who did begin it,
Then no day void of Bliss, or Pleasure
leaving,
Ages shall slide away without perceiving:
Cupid shall guard the Door the more to
please us,
And keep out Time and Death, when they
would seize us:
Time and Death shall depart, and say in
flying,
Love has found out a way to Live by Dying.

SONG OF JEALOUSIE,

FROM

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

1

WHAT State of Life can be so blest
As Love, that warms a Lover's Breast?
Two Souls in one, the same desire
To grant the Bliss, and to require!
But if in Heav'n a Hell we find,
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealousie!
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealousie,
Thou Tyrant of the Mind!

2

All other ills, tho sharp they prove,
Serve to refine, and perfect Love:
In absence, or unkind disdain,
Sweet Hope relieves the Lover's pain:
But ah, no Cure but Death we find
To set us free
From Jealousie:
O Jealousie!
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealousie,
Thou Tyrant of the Mind.

3

False in thy Glass all Objects are,
Some set too near, and some too far:
Thou art the Fire of endless Night
The Fire that burns, and gives no Light.
All Torments of the Damn'd we find
In only thee
O Jealousie!
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealousie
Thou Tyrant of the Mind!

SONG FOR A GIRL, FROM THE SAME.

1

YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd
How to make a Lover yield:
How to keep, or how to gain,
When to love; and when to feign.

2

Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am Young and True;
E're I can my Soul disguise;
Heave my Breasts, and rouse my Eyes.

3

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to Lye, and to Betray:
He that has me first, is blest,
For I may deceive the rest.

4

Could I find a blooming Youth,
Full of Love, and full of Truth,
Brisk, and of a janty mean
I shou'd long to be Fifteen.

TRANSLATIONS.

[PREFACE TO SYLVAE

OR THE SECOND PART OF POETICAL MISCELLANIES: 1685.]

For this last half Year I have been troubled with the disease (as I may call it) of Translation; the cold Prose fits of it (which are always the most tedious with me) were spent in the History of the League; the hot (which succeeded them) in this Volume of Verse Miscellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myself, a kind of ease in the change of the Paroxysm; never suspecting but the humour wou'd have wasted itself in ten or three Pastorals of Theocritus, and as many Odes of Horace. But finding, or at least thinking I found, something that was more pleasing in them than my ordinary productions, I encourag'd myself to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil; and immediately fix'd upon some parts of them, which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natural Impulses for the undertaking. But there was an accidental motive which was full as forcible, and God forgive him who was the occasion of it. It was my Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse, which made me uneasy till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his Rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair Precept in Poetry is like a seeming Demonstration in the Mathematics, very specious in the Diagram, but failing in the Mechanick Operation. I think I have generally observ'd his instructions; I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinc'd both of their truth and usefulness; which, in other words, is to confess my own vanity, than to pretend that I have at least in some places made Examples to his Rules. Yet withall, I must acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my Commission; for I have both added and omitted, and even sometimes very boldly made such expositions of my Authors, as no Dutch Commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in such particular passages, I have thought that I discover'd some beauty yet undiscovered by those Pedants, which none but a Poet could have found. Where I have taken away some of their Expressions, and cut them shorter, it may possibly be on this consideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, would not appear so shining in the English; and where I have enlarg'd them, I desire the false Critics would not always think that those thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are secretly in the Poet, or may be fairly deduc'd from him; or at least, if both those considerations should fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an Englishman, they 30 are such as he wou'd probably have written.

For, after all, a Translator is to make his Author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his Character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of Drawing after the Life, where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the Out-lines true, the Features like the Proportions exact, the Colouring it self perhaps tolerable, and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the Spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill Copy of an excellent Original. Much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my Life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their Faces, by a botching 40 Interpreter. What English Readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other Man, when we commend those Authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their Fountains, if they take those to be the same Poets, whom our Ogleby's have Translated? But I dare assure them, that a good Poet is no more like himself, in a dull Translation, than his Carcass would be to his living Body. There are many, who understand

Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their Mother Tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few : 'tis impossible even for a good Wit to understand and practise them, without the help of a liberal Education, long Reading, and digesting of those few good Authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of Men and Manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both Sexes ; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted, while he was laying in a stock of Learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good Writers from bad, and a proper stile from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good Author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the
 10 greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young Men take up some cry'd up English Poet for their Model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is Boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his Subjects, or his Expressions unworthy of his Thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious.

Thus it appears necessary that a Man should be a nice Critick in his Mother Tongue, before he attempts to Translate a foreign Language. Neither is it sufficient, that he be able to Judge of Words and Stile ; but he must be a Master of them too : He must perfectly understand his Authors Tongue, and absolutely command his own : So that, to be a thorow Translator, he must be a thorow Poet. Neither is it enough to give his Authors sense in good English, in Poetical expressions, and in Musieal numbers ; For, though all these are exceeding difficult
 20 to perform, there yet remains a harder task ; and 'tis a secret of which few Translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it ; that is, the maintaining the Character of our Author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual Poet, whom you wou'd interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the Style and Versification of Virgil and Ovid, are very different : Yet I see, even in our best Poets, who have Translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several Talents ; and, by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of Numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the Originals, I should never be able to Judge by the Copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble Painter, that he drew many grooseful Pictures, but few of them were like. And this happen'd to him, because
 30 he always studied himself, more than those who sat to him. In such Translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the Work, but I cannot distinguish their Poet from another. Suppose two Authors are equally sweet, yet there is as great distinction to be made in sweetness, as in that of Sugar, and that of Honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my Translations out of four several Poets in this volume—Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I consider'd the Genius and distinguishing Character of my Author. I looked on Virgil, as a succinct and grave Majestick writer ; one who weigh'd not only every thought, but every Word and Syllable : who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he cou'd ; for which reason he is so very Figurative,
 40 that he requires (I may almost say) a Grammar apart to construe him. His Verse is every where sounding the very thing in your Ears, whose sense it bears : yet the Numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the Reader ; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they Write in Styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of Musick in their Verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five Lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour ; perpetually closing his sense at the end of a Verse, and that Verse commonly which they call golden, or two Substantives and two Adjectives, with a Verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid with all his sweetness, has as little variety of Numbers and sound as he : He is always, as it were, upon the Hand-gallop, and his Verse
 50 runs upon Carpet ground. He avoids, like the other, all Synalæpha's, or cutting off one Vowel when it comes before another, in the following word : So that minding only smoothness, he

wants both Variety and Majesty. But to return to Virgil: though he is smooth where smoothness is requir'd, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of Synolapha's, and concludes his sence in the middle of his Verse. He is every where above conceits of Epigrammatick Wit, and gross Hyperboles: He maintains Majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of Poetical Wit from my particular consideration of him: For propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and, where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded, as a great part of his Character; but must confess to my shame, that I have not been able to Translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself. For where the Original is close, no Version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the nearest, the most Poetical, and the most Sonorous of any Translation of the *Aeneids*: yet, though he takes the advantage of blank Verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sence. Tasso tells us, in his Letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian Wit, who was his Contemporary, observed of Virgil and Tully; that the Latin Oratour endeavoured to imitate the Capiousness of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latine Poet made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes, the Greek Oratour. Virgil therefore, being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagined by the Reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern Tongue. To make him Copious, is to alter his Character; and to Translate him Line for Line is impossible; because the Latin is naturally a more succinct Language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English (which, by reason of its Monosyllables, is far the most compendious of them.) Virgil is much the closest of any Roman Poet, and the Latin Hexameter has more Feet than the English Heroick.

Besides all this, an Author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a Translatour has not; he is confin'd by the sence of the Inventor to those expressions which are the nearest to it: So that Virgil, studying brevity, and having the command of his own Language, could bring those words into a narrow compass, which a Translatour cannot render without Circumlocutions. In short, they, who have call'd him the torture of Grammars, might also have called him the plague of Translatours; for he seems to have studied not to be Translated. I own that, endeavouring to turn his Nisus and Euryalus as close as I was able, I have performed that Episode too literally; that, giving more scope to Mezentius and Lausus, that Version, which has more of the Majesty of Virgil, has less of his conciseness; and all that I can promise for myself is only that I have done both better than Ogleby, and perhaps as well as Caro. So that, methinks, I come like a Malefactor, to make a Speech upon the Gallows, and to warn all other Poets, by my sad example, from the Sacrilege of Translating Virgil. Yet, by considering him so carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made some faint resemblance of him; and, had I taken more time, might possibly have succeeded better; but never so well, as to have satisfied myself.

He who excels all other Poets in his own Language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our Tongue; which, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes, approaches nearest to the Roman in its Majesty: Nearest indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally consists that beauty which gives so unexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. This Diction of his, I must once again say, is never to be Copied; and, since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best Translation. The turns of his Verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated as the property of our Language and the fastness of my performance would allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sence; but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduc'd from him; and where I leave his Commentators, it may be I understand him better: At least I Writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular lines in Mezentius and Lausus I cannot so easily excuse; they are indeed remotely allied to Virgil's sence; but they are too like the trifling tenderness of Ovid

and were printed before I had consider'd them enough to alter them : The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the Copy is at the Press : the second is this ;

When Lausus dy'd, I was already slain.

This appears pretty enough at first sight ; but I am convinc'd for many reasons, that the expression is too bold ; that Virgil wou'd not have said it, though Ovid wou'd. The Reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession ; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two Lines, which are more according to the Author :

Nor ask I Life, nor fought with that design ;

As I had us'd my Fortune, use thou thine.

- 10 Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have, in the next place, to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman Poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it ; and he himself refus'd it to that degree of perfection, both in the Language and the thoughts, that he left an easy task to Virgil ; who as he succeeded him in these, so he Copy'd his excellencies : for the method of the Georgicks is plainly deriv'd from him. Lucretius had chosen a Subject naturally crabbed ; he therefore adorn'd it with Poetical descriptions, and Precepts of Morality, in the beginning and ending of his Books. Which you see Virgil has imitated with great success, in those four Books, which in my opinion, are more perfect in their kind than even his *Digne* *Æneids*. The turn of his Verse he has likewise follow'd, in those places which
- 20 Lucretius has most labour'd, and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own Works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing Character of Lucretius (I mean of his Soul and Genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his Opinions. He is every where confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar Reader, but even his Patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the Rod over him, and using a Masterly authority, while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him as our Poet and Philosopher of Malmsbury. This is that perpetual Dictatorship, which is exercis'd by Lucretius ; who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bonâ fide* with his Reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks : in which plain sincerity,
- 30 I believe, he differs from our Hobbs, who cou'd not but be convinc'd, or at least doub't of some eternal Truths, which he has oppos'd. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all answer of Replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is beforehand with his Antagonists ; Urging for them whatever he imagin'd they cou'd say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future ; all this too, with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assur'd of the Triumph, before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring Genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be Masenine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently worn. From the same fiery temper proceeds the hotness of his Expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his Verse, where the barrenness of his Subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his Fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he cou'd have been every where as Poetical, as he is in his Descriptions, and in the Moral port of his Philosophy, if he had not aim'd more to instruct, in his System of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a Materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible power : In short, he was so much an Atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a Poet. These are the considerations which I had of that Author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I joy'd by my unnatural Diffidence and Scepticism for a while, to take up that Dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his Character, as to make him that Individual Poet. As for his Opinions concerning the mortality of the Soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I wou'd, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural Arguments ; at least, to take away rewards and punishments, is only a pleasing
- 50 prospect to a Man, who resolves beforehand not to live morally. But on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death is a burthen unsupportable to a virtuous Man, even though

a Heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confin'd to the shortness of our present Being, especially when we consider, that virtue is generally unhappy in this World and vice fortunate : so that 'tis hope of Futurity alone that makes this Life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who wou'd not commit all the excesses, to which he is prompt'd by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead ? if he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the Laws, there is no band of morality to restrain him : for Fame and Reputation are weak ties : many men have not the least sence of them : Powerful men are only aw'd by them, as they conduce to their interest, and that not always, when a passion is predominant : and no Man will be contain'd within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractly, and without entering into the Notions of our Christian Faith, which is the proper business of Divines.

But there are other Arguments in this Poem (which I have turned into English) not belonging to the Mortality of the Soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable Man, to make him less in love with Life, and consequently in less apprehensions of Death. Such as are the natural Satiety proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things ; the inconveniences of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures ; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible, and useless to others. These, and many other reasons, so pathetically urged, so beautifully express'd, so adorn'd with examples, and so admirably rais'd by the Prosopopeia of Nature, who is brought in speaking to her Children, with so much authority and vigour, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful, or unworthy of my Author. At least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleas'd with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me ; and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review of any thing I have done in this Author.

'Tis true, there is something, and that of some moment, to be objected against my Englishing the Nature of Love, from the fourth book of Lucretius ; and I can less easily answer why I Translated it, than why I thus Translated it. The Objection arises from the Obscenity of the Subject ; which is aggravated by the too lively and alluring delicacy of the Verses. In the first place, without the least Formality of an excuse, I own it pleas'd me : and let my enemies make the worst they can of this Confession : I am not yet so secure from that passion, but that I want my Authors Antidotes against it. He has given the truest and most Philosophical account both of the Disease and Remedy, which I ever found in any Author : For which reasons I Translated him. But it will be ask'd why I turned him into this luscious English, (for I will not give it a worse word :) Instead of an answer, I wou'd ask again of my Supercilious Adversaries, whether I am not bound, when I translate an author, to do him all the right I can, and to Translate him to the best advantage ? If, to vince his meaning, which I am satisf'd was honest and instructive, I had either omitted some part of what he said, or taken from the strength of his expression, I certainly had wrong'd him ; and that freeness of thought and words being thus cask'd in my hands, he had no longer been Lucretius. If nothing of this kind be to be read, Physicians must not study nature, Anatomies must not be seen, and somewhat I cou'd say of particular passages in Books, which, to avoid profaneness, I do not name. But the intention qualifies the act ; and both mine and my Authors were to instruct as well as please. 'Tis most certain that barefac'd Bawdery is the poorest pretence to wit imaginable : If I shou'd say otherwise, I should have two great authorities against me : The one is the Essay on Poetry, which I publicly calu'd before I knew the Author of it, and with the commendation of which my Lord Roscommon so happily begins his Essay on Translated Verse : The other is no less than our admir'd Cowley, who says the same thing in other words : For in his Ode concerning Wit, he writes thus of it :

Much less can that have any place,
At which a Virgin hides her Face :
Such dross the fire must purge away ; 'tis just
The Author blush, there, where the Reader must.

Here indeed Mr. Cowley goes farther than the Essay: for he asserts plainly, that obscenity has no place in Wit: the other only says, 'tis a poor pretence to it, or an ill sort of Wit, which has nothing more to support it than bare-faced Ribaldry; which is both unwannerly in it self, and fulsome to the Reader. But neither of these will reach my case: For in the first place, I am only the Translator, not the Inventor; so that the earliest part of the censure falls upon Lucretius, before it reaches me; in the next place, neither he nor I have us'd the grossest words, but the cleanliest Metaphors we cou'd find, to palliate the breadthness of the meaning; and, to conclude, have carried the Poetical part no farther, than the philosophical exacted. There is one mistake of mine which I will not lay to the Printer's charge, who has enough to answer for in false pointings: 'tis in the word Viper: I wou'd have the verse run thus,

The Scorpion, Love, must on the wound be bruin'd.

There are a sort of blundering Half-witted people, who make a great deal of noise about a Verbal slip; though Horace wou'd instruct them better in true criticism: Non ego paucis Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria ludit, Aut humana parum cavit natura. True judgment in Poetry, like that in Painting, takes a view of the whole together, whether it be good or not; and where the beauties are more than the Faults, concludes for the Poet against the little Judge; 'tis a sign that malice is hard driven, when 'tis forc'd to lay less on a Word or Syllable; to arraign a Man is one thing, and to cawl at him is another. In the midst of an ill natur'd Generation of Scriblers, there is always justice enough left in Man's mind to protect good Writers: And they too are oblig'd, both by humanity and interest, to espouse each other's cause against false Criticks, who are the common Enemies. This last consideration puts me in mind of what I owe to the Ingenious and Learned translator of Lucretius; I have not here design'd to rob him of any part of that commendation, which he has so justly acquir'd by the whole Author, whose Fragments only fall to my Portion. What I have now perform'd, is no more than I intended above twenty years ago: The ways of our Translation are very different; he follows him more closely than I have done, which I leave an Interpreter of the whole Poem: I take more liberty, because it best suited with my design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous, had he us'd my method, in so long a work; and I had certainly taken Lis, had I made it my business to Translate the whole. The preference then is justly his: and I join with Mr. Evelyn in the confession of it, with this additional advantage to him, that Lis Reputation is already establish'd in this Poet, mine is to make its Fortune in the World. If I have been any where obscure, in following our common Author, or if Lucretius himself is to be condemn'd, I refer my self to his excellent Annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new pleasure.

My Preface begins already to swell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my Reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him: and yet I leave Horace and Theocritus upon my hands; but the Greek Gentleman shall quickly be dispatch'd, because I have more business with the Roman.

That which distinguishes Theocritus from all other Poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the immortal tenderness of his passions, and the natural expression of them in words so becoming of a Pastoral. A simplicity shines through all he writes: he shows his Art and Learning by disguising both. His Shepherds never rise above their Country Education in their complaints of Love: There is the same difference betwixt him and Virgil, as there is betwixt Tasso's Aminta and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. Virgil's Shepherds are too well read in the Philosophy of Epicurus and of Plato; and Guarini's seem to have been bred in Courts: but Theocritus and Tasso have taken theirs

9-12 There is one... bruin'd] This passage is omitted by some editors, who nevertheless do not make the correction of the text which it enjoins

from Cottages and Plains. It was said of Tasso, in relation to his similitudes, *Ma esce del Bosco*: That he never departed from the Woods, that is, all his comparisons were taken from the Country. The same may be said of our Theocritus; he is softer than Ovid, he touches the passions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own Fond, without diving into the Arts and Sciences for a supply. Even his Dorick Dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its Clownishness, like a fair Shepherdess in her Country Russel, talking in a Yorkshire Tone. This was impossible for Virgil to imitate; because the severity of the Roman Language denied him that advantage. Spencer has endeavour'd it in his *Shepherds Calendar*; but neither will it succeed in English; for which reason I forebore to attempt it. For Theocritus writ to Sicilians, who spoke that Dialect; and I direct this part of my Translations to our Ladies, who neither understand nor will take pleasure in such homely expressions. I proceed to Horace.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be consider'd in his three different Talents, as he was a Critick, a Satyrist, and a Writer of Odes. His Morals are uniform, and run through all of them; For let his Dutch Commentators say what they will, his Philosophy was Epicurean; and he made use of Gods and providence only to serve a turn in Poetry. But since neither his Criticisms (which are the most instructive of any that are written in this Art) nor his Satyrs (which are incomparably beyond Juvenals, if to laugh and rally is to be prefer'd to railing and declaiming), are no part of my present undertaking, I confine my self wholly to his Odes. These are also of several sorts: some of them are Panegyric, others Moral, 20 the rest Jovial, or (if I may so call them) Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate Pindar, yet in his most elevated flights, and in the sudden changes of his Subject with almost imperceptible connexions, that Theban Poet is his Master. But Horace is of the more bounded Fancy, and confines himself strictly to one sort of Verse, or Stanza, in every Ode. That which will distinguish his Style from all other Poets, is the Elegance of his Words, and the numerosness of his Verse; there is nothing so delicately turn'd in all the Roman Language. There appears in every part of his diction, or, (to speak English) in all his Expressions, a kind of noble and bold Purity. His Words are chosen with as much exactness as Virgils; but there seems to be a greater Spirit in them. There is a secret Happiness allends his Choice, which in Petronius is called *Curiosa Felicitas*, and which I suppose he had from the *Felicitate audere* of Horace himself. But the most distinguishing part of all his Character seems to me to be his Briskness, his Jollity, and his good Humour: and those I have chiefly endeavour'd to copy; his other Excellencies, I confess, are above my Imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleas'd me in the reading, I have attempted to translate in Pindarique Verse: 'tis that which is inscrib'd to the present Earl of Rochester, to whom I have particular Obligations, which this small testimony of my gratitude can never pay. 'Tis his Darling in the Latine, and I have taken some pains to make it my Master-Piece in English: for which reason I took this kind of verse, which allows more Latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduced into our Language, in this age, by the happy Genius of Mr. Cowley. The seeming easiness of it has made it spread; but it has not been considered enough, to be so 40 well cultivated. It languishes in almost every hand but his, and some very few, (whom to keep the rest in countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near Perfection as was possible in so short a time. But if I may be allow'd to speak my Mind modestly, and without Injury to his sacred Ashes, somewhat of the Purity of the English, somewhat of more equal Thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the Numbers, in one Word, somewhat of a finer turn and more Lyrical Verse is yet wanting. As for the Soul of it, which consists in the Warmth and Vigor of Fancy, the masterly Figures, and the copiousness of Imagination, he has excell'd all others in this kind. Yet, if the hind it self be capable of more Perfection, though rather in the Ornamental parts of it, than the Essential, what Rules

1 said of our Theocritus] said, of our Theocritus 1685.

2 Fond] Wantonly altered by most editors into Fond See N E D.

3 attempt it. For] attempt it, for 1685.

of Morality or respect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few Poets who deserve to be Models in all they write; Milton's *Paradise Lost* is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats amongst his Elevations, when 'tis evident he creeps along sometimes, for above an Hundred lines together? cannot I admire the height of his Invention, and the strength of his expression, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harshness of their sound? 'Tis as much commendation as a Man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is Idolatry. Since Pindar was the Prince of Lyrick Poets, let me have leave to say, that in imitating him, our numbers shou'd, for the most part, be Lyrick: For variety, or rather
 10 where the Majesty of thought requires it, they may be stretch'd to the English Heraick of five Feet, and to the French Alexandrine of Six. But the ear must preside, and direct the Judgment to the choice of numbers: Without the nicety of this, the Harmony of Pindarick Verse can never be compleat: the cadency of one line must be a rule to that of the next; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows; without leaping from one extream into another. It must be done like the shadowings of a Picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour. I shall be glad, if I have so explain'd my self as to be understood; but if I have not, quod nequeo dicere, & sentio tantum, must be my excuse. There remains much more to be said on this subject; but, to avoid envy, I will be silent. What I have said is the general Opinion of the best Judges, and in a manner has been for'd from me, by seeing
 20 a noble sort of Poetry so happily restor'd by one Man, and so grossly copied by almost all the rest: A musical ear, and a great genius, if another Mr. Cowley cou'd arise, in another age may bring it to perfection. In the mean time,

— Fungar vice cotis, acutum
 Reddere quæ ferrum valet, expers ipsa secandi.

I hope it will not be expected from me, that I shou'd say any thing of my fellow undertakers in this Miscellany. Some of them are too nearly related to me, to be commended without suspicion of partiality: Others I am sure need it not; and the rest I have not perus'd.

To conclude, I am sensible that I have written this too hastily and too loosely: I fear I have been tedious, and, which is worse, it comes out from the first draught, and uncorrected. This
 30 I grant is no excuse; for it may be reasonably urg'd, why did he not write with more leisure, or, if he had it not (which was certainly my case), why did he attempt to write on so nice a subject? The objection is unanswerable; but in part of recompense, let me assure the Reader, that, in hasty productions, he is sure to meet with an Authors present sence, which cooler thoughts would possibly have disguised. There is undoubtedly more of spirit though not of judgment, in these uncorrect Essays, and consequently, though my hazard be the greater, yet the Readers pleasure is not the less.

John Dryden.

4 an Hundred] Most edd. give a hundred

24 expers ipsa secandi] Some edd. correct the quotation, printing exsors.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THEOCRITUS.

AMARYLLIS;

OR, THE THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS, PARAPHRAS'D.

To *Amaryllis* Love compells my way,
My browsing *Goats* upoo the Mountains
stray :

O *Tityrus*, tend them well, and see them fed }
In Pastures fresh, and to their watringled; }
And 'ware the Ridgling with his butting }
head.

Ah, beauteous Nymph, can you forget your
Love,

The conscious *Grottoes*, and the shady Grove;
Where stretcht at ease your tender Limbs
were laid,

Your nameless Beauties nakedly display'd?
Then I was call'd your darling, your
desire,

With Kisses such as set my Soul on fire:
But you are chang'd, yet I am still the
same;

My heart maintains for both a double Flame;
Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your
scorn:

So faithfull I, and you so much forsworn!
I dye, and Death will finish all my pain;
Yet c'er I dye, behold me once again:
Am I so much deform'd, so chang'd of late?
What partial Judges are our Love and Hate!
Ten Wildings have I gather'd for my Dear;
How ruddy like your Lips their streaks
appear!

Far off you view'd them with a longing Eye
Upon the topmost branch (the Tree was
high;)

Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I
swerv'd,

And for to Morrow have Ten more reserv'd.
Look on me Kindly, and some pity shew,
Or give me leave at least to look on you.
Some God transform me by his Heavenly
pow'r

Ev'n to a *Bee* to buzz within your Bow'r,

The woding Ivy-chaplet to invade, 30
And folded Fern, that your fair Forehead
shade.

Now to my cost the force of Love I find;
The heavy load he bears on humane kind.
The Milk of *Tygers* was his Infant food,
Taught from his tender years the taste of
blood;

His Brother whelp; and he ran wild about
the wood.

Ah nymph, train'd up in his Tyrannick
Court,

To make the suff'rings of your Slaves your
sport!

Unheeded Ruine! treacherous delight!
O polish'd hardness, soften'd to the sight! 40
Whose radiant Eyes your Ebon Brows adorn,
Like Midnight those, and these like break
of Morn!

Smile ooce again, revive me with your
Charms:

And let me dye contented in your Arms.
I would not ask to live another Day,
Might I but sweetly Kiss my Soul away.
Ah, why am I from empty Joys debarr'd?
For Kisses are but empty, when Compar'd!

I rave, and in my raging fit shall tear
The Garland which I wove for you to wear,
Of Parsley with a wreath of Ivy bound, 51
And border'd with a Rosie edging round.

What pangs I feel, unpity'd and unheard!
Since I must dye, why is my Fate deferr'd!
I strip my Body of my Shepherds Frock:
Behold that dreadful downfall of a Rock,
Where yon old *Fisher* views the Waves from
high!

'Tis that Convenient leap I mean to try.
You would be pleas'd to see me plunge to
shoar,

But better pleas'd if I should rise no more. 60
I might have read my Fortune long agoe,
When, seeking my success in Love to know,
I try'd th' infallible Prophetique way,
A Poppy leaf upon my palm to lay;

AMARYLLIS. Text from the original edition of
1692.

5 [ware] w'are 1692.
butting] The editors absurdly give budding

I struck, and yet no lucky crack did follow,
Yet I struck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow.

Aod, which was worse, if any worse cou'd prove,

The withering leaf foreshew'd your withering Love.

Yet farther (Ah, how far a Lover dares !)

My last recourse I had to Seive and Sheeres ;

And told the Witch *Agreo* my disease, 71

(*Agreo*, that in Harvest us'd to lease ;

But Harvest done, to Charr-work did aspire :
Meat, drink, and Two-pence was her daily hire ;)

To work she went, her Charms she mutter'd o'er,

And yet the resty Seive wagg'd ne'er the more ;

I wept for Woe, the testy Beldame swore,
And foaming with her God, foretold my Fate ;

That I was doom'd to Love, and you to Hate.

A milk-white Goat for you I did provide ;

Two milk-white Kids run frisking by her side, 81

For which the Nut-brown Lass, *Eritheis*,

Full often offer'd many a savoury Kiss.

Hers they shall be, since you refuse the price,

What madman would o'erstand his Market twice !

My right Eye itches, some good-luck is near,

Perhaps my *Anaryllis* may appear :

I'll set up such a Note as she shall hear.

What Nymph but my melodious Voice would move ?

She must be Flint, if she refuse my Love. 90

Hippomenes, who ran with Noble strife

To win his Lady, or to lose his Life,

(What shift some men will make to get a Wife !)

Threw down a Goldeo Apple in her way ;

For all her haste she could not chuse but stay :

Renown said run ; the glitt'ring Bribe cry'd hold ;

The Man might have been haog'd, but for his Gold.

Yet some suppose 'twas Love (some few indeed.)

That stopt the fatal fury of her Speed :

She saw, she sigh'd ; her nimble Feet refuse 100

Their wonted Speed, and she took pains to lose.

A Prophet some, and some a Poet cry,

(No matter which, so neither of them lye)

From steepy *Othrys* top to *Pylus* drove

His herd ; and for his pains enjoy'd his Love :

If such another Wager shou'd be laid.

I'll find the Man, if you can find the Maid.

Why name I Men, When Love extended fiends

His pow'r on high, and in Celestial Minds ?

Venus the Shepherd's homely habit took.

And manag'd something else besides the Crook ; 111

Nay, when *Adonis* dy'd, was heard to roar,

And never from her heart forgave the Boar.

How blest is fair *Erdymion* with his Moon.

Who sleeps on *Latmos* top from Night to Noon !

What *Jason* from *Medea's* Love possess,

You shall not hear, but know 'tis like the rest.

My aking Head can scarce support the pain :

This cursed Love will surely turn my Brain :

Feel how it shoots, and yet you take no Pity, 120

Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful Ditty

A clammy Sweat does o'er my Temples creep ;

My heavy Eyes are urg'd with Iron sleep :

I lay me down to gasp my latest Breath,

The Wolves will get a Breakfast by my Death ;

Yet scarce enough their hunger to supply,
For Love has made me Carrion e'er I dye.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN AND MENELAUS.

FROM THE EIGHTEENTH IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

TWELVE *Spartan* Virgins, noble, young, and
fair,
With Violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing
hair :

And to the pompous Palace did resort,
Where *Menelaus* kept his Royal Court.
There hand in hand a comely Quire they led;
To sing a blessing to his Nuptial Bed,
With curious Needles wrought, and painted
Flowers bespread.

Joves beauteous Daughter now his Bride
must be.

And Jove himself was less a God than he :
For this their artful hands instruct the Lute
to sound, ro
Their feet assist their hands, and justly
beat the ground.

This was their Song: Why, happy Bride-
groom, why,

E're yet the Stars are kindl'd in the Skie,
E're twilight shades, or Ev'ning dews are
shed.

Why dost thou steal so soon away to Bed?
Has *Somnus* brush'd thy Eye-lids with his
Rod.

Or do thy Legs refuse to bear their Load
With flowing bowles of a more generous
God?

If gentle Slumber on thy Temples creep,
(But naughty Man thou dost not mean to
sleep) 20

Betake thee to thy Bed, thou drowzy Drone,
Sleep by thy self, and leave thy Bride alone :
Go, leave her with her Maiden Mates to play
At sports more harmless, till the break of
day :

Give us this Evening: thou hast Morn and Night,

And all the year before thee, for delight.
O happy Youth ! to thee, among the crowd
Of Rival Princes, Cupid sneez'd aloud ;
And every lucky *Omen* sent before, 29
To meet thee landing on the *Spartan* shore.
Of all our *Heroes* thou canst boast alone,
That *Jove*, when e're he Thunders, calls
 thee Son.

Betwixt two Sheets thou shalt enjoy her
 bare.

With whom no *Grecian* Virgin can compare
So soft, so sweet, so balmy, and so fair.

A Boy like thee would make a Kingly line:
But oh, a Girl like her must be divine.

Her equals we, in years, but not in face,
Twelve score *Virago's* of the *Spartan* Race,
While naked to *Eurota's* banks we bend,
And there in manly exercise contend, 41
When she appears, are all eclips'd and lost,
And hide the beauties that we made our
boast.

So, when the Night and Winter disappear,
The Purple morning, rising with the year,
Salutes the spring, as her Celestial eyes
Adorn the World, and brighten all the Skies :
So beauteous *Helen* shines among the rest,
Tall, slender, straight, with all the Graces
blest.

As Pines the Mountains, or as Fields the
Corn.

Or as *Thessalian Steeds* the Race adorn ;
So *Rosie* colour'd *Helen* is the pride
Of *Lacedemon*, and of *Greece* beside.

Like her no Nymph can willing Ozyers bend
In basket-works, which painted streaks
commend :

With *Pallas* in the Looms she may contend,
But none, ah ! none can animate the Lyre,
And the mute strings with Vocal Souls
inspire :

Whether the Learn'd *Minerva* be her Theam
Or chaste *Diana* bathing in the Stream ; 60
None can record their Heavenly praise so
well

As *Helen*, in whose eyes ten thousand
Cupids dwell.

O fair, O Graceful I yet with Maids inroll'd
But whom to morrow's Sun a Matron shall
behold I

Yet e're to morrow's Sun shall show his
head.

The dewy paths of meadows we will tread
For Crowns and Chaplets to adorn thy
head.

EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN AND MENELAUS
Text from the original of 1685 except as noted.

36 Boy like thee] Boy, like thee, 1685.

40 *Eurota's*] *Eurotas'* would be more accurate.

Where all shall weep, and wish for thy
return,
As bleating Lambs their absent Mother
mourn.
Our Noblest Maids shall to thy Name
bequeath
The boughs of *Lotos*, form'd into a
wreath.
This Monument, thy Maiden beauties due,
High on a Plane tree shall be hung to
view:
On the smooth rind the Passenger shall see
Thy Name engrav'd, and worship *Helen's*
Tree:
Balm, from a Silver box distill'd around
Shall oyl bedew the roots, and scent the
sacred ground.
The balm, 'tis true, can aged Plants
prolong,
But *Helen's* name will keep it ever young.
Hail Bride, hail Bridegroom, son in Law to
Jove!
With fruitful joys *Lalona* bless your Love!

Let *Venus* furnish you with full desires,
Add vigour to your wills, and fuel to your
fires!
Almighty *Jove* augment your wealthy store,
Give much to you, and to his Grandsons
more!
From generous Loyns a generous Race will
spring,
Each Girl, like her, a Queen; each Boy,
like you, a King.
Now sleep if sleep you can; but while you
rest,
Sleep close, with folded arms, and breast
to breast:
Rise in the morn; but oh before you rise, go
Forget not to perform your morning
Sacrifice.
We will be with you e're the crowing Cock
Salute the light, and struts before his
feather'd flock.
Hymen, oh *Hymen*, to thy Triumphs run,
And view the mighty spoils thou hast in
Battle won.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER,

FROM THE TWENTY-THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

With inauspicious love, a wretched Swain
Pursu'd the fairest Nymph of all the Plain;
Finest indeed, but prouder far than fair,
She plung'd him hopeless in a deep despair:
Her heav'nly form too haughtily she priz'd,
His person hated, and his Gifts despis'd;
Nor knew the force of *Cupid's* cruel darts,
Nor fear'd his awful power on human hearts;
But either from her hopeless Lover fled,
Or with disdainful glances shot him dead. To
No kiss, no look, to cheer the drooping
Boy;
No word she spoke, she scorn'd ev'n to deny.
But, as a hunted Panther casts about
Her glaring eyes, and pricks her list'ning ears
to scout,
So she, to shun his Toyls, her cares employ'd,
And fiercely in her savage freedom joy'd.
Her mouth she writh'd, her forehead taught
to frown,
Her eyes to sparkle fires to Love unknown:

Her sallow Cheeks her envious mind did
show,
And every feature spoke aloud the curstness
of a Shrew.
Yet could not he his obvious Fate escape;
His love still dress'd her in a pleasing shape;
And every sullen frown, and bitter scorn,
But fann'd the fuel that too fast did burn.
Long time, unequal to his mighty pain,
He strove to curb it, but he strove in
vain:
At last his woes broke out, and begg'd relief
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief:
With Tears so tender, as adorn'd his Love,
And nay heart, but only hers, would
move.
Trembling before her bolted doors he stood,
And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood:
Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look;
Then, kissing first the threshold, thus he
spoke.
Ah Nymph more cruel than of humane
Race,
Thy Tygress heart belies thy Angel Face:

THE DESPAIRING LOVER. Text from the
original of 1644.

- Too well thou show'st thy Pedigree from
Stone ;
- Thy Grandames was the first by *Pyrrha*
tbrown ;
- Unworthy thou to be so long desir'd ;
But so my Love, and so my Fate requir'd. 40
I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live ;
But take this gift, the last that I can give
This friendly Cord shall soon decide the
strife
- Betwixt my ling'ring Love and loathsome
life :
- This moment puts an end to all my pain ;
I shall no more despair, nor thou disdain.
Farewel, ungrateful and unkind ! I go
Condemn'd hy thee to those sad shades
below.
- I go th' extreamest remedy to prove,
To drink Oblivion, and to drench my Love :
There happily to lose my long desires : 51
But ah, what draught so deep to quench my
Fires ?
- Farewell, ye never-opening Gates, ye Stones,
And Threshold guilty of my Midnight Moans ;
What I have suffer'd here ye know too well ;
What I shall do the gods and I can tell.
The Rose is fragrant, but it fades in time :
The Violet sweet, but quickly past the prime ;
White Lillies hang their heads, and soon
decay,
- And whiter Snow in minutes melts away : 60
Such is your blooming youth, and withering
so :
- The time will come, it will, when you shall
know
- The rage of Love ; your haughty heart
shall burn
- In Flames like mine, and meet a like return.
Obdurate as you are, oh I hear at least
My dying prayers, and grant my last request.
When first you ope your doors, and, passing
by,
- The sad ill Omend Object meets your Eye,
Think it not lost, a moment if you stay ;
The breathless wretch, so made by you,
survey : 70
- Some cruel pleasure will from thence arise,
To view the mighty ravage of your Eyes.
I wish (but oh ! my wish is vain I fear)
The kind Oblation of a falling Tear :
Then loose the knot, and take me from the
place,
- And spread your Mantle o'er my grzly Face ;
- Upon my livid Lips bestow a kiss
O envy not the dead, they feel not bliss !
Nor fear your kisses can restore my breath ;
E'en you are not more pittiless than death.
Then for my Corps a homely Grave provide,
Which Love and me from publick Scorn
may hide, 82
- Thrice call upon my Name, thrice beat your
Breast,
And hayl me thrice to everlasting rest :
Lastlet my Tomb thussad Inscription bear :
A wretch whom Love has kill'd lies buried
here ;
- Oh, Passengers, *Amnias* Eyes beware.
Thus baving said, and furious with his
Love,
- He heav'd with more than humane force to
move
A weighty Stone (the labour of a Team) 90
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the
Neighbouring Beam :
- Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws,
And fitted to his Neck the fatal noose :
Then spurning backward, took a swing, 'till
death
- Crept up, and stopp'd the passage of his
Breath.
- The bounce burst ope the door ; the Scorn-
ful Fair
- Relentless lookt, and saw him beat his
quivering feet in Air,
Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but brusht regardless
by :
- And, as she pass'd, her chance or fate was
such, 100
- Her Garments toucht the dead, polluted by
the touch.
- Next to the dance, thence to the Bath did
move ;
- The bath was sacred to the God of Love ;
Whose injur'd Image, with a wrathful Eye,
Stood threatning from a Pedestal on high :
Nodding a while, and watchful of his hlow,
He fell ; and falling crusht th' ungrateful
Nympb below :
- Her gushing Blood the Pavement all
besmeur'd ;
- And this her last expiring Voice was heard ;
Lovers, farewell, revenge has reacht my
scorn ; 110
- Thus warn'd, be wise, and love for love
return.

TRANSLATIONS FROM LUCRETIIUS.

LUCRETIIUS

THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRST BOOK.

<p>Delight of Humane kind, and Gods above, Parent of <i>Rome</i> ; Propitious Queen of Love, Whose vital pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea supplies, And breeds what e'r is born beneath the rowling Skies : For every kind, by thy prolificque might, Springs, and beholds the Regions of the light. Thee, Goddess, thee the clonds and tem- pests fear, And at thy pleasing presenee disappear : For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is drest ; For thee the Ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy breast ; And Heav'n it self with more serene and purer light is blest. For when the rising Spring adorns the Mead, And a new Scene of Nature stands display'd, When teeming Budds, and chearful greens appear, And Western gales unlock the lazy year : The joyous Birds thy welcome first express ; Whose native Songs thy genial fire confess ; Then salvage Beasts bound o're their slighted food, Strook with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood. All Nature is thy Gift ; Earth, Air,) and Sea : Of all that breaths, the various progeny, Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee. O're barren Mountains, o're the flowery Plain, The leafy Forest, and the liquid Main Extends thy uncontroul'd and boundless reign. Through all the living Regions dost thou move, And scatter'st, where thou goest, the kindly seeds of Love :</p>	<p>Since then the race of every living thing Obeys thy pow'r ; since nothing new can spring Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear, Or beautiful, or lovesome can appear ; Be thou my ayd ; My tuneful Song inspire, And kindle with thy own productive fire ; While all thy Province, Nature, I survey, And sing to <i>Memnius</i> an immortal lay Of Heav'n, and Earth, and every where thy wondrous power display : To <i>Memnius</i>, under thy sweet influence born, Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces dost adorn. The rather then assist my Muse and me, Infusing Verses worthy him and thee. Mean time on Land and Sea let barb'rous discord cease, And lull the listning world in universal peace To thee Mankind their soft repose must owe ; For thou alone that blessing canst bestow ; Because the brutal business of the War Is inanag'd by thy dreadful Servant's care ; Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove The pleasing pains of thy eternal Love : And panting on thy breast supinely lies, While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famish'd eyes ; Sucks in with open lips thy balmy breath, By turns restor'd to life, and plung'd in pleasing death. There while thy curling limbs about him move, Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of Love, When wishing all, he nothing can deny, Thy Charms in that auspicious moment try ; With winning eloquence our peace implore, And quiet to the weary World restore.</p>
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THE LATTER PART OF THE THIRD BOOK OF LUCRETII;
AGAINST THE FEAR OF DEATH.

What has this Bugbear Death to frighten
Man,

If Souls can die, as well as Bodies can ?

For, as before our Birth we felt no Pain,
When Punique arms infested Land and Main,
When Heaven and Earth were in confusion
hurl'd,

For the debated Empire of the World,
Which aw'd with dreadful expectation lay,
Sure to be Slaves, uncertain who shou'd
sway :

So, when our mortal frame shall be disjoyn'd,
The lifeless Lump uncoupled from the mind,
From sense of grief and pain we shaff be
free ;

We shall not feel, because we shall not *Be*.
Though Earth in Seas, and Seas in Heav'n
were lost,

We shou'd not move, we only shou'd be tost.
Nay, ev'n suppose when we have suffer'd
Fate,

The Soul cou'd feel, in her divided state,
What's that to us ? for we are only we
While Souls and Bodies in one frame agree.

Nay, tho' our Atom shou'd revolve by chance,
And matter leape into the former dance ;
Tho' time our life and motion cou'd restore,
And make our Bodies what they were before,
What gain to us wou'd all this bustle bring ?
The new-made Man wou'd be another thing ;
When once an interrupting pause is made,
That individual Being is decay'd.

We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no
part

In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,
Which to that other Mortal shall accrew,
Whom, of our Matter Time shall mould
aneu.

For backward if you look, on that long space
Of Ages past, and view the changing face
Of Matter, tost and variously combin'd
In sundry shapes, 'tis easie for the mind
From thence t' infer, that Seeds of things
have been

In the same order as they now are seen :
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot
trace,

Because a pause of Life, a gaping space,

Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wandring motions from the sense
are fled.

For whosoe're shall in misfortunes live,
Must *Be*, when those misfortunes shall arrive ;
And since the Man who *Is* not, feels not woe,
(For death exempts him and wards off the
blow,

Which we, the living, only feel and bear)
What is there left for us in Death to fear ?
When once that pause of life has come
between,

'Tis just the same as we had never been.
And therefore if a Man bemoan his lot,
That after death his mouldring limbs shall
rot,

Or flames, or jaws of Beasts devour his Mass,
Know, he's an unsincere, unthinking Ass.
A secret Sting remains within his mind,
The fool is to his own cast offals kind.
He boasts no sense can after death remain ;
Yet makes himself a part of life again ;
As if some other He could feel the pain.

If, while he live, this Thought molest his
head,

What Wolf or Vulture shall devour me dead,
He wasts his days in idle grief, nor can
Distinguish 'twixt the Body and the Man ;
But thinks himself can still himself survive :

And what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines that he was born to die,
Nor knows in death there is no other He,
No living He remains his grief to vent,
And o're his senseless Carcass to lament.

If after death 'tis painful to be torn
By Birds and Beasts, then why not so to
burn,

Or drench'd in floods of honey to be soak'd,
Imbalm'd to be at once preserv'd and
choak'd ;

Or on an airy Mountains top to lie,
Expos'd to cold and Heav'n's inclemency ;
Or crowded in a Tomb to be oppress
With Monumental Marble on thy breast ?

But to be snatch'd from all the household
joys,

From thy Chast Wife, and thy dear prattling
Boys,

Whose little arms about thy Legs are cast,
 And climbing for a Kiss prevent - their
 Mothers hast,
 Inspiring secret pleasure thro' thy Breast,
 All these shall be no more: Thy Friends
 oppress 81
 Thy Care and Courage now no more shall
 free;
 Ah Wretch! thou cry'st, ah! miserable me,
 One woful day sweeps children, friends, and
 wife,
 And all the brittle blessings of my life!
 Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is
 true;
 Thy want and wish of them is vanish'd too:
 Which, well consider'd, were a quick relief,
 To all thy vain imaginary grief.
 For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again,
 And, quitting life, shalt quit thy living
 pain. 91
 But we, thy friends, shall all those sorrows
 find,
 Which in forgetful death thou leav'st
 behind;
 No time shall dry our tears, nor drive thee
 from our mind.
 The worst that can befall thee, measur'd
 right,
 Is a sound slumber, and a long good night.
 Yet thus the Fools, that would be thought
 the Wits,
 Disturb their mirth with melancholy fits:
 When healths go round, and kindly brimmers
 flow,
 'Till the fresh Garlands on their foreheads
 glow, 100
 They whine, and cry, Let us make haste
 to live,
 Short are the joys that humane Life can give.
 Eternal Preachers, that corrupt the draught,
 And pall the God, that never thinks, with
 thought;
 Ideots with all that Thought, to whom the
 worst
 Of death is want of drink, and endless
 thirst,
 Or any fond desire as vain as these.
 For, e'en in sleep, the body, wrapt in ease,
 Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave,
 And wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.
 Were that sound sleep eternal, it were
 death; 111
 Yet the first Atoms then, the seeds of breath,
 Are moving near to sense; we do but shake
 And rouse that sense, and straight we are
 awake.
 Then death to us, and death's anxiety,
 Is less than nothing, if a less could be.
 For then our Atoms, which in order lay,
 Are scatter'd from their heap, and puff'd
 away,
 And never can return into their place,
 When once the pause of Life has left on
 empty space. 120
 And last, suppose Great Nature's Voice
 should call
 To thee, or me, or any of us all,
 What dost thou mean, ungrateful Wretch,
 thou vain,
 Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
 And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no
 more?
 For if thy Life were pleasant heretofore,
 If all the hounteous Blessings, I could give,
 Thou hast enjoy'd, if thou hast known to
 live,
 And Pleasure not leak'd through thee like
 a Sieve,
 Why dost thou not give thanks as at a
 plenteous feast, 130
 Cram'd to the throat with life, and rise
 and take thy rest?
 But if my blessings thou hast thrown away,
 If indigested joys pass'd thro', and wou'd
 not stay,
 Why dost thou wish for more to squander
 still?
 If Life be grown a load, a real ill,
 And I wou'd all thy cares and labours end,
 Lay down thy hurden lool, and know thy
 friend.
 To please thee, I have empti'd all my
 store,
 I can invent, and can supply no more;
 But run the round again, the round I ran
 before. 140
 Suppose thou art not broken yet with years,
 Yet still the self same Scene of things
 appears,
 And wou'd he ever, cou'd'st thou ever live;
 For Life is still but Life, there's nothing
 new to give.
 What can we plead against so just a Bill?
 We stand convicted, and our cause goes ill.
 But if a wretch, a man oppress'd by fate,
 Shou'd beg of Nature to prolong his date,

The laughing Set, like all unthinking Men,
Baths and gets Drunk; then Baths and
Drinks again:

His Throat half throttled with Corrupted
Fleam,

And breathing through his Jaws a belching
steam: 200

Amidst his Cups with fainting shiv'ring
seiz'd,

His Limbs dis-jointed, and all o're diseas'd,
His hand refuses to sustain the bowl:

And his Teeth chatter, and his Eye-balls
rowl:

Till, with his Meat, he vomits out his Soul:

Then, Trumpets, Torches, and a tedious Crew
Of Hiredling Mourners, for his Funeral due.

Our Dear departed Brother lies in State,
His Heels² stretch'd out, and pointing to

the Gate:

And Slaves, now manumit^d, on their dead
Master wait. 210

They hoist him on the Bier, and deal the
Dole;

And there's an end of n Luxurious Fool.

But, what's thy fulsom Parable to me?

My Body is from all Diseases free:

My temperate Pulse does regularly beat;

Feel, and be satisf'd, my Hands and Feet:

These are not cold, nor those Opprest with
heat.

Or lay thy hand upon my Naked Heart,

And thou shalt find me hale in ev'ry part.

I grant this true: But, still, the deadly
wound 220

Is in thy Soul; 'Tis there thou art not sound.³

Say, when thou seest a heap of tempting
Gold,

Or a more tempting Harlot do'st behold;

Then, when she casts on thee a side-long
glance,

Then try thy Heart; and tell me if it Dance.

Some Course cold Salade is before thee
set;

Bread, w.h the Bran perhaps, and broken
Meat;

Fall on, and try thy Appetite, to eat.

These are not Dishes for thy dainty Tooth:

What, hast thou got an Ulcer in thy Mouth?

Why stand'st thou picking? Is thy Pallat
sore? 231

That Bete, and Radishes will make thee roar?

Such is th' unequal Temper of thy Mind;

Thy Passions in extreams, and unconfin'd:

Thy Hair so bristles with unmanly Fears,

As Fields of Corn, that rise in bearded Ears.

And, when thy Cheeks with flushing Fury
glow,

The rage of boiling Caldrons is more slow;

When fed with fuel out with flames below.

With foam upon thy Lips, and sparkling
Eyes, 240

Thousay'st and do'st in such outrageous wise:

Thint mad *Orestes*,⁴ if he saw the show,

Wou'd swear thou wert the Madder of the Two.

The End of the Third Satyr.

NOTES TO THE THIRD SATYR.

¹ *And Parchment*, &c. The Students us'd to write their Notes on Parchments; the inside, on which they wrote, was white; the other side was hairy, and commonly yellow. *Quintilian* reproves this Custom, and advises rather Table-books, lin'd with Wax, and a Stile, like that we use in our Vellum Table-books, as more easie.

² *A Fuming-Pan*, &c. Before eating, it was customary, to cul off some part of the Meat, which was first put into a Pan, or little Dish; then into the Fire; as an Offering to the Household Gods; this they call'd a *Libation*.

³ *Drawn from the Root*, &c. The *Thuscans* were accounted of most Ancient Nobility. *Horace* observes this in most of his compliments to *Mezenas*, who was deriv'd from the Old Kings of *Tuscany*, now the Dominion of the Great Duke.

⁴ *Who Clad in Purple*, &c. The Roman Knights, attir'd in the Robe call'd *Trabea*, were

summon'd by the Censor to appear before him, and to salute him in passing by; as their Names were call'd over. They led their Horses in their hand. See more of this in *Pompey's* Life written by *Plutarch*.

⁵ *Sicilian Tortures*, &c. Some of the *Sicilian* Kings were so great tyrants, that the Name is become Proverbial. The Brazen Bull is a known Story of *Phalaris*, one of those Tyrants; who when *Perillus*, a famous Artist, had presented him with a Bull of that Metal hollow'd within, which, when the Condemn'd Person was inclos'd in it, wou'd render th' sound of a Bull's roaring, caus'd the Workman to make the first Experiment. *Docuit; suum ingire iucentum.*

⁶ *The Wretch, who sitting*, &c. He alludes to the Story of *Damodes*, a Flatterer of one of those *Sicilian* Tyrants, namely *Diorysius*. *Damodes* had infinitely extoll'd the Happiness of Kings. *Diorysius*, to convince him of the contrary, invited him to a Feast, and cloath'd him in

² Fuming] Fumeing 1693.

But here on Earth, the guilty bave in view
The mighty Pains to mighty mischiefs
due ;

Racks, Prisons, Poisons, the *Tarpeian* Rock,
Stripes, Hangmen, Pitch, and suffocating
Smoak ;

And last, ond most, if these were cast
behind, 230

Th' avenging horreur of a Conscious mind,
Whose deadly fear anticipates the blow,
And sees no end of Punishment ond woe ;
But looks for more, at the last gasp of
breath :

This makes an Hell on Earth, and Life a
death.

Mean time when thoughts of death disturb
thy head ;

Consider, *Ancus* great and good is dead ;
Ancus thy better far, was born to die ;
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality ?

So many Monarchs with their mighty
State, 240

Who rul'd the World, were over-rul'd by
fate.

That laughty King, who lorded o're the
Main,

And whose stupendous Bridge did the wild
Waves restrain,

(In vain they foam'd, in vain they threatned
wreck,

While his proud Legions march'd upon their
back :)

Him death, a greater Monarch, overcame ;
Nor spar'd his guards the more, for their
immortal name.

The *Roman* chief, the *Carthaginian* dread, }
Scipio, like the Thunder Bolt of War, is dead, }
And like a common Slave, by fate in }
triumph led 250

The Founders of invented Arts ore lost ;
And Wits who made Eternity their hoast.
Where now is *Homer*, who possess the
Throne ?

Th' immortal Work remains, the mortal
Author's gone.

Democritus, perceiving age invade,
His Body weakn'd, and his mind decay'd,
Obey'd the summons with a cheerful face ;
Made hast to welcom death, and met him
half the race.

That stroke ev'n *Epicurus* cou'd not bar, }
Though 'he in Wit surpass'd Mankind, }
as far 260

As does the midday Sun the midnight Star. }
And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy
breath,

Whose very Life. is little more than
Death ?

More than one half by Lazy sleep possess ; }
And when awake, thy Soul but nods at best, }
Day-Dreams and sickly thoughts revolv- }
ing in thy breast.

Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
Whose cause and cure thou never hop'st to
find ;

But still uncertain, with thyself at strife,
Thou wander'st in the *Labyrinth* of
Life. 270

O! if the foolish race of man, who find
A weight of cares still pressing on their
mind,

Cou'd find as well the cause of this
unrest,

And all this burden lodg'd within the
breast ;

Sure they wou'd change their course, nor
live as now,

Uncertain what to wish or what to vow.
Unease both in Countrey and in Town,

They search a place to lay their burden
down.

One, restless in his Palace, walks abroad,
And vantly thinks to leave behind the
load : 280

But straight returns ; for he's as restless
there :

And finds there's no relief in open Air.
Another to his *Villa* wou'd retire,

And spurs os hard as if it were on fire
No sooner enter'd at his Country door,

But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and }
snore ;

Or seeks the City which he left before. }
Thus every man o're works his weary Will, }

To shun himself, and to shake off his ill : }
The shaking Fit returns, and hangs upon }

him still. 290

No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease ;
The Wretch is ignorant of his disease ;
Which known wou'd all his fruitless trouble
spare ;

For he wou'd know the World not worth
his care ;

²⁵⁴ mortal] By a most absurd error the
English editors change this into immortal

Then wou'd he search more deeply for the cause ;	For still we think an absent blessing best,
And study Nature well, and Natures Laws :	Which cloy, and is no blessing when possest ;
For in this moment lies not the debate,	A new arising wish expells it from the Breast. 320
But on our future, fix'd, Eternal State ;	The Fearful thirst of Life increases still ;
That never changing state, which all must keep,	We call for more and more, and never have our fill ;
Whom Death has doom'd to everlasting sleep. 320	Yet know not what to-morrow we shall try, What drops of life in the last draught may lie :
Why are we then so fond of mortal Life, Beset with dangers, and maintain'd with strife ?	Nor, by the longest life we can attain, One moment from the length of death we gain ;
A Life, which all our care can never save ;	For all behind belongs to his Eternal reign.
One Fate attends us ; and one common Grave.	When once the Fates have cut the mortal Thred,
Besides, we tread but a perpetual round ;	The Man as much to all intents is dead,
We ne're strike out, but beat the former ground,	Who dyes to day, and will as long be so. 320
And the same Maukish joyes in the same track are found.	As he who dy'd a thousand years ago.

FROM LUCRETIUS—BOOK THE FIFTH.

Tum porro puer, &c.

Titus like a Saylor by a Tempest hurl'd	They want no Rattles for their froward mood,
A shore, the Babe is shipwreck'd on the World :	Nor Nurse to reconcile them to their food, With broken words ; nor Winter blasts they fear,
Naked he lies, and ready to expire ;	Nor change their habits with the changing year :
Helpless of all that humane wants require :	Nor, for their safety, Citadels prepare ;
Expos'd upon unhospitable Earth,	Nor forge the wicked Instruments of War :
From the first moment of his hapless Birth,	Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous treasure grants,
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the Room ;	And Nature's lavish hand supplies their common wants.
(Too true presages of his future doom.)	
But Flocks, and Herds, and every Savage Beast,	
By more indulgent Nature are increas'd, 10	

BOOK IV. *It is impossible to reprint this piece.*

BOOK V. 13 hand] hands 155. A misprint.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

THE THIRD ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE;

Inscrib'd to the Earl of Roscommon, on his Intended Voyage to IRELAND.

So may th' auspicious Queen of Love,
And the Twin Stars, (the Seed of *Jove*,)
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O sacred Ship, be kiod;
And gentle Breezes fill thy Sails,
Supplying soft *Etesian* Gales:
As thou, to whom the Muse commends
The best of Poets and of Friends,
Dost thy committed Pledge restore,
And land him safely on the shore;
And save the better part of me,
From perishing with him at Sea.
Sure he, who first the passage try'd,
In harden'd Oak his heart did bide,
And ribs of Iron arm'd his side;
Or his at least, in hollow wood
Who tempted first the briny Floud:
Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the Shoar;
Nor *Hyades* portending Rain;
Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.
What form of death cou'd hum affright,
Who unconcern'd, with steadfast sight,
Cou'd view the Surges mounting steep,
And monsters rolling in the deep!
Cou'd thro' the ranks of ruin go,
With Storms above, and Rocks below!
In vain did Natures wise command

Divide the Waters from the Land,
If daring Ships, and Men prophane, 30
Invade th' inviolable Main;
Th' eternal Fences overleap,
And pass at will the boundless deep.
No toyl, no hardship can restrain
Ambitious Man, inur'd to pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
10 Thus bold *Prometheus* did aspire,
And stole from heav'n the seed of Fire:
A train of Ills, a ghastly crew, 40
The Robber's blazing track pursue;
Fierce Famine, with her Meagre face,
And Feavours of the fiery Race,
In swarms th' offending Wretch surround
All brooding on the blasted ground:
And limping Death, lash'd on by Fate
Comes up to shorten half our date.
20 This made not *Dedalus* beware,
With borrow'd wings to sail in Air:
To Hell *Alcides* forc'd his way, 50
Plung'd thro' the Lake, and snatch'd the
Prey.
Nay scarce the Gods, or heav'nly Climes.
Are safe from our audacious Crimes:
We reach at *Jove's* Imperial Crown,
And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

THE NINTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE

I
BEHOLD yon Mountains hoary height,
Made higher with new Mounts of Snow;
Again behold the Winters weight
Oppress the lab'ring Woods below:
And Streams, with Icy fetters bound,
Benum'd and cramp'd to solid Ground.

II
With well-heap'd Logs dissolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the Wine, that makes us bold.
And sprightly Wit and Love inspires: 10
For what hereafter shall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

III

Let him alone, with what he made,
To toss and turn the World below ;
At his command the storms invade ;
The winds by his Commission blow :
Till with a Nod he bids 'em cease,
And then the Calm returns, and all is
peace.

IV

To morrow and her works defie,
Lay hold upon the present hour, 20
And snatch the pleasures passing by,
To put them out of Fortunes pow'r :
Nor love, nor love's delights disdain ;
Whate're thou get'st to day is gain.

V

Secure those golden early joys,
That Youth unsow'd with sorrow bears,
E're with'ring time the taste destroys.
With sickness and unweildy years !
For active sports, for pleasing rest.
This is the time to be possest ; 30
The best is but in season best.

VI

The pointed hour of promis'd Bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark.
The half unwilling willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark.
When the kind Nymph wou'd coyly feign.
And hides but to be found again :
These, these are joys the Gods for Youth
ordain.

THE TWENTY-NINTH ODE OF THE THIRD BOOK OF HORACE;

PARAPHRASED IN PINDARICK VERSE, AND INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON.

LAURENCE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

I

DESCENDED of an ancient Line,
That long the *Tuscan* Scepter sway'd,
Make haste to meet the generous Wint,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd :
The rosie wreath is ready made ;
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant *Syrian* Oyl, that shall perfume
thy hair.

II

When the Wine sparkles from a far,
And the well-natur'd Friend cries. come
away ;
Make haste, and leave thy business and
thy care : 10
No mortal int'rest can be worth thy stay.

III

Leave for a while thy costly Country Seat ;
And, to be Great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the Great :
Make haste and come :

ODES I. ix. 32 pointed] i.e. appointed, which
editors print.

ODES III. xxix. Text from the original of 1685
Title. THIRD] All the English editors wrongly
change this into FIRST

11 be] by 1685. A misprint.

Come, and forsake thy cloying store ;
Thy Turret that surveys, from high.
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of Rome ;
And all the busie pageantry
That wise men scorn, and fools adore : 20
Come, give thy Soul a loose, and taste the
pleasures of the poor.

IV

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich, to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of Poverty :
A savoury Dish, a homely Treat.
Where all is plain, where all is neat.
Without the stately spacious Room.
The *Persian* Carpet, or the *Tyrian* Loom.
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the Great.

V

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high :
The *Syrian* Star 30
Barks from afar,
And with his sultry breath infects the Sky :
The ground below is parch'd, the heav'ns
above us fry.
The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock
Beneath the covert of a Rock.
And seeks refreshing Rivulets nigh

The *Sylvans* to their shades retire,
Those very shades and streams new shades
and streams require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan
the raging fire.

VI

Thou, what befits the new Lord May'r, 40
And what the City Faction dare,
And what the *Gallique* arms will do,
And what the Quiverbearing foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know:
But God has, wisely, hid from humane sight
The dark decrees of future fate;
And sown their seeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of State;
When Mortals search too soon, and fear too
late.

VII

Enjoy the present smiling hour; 50
And put it out of Fortunes pow'r:
The tide of bus'ness, like the running
stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extrem.
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle Bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous
force:
And trunks of Trees come rowling
down, 60
Sheep and their Folds together drown:
Both House and Homestead into Seas are
borne;
And Rocks are from their old foundations
torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their
scatter'd honours mourn.

VIII

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To morrow do thy worst, for I have
liv'd to-day.

41 Faction] All the English editors wrongly
give Factions

Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of
fate, are mine. 70
Not Heav'n it self upon the past has
pow'r;
But what has been, has been, and I have
had my bourn.

IX

Fortune, that with malicious joy
Does Man her slave oppress,
Proud of her Office to destroy,
Is seldome pleas'd to bless:
Still various, and unconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill.
Promotes, degrades, delights in
strife,
And makes a Lottery of life. 80
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she daoces in the wind,
And shakes the wings, and will not
stay,
I puff the Prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave, is quietly
resign'd:
Content with poverty, my Soul I arm;
And Virtue, tho' in rags, will keep me
warm

X

What is't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful Sea,
If Storms arise, and Clouds grow
black; 90
If the Mast split, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy Merchant fear
For his ill gotten gain;
And pray to Gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows
bear
His Wealth into the Main
For me, secure from Fortunes blows
(Secure of what I cannot lose.)
In my small Pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar; 100
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly Stars my safety seek
Within some little winding Creek;
And see the storm a shore.

THE SECOND EPODE OF HORACE.

3

How happy is his low degree,
 How rich is humble Poverty, is he,
 Who leads a quiet country life !
 Discharg'd of business, void of strife,
 And from the gripeing Scrivener free.
 (Thus, e're the Seeds of Vice were sown,
 Liv'd Meo in better Ages born,
 Who Plow'd, with Oxen of their owo,
 Their small paternal field of Corn.)
 Nor Trumpets summon him to War
 Nor drums disturb his morning Sleep,
 Nor knows he Merchants gainful care,
 Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
 The clamours of contentious Law,
 And Court and state, he wisely shuns,
 Nor brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with
 awe,
 To servile Salutations runs ;
 But either to the clasping Vine
 Does the supporting Poplar Wed,
 Or with his pruncing hook disjoyn
 Unbearing Branches from their Head,
 And grafts more happy in their stead :
 Or climbing to a hilly steep,
 He views his Herds in Vales afar,
 Or Sheers his overburden'd Sheep,
 Or mead for cooling drink prepares
 Of Virgin honey in the Jars.
 Or in the now declining year,
 When bounteous *Autumn* rears his head,
 He joyes to pull the ripen'd Pear,
 And elustring Grapes with purple spread.
 The fairest of his fruit he serves,
Priapus thy rewards :
Sylvanus too his part deserves,
 Whose care the fences guards.
 Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,
 Or on the matted grass he lies :
 No God of Sleep he need invoke ;
 The stream, that o're the pebbles flies,
 With gentle slumber crowns his Eyes.
 The Wind, that Whistles through the
 sprays,
 Maintains the consort of the Song ;
 And hidden Birds, with native layes,
 The golden sleep prolong.

But when the blast of Winter blows,
 And hoary frost inverts the year,
 Into the naked Woods he goes,
 And seeks the tusky Boar to rear,
 With well mouth'd hounds and pointed
 Spear.
 Or spreads his subtle Nets from sight
 With twinkling glasses to betray
 The Larkes that in the Meshes light,
 Or makes the fearful Hare his prey.
 Amidst his harmless easie joys
 No anxious care invades his health,
 Nor Love his peace of mind destroys,
 Nor wicked avarice of Wealth.
 But if a chaste and pleasing Wife,
 To ease the business of his Life,
 Divides with him his household care,
 Such as the Sabine *Matrons* were,
 Such as the swift *Apullans* Bride,
 Sunburnt and Swarthy tho' she be,
 Will fire for Winter Nights provide,
 And without noise will oversee
 His Children and his Family,
 And order all things till he come,
 Sweaty and overlabour'd, home ;
 If she in pens his Flocks will fold,
 And then produce her Dairy store,
 With Wine to drive away the cold,
 And unbought dainties of the poor ;
 Not Oysters of the *Lucrine* Lake
 My sober appetite wou'd wish,
 Nor *Turbot*, or the Foreign Fish
 That rowling Tempests overtake,
 And lither waft the costly dish.
 Not *Heathpout*, or the rarer Bird,
 Which *Phasis*, or *Ionia* yields,
 More pleasing morsels wou'd afford
 Than the fat Olives of my fields ;
 Than Shards or Mallows for the pot,
 That keep the loosen'd Body sound
 Or than the Lamb, that falls by Lot,
 To the just Guardian of my ground.
 Amidst these feasts of happy Swains,
 The jolly Shepheard smiles to see
 His flock returning from the Plains ;
 The farmer is as pleas'd as he,
 To view his Oxen, sweating smock,
 Bear on their Necks the loosen'd Yoke :

To look upon his menial Crew,
That sit around his cheerful hearth,
And bodies spent in toil renew
With wholesome Food and Country
Mirth.
This *Morecraft* said within himself ;

Resolv'd to leave the wicked Town ;
And live retir'd upon his own ;
He call'd his Money in :
But the prevailing love of pelf 100
Soon split him on the former shell,
And put it out again.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HOMER.

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

CHRYSES, Priest of Apollo, brings Presents to the Grecian Princes, to ransom his Daughter Chryseis, who was Prisoner in the Fleet. Agamemnon, the General, whose Captive and Mistress the young Lady was, refuses to deliver her, threatens the Venerable Old Man, and dismisses him with Contumely.—The Priest craves Vengeance of his God ; who sends a Plague among the Greeks : which occasions Achilles, their Great Champion, to summon a Council of the Chief Officers : He encourages Calchas, the High Priest and Prophet, to tell the Reason, why the Gods were so much incensed against them.—Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamemnon, till Achilles engages to protect him : Then, embolden'd by the Heroe, he accuses the General as the Cause of all, by detaining the Fair Captive, and refusing the Presents offer'd for her Ransom. By this Proceeding, Agamemnon is oblig'd, against his Will, to restore Chryseis, with Gifts, that he might appease the Wrath of Phœbus ; but at the same time, to revenge himself on Achilles, sends to seize his Slave Briseis. Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his Mother Thetis ; and begs her to revenge his Injury, not only on the General, but on all the Army, by giving Victory to the Trojans, till the ungrateful King became sensible of his Injustice. At the same time, he retires from the Camp into his Ships, and withdraws

his aid from his Countrymen. Thetis prefers her Son's Petition to Jupiter, who grants her Sute. Juno suspects her Errand, and quarrels with her Husband, for his Grant ; till Vulcan reconciles his Parents with a Bowl of Nectar, and sends them peaceably to Bed

THE wrath of Peleus Son, O Muse, resound ;
Whose dire Effects the Grecian Army found :
And many a Heroe, King, and hardy
Knight,

Were sent, in early Youth, to Shades of
Night :

Their Limbs a Prey to Dogs and Vultures
made ;

So was the Sov'reign Will of Jove obey'd :
From that ill-omen'd Hour when Strife begun,
Betwixt Atreides Great, and Thetis God-like
Son.

What Pow'r provok'd, and for what Cause,
relate,

Sow'd, in their Breasts, the Seeds of stern
Debate : 10

Jove's and Latona's Son his Wrath express'd,
In Vengeance of his violated Priest,
Against the King of Men ; who swoll with
Pride.

Refus'd his Presents, and his Pray'rs deny'd.
For thus the God a swift Contagion spread
Amid the Camp, where Heaps on Heaps lay
dead.

For Venerable Chryses came to buy,
With Gold and Gifts of Price, his Daughter's
Liberty.

Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood ;
Awful, and arm'd with Ensigns of his God :

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAS The text from the original edition of 1700. The text is given with fair accuracy in most editions. In the original there are some obvious misprints and some false stops.

1 Peleus] Peleu's 1700.

Bare was his hoary Head ; one holy Hand 21
Held forth his Laurel Crown, and one his
Sceptre of Command.

His Suit was common ; but above the rest,
To both the Brother-Princes thus address'd :

Ye Sons of *Atræus*, and ye *Grecian* Pow'rs,
So may the Gods who dwell in Heav'nly
Bow'rs

Succeed your Siege, accord the Vows you
make,

And give you *Troys* Imperial Town to take ;
So, by their happy Conduct, may you come
With Conquest back to your sweet Native
Home ; 30

As you receive the Ransom which I bring,
(Respecting *Jove*, and the far-shooting
King.)

And break my Daughters Bonds, at my
desire ;

And glad with her Return her grieving Sire.
With Shouts of loud Acclaim the *Greeks*
decree

To take the Gifts, to set the Damsel free.
The King of Men alone with Fury hum'd ;
And haughty, these opprobrious Words
return'd :

Hence, Holy Dotard, and avoid my Sight,
E'er Evil intercept thy tardy Flight : 40

Nor dare to tread this interdicted Strand, }
Lest not that idle Sceptre in thy Hand, }
Nor thy God's Crown, my vow'd Revenge }
withstand.

Hence on thy Life : The Captive-Maid is
mine ;

Whom not for Price or Pray'rs I will resign :
Mine she shall be, till creeping Age and Time
Her Bloom have wither'd, and consum'd her
Prime :

Till then my Royal Bed she shall attend ;
And having first adorn'd it, late ascend :

This, for the Night ; by Day, the Web and
Loom 50

And homely Household-task, shall be her
Doom,

Far from thy lov'd Embrace, and her sweet
Native Home.

He said : The helpless Priest reply'd no
more,

But sped his Steps along the hoarse-resound-
ing Shore :

Silent he fled ; secure at length he stood,
Devoutly curs'd his Foes, and thus invoc'd
his God.

O Source of Sacred Light, attend my
Pray'r,

God with the Silver Bow, and Golden Hair ;—
Whom *Chrysa*, *Cilla*, *Tenedos* obeys,

And whose broad Eye their happy Soil
surveys ; 60

If, *Smintheus*, I have pour'd before thy
Shrine

The Blood of Oxen, Goats, and ruddy Wine,
And Larded Thighs on loaded Altars laid,

Hear, and my just Revenge propitious aid,
Pierce the proud *Greeks*, and with thy Shafts
attest

How much thy pow'r is injured in thy
Priest.

He pray'd, and *Phæbus* hearing, urg'd his
Flight,

With fury kindled, from *Olympus* Height ;
His Quiver o'er his ample Shoulders threw ;

His Bow twang'd, and his Arrows rattl'd as
they flew. 70

Black as a stormy Night, he rang'd around
The Tents, and compass'd the devoted
Ground.

Then with full Force his deadly Bowe he
bent,

And Feather'd Fates among the Mules and
Sumpters sent,

Th' Essay of Rage, on faithful Dogs the
next ;

And last, in Humane Hearts his Arrows
fix'd.

The God nine Days the *Greeks* at Rovers
kill'd,

Nine Days the Camp with Fun'ral Fires was
fill'd ;

The tenth, *Achilles*, by the Queens Com-
mand,

Who bears Heav'n's awful Sceptre in her
Hand, 80

A Council summon'd : for the Goddess
griev'd

Her favour'd Hoast shou'd perish unreliev'd.
The Kings assembled, soon their Chief
inclose ;

Then from his Seat the Goddess-horn arose,
And thus undaunted spoke : What now
remains,

But that once more we tempt the watry
Plains,

And wandering homeward, seek our Safety
hence,

In Flight at least if we can find Defence ?

Such Woes at once encompass us about,
The Plague within the Camp, the Sword
without.

Consult, O King, the Prophets of th' Event;
And whence these Ills, and what the Gods
intent,
Let them by Dreams explore; for Dreams
from *Jove* are sent.

What want of offer'd Victims, what Offence
In Foot committed cou'd the Sun incense,
To deal his deadly Shafts? What may
remove

His settled Hate, and reconcile his Love?
That he may look propitious on our Toils;
And hungry Graves no more be glutted with
our Spoils.

Thus to the King of Men the Hero spoke,
Then *Calchas* the desir'd Occasion took: for
Calchas the sacred Seer, who had in view
Things present and the past; and Things
to come foreknew,

Supream of *Augurs*, who by *Phabus* taught,
The *Grecian* Pow'rs to *Troy's* Destruction
brought.

Skil'd in the secret Causes of their Woes,
The Reverend Priest in graceful Aet arose:
And thus bespoke *Pelides*: Care of *Jove*,
Favour'd of all th' Immortal Pow'rs above;
Wou'dst thou the Seeds deep sown of Mis-
chief know,

And why, provok'd *Apollo* bends his bow?
Plight first thy Faith, inviolably true,
To save me from those Ills, that may
ensue.

For I shall tell ungrateful Truths, to those
Whose boundless Pow'rs of Life and Death
dispose.

And Sov'reigns, ever jealous of their State,
Forgive not those whom once they mark for
Hate;

Ev'n tho' th' Offence they seemingly digest,
Revenge, like Embers, rak'd within their
Breast,

Bursts forth in Flames; whose unresisted
Pow'r

Will seize th' unwary Wretch, and soon
devour.

Such, and no less is he, on whom depends
The sum of Things; and whom my Tongue
of force offends.

Secure me then from his foreseen Intent,
That what his Wrath may doom, thy Valour
may prevent.

To this the stern *Achilles* made Reply:
Be bold; and on my plighted Faith rely,
To speak what *Phabus* has inspir'd thy
Soul

For common Good; and speak without con-
troul.

His Godhead I invoke, by him I swear, 130
That while my Nostrils draw this vital Air,
None shall presume to violate those Bands;
Or touch thy Person with unhallow'd
Hands:

Ev'n not the King of Men that all com-
mands.

At this, resuming Heart, the Prophet said:
Nor Hecatombs unslain, nor Vows unpaid,
On *Greeks*, accurs'd, this dire Contagion
bring;

Or call for Vengeance from the Bowyer King;
But he the Tyrant, whom none dares
resist,

Assronts the Godhead in his injur'd Priest:
He keeps the Damsel Captive in his Chain,
And Presents are refus'd, and Pray'rs pre-
fer'd in vain.

For this th' avenging Pow'r employs his
Darts;

And empties all his Quiver in our Hearts:
Thus will persist, relentless in his ire,

Till the fair Slave be render'd to her Sire:
And Ransom-free restor'd to his Abode,

With Sacrifice to reconcile the God:
Then he, perhaps, atton'd by Pray'r, may
cease

His Vengeance justly vow'd, and give the
Peace.

Thus having said, he sate: Thus an-
swer'd then

Upstarting from his Throne, the King of
Men,

His Breast with Fury fill'd, his Eyes with Fire;
Which rolling round, he shot in Sparkles
on the Sire:

Augur of Ill, whose Tongue was never found
Without a Priestly Curse or boding Sound;

For not one bless'd Event foretold to me
Pass'd through that Mouth, or pass'd un-
willingly.

And now thou dost with Lies the Throne
invade,

By Practice harden'd in thy sland'ring
Trade.

Obtending Heav'n, for what e'er Ills befall;
 And sputtring under specious Names thy
 Gall.
 Now *Phabus* is provok'd; his Rites and
 Laws
 Are in his Priest profan'd, and I the Cause:
 Since I detain a Slave, my Sov'reign Prize;
 And sacred Gold, your Idol-God, despise.
 I love her well: And well her Merits claim,
 To stand preferr'd before my *Grecian* Dame:
 Not *Clytemnestra's* self in Beauties Bloom
 More charm'd, or better ply'd the various
 Loom: 170
 Mine is the Maid; and brought in happy
 Hour
 With every Household-grace adorn'd, to
 bless my Nuptial Bow'r.
 Yet shall she be restor'd; since publick
 Good
 For private Int'rest ought not to be with-
 stood,
 To save th' Effusion of my People's Blood.
 But Right requires, if I resign my own,
 I shou'd not suffer for your sakes alone;
 Alone excluded from the Prize I gain'd,
 And by your common Suffrage have obtain'd
 The Slave without a Ransom shall be sent:
 It rests for you to make th' Equivalent. 181
 To this the fierce *Thessalian* Prince reply'd:
 O first in Pow'r, but passing oild in Pride,
 Gripping, and still tenacious of thy Hold,
 Would'st thou the *Grecian* Chiefs, though
 largely Sould,
 Shou'd give the Prizes they had gain'd before,
 And with their Loss thy Socrilege restore?
 Whate'er by force of Arms the Soldier got,
 Is each his own, by dividend of Lot:
 Which to resume, were both unjust, and
 base; 190
 Not to be borne but by a servile Race.
 But this we can: If *Saturn's* Son bestows
 The Sack of *Troy*, which he by Promise
 owes;
 Then shall the conquering *Greeks* thy Loss
 restore,
 And with large Int'rest make th' advantage
 more.
 To this *Atrides* answer'd, Though thy
 Boast
 Assumes the foremost Name of all our
 Host,
 Pretend not, mighty Man, that what is mine,
 Controll'd by thee, I tamely shou'd resign.

Shall I release the Prize I gain'd by
 Right, 200
 In taken Towns, and many a bloody Fight,
 While thou detain'st *Briseis* in thy Bands,
 By priestly glossing on the God's Commands?
 Resolve on this, (a short Alternative)
 Quit mine, or, in Exchange, another give;
 Else I, assure thy Soul, by Sov'reign Right
 Will seize thy Captive in thy own Despight.
 Or from stout *Ajax*, or *Ulysses*, bear
 What other Prize my Fancy shall prefer:
 Theo softly murmur, or aloud complain, 210
 Rage as you please, you shall resist in vain.
 But more of this, in proper Time and Place;
 To Things of greater Moment let us pass.
 A Ship to sail the sacred Seas prepare;
 Proud in her Trim; and put on board the
 Fair,
 With Sacrifice and Gifts, and all the Pomp
 of Pray'r.
 The Crew well chosen, the Command shall
 be
 In *Ajax*; or if other I decree,
 In *Cretia's* King, or *Iliacus*, or, if I please
 in Thee:
 Most fit thy self to see perform'd th' Intent
 From which my Pris'ner from my Sight is
 sent; 221
 (Thanks to thy pious Care) that *Phabus*
 may relent.
 At this, *Achilles* roul'd his furious Eyes,
 Fix'd on the King oskant; and thus replies:
 O, Impudent, regardless of thy own,
 Whose thoughts ore center'd on thy self
 alone,
 Advanc'd to Sovereign Sway, for better Ends
 Than thus like object Slaves to treat thy
 Friends.
 What *Greek* is he, that urg'd by thy Command,
 Against the *Trojan* Troops will lift his
 Hond? 230
 Not I: Nor such infore'd Respect I owe;
 Nor *Pergamus* I hate, nor *Priam* is my Foe.
 What Wrong from *Troy* remote, cou'd I
 sustain,
 To leave my fruitful Soil, and happy Reign.
 And plough the Surges of the stormy
 Main?
 Thee, frontless Man, we follow'd from afar;
 Thy Instruments of Death, and Tools of War.
 Thine is the Triumph; ours the Toil alone:
 We bear thee on our Backs, and mount thee
 on the Throne.

For thee we fall in Fight ; for thee redress
Thy baffled Brother ; not the Wrongs of
Greece. 241

And now thou threaten'st with unjust
Decree,

To punish thy affronting Heav'n, on me.
To seize the Prize which I so dearly bought ;
By common Suffrage giv'n, confirm'd by
Lot.

Mean Match to thine : For still above the
rest,

Thy hook'd rapacious Hands usurp the best.
Though mine are first in Fight, to force the
Prey ;

And last sustain the Labours of the Day.
Nor grudge I thee the much the *Greeks*
give ; 250

Nor murmur take the little I receive.
Yet ev'n this little, thou, who woud'st in-
gross

The whole, Insatiate, envy'st as thy Loss.
Know, then, for *Phthya* fix'd is my return :
Better at home my ill-paid Pains to mourn,
Than from an Equal here sustain the publick
Scorn.

The King, whose Brows with shining
Gold were bound,

Who saw his Throne with scepter'd Slaves
encompass'd round,

Thus answer'd stern : Go, at thy Pleasure,
go :

We need not such a Friend, nor fear we such
a Foe. 260

There will not want to follow me in Fight :
Jove will assist, and *Jove* assert my Right.

But thou of all the Kings (*his* Care below)
Art least at my Command, and most my Foe.

Debates, Dissentions, Uproars are thy Joy ;
Provok'd without Offence, and practis'd to

destroy.
Strength is of Brutes ; and not thy Boast

alone ;
At least 'tis lent from Heav'n ; and not thy

own.
Fly then, ill-manner'd, to thy Native Land,

And there, thy Ant-born *Myrmidons* com-
mand. 270

But mark this Menace ; since I must resign
My black-ey'd Maid, to please the Pow'rs

divine :
(A well-rigg'd Vessel in the Port attends,
Mann'd at my Charge, commanded by my

Friends)

The Ship shall waft her to her wish'd Ahode,
Full fraught with holy Bribes to the far-
shooting God.

This thus dispatch'd, I owe my self the Care,
My Fame and injur'd Honour to repair :
From thy own Tent, proud Man, in thy
despight, 279

This Hand shall ravish thy pretended Right.
Briseis shall be mine, and thou shalt see,
What odds of awful Pow'r I have on thee :
That others at thy cost may learn the
diff'rence of degree.

At this th' Impatient Hero sowlly smil'd.
His Heart, impetuous in his Bosom hoil'd,

And justled by two Tides of equal sway,
Stood, for a while, suspended in his way.

Betwixt his Reason and his Rage untam'd ;
One whisper'd soft, and one aloud reclaim'd :

That only counsell'd to the safer side ; 290
This to the Sword his ready Hand apply'd.

Unpunish'd to support th' Affront was hard ;
Nor easy was th' Attempt to force the

Guard.
But soon the Thirst of Vengeance fir'd his

Blood :
Half shone his Faulchion, and half sheath'd

it stood.
In that nice Moment, *Pallas*, from above,

Commission'd by th' Imperial Wife of *Jove*,
Descended swift : (the white-arm'd Queen

was loath
The Fight shou'd follow ; for she favour'd

both :) 299
Just as in Act he stood, in Clouds inshrin'd,

Her Hand she fasten'd on his Hair behind ;
Then backward by his yellow Curls she

drew ;
To him and him alone confess'd in view.

Tam'd by superiour Force, he turn'd his Eyes
Aghast at first, and stupid with Surprise :

But by her sparkling Eyes, and ardent Look,
The Virgin-Warrior known, he thus bespoke.

Com'st thou, Celestial, to behold my
Wrongs ?

Then view the Vengeance which to Crimes
belongs.

Thus He. The blue-ey'd Goddess thus
rejoin'd : 310

I come to calm thy turbulence of Mind,
If Reason will resume her sovereign Sway,

And, sent by *Juno*, her Commands obey.

Equal she loves you both, and I proteet :
Then give thy Guardian Gods their due
respect ;

And cease Contention ; be thy Words severe,
Sharp as he merits : But the Sword forbear.
An Hour unhop'd already wings her way,
When he his dire Affront shall dearly pay :
When the proud King shall sue, with trebble
Gain, 320

To quit thy Loss, and conquer thy Disdain.
But thou, secure of my unfailling Word,
Compose thy swelling Soul ; and sheath the
Sword.

The Youth thus answer'd mild ; Auspi-
cious Maid,
Heaven's will be mine, and your Commands
obey'd.

The Gods are just, and when subduing Sense,
We serve their Pow'rs, provide the Recom-
pence.

He said ; with surly Faith believ'd her
Word,
And, in the Sheath, reluctant, plung'd the
Sword.

Her Message done, she mounts the bless'd
Abodes, 330

And mix'd among the Senate of the Gods.
At her Departure his Disdain return'd :
The Fire she fan'd, with greater Fury
burn'd ;

Rumbling within till thus it found a Vent :
Dastard, and Drunkard, Mean and Insolent :
Tongue-valiant Hero, Vaunter of thy Night,
In Threats the foremost, but the lag in
Fight ;

When did'st thou thrust amid the mingled
Preece,

Content to bid the War aloof in Peace ?
Arms are the Trade of each *Plebeian* soul ;
'Tis Death to fight ; but Kingly to con-
troul. 341

Lord-like at ease, with arbitrary Pow'r,
To peel the Chiefs, the People to devour.
These, Traitor, are thy Talents ; safer far
Than to contend in Fields, and Toils of War.
Nor could'st thou thus have dar'd the com-
mon Hate,

Were not their Souls as abjeet as their State.
But, by this Scepter, solemnly I swear,
(Which never more green Leaf or growing
Branch shall bear :

Torn from the Tree, and giv'n by *Jove* to
those 350

Who Laws dispencee and mighty Wrongs
oppose)

That when the *Grecians* want my wonted
Aid,

No Gift shall bribe it, and no Pray'r per-
suade.

When *Hector* comes, the Homicide, to wield
His conquering Arms, with Corps to strow
the Field,

Then shalt thou mourn thy Pride ; and late
confess

My Wrong repented, when 'tis past
Redress.

He said : And with Disdain, in open view,
Against the Ground his golden Scepter
threw ;

Then sate : with boiling Rage *Atrides*
burn'd : 360

And Foam betwixt his gnashing Grinders
churn'd.

But from his Seat the *Pylion* Prince
arose,

With Reas'ning mild, their Madness to com-
pose :

Words, sweet as Hony, from his Mouth
distill'd ;

Two Centuries already he fulfill'd ;
And now began the third ; unbroken yet :
Once fan'd for Courage ; still in Council
great.

What worse, he said, can *Argos* undergo,
What can more gratify the *Phrygian* Foe,
Than these distemper'd Heats ? If both the
Lights 370

Of *Greece* their private Int'rest disunites !
Believe a Friend, with thirce your Years

increas'd,
And let these youthful Passions be repress'd :

I flourish'd long before your Birth ; and
then

Liv'd equal with a Race of braver Men,
Than these dim Eyes shall e'er behold again.)

Ceneus and *Dryas*, and, excelling them,
Great *Theseus*, and the Force of greater
Polyphemus.

With these I went, a Brother of the War,
Their Dangers to divide ; their Fame to
share. 380

Nor idle stood with unassisting Hnnds,
When salvage Beasts, and Men's more sal-
vage Bands,

Their virtuous Toil subdued: yet those
I sway'd,
With pow'rful Speech: I spoke, and they
obey'd.

If such as those, my Councils cou'd reclaim,
Think not, young Warriors, your diminish'd
Name

Shall lose of Lustre, by subjecting Rage
To the cool Dictates of experienc'd Age.

Thou, King of Men, stretch not thy sove-
reign Sway

Beyond the Bounds free Subjects can obey:
But let *Pelides* in his Prize rejoice, 391
Atchiev'd in arms, allow'd by publick Voice.
Nor Thou, brave Champion, with his Pow'r
contend,

Before whose Throne ev'n Kings their
lower'd Scepters bend.

The Head of Action He, and Thou the Hand,
Matchless thy Force; but mightier his
Command:

Thou first, O king, release the rights of
Sway;

Pow'r, self-restrain'd, the People best obey.
Sanctions of Law from Thee derive their
Source;

Command thy Self, whom no Commands
can force. 400

The Son of *Thetis* Rampire of our Host,
Is worth our Care to keep, nor shall my
Pray'rs be lost.

Thus *Nestor* said, and ceas'd: *Atrides*
broke

His Silence next; but ponder'd e'er be
spoke.

Wise are thy Words, and glad I would obey,
But this proud Man affects Imperial Sway.

Controlling Kings, and trampling on our
State

His Will is Law; and what he wills is Fate.
The Gods have giv'n him Strength: But
whence the Style,

Of lawless Pow'r assum'd, or Licence to
revile? 410

Achilles cut him short; and thus reply'd:
My Worth allow'd in Words, is in effect
deny'd.

For who but a Poltron, possess'd with Fear,
Such haughty Insolence can tamely bear?
Command thy Slaves: My freeborn Soul
disdams

A Tyrant's Curb; and restiff breaks the
Reins.

Take this along; that no Dispute shall rise
(Though mine the Woman) for my ravish'd
Prize:

But, she excepted, as unworthy Strife,
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy
Life, 420

Touch ought of mine beside, by Lot my due,
But stand aloof, and think profane to view:
Thus Fauchon, else, not hitherto withstood,
These hostile Fields shall fatten with thy
Blood.

He said; and rose the first: the Council
broke;

And all their grave Consults dissolv'd in
Smoke.

The Royal Youth retir'd, on Vengeance
bent,

Patroclus follow'd silent to his Tent.

Mean time, the King with Gifts a Vessel
stores;

Supplies the Banks with twenty chosen
Oars: 430

And next, to reconcile the shooter God,
Within her hollow Sides the Sacrifice he
stow'd:

Chryseis last was set on board; whose
Hand

Ulysses took, intrusted with Command;
They plough the liquid Seas; and leave the
less'ning Land.

Atrides then his outward Zeal to boast,
Bade purify the Sin-polluted Host.

With perfect Hecatombs the God they
grac'd;

Whose offer'd Entrails in the Main were cast.
Black Bulls, and bearded Goats on Altars

lie; 440
And clouds of sav'ry stench involve the
Sky.

These Pumps the Royal Hypocrite design'd
For Shew: But harbour'd Vengeance in his
Mind:

Till holy Malice, longing for a Vent,
At length, discover'd his conceal'd Intent.

Talthybius, and *Eurybates* the just,
Heralds of Arms, and Ministers of Trust,

He call'd; and thus bespoke: Haste hence
your way;

And from the Goddess-born demand his
Prey.

If yielded, bring the Captive: If deny'd,
The King (so tell him) shall chastise his
Pride: 451

And with arm'd Multitudes in Person come
To vindicate his Pow'r, and justify his
Doom.

This hard Command unwilling they
obey,
And o'er the barren Shore pursue their way,
Where quarter'd in their Camp, the fierce
Thessalians lay.

Their Sov'reign seated on his Chair, they
find ;

His pensive Cheek upon his Hand reclin'd,
And anxious Thoughts revolving in his
Mind.

With gloomy Looks he saw them entring in
Without Salute : Nor durst they first
begin, 461

Fearful of rash Offence and Death foreseen.
He soon the Cause divining, clear'd his Brow ;
And thus did liberty of Speech allow.

Interpreters of Gods and Men, he hold
Awful your Character, and uncontroll'd :
Howe'er displeasing he the News you bring,
I blame not you, hut your Imperious King.
You come, I know, my Captive to demand ;
Patroclus, give her to the Herald's Hand.

But you, authentick Witnesses I bring, 471
Before the Gods, and your ungrateful King,
Of this my Manifest : That never more
This Hand shall combate on the crooked
Shore :

No, let the *Grecian* Pow'rs oppress'd in
Fight,

Unpitied perish in their Tyrants Sight.
Blind of the future, and by Rage misled,
He pulls his Crimes upon his People's Head.
Forc'd from the Field in Trenches to con-
tend,

And his Insulted Camp from foes defend. 480
He said, and soon, obeying his Intent,
Patroclus brought *Briseis* from her Tent ;
Then to th' intrusted Messengers resign'd :
She wept, and often cast her Eyes behind ;
Forc'd from the Man she lov'd : They led
her thence,

Along the Shore a Pris'ner to their Prince.
Sole on the barren Sands the suffering
Chief

Roar'd out for Anguish, and indulg'd his
Grief ;

Cast on his Kindred Seas a stormy Look,
And his upbraided Mother thus bespoke. 490

Unhappy Parent of a short-liv'd Son,
Since *Jove* in Pity hy thy Pray'rs was won

To grace my small Remains of Breath with
Fame,

Why loads he this imbitter'd Life with
Shame ?

Suffring his King of Men to force my Slave,
Whom well deserv'd in War, the *Grecians*
gave.

Set by old Ocean's side the Goddess
heard ;

Then from the sacred Daep her Head she
rear'd :

Rose like a Morning-mist ; and thus begun
To soothe the Sorrows of her plaintive Son.
Why cry's my Care, and why conceals his
Smart ? 501

Let thy afflicted Parent share her part.

Then sighing from the bottom of his
Breast,

To the Sea-Goddess thus the Goddess-horn
address'd.

Thou know'st my Pain, which telling but
recals :

By Force of Arms we raz'd the *Theban*
Walls ;

The ransack'd City, taken by our Toils,
We left, and hither brought the golden
Spoils ;

Equal we sbar'd them ; hut before the rest,
The proud Prerogative had seiz'd the hest.

Chryseis was the greedy Tyrant's Prize, 511
Chryseis, rosy-cheek'd, with charming Eyes.

Her Syre, *Apollo's* Priest, arriv'd to huy
With proffer'd Gifts of Price, his Daughter's
Liberty.

Suppliant before the *Grecians* Chiefs hestood,
Awful, and arm'd with Ensigns of his God :

Bare was his hoary Head, one holy Hand
Held forth his Lawrel-Crown, and one, his
Scepter of Command.

His suit was common, but above the rest
To both the Brother-Princes was address'd.

With Shouts of loud Acclaim the *Greeks*
agree 521

To take the Gifts, to set the Pris'ner free.
Not so the Tyrant, who with scorn the
Priest

Receiv'd, and with opprobrious Words dis-
miss'd.

The good old Man, forlorn of human Aid,
For Vengeance to his heav'nly Patron

pray'd :

The Godhead gave a favourable Ear,
And granted all to him he held so dear ;

- In an ill Hour his piercing Shafts he sped ;
 And Heaps on Heaps of slaughter'd *Greeks*
 lay dead, 530
 While round the Camp he rang'd : At
 length arose
 A Seer who well divin'd ; and durst disclose
 The Source of all our Ills : I took the Word ;
 And urg'd the sacred Slave to be restor'd,
 The God appeas'd : The swelling Monarch
 storm'd :
 And then the Vengeance vow'd, he since
 perform'd :
 The *Greeks* 'tis true, their Ruin to prevent,
 Have to the Royal Priest his Daughter
 sent ;
 But from their haughty King his Heralds
 came,
 And seiz'd by his command, my Captive
 Dame, 540
 By common Suffrage given ; but, thou, be
 won,
 If in thy Pow'r, t' avenge thy injur'd Son :
 Ascend the Skies ; and supplicating move
 Thy just Complaint to Cloud-compelling
Jove.
 If thou by either Word or Deed hast wrought
 A kind remembrance in his grateful
 Thought,
 Urge him by that : For often hast thou said
 Thy Pow'r was once not useless in his Aid,
 When He who high above the Highest reigns,
 Surpris'd by Traytor-Gods, was bound in
 Chains. 550
 When *Juno*, *Pallas*, with Ambition fir'd,
 And his blue Brother of the Seas conspir'd,
 Thou freed'st the Sovereign from unworthy
 Bands,
 Thou brought'st *Briareus* with his hundred
 Hands,
 (So call'd in Heav'n, but mortal Men below
 By his terrestrial Name, *Egeon* know :
 Twice stronger than his Syre, who sate above
 Assessor to the Throne of thundering *Jove*.)
 The Gods, dismay'd at his approach, with-
 drew,
 Nor durst their unaccomplish'd Crime pur-
 sue. 560
 That Action to his grateful Mind recal :
 Embrace his Knees, and at his Footstool
 fall :
 That now if ever, he will aid our Foes ;
 Let *Troy's* triumphant Troops the Camp in-
 close :
- Ours beaten to the Shore, the Siege forsake ;
 And what their King deserves with him par-
 take ;
 That the proud Tyrant at his proper Cost,
 May learn the Value of the Man he lost.
 To whom the Mother-Goddess thus
 reply'd,
 Sigh'd ere she spoke, and while she spoke
 she cry'd, 570
 Ah wretched me ! by Fates averse decreed
 To bring thee forth with Pain, with care to
 breed !
 Did envious Heav'n not otherwise ordain,
 Safe in thy hollow Ships thou shoud'st
 remain ;
 Nor ever tempt the fatal Field again.
 But now thy Planet sheds his pois'nous
 Rays :
 And short, and full of Sorrow are thy Days.
 For what remains, to Heav'n I will ascend,
 And at the Thund'rer's Throne thy Suit com-
 mend.
 Till then, secure in Ships, abstain from
 Fight ; 580
 Indulge thy Grief in Tears, and vent thy
 Spight.
 For yesterday the Court of Heav'n with
Jove
 Remov'd : 'Tis dead Vacation now above.
 Twelve Days the Gods their solemn Revels
 keep,
 And quaff with blameless *Ethiops* in the
 Deep.
 Return'd from thence, to Heav'n my Flight
 I take,
 Knock at the brazen Gates, and Providence
 awake,
 Embrace his Knees, and suppliant to the
 Sire,
 Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy
 desire.
 She said : And parting left him on the
 place, 590
 Swola with Disdain, resenting his Disgrace :
 Revengeful Thoughts revolving in his Mind,
 He wept for Anger and for Love he pin'd.
 Mean time with prosperous Gales, *Ulysses*
 brought
 The Slave, and Ship with Sacrifices fraught,
 To *Chrysa's* Port : Where entring with the
 Tide,
 He drop'd his Anchors, and his Oars he
 ply'd.

Furl'd every Sail, and drawing down the Mast,
His Vessel moor'd; and made with Haulsers fast. 599

Descending on the Plain, ashore they bring
The Hecatomb to please the shooter King.
The Dame before an Altars holy Fire
Ulysses led: and thus bespoke her Sire.

Reverenc'd be thou, and be thy God ador'd:

The King of Men thy Daughter has restor'd;
And sent hy me with Presents and with Pray'r;

He recommends him to thy pious Care:
That *Phæbus* at thy Sute his Wrath may cease,

And give the penitent Offenders Peace.

He said, and gave her to her Father's Hands, 610

Who glad receiv'd her, free from servile Bands.

This done, in Order they with sober Grace,

Their gifts around the well-built Altar place.

Then wash'd, and took the Cakes: while *Chryses* stood

With Hands upheld, and thus invok'd his God.

God of the Silver Bow, whose Eyes survey

The sacred *Cilla*, thou whose awful Sway,
Chrysa the bless'd, and *Tenedos* obey:

Now hear, as thou before my Pray'r hast heard,

Against the *Grecians*, and their Prince, prefer'd: 620

Once thou hast honour'd, honour once again
Thy Priest; nor let his second Vows be vain;

But from th' afflicted Host and humbled Prince

Avert thy Wrath, and cease thy Pestilence.
Apollo heard, and, conquering his Disdain,

Unhent his Bow and *Greece* respir'd again.

Now when the solemn Rites of Pray'r were past,

Their salted Cakes on crackling Flames they cast.

Then, turning hack, the Sacrifice they sped:
The fatted Oxen slew, and fleat'd the Dead,

Chopp'd off their nervous Thighs, and next prepar'd 631

T' involve the lean in Cauls, and mend with Lard.

Sweet-breads and Collops were with Skewers prick'd

About the Sides: inhining what they deck'd.
The Priest with holy Hands was seen to tie

The cloven Wood, and pour the ruddy Wine,
The Youth approach'd the Fire, and as it

burn'd
On five sharp Broachers rank'd, the Roast they turn'd;

These Morsels stay'd their stomachs; then the rest

They cut in Legs and Fillets for the Feast;
Which drawn and serv'd, their Hunger they appease 641.

With sav'ry Meat, and set their Minds at ease.
Now when the rage of Eating was repell'd,

The Boys with generous Wine the Goblets fill'd.

The first Libations to the Gods they pour:
And then with Songs indulge the Genial

Hour,
Holy Debauch! till Day to Night they bring.

With Hymns and Pæans to the Bowyer King.

At Sun-set to their Ship they make return,
And snore secure on Decks, till rosy Morn.

The Skies with dawning Day were purpled o'er; 651

Awak'd, with lab'ring Oars they leave the Shore:

The Pow'r appears'd, with Winds suffic'd the Sail.

The belying Canvass strutted with the Gale:

The Waves indignant roar with surly Pride,
And press against the Sides, and beaten off divide.

They cut the foamy way, with Force impell'd
Superiour, till the *Trojan* Port they held:

Then hauling on the Strand, their Gally moor,

And pitch their Tents along the crooked Shore. 660

Mean time the Goddess-born in secret pin'd;

Nor visited the Camp, nor in the Council join'd,

But, keeping close, his gnawing Heart he fed
With Hopes of Vengeance on the Tyrant's
Head:

And wish'd for bloody Wars and mortal
Wounds,

And of the *Greeks* oppress'd in Fight, to hear
the dying Sounds.

Now, when twelve Days compleat had
run their Race,

The Gods bethought them of the Cores
belonging to their place.

Jove at their Head ascending from the Sea,
A shoal of puny Pow'rs attend his way. 670

Then *Thetis* not unmindful of her Son
Emerging from the Deep, to beg her Boon,
Pursu'd their Track; and waken'd from
his Rest,

Before the Sovereign stood a Morning
Guest.

Him in the Circle but apart, she found:

The rest nt nwfal Distance stood around.

She bow'd, and e'er she durst her Sute
begin,

One Hand embrac'd his Knees, one prop'd
his Chin.

Then thus. If I, Celestial Sire, in nught
Have serv'd thy Will, or gratify'd thy
Thought, 680

One glimpse of Glory to my Issue give;

Grac'd for the little time he has to live.

Dishonour'd by the King of Men he stands:

His rightful Prize is ravish'd from his Hands.

But thou, O Father, in my Son's Defence,

Assume thy Pow'r, assert thy Providence.

Let *Troy* prevail, till *Greece* th' Affront has
paid

With doubled Honours; and redeem'd his
Aid.

She ceas'd, but the consid'ring God was
mute: 689

Till she, resolv'd to win, renew'd her Sute:

Nor loos'd her Hold, but forc'd him to
reply,

Or grant me my Petition, or deny:

Jove cannot fear: then tell me to my Face

That I, of all the Gods am least in Grace.

This I can hear: The Cloud-compeller
mourn'd,

And sighing first, this Answer he return'd:
Know'st thou what Clamors will disturb

my Reign,

What my stun'd Ears from *Juno* must sus-
tain?

To Council she gives Licence to her Tongue,
Loquacious, Brawling, ever in the wroog.

And now she will my partial Pow'r up-
braid, 701

If alienate from *Greece*, I give the *Trojans* Aid.

But thou depart, and shun her jealous
Sight,

The Care be mine, to do *Pelides* right.

Go then, and oo the Faith of *Jove* rely,

When nodding to thy Sute, he bows the Sky.

This ratifies th' irrevocable Doom:

The Sign ordain'd, that what I will shall
come:

The Stamp of Heav'n, and Seal of Fate: He
said,

And shook the sacred Honours of his Head,
With Terror trembled Heav'n's subsiding
Hill: 711

And from his shaken Curls Ambrosial Dew
distil.

The Goddess goes exulting from his Sight,
And seeks the Seas profound; and leaves
the Realms of Light.

He moves into his Hall: The Pow'rs
resort,

Each from his House to fill the Sovraign's
Court.

Nor waiting Summons, nor expecting stood;

But met with Reivence, and receiv'd the
God.

He mounts the Throne; and *Juno* took her
place:

But sullen Discontent sate lowring on her
Face. 720

With jealous Eyes, at distaoce she had
seen,

Whisp'ring with *Jove* the Silver-footed
Queen;

Then, impotent of Tongue (her Silence
broke)

Thus turbulent in rattling Tone she spoke:

Author of Ills, and close Contriver *Jove*,

Which of thy Dames, what Prostitute of
Love,

Has held thy Ear so long, and begg'd so hard
For some old Service done, some new Re-
ward?

Apart you talk'd, for that's your special
Care, 729

The Consort never must the Council share.

One gracious Word is for a Wife too much:

Such is a Marriage-Vow, and *Jove's* own
Faith is such.

Then thus the Sire of Gods, and Men
below :

What I have hidden, hope not thou to
know.

Ev'n Goddesses are Women : And no Wife
Has Pow'r to regulate her Husband's Life :
Counsel she may ; and I will give thy Ear
The Knowledge first, of what is fit to hear.
What I transact with others, or alone,
Beware to learn ; nor press too near the
Throne. 740

To whom the Goddess with the charming
Eyes :

What hast thou said, O Tyrant of the Skies !
When did I search the Secrets of thy
Reign,

Though privildg'd to know, but privildg'd
in vain ?

But well thou dost, to hide from common
Sight

Thy close Intrigues, too bad to bear the
Light.

Nor doubt I, but the Silver-footed Dame,
Tripping from Sea, on such an Errand came
To grace her Issue, at the *Grecians* Cost,
And for one peevish Man destroy an Host.

To whom the Thund'rer made this stern
Reply ; 751

My Household Curse, my lawful Plague,
the Spy

Of *Jove's* Designs, his other squinting Eye ;
Why this vain prying, and for what avail ?
Jove will be Master still, and *Juno* fail.

Shou'd thy suspicious Thoughts divine
aright,

Thou but becom'st more odious to my
Sight,

For this Attempt : uneasy Life to me

Still watch'd, and importun'd, but worse for
thee.

Curb that impetuous Tongue, before too
late 760

The Gods behold, and tremble at thy
Fate ;

Pitying, but daring not, in thy Defence,
To lift a Hand against Omnipotence.

This heard, the Imperious Queen sate
mute with Fear :

Nor further durst incense the gloomy
Thunderer.

Silence was in the Court at this Rebuke :
Nor cou'd the Gods abash'd, sustain their
Sov'reigns Look.

The Limping Smith observ'd the sadden'd
Feast,

And hopping here and there (himself a Jest)-
Put in his Word, that neither might
offend ; 770

To *Jove* obsequious, yet his Mother's Friend.
What End in Heav'n will be of civil War,
If Gods of Pleasure will for Mortals jar ?
Such Discord but disturbs our Jovial Feast ;
One Grain of Bad embitters all the best.

Mother, tho' wise your self, my Counsel
weigh ;

'Tis much unsafe my Sire to disobey
Not only you provoke him to your Cost,
But Mirth is marr'd, and the good Chear is
lost.

Tempt not his heavy Hand ; for he has
Pow'r 780

To throw you Headlong, from his Heav'nly
Tow'r.

But one submissive Word, which you let fall,
Will make him in good Humour with us All.

He said no more but crown'd a Bowl,
unbid :

The laughing Nectar overlook'd the Lid :
Then put it to her Hand ; and thus pursued :
This curs'd Quarrel be no more renew'd.

Be, as becomes a Wife, obedient still ;
Though griev'd, yet subject to her Hus-
band's Will.

I would not see you beaten ; yet afraid 790
Of *Jove's* superiour Force, I dare not aid.

Too well I know him, since that hapless
Hour

When I, and all the Gods employ'd our
Pow'r

To break your Bonds : Me by the Heel he
drew ;

And o'er Heav'n's Battlements with Fury
threw.

All Day I fell ; My flight at Morn begun,
And ended not but with the setting Sun.

Pitch'd on my Head, at length the *Lemnian*-
Ground

Receiv'd my batter'd Skull, the *Sinthians*
heal'd my Wound.

At *Fulcan's* homely Mirth his Mother
smil'd, 800

And smiling took the Cup the Clown had
filled.

The Reconciler Bowl went round the Board,
Which empty'd, the rude Skinker still
restor'd.

Louds Fits of Laughter seiz'd the Guests, to
see
The limping God so dest at his new Ministry.
The Feast continued till declining Light :
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and
then 'twas Night.
Nor wanted tuneful Harp, nor vocal Quire ;
The Muses sung ; *Apolla* touch'd the Lyre.

Drunken at last, and drowsy they depart,
Each to his House ; Adorn'd with labour'd
Art 811
Of the lame Architect : The thund'ring God
Ev'n he withdrew to rest, and had his Load.
His swimming Head to needful Sleep
apply'd ;
And *Juno* lay unheeded by his Side.

THE | LAST PARTING | OF | HECTOR | AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM | THE SIXTH BOOK | OF *Homer's ILIADS*

THE ARGUMENT.

Hector, returning from the Field of Battle, to visit Helen his Sister-in-Law, and his Brother Paris, who had fought unsuccessfully hand to hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own Palace to see his wife Andromache, and his Infant Son Astyanax. The description of that Interview is the subject of this translation.

Thus having said, brave *Hector* went to see
His Virtuous Wife, the fair *Andromache*.
He found her not at home ; for she was
gone
(Attended by her Maid and Infant Son,)
To climb the steepy Tow'r of *Iliou* :
From whence with heavy Heart she might
survey
The bloody business of the Dreadful day.
Her mournful Eyes she cast around the
Plain,
And sought the Lord of her Desires in vain.
But he, who thought his peopled Palace
bare, 10
When she, his only Comfort, was not there,
Stood in the Gate, and ask'd of ev'ry one,
Which way she took, and whither she was
gone :
If to the Court, or, with his Mother's Train,
In long Procession to *Minerva's* Fane ?
The Servants answer'd, neither to the Court
Where *Priam's* Sons and Daughters did
resort,

Nor to the Temple was she gone, to move ;
With Prayers the blew-ey'd Progeny of *Jove*
But, more solicitous for him alone, 20
Than all their safety, to the Tow'r was gone,
There to survey the Labours of the Field,
Where the *Greeks* conquer, and the *Trojans*
yield.
Swiftly she pass'd, with Fear and Fury wild ;
The Nurse went lagging after with the Child.
Thus heard, the Noble *Hector* made no stay ;
Th' admiring Throng divide, to give him way :
He pass'd through every Street, by which
he came,
And at the Gate he met the mournful Dame.
His Wife beheld him, and with eager
pace, 30
Flew to his Arms, to meet a dear Embrace :
His Wife, who brought in Dow'r *Cilicia's*
Crown,
And in her self a greater Dow'r alone :
Aetion's Heyr, who on the Woody Plain
Of *Hippoplacus* did in *Thebe* reign.
Breathless she flew, with Joy and Passion wild ;
The Nurse came lagging after with her Child.
The Royal Babe upon her Breast was laid ;
Who, like the Morning Star, his beams
display'd.
Scamandrius was his Name which *Hector*
gave, 40
From that fair Flood which *Iliou's* Wall did
lave :
But him *Astyanax* the *Trojans* call,
From his great Father who defends the Wall.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE. Text from the original of 1603.

I do not follow the use of italics in this piece, but, as it seems to be Dryden's, it is here retained.

34 *Aetion's* *Saintsbury* prints *Etion* and by mistake attributes the error to Dryden.

35 *Hippoplacus* The form is bad, but *et* that which is given by the editors, *Hypoplacus*, is not correct in this place

37 her] Some editors wrongly give the

Hector beheld him with a silent Smile:
His tender Wife stood weeping by, the
while:

Prest in her own, his Warlike hand she
took,

Then sigh'd, and thus Prophetically spoke.

Thy dauntless Heart (which I foresee too
late,)

Too daring Man, will urge thee to thy Fate:
Nor dost thou pity, with a Parent's mind,
This helpless Orphan whom thou leav'st
behind;

Nor me, th' unhappy Partner of thy *Bed*;
Who must in Triumph by the *Greeks* be led:
They seek thy Life; and, in unequal Fight,
With many will oppress thy single Might:
Better it were for miserable me
To die, before the Fate which I foresee.

For ah what comfort can the World be-
queath

To *Hector's* Widow, after *Hector's* death?

Eternal Sorrow and perpetual Tears 60
Began my Youth, and will conclude my
Years:

I have no Parents, Friends, nor Brothers
left;

By stern *Achilles* all of Life bereft.
Then when the Walls of *Thebes* he o're-
threw,

His fatal Hand my Royal Father slew;
He slew *Action*, but despoil'd him not;
Nor in his hate the Funeral Rites forgot;
Arm'd as he was he sent him whole below,
And reverenc'd thus the Manes of his Foe:
A Tomb he rais'd; the Mountain Nymphs
around

Euclos'd with planted Elms the Holy Ground. 70

My sev'n brave *Brothers* in one fatal Day
To Death's dark Mansions took the mourn-
ful way;

Slain by the same *Achilles*, while they keep
The bellowing Oxen and the bleating Sheep.
My Mother, who the Royal Scepter sway'd,
Was Captive to the cruel Victor made,
And hither led; but hence redeem'd with
Gold,

Her Native Country did again behold,
And but beheld: for soon *Diana's* Dart 80
In an unhappy Chace transfix'd her Heart.

61 o'rethrew] The editors, not noticing that
Thebes is here made dissyllabic to distinguish it
from the Boeotian town, wrongly give overthrew

But thou, my *Hector*, art thy self alone
My Parents, Brothers, and my Lord in one
O kill not all my Kindred o're again,
Nor tempt the Dangers of the dusty Plain; }
But in this Tow'r, for our Defence, remain. }

Thy Wife and Son are in thy Ruin lost:
This is a Husband's and a Father's Post.
The *Scæan* Gate commands the Plains }
below; 89

Here marshal all thy Souldiers as they go;
And hence, with other Hands, repel the Foe. }

By yon wild Fig-tree lies their chief ascent,
And thither all their Pow'rs are daily bent;
The two *Ajaces* have I often seen,
And the wrong'd Husband of the *Spartan*
Queen:

With him his greater *Brother*; and with
these

Fierce *Diomede* and bold *Meriones*:
Uncertain if by *Augury*, or chance,
But by this easie rise they all advance;
Guard well that Pass, secure of all beside.
To whom the Noble *Hector* thus reply'd. 101

That and the rest are in my daily care;
But, shou'd I shun the Dangers of the War,
With scorn the *Trojans* wou'd reward my
Pains,
And their proud Ladies with their sweeping
Trains.

The *Grecian* Swords and Lances I can bear
But loss of Honour is my only Fear.
Shall *Hector*, born to War, his Birth-right
yield,

Belie his Courage, and forsake the Field?
Early in rugged *Arms* I took delight: 110
And still have been the foremost in the
Fight:

With dangers dearly have I bought Renown,
And am the Champion of my Father's
Crown.

And yet my mind forebodes, with sure
presage,

That *Troy* shall perish by the *Grecian* Rage.
The fatal Day draws on, when I must
fall;

And Universal Ruine cover all.
Not *Troy* it self, tho' built by Hands Divine,
Nor *Priam*, nor his People, nor his Line,
My Mother, nor my *Brothers* of Renown, 120
Whose Valour yet defends th' unhappy
Town,

Not these, nor all their Fates which I foresee,
Are half of that concern I have for thee.

I see, I see thee, in that fatal Hour,
 Subjected to the Victor's cruel Pow'r ;
 Led hence a Slave to some insulting Sword,
 Forlorn and trembling at a Foreign Lord ;
 A spectacle in *Argos*, at the Loom,
 Gracing with *Trojan* Fights a *Grecian* Room ;
 Or from deep Wells, the living Stream to
 take, 130

And on thy weary Shoulders bring it hock.
 While, groaning under this laborous Life,
 They insolently call thee *Hector's* Wife ;
 Uphraid thy *Bondage* with thy Husband's
 name ;

And from my Glory propagate thy Shame.
 This when they say, thy Sorrows will en-
 crease

With anxious thoughts of former Happi-
 ness ;
 That he is dead who cou'd thy wrongs
 redress.

But I, oppress'd with Iron Sleep before,
 Shall hear thy unavailing Cries no more. 140
 He said,

Then, holding forth his *Arms*, he took his
Boy,

(The Pledge of Love, and other hope of
Troy ;

The fearful Infant turn'd his Head away,
 And on his Nurse's Neck reel'ing lay,
 His unknown Father shunning with affright,
 And looking back on so uncouth a sight ;
 Daunted to see a Face with Steel o're-spread,
 And his high Plume, that nodded o're his
 Head.

His Sire and Mother smil'd with silent
 Joy ; 150

And *Hector* hasten'd to relieve his *Boy* ;
 Dismiss'd his burnish'd Helm, that shone
 alar,

(The Pride of Warriours, and the Pomp of
 War ;)

Th' *Illustrious Babe*, thus reconcil'd, he
 took :

Hugg'd in his *Arms*, and kiss'd, and thus he
 spoke.

Parent of Gods and Men, propitious *Jove*,
 And you bright Synod of the Pow'rs above ;
 On this my Son your Gracious Gifts bestow ;
 Grant him to live, and great in *Arms* to
 grow, 159

To reign in *Troy*, to Govern with Renown,
 To shield the People, and assert the Crown :
 That, when hereafter he from War shall come,
 And bring his *Trojans* Peace and Triumph
 home,

Some aged Man, who lives this act to see,
 And who in former times remember'd me,
 May say the Son in Fortitude and Fame
 Out-goes the Mark ; and drowns his Father's
 Name :

That at these words his Mother may rejoice,
 And add her Suffrage to the publick Voice

Thus having said, 170
 He first with suppliant Hands the Gods
 ador'd :

Then to the Mother's *Arms* the Child
 restor'd :

With Tears and Smiles she took her Son
 and press'd

Th' *Illustrious* Infant to her fragrant *Breast*.
 He, wiping her fair Eyes, indulg'd her Grief,
 And eas'd her Sorrows with this last Relic.

My Wife and Mistress, drive thy fears
 away,

Nor give so bad an Omen to the Day :
 Think not it lies in any *Grecian's* Pow'r,
 To take my Life before the fatal Hour. 180
 When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly
 Th' irrevocable Doom of Destiny.

Return, ond, to divert thy thoughts at
 home,

There task thy Moids, and exercise the
 Loom,

Employ'd in Works that Womankind
 become.

The Toils of War, and Feats of Chivalry
 Belong to Men, and most of all to me.

At this, for new Replies he did not stay.
 But he'd his Crested Helm, and strook
 away. 189

His lovely Consort to her House return'd,
 And looking often back in silence mourn'd :

Home when she came, her secret Wee she
 vents,

And fills the Palace with her loud Laments ;
 These loud Laments her echoing Mounds
 restore,

And *Hector*, yet alive, as dead deplore.

[THE DEDICATION TO EXAMEN POETICUM, 1693.]

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
MY
LORD RADCLIFFE.

My Lord,

These Miscellany Poems, are by many Titles yours. The first they claim from your acceptance of my Promise to present them to you; before some of them were yet in being. The rest are deriv'd from your own Merit, the exactness of your Judgment in Poetry, and the candour of your Nature; easie to forgive some trivial faults, when they come accompanied with countervailing Beauties. But after all, though these are your equitable claims to a Dedication from other Poets, yet I must acknowledge a Bribe in the case, which is your particular liking of my Verses. 'Tis a vanity common to all Writers, to over-value their own Productions; and 'tis better for me to own this failing in my self, than the World to do it for me. For what other Reason have I spent my Life in so unprofitable a Study? Why am I grown Old, in seeking so barren a Reward as Fame! The same Parts and Application, which have made me a Poet, might have rais'd me to any Honours of the Gown, which are often given to Men of as little Learning and less Honesty than my self. No Government has ever been, or ever can be, wherein Time-servers and Blockheads will not be uppermost. The Persons are only chang'd, but the same jugglings in State, the same Hypocrisie in Religion, the same Self-Interest, and Mis-mannagement, will remain for ever. Blood and Money will be lavish'd in all Ages, only for the Preferment of new Faces, with old Consciences. There is too often a Jaundise in the Eyes of Great Men; they see not those whom they raise in the same Colours with other Men. All whom they affect, look Golden to them; when the Gilding is only in their own distemper'd Sight. These Considerations have given me a kind of Contempt for those who have risen by unworthy ways. I am not asham'd to be Little, when I see them so Infamously Great. Neither, do I know, why the Name of Poet should be Dishonourable to me, if I am truly one, as I hope I am; for I will never do any thing, that shall dishonour it. The Notions of Morality are known to all Men; None can pretend Ignorance of those Idea's which are In-born in Mankind: and if I see one thing, and practise the contrary, I must be Disingenuous, not to acknowledge a clear Truth, and Base, to Act against the light of my own Conscience. For the Reputation of my Honesty, no Man can question it, who has any of his own: For that of my Poetry, it shall either stand by its own Merit; or fall for want of it. Ill Writers are usually the sharpest Censors; For they (as the best Poet, and the best Patron said), When in the full perfection of decay, turn Vinegar, and come again in Play. Thus the corruption of a Poet is the Generation of a Critick: I mean of a Critick in the general acceptation of this Age; for formerly they were quite another Species of Men. They were Defenders of Poets, and Commentators on their Works: to Illustrate obscure Beauties; to place some passages in a better light; to redeem others from malicious Interpretations: to help out an Author's Modesty, who is not ostentatious of his Wit; and, in short, to shield him from the Ill-

DEDICATION TO EXAMEN POETICUM, 1693.

26 Consideration, have] Considerations, have 1693.

11 accompanied with] accompanied, with 1693. ..

37 Poet is] Poet, is 1693.

KEY TO BOTH PARTS OF ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEI

(From Vol. II. of MISCELLANY POEMS, edition of 1716.)

<i>Abethdin.</i>	Lord Chancellor.	<i>Ishban</i>	Sir R. Clayton.
<i>Abdael</i>	Duke of Albemarle.	<i>Israel</i>	England.
<i>Absalom.</i>	Duke of Monmouth.	<i>Issachar</i>	T. Thin, Esq.
<i>Achilaphiel</i>	Lord Shaftesbury.	<i>Jebusites</i>	Papists.
<i>Adriel</i>	Earl of Mulgrave.	<i>Jerusalem</i>	London.
<i>Agag</i>	Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey.	<i>Jonas</i>	Sir W. Jones.
<i>Amiel</i>	Mr. Seymour, Speaker.	<i>Jotham</i>	Marquis of Halifax.
<i>Anri</i>	Lord Chancellor Finch.	<i>Jathran</i>	Lord Dartmouth.
<i>Annabel</i>	Duchess of Monmouth.	<i>Judas</i>	Ferguson.
<i>Arod</i>	Sir W. Waller.	<i>Mephibosheth</i>	Pordage.
<i>Asaph</i>	Mr. Dryden.	<i>Michal</i>	Queen Katharine.
<i>Balaam</i>	Earl of Huntingdon.	<i>Nadab</i>	Lord Howard of Escrick.
<i>Balak</i>	Burnet.	<i>Og</i>	Shadwell.
<i>Barzillai</i>	Duke of Ormond.	<i>Othniel</i>	Duke of Grafton.
<i>Bathsheba</i>	Duchess of Portsmouth.	<i>Pharaoh</i>	French King.
<i>Benaiab</i>	General Sackville.	<i>Phaleg</i>	Forbes.
<i>Ben Jochanan</i>	Johnson.	<i>Rabshakeh</i>	Sir Thomas Player.
<i>Bezalel</i>	Duke of Beaufort.	<i>Sagan of Jerusalem</i>	Bishop of London.
<i>Caleb</i>	Lord Grey.	<i>Sanhedrin</i>	Parliament.
<i>Corah</i>	Dr. Oates.	<i>Saul</i>	Oliver.
<i>David</i>	King Charles II.	<i>Sheva</i>	Sir R. L'Estrange.
<i>Doeg</i>	Settle.	<i>Shimei</i>	Sheriff Bethel.
<i>Egypt</i>	France.	<i>Solyman Row</i>	London Rebels.
<i>Eliab</i>	Earl of Arlington.	<i>Tyre</i>	Holland.
<i>Ethnic Plot</i>	Popish Plot.	<i>Uzza</i>	J. H.
<i>Hebrew Priests</i>	Church of England Ministers.	<i>Western Dame</i>	Dolben.
<i>Hebron</i>	Scotland.	<i>Zadoch</i>	Archbishop Sancroft.
<i>Helon</i>	Lord Feversham.	<i>Zaken</i>	Parliament-man.
<i>Hushai</i>	Earl of Rochester, Hyde.	<i>Ziloah</i>	Sir J. Moor.
<i>Ishbosheth</i>	Richard Cromwell.	<i>Zimri</i>	Duke of Buckingham.

Masters. We Trayl our Plays under them, but, (as at the Funerals of a *Turkish* Emperour) our Ensigns are furl'd or dragg'd upon the ground, in Honour to the Dead; so we may lawfully advance our own, afterwards, to show that we succeed: If less in Dignity, yet on the same Foot and Title, which we think too we can maintain against the Insolence of our own Janizaries. If I am the Man, as I have Reason to believe, who am seemingly Court'd, and secretly Undermin'd: I think I shall be able to defend my self, when I am openly Attacqu'd. And to shew besides, that the *Greek* Writers only gave us the Rudiments of a Stage which they never finish'd: that many of the Tragedies in the former Age amongst us, were without Comparison beyond those of *Sophocles* 10 and *Euripides*. But at present, I have neither the leisure nor the means for such an Undertaking. 'Tis ill going to Law for an Estate, with him who is in possession of it, and enjoys the present Profits, to feed his Cause. But the *quantum mutatus* may be remembered in due time. In the mean while, I leave the World to judge, who gave the Provocation.

This, my Lord, is, I confess, a long digression, from *Miscellany Poems to Modern Tragedies*: But I have the ordinary excuse of an Injur'd Man, who will be telling his Tale unseasonably to his Betters. Though at the same time, I am certain you are so good a Friend, as to take a Concern in all things which belong to one who so truly Honours you. And besides, being yourself a Critick of the Genuine sort, who have Read the best Authours in their 20 own Languages, who perfectly distinguish of their several Merits, and in general prefer them to the Moderns, yet, I know, you judge for the *English* Tragedies, against the *Greek* and *Latin*, as well as against the *French*, *Italian* and *Spanish*, of these latter Ages. Indeed there is a vast difference betwixt arguing like *Perrault*, in behalf of the *French* Poets, against *Homer* and *Virgil*, and betwixt giving the *English* Poets their undoubted due of excell'g *Æschylus*, *Euripides*, and *Sophocles*. For if we, or our greater Fathers, have not yet brought the *Dramo* to an absolute Perfection, yet at least we have carried it much farther than those *Ancient Greeks*; who, beginning from a *Chorus*, cou'd never totally exclude it, as we have done; who find it an unprofitable incumbrance, without any necessity of Entertaining it amongst us; and without the possibility of establishing it here, unless 30 it were supported by a Publick Charge. Neither can we accept of those Lay Bishops, as some call them, who, under pretence of reforming the Stage, wou'd intrude themselves upon us, as our Superiours, being indeed incompetent Judges of what is Manners, what Religion, and least of all, what is Poetry and Good Sense. I can tell them in behalf of all my Fellows, that when they come to Exercise a Jurisdiction over us, they shall have the Stage to themselves, as they have the Lawrel. As little can I grant, that the *French* Dramatick Writers excel the *English*: Our authours as far surpass them in Genius, as our Souldiers Excel theirs in Courage: 'tis true, in Conduct they surpass us either way: Yet that proceeds not so much from their greater Knowledge, as from the difference of Tasts in the two Nations. They content themselves wth a thin Design, without Episodes, and 40 manag'd by few Persons. Our Audience will not be pleas'd, but with variety of Accidents, an Underplot, and many Actours. They follow the Ancients too servilely, in the Mechanick Rules, and we assume too much License to our selves, in keeping them only in view, at too great a distance. But if our Audience had their Tasts, our Poets could more easily comply with them, than the *French* Writers cou'd come up to the Sublimity of our Thoughts, or to the difficult variety of our Designs. However it be, I dare establish it for a Rule of Practice on the Stage, that we are bound to please those whom we pretend to Entertain; and that at any price, Religion and Good Manners only excepted. And I care not much, if I give this handle to our had Illiterate Poetasters, for the defence of their *SCRIPTIONS*, as they call them. There is a sort of Merit in delighting the Spectatours; which is a

8 finish'd that] finish'd That 1693.

18 Tasts in the two Nations] Some editors wrongly give Taste 1693.

23 difference betwixt] difference, betwixt 1693.

48 handle to] handle, to

Name more proper for them, than that of Auditours. Or else *Horace* is in the wrong, when he commends *Lucilius* for it. But these common places I mean to treat at greater leisure. In the mean time, submitting that little I have said, to your Lordship's Approbation, or your Censure, and chusing rather to Entertain you this way, as you are a judge of writing, than to oppress your Modesty with other Commendations; which, though they are your due, yet wou'd not be equally receiv'd; in this Satirical, and Censorious Age. That which cannot without Injury be deny'd to you, is the easiness of your Conversation, far from Affectation or Pride: not denying even to Enemies their just Praises. And thus, if I wou'd dwell on any Theme of this Nature, is no vulgar Commendation to your Lordship. Without Flattery, my Lord, you have 10
it in your Nature, to be a Patron and Encourager of Good Poets, but your Fortune has not yet put into your hands the opportunity of expressing it. What you will be hereafter, may be more than guessed, by what you are at present. You maintain the Character of a Nobleman, without that Haughtiness which generally attends too many of the Nobility, and when you converse with Gentlemen, you forget not that you have been of their Order. You are Married to the Daughter of a King, who, amongst her other high Perfections, has deriv'd from him a Charming Behaviour, a winning Goodness, and a Majestick Person. The Muses and the Graces are the Ornaments of your Family. While the Muse sings, the Grace accompanies her Voice: even the Servants of the Muses have sometimes had the Happiness to hear her; and to receive their Inspirations 20
from her.

I will not give my self the liberty of going farther; for 'tis so sweet to wander in a pleasing way, that I shou'd never arrive at my Journeys end. To keep my self from being belated in my Letter, and tiring your Attention, I must return to the place where I was setting out. I humbly Dedicate to your Lordship, my own Labours in this Miscellany: At the same time, not arrogating to myself the Privilege of Inscribing to you the Works of others who are join'd with me in this undertaking, over which I can pretend no right. Your lady and You have done me the favour to hear me Read my Translations of *Ovid*: And you both seem'd not to be displeas'd with them. Whether it be the partiality of an Old Man to his Youngest Child, I know not: But they appear to me the best of all my 30
Endeavours in this kind. Perhaps this Poet is more easie to be Translated than some others, whom I have lately attempted: Perhaps too, he was more according to my Genius. He is certainly more palatable to the Reader, than any of the *Roman* Wits, though some of them are more lofty, some more Instructive, and others more Correct. He had Learning enough to make him equal in the best. But as his Verse come easily, he wanted the toyl of Application to amend it. He is often luxuriant both in his Fancy and Expressions, and as it has lately been observ'd, not always Natural. If Wit be pleasantry, he has it to excess; but if it be propriety, *Lucretius*, *Horace*, and, above all, *Virgil* are his Superiours. I have said so much of him already, in my Preface to his Heroical Epistles, that there remains little to be added in this place: for my own part, I have endeavour'd to Copy his Character 40
what I cou'd in this Translation, even, perhaps, farther than I shou'd have done, to his very faults. Mr. *Chapman*, in his Translation of *Homer*, professes to have done it somewhat paraphrastically, and that on set purpose; his Opinion being, that a good Poet is to be Translated in that manner. I remember not the Reason which he gives for it: But I suppose it is, for fear of omitting any of his Excellencies: sure I am, that if it be a Fault, 'tis much more pardonable than that of those, who run into the other extrem of a literal and close Translation, where the Poet is confin'd so streightly to his Author's Words, that he wants elbow-room to express his Elegancies. He leaves him obscure; he leaves him Prose, where he found him Verse. And no better than this has *Ovid* been served by the so much admir'd *Sandys*. This is at least the Idea which I have remaining 50
of his Translation; for I never Read him since I was a Boy. They who take him upon

Content, from the Praises which their Father gave him, may inform their Judgment by Reading him again, and see (if they understand the Original) what is become of *Oris's* Poetry, in his Version; whether it be not all, or the greatest part of it, enjamb'd: but this proceeded from the wrong Judgment of the Age in which he liv'd. They neither knew good Verse nor lov'd it! they were Scholars, 'tis true, but they were Pedants. And for a just Reward of their Pedantick pains, all their Translations want to be Translated, into *English*.

If I flatter not my self, or if my Friends have not flatter'd me, I have given my Author's Sense, for the most part truly: for to mistake sometimes is incident to all Men: And not to follow the *Dutch* Commentatours always, may be forgiven to a Man who thinks them in the general, heavy cross-witted Fellows, fit only to gloss on their own dull Poets. But I leave a farther Satire on their Wit, till I have a better opportunity to shew how much I Love and Honour them. I have likewise attempted to restore *Oris* to his Native sweetness, easiness, and smoothness; and to give my Poetry a kind of Cadence, such as we call it, a run of Verse, as like the Original, as the *English* can come up to the *Latin*. As he seldom uses any *Synalephas*, so I have endeavour'd to avoid them, as often as I cou'd: I have likewise given him his own turns, both on the Words and on the Thought; which I cannot say are inimitable, because I have Copied them; and so may others, if they use the same diligence: But certainly they are wonderfully Graceful in this Poet. Since
 20 I have nam'd the *Synalepha*, which is the cutting off one Vowel, immediately before another, I will give an Example of it from *Chapman's Homer*, which lies before me; for the benefit of those who understand not the *Latin* Pretences. 'Tis in the first Line of the Argument to the First *Iliad*.

Apollo's Priest to th' Argive Fleet both Enter, &c.

There we see he makes it not the *Argive*, but th' *Argiv's*, to shun the shock of the two Vowels, immediately following each other: but in his Second Argument, in the same Page, he gives a bad example of the quite contrary kind:

*Alpha the Pray'r of Chryses sings:
 The Army's Plague, the Strife of Kings.*

30 In these words *the Armies*, the ending with a Vowel, and *Armies* beginning with another Vowel, without cutting off the first, which by it had been th' *Armies*, there remains a most horrible ill-sounding gap betwixt those Words. I cannot say that I have every where observ'd the Rule of the *Synalepha* in my Translation; but whenever I have not, 'tis a fault in sound: The *French* and *Italians* have made it an inviolable Precept in their versification; therein following the severe example of the *Latin* Poets. Our Countrymen have not yet Reform'd their Poetry so far; but content them selves with following the Licentious practice of the *Greeks*; who, though they sometimes use *Synaleph's*, yet make no difficulty very often, to sound one Vowel upon another; as *Homer* does in the very first line of *Alpha*. Μηνυ ἄνδρ' ὅθι, Πηληϊάδῃσ' Ἀχαιῶν. 'Tis true, indeed, that in
 40 the second line in these words *μνη* 'Αχαιῶν, and ἄλγε ἔργου, the *Synalepha* in revenge is twice observed. But it becomes us, for the sake of *Euphony*, rather *Mus as celere se mirare*, with the *Romans*, than to give into the looseness of the *Greeks*.

I have tir'd my self, and have been summon'd by the Press to send away this Dedication, otherwise I had expos'd some other faults, which are daily committed by our *English* Poets; which, with care and observation, might be amended. For, after all, our Language is both Copious, Significant, and Majestical, and might be reduc'd into a more harmonious sound. But, for want of Publick Encouragement, in this *Iron Age*, we are so far from

making any progress in the improvement of our Tongue, that in few years, we shall Speak and Write as Barbarously as our Neighbours.

Notwithstanding my haste, I cannot forbear to tell your Lordship, that there are two fragments of *Homer* Translated in this *Miscellany*; one by Mr *Congreve* (whom I cannot mention without the Honour which is due to his Excellent Parts, and that entire Affection which I bear him;) and the other by my self. Both the Subjects are pathetic, and I am sure my Friend has added to the Tenderness which he found in the Original, and, without Flattery, surpass'd his Author. Yet I must needs say this in reference to *Hamer*, that he is much more capable of exciting the Manly Passions than those of Grief and Pity. To cause Admiration, is indeed the proper and adequate design of an Epick Poem: and in that he has excell'd even *Virgil*. Yet, without presuming to Arraign our Master, I may venture to affirm, that he is somewhat too Talkative, and more than somewhat too digressive. This is so manifest, that it cannot be deny'd, in that little parcel which I have Translated, perhaps too literally: There *Andramache* in the midst of her Concernment, and Fright for *Hector*, runs off her Biass, to tell him a Story of her Pedigree, and of the lamentable Death of her Father, her Mother, and her seven Brothers. The Devil was in *Hector* if he knew not all this matter, as well as she who told it him; for she had been his Bed-fellow for many Years together: and if he knew it, then it must be confess'd, that *Hamer* in this long digression, has rather given us his own Character, than that of the Fair Lady whom he Paints. His Dear Friends the Commentators, who never fail him at a pinch, will needs excuse him, by making the present Sorrow of *Andromache*, to occasion the remembrance of all the past: But others think that she had enough to do with that Grief which now oppress'd her, without running for assistance to her Family. *Virgil*, I am confident, wou'd have omitted such a work of supererogation. But *Virgil* had the Gift of expressing much in little, and sometimes in silence: For though he yielded much to *Homer* in Invention, he more Excell'd him in his Admirable Judgment. He drew the Passion of *Dido* for *Eneas*, in the most lively and most natural Colours imaginable. *Homer* was ambitious enough of moving pity; for he has attempted twice on the same subject of *Hector's* death: first, when *Priam* and *Hecuba* beheld his Corps, which was drag'd after the chariot of *Achilles*; and then in the Lamentation which was made over him, when his Body was redeem'd by *Priam*; and the same Persons again bewail his death, with a Chorus of others to help the cry. But if this last excite Compassion in you, as I doubt not but it will, you are more oblig'd to the Translator than the Poet. For *Homer*, as I observ'd before, can move rage better than he can pity: He stirs up the insatiable appetite, as our Philosophers call it; he provokes to Murther, and the destruction of God's Images; he forms and equips those ungodly Man-killers, whom we Poets, when we flatter them, call Heroes; a race of Men who can never enjoy quiet in themselves, 'till they have taken it from all the World. This is *Hamer's* Commendation, and such as it is, the Lovers of Peace, or at least of more moderate Heroism, will never Envy him. But let *Homer* and *Virgil* contend for the Prize of Honour, betwixt themselves, I am satisfied they will never have a third Concurrent. I wish Mr. *Congreve* had the leisure to Translate him, and the World the good Nature and Justice to Encourage him in that Noble Design, of which he is more capable than any Man I know. The Earl of *Milgrave* and Mr. *Waller*, two the best Judges of our Age, have assured me, that they cou'd never read over the Translation of *Chapman*, without incredible Pleasure and extreme Transport. This Admiration of theirs must needs proceed from the Author himself: For the Translator has thrown him down as low, as harsh Numbers, improper *English*, and a monstrous length of Verse cou'd carry him. What then wou'd be appear in the Harmonious Version of one of the best Writers, Living in a much better Age than was the last? I mean for versification, and the Art of Numbers: for in the *Drama* we have not arriv'd to the pitch of *Shakespear* and *Ben Johusan*. But here, my Lord, I am

fore'd to break off abruptly, without endeavouring at a Compliment in the close. This *Miscellany* is, without dispute, one of the best of the kind, which has hitherto been extant in our Tongue. At least, as Sir Samuel Tuke has said before me, a Modest Man may praise what is not his own. My Fellows have no need of any Protection, but I humbly recommend my part of it, as much as it deserves, to your Patronage and Acceptance, and all the rest of your Forgiveness.

I am,
My Lord,
Your Lordship's most
Obedient Servant, *

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE FIRST BOOK or Ovid's Metamorphoses.

OF Bodies chang'd to various Forms I sing:
Ye Gods, from whom these Miracles did
spring,

Inspire my Numbers with Celestial heat;
Till I my long laborious Work compleat;
And add perpetual Tenour to my Rhimes,
Dedue'd from Nature's Birth, to *Cæsar's*
Tunes.

Before the Seas, and this Terrestrial Ball,
And Heav'n's high Canopy, that covers all,
One was the Face of Nature, if a Face;
Rather a rude and indigested Mass: 10
A lifeless Lump, unfashion'd, and unfram'd;
Of jarring Seeds; and justly Chaos nam'd.
No Sun was lighted up the World to view:
No Moon did yet her blunted Horns renew:
Nor yet was Earth suspended in the Skye;
Nor, pois'd, did on her own Foundations lye:
Nor Seas about the Shoars their Arms had
thrown;

But Earth and Air and Winter were in one.
Thus Air was void of Light, and Earth
unstable,

And Waters dark Abyss unnavigable. 20
No certain Form on any was impress;
All were confus'd, and each disturb'd the
rest.

For hot and cold were in one Body fixt,
And soft with hard, and light with heavy
mixt.

But God, or Nature, while they thus con-
tend,

To these intestine Discords put an end.
Then Earth from Air, and Seas from Earth
were driv'n,

And grosser Air sunk from Æthereal
Heav'n.

Thus disembroid'd, they take their proper
place:

The next of Kin contiguously embrace: 30
And Poes are under'd by a larger space.

The force of Fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted Skie:
Then Air succeeds, in lightness next to
Fire:

Whose Atoms from unactive Earth retire.
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous
throng

Of pondrous, thick, unweildy Seeds along.
About her Coasts, unruly Waters rear,
And, rising on a Ridge, insult the Shoar.

Thus when the God, what ever God was he,
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts
agree, 41

That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded Earth into a spacious round:
Then with a Breath, he gave the Winds to
blow;

And bad the congregated Waters flow.
He adds the running Springs, and standing
Lakes;

And bounding Banks for winding Rivers
makes.

Some part, in Earth are swallow'd up, the
most

In ample Oceans, disimbogu'd, are lost.

He shades the Woods, the Vallies he re-
strains

With Rocky Mountains, and extends the
Plains.

And as five Zones th' Æthereal Regions
bind,

Five Correspondent, nre to Earth assign'd :

The Sun, with Rays directly darting down,

Fires all beneath, and fries the middle Zone:

The two beneath the distant Poles complain

Of endless Winter, and perpetual Rain.

Between th' extremes, two happier Climates
hold

The Temper that partakes of Hot and Cold.

The Fields of liquid Air, inclosing all,

Surround the Compass of this Earthly Ball:

The lighter parts lie next the Fires above;

The grosser near the watry Surface move:

Thick Clouds are spread, and Storms

engender there,

And Thunders Voice, which wretched

Mortals fear,

And Winds that on their Wings cold Winter

bear.

Nor were those blustering Brethren left at

large,

On Seas and Shoars their fury to dis-
charge:

Bound as they are, and circumscrib'd in

place,

They rend the World, resistless, where they

pass;

And mighty Marks of Mischief leave behind;

Such is the Rage of their tempestuous kind.

First *Eurus* to the rising Morn is sent,

(The Regions of the balmy Continent;) •

And *Eastern* Realms, where early *Persians*

run,

To greet the blest appearance of the Sun.

Westward, the wanton *Zephyr* wings his

Flight;

Pleas'd with the Remnants of departing

light:

Fierce *Boreas* with his Off-spring issues

forth,

T' invade the frozen Waggon of the North.

While frowning *Auster* seeks the Southern

Sphere,

And rots with endless Rain, th' unwholesom

year.

High o're the Clouds, and empty Realms
of wind,

The God a clearer space for Heav'n design'd,

Where Fields of Light, and Liquid Æther

flow,

Purg'd from the pondrous dregs of Earth

below.

Scarce had the Pow'r distinguish'd these,

when streight

The Stars, no longer overlaid with weight,

Evert their Heads from underneath the

Mass,

And upward shoot; and kindle as they pass

And with diffusive Light, adorn their

Heav'nly place.

91

Then, every void of Nature to supply,

With Forms of Gods he fills the vacant Skie:

New Herds of Beasts he sends the Plains to

share;

New Colonies of Birds, to people Air,

Add to their Oozy Beds the finny Fish repair

A Creature of a more Exalted Kind

Was wanting yet, and then was Man

design'd:

Conscious of Thought, of more capacious

Breast,

For Empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest:

Whether with particles of Heav'nly Fire

The God of Nature did his Soul inspire;

Or Earth, but new divided from the Skie,

And, phant, still, retain'd th' Æthereal

Energy:

Which Wise *Prometheus* temper'd into paste,

And mixt with living Streams, the Godlike

Image cast.

Thus, while the mute Creation downward

bend

Their Sight, and to their Earthy Mother tend,

Man looks aloft; and with erected Eyes

Beholds his own Hereditary Skies.

110

From such rude Principles our Form began,

And Earth was Metamorphos'd into Man.

The Golden Age.

The Goldea Age was first, when Man

yet New,

No Rule but uncorrupted Reason knew;

And, with a Native bent, did Good pursue.

Un-forc'd by Punishment, un-aw'd by fear,

His words were simple, and his Soul sincere:

108 Earthy] Most editors wrongly give Earthly

Needless was written Law, where none
oppress;

The Law of Man was written in his Breast:
No suppliant Crowds before the Judge
appear'd: 120

No Court Erected yet, nor Cause was hear'd;
But all was sale, for Conscience was their
Guard.

The Mountain Trees in distant prospect
please,

E're yet the Pine descended to the Seas;
E're Sails were spread, new Oceans to
explore;

And happy Mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confin'd their Wishes to their Native
Shoar.

No Walls were yet; nor Fence, nor Moat
nor Mownd;

Nor Drum was heard, nor Trumpets angry
Sound:

Nor Swords were forg'd; but, void of Care
and Crime, 130

The soft Creation slept away their time.

The teeming Earth, yet guiltless of the
Plough,

And unprovok'd, did fruitful Stores allow:
Content with Food, which Nature freely bred,
On Wildings, and on Strawberries they fed;
Comels and Bramble-berries gave the rest,
And falling Acorns furnisht out a Feast.

The Flow'rs un-sown, in Fields and Meadows
reign'd,

And Western Winds immortal Spring main-
tain'd.

In following Years, the bearded Corn ensu'd
From Earth unask'd, nor was that Earth
renew'd. 141

From Veins of Vallies, Milk and Nectar broke;
And Honey sweating through the pores of
Oak.

The Silver Age.

But when Good Saturne, banish'd from
above,
Was driv'n to Hell, the World was under
Jove.

Succeeding times a Silver Age behold,
Excelling Brass, but more excell'd by Gold.
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter did appear;
And Spring was but a Season of the Year.

128 *No capitals in original.*

The Sun his Annual course obliquely
made, 150

Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.

Then Air with sultry Heats began to glow,
The Wings of Winds were clogg'd with Ice
and Snow;

And shivering Mortals, into Houses driven,
Sought shelter from th' inclemency of Heav'n.

Those Houses, then, were Cayes, or homely
Sheds,

With twining Oziers fenc'd; and Moss their
Beds.

Then Ploughs, for Seed, the fruitful Furrows
broke,

And Oxen labour'd first beneath the Yoke.

The Brazen Age.

To this next came in course the Brazen
Age: 160

A Warlike Offspring prompt to Bloody Rage,
Not Impious yet ———

The Iron Age.

—— Hard Steel succeeded then;
And stubborn as the Mettal, were the Men.
Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the World
forsook:

Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.
Then Sails were spread, to every Wind that
blew;

Raw were the Sailors, and the Depths were
new:

Trees rudely hollow'd, did the Waves sus-
tain;

E're Ships in Triumph plough'd the watry
Plain. 170

Then Land-marks limited to each his right:
For all before was common, as the light.

Nor was the Ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual Income to the crooked share;

But greedy Mortals, rummaging her Store,
Digg'd from her Entrails first the precious
Oar;

Which next to Hell the prudent Gods had
laid;

And that alluring ill to sight displaid.
Thus curs'd Steel, and more accurs'd Gold,

Gave Mischief Birth, and made that Mis-
chief bold: 180

180 *No capitals in original.*

And double death did wretched Man invade,
By Steel assaulted, and by Gold betray'd.
Now, (brandish'd Weapons glitt'ring in their
Hands)

Mankind is broken loose from moral Bands ;
No Rights of Hospitality remain :
The Guest by him who harbour'd him, is
slain :

The Son in Law pursues the Father's life ;
The Wife her *Husband murders, he the
Wife.

The Step-dame Poyson for the Son prepares ,
The Son inquires into his Father's years. 190
Faith flies, and Piety in Exile mourns ,
And Justice, here oppress, to Heav'n
returns.

The Gyants War.

Nor were the Gods themselves more safe
above ;
Against helegur'd Heav'n, the Gyants
move.

Hills piled on Hills, on Mountains, Moun-
tains lie,

To make their mad approaches to the Skie.
Till *Jove*, no longer patient, took his time
T' avenge with Thunder their audacious
Crime :

Red Light'ning play'd along the Firmament,
And their demolish't Works to peeces rent.
Sing'd with the Flames, and with the Bolts
transfixt, 201

With Native Earth their Blood the Monsters
mixt ;

The Blood, indu'd with animating Heat,
Did in th' impregnant Earth, new Sons
beget :

They, like the Seed from which they spryng,
accurst,

Against the Gods Immortal Hatred nurst :
An Impious, Arrogant, and Cruel Brood ;
Expressing their Original from Blood
Which when the King of Gods beheld from
high

(Withal revolving in his Memory, 210
What he himself had found on Earth of late,
Lycaon's Guilt, and his Inhuman Treate)
He sigh'd ; nor longer with his Pity strove ;
But kindled to a Wrath becoming *Jove* ;

Then, call'd a General Council of the Gods ;
Who Summon'd, Issue from their Blest
Abodes,

And fill th' Assembly, with a shining Train.
A way there is, in Heavens expanded Plain,
Which when the Skies are clear, is seen
below,

And Mortals, by the Nnme of Milky, know.
The Ground-work is of Stars ; through
which the Road 221

Lyes open to the Thunderer's Abode.

The Gods of greater Nations dwell around,
And on the Right and Left the Palace
bound ;

The Commons where they can, the Nobler
sort,

With Winding-doors wide open, front the
Court.

This Place, as far as Earth with Heav'n may
vie,

I dare to call the *Loovre* of the Skie,

When all were plac'd, in Seats distinctly
known,

And he, their Father, had assum'd the
Throne, 230

Upon his Iv'ry Sceptre first he leant,
Then shook his Head, that shook the
Firmament :

Air, Earth, and Seas, obey'd th' Almighty
nod ;

And with a gen'ral fear, confess'd the God
At length, with Indignation, thus he broke
His awful Silence, and the Pow'rs bespoke.

I was not more concern'd in that Debate
Of Empire, when our Universal State

Was put to hazard, and the Giant Race 239
Our Captive Skies were ready to imbrace :

For tho' the Foe was fierce, the Seeds of all
Rebellion, sprung from one Original ;

Now wheresoever ambient waters glide,
All are corrupt, and all must be destroy'd.

Let me this Holy Protestation make,
By Hell, and Hell's inviolable Lake,

I try'd whatever in the God-Head lay ;
But gangreen'd Members must be lopt

away,
Before the Nobler Parts are tainted to
decay.

There dwells below, a race of Demi-Gods,
Of Nymphs in Waters, and of Fawns in
Woods ; 251

Who, tho not worthy yet, in Heav'n to live,
Let 'em, at least, enjoy that Earth we give.

204 impregnant] The editors wrongly gave
impregnate

Prince and a Foreigner, but from a Christian King, their Native Sovereign, who expects a Return in Specie from them; that the Kindness which He has graciously shown them, may be retaliated on those of his own persuasion.

As for the Poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the Reader: that it was neither impos'd on me nor so much as the Subject given me by any man. It was written during the last Winter and the beginning of this Spring; though with long interruptions of ill health and other hindrances. About a Fortnight before I had finish'd it, His Majesties Declaration for Liberty of Conscience came abroad: which if I had so soon expected, I might have spar'd myself the labour of writing many things which are contained in the third part of it. But I was always in some hope that the Church of England might have been persuaded to have 10 taken off the Penal Lawes and the Test, which was one Design of the Poem, when I propos'd to myself the writing of it.

'Tis evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended. I mean that defence of my self, to which every honest man is bound, when he is injuriously attack'd in Print: and I refer my Self to the judgment of those who have read the Answer to the Defence of the late Kings Papers, and that of the Dutchess (in which last I was concern'd) how charitably I have been represented there. I am now inform'd both of the Author and Supervisors of his Pamphlet, and will reply, when I think he can affront me: for I am of Socrate's Opinion, that all Creatures cannot. In the mean time let him consider whether he deserv'd not a more severe reprehension then I gave him formerly; for using so little respect to the Memory 20 of those whom he pretended to answer: and at his leisure look out for some Original Treatise of Humility, written by any Protestant in English, (I believe I may say in any other Tongue :) for the magnified Piece of Duncomb on that subject, which either he must mean, or none, and with which another of his Fellows has upbraided me, was Translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez: though with the omission of the 17th, the 24th, the 25th, and the last Chapter, which will be found in comparing of the Books.

He would have insinuated to the world, that Her late Highness died not a Roman Catholick; he declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary; in which he has given up the Cause: for matter of Fact was the Principal Debate betwixt us. In the mean time, he would dispute the Motives of her Change; how preposterously, let all men judge, when he seem'd to deny 30 the Subject of the Controversy, the Change itself. And because I would not take up this ridiculous Challenge, he tells the World I cannot argue: but he may as well infer that a Catholick cannot fast because he will not take up the cudgels against Mrs. James to confute the Protestant Religion.

I have but one word more to say concerning the Poem as such, and abstracting from the Matters, either Religious or Civil, which are handled in it. The first Part, consisting most in general Characters and Narration, I have endeavour'd to raise, and give it the Majestic Turn of Heroic Poesie. The second being Matter of Dispute, and chiefly concerning Church Authority, I was oblig'd to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I cou'd: yet not wholly neglecting the Numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the Magnificence of Verse. The third, 40 which has more of the Nature of Domestick Conversation, is, or ought to be more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two Episodes or Fables, which are interwoven with the main Design; so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct Stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the Common Places of Satyr, whether true or false, which are urg'd by the Members of the one Church against the other. At which I hope no reader of either party will be scandalis'd, because they are not of my invention: but as old, to my knowledge, as the Times of Boccace and Chawcer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.

They ask, when those were lost of humane
 Birth,
 What he wou'd do with all this waste of
 Earth:
 If his dispeopl'd World he would resign
 To Beasts, a mute, and more ignoble Line;
 Neglected Altars must no longer smoke,
 If none were left to worship and invoke.
 To whom the Father of the Gods reply'd:
 Lay that unnecessary fear aside:
 Mine be the care, new People to provide.
 I will from wondrous Principles ordain
 A Race unlike the first, and try my skill
 again.
 Already had he toss'd the flaming Brand,
 And roll'd the Thunder in his spatious
 hand;
 Preparing to dislodge on Seas and Land;
 But stopp'd, for fear thus violently driv'n,
 The Sparks should catch his Axle-tree of
 Heav'n.
 Remembring, in the Fates, a time when
 Fire
 Shou'd to the Battlements of Heav'n aspire,
 And all his blazing Worlds above shou'd
 burn,
 And all th' inferiour Globe to Cinders turn.
 His dire Artill'ry thus dismiss, he bent
 His thoughts to some securer Punishment:
 Concludes to pour a Watry Deluge down;
 And what he durst not burn, resolves to
 drown.
 The Northern breath, that freezes Floods,
 he binds;
 With all the race of Cloud-dispelling Winds
 The South he loos'd, who Night and Horror
 brings;
 And Foggs ore shaken from his foggy Wings.
 From his divided Beard, two Streams he
 pours;
 His head and rhummy eyes distil in showers.
 With Rain his Robe and heavy Mantle
 flow:
 And lazy mists ore lowring on his brow.
 Still as he swept along, with his elench't fist,
 He squeez'd the Clouds; th' imprison'd
 Clouds resist:
 The Skies, from Pole to Pole, with peals
 resound:
 And show'rs enlarg'd come pouring on the
 ground.
 Then, clad in Colours of a various dye,
 Junonian Iris breeds a new supply

To feed the Clouds: Impetuous Rain de-
 scends;
 The bearded Corn beneath the Burden bends:
 Defrauded Clowns deplore their perish'd
 grain;
 And the long labours of the Year are vain.
 Nor from his Patrimonial Heav'n alone
 Is Jove content to pour his Vengeance down:
 Aid from his Brother of the Seas he craves,
 To help him with Auxiliary Waves.
 The watry Tyron't calls his Brooks and
 Floods,
 Who rowl from mossie Caves (their moist
 abodes);
 And with perpetual Urns his Palace fill. 370
 To whom in brief, he thus imparts his Will.
 Small exhortation needs; your Pow'rs
 employ:
 And this bad World, so Jove requires,
 destroy.
 Let loose the Reins to all your watry Store;
 Bear down the Damms, and open every door,
 The Floods, by Nature Enemies to Land,
 And proudly swelling with their new Com-
 mand,
 Remove the living Stones, that stopt their
 way,
 And gushing from their Source, augment
 the Sea
 Then, with his Mace, their Monarch struck
 the Ground:
 With inward trembling, Earth receiv'd the
 Wound;
 And rising streams a ready passage found.
 Th' expanded Waters gather on the Plain,
 They fote the Fields, and over-top the Grain;
 Then rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway,
 Bear Flocks, and Folds, and lab'ring Hinds
 away.
 Nor safe their Dwellings were; for, sap'd
 by Floods,
 Their Houses fell upon their Household Gods.
 The solid Piles, too strongly built to fall,
 High o're their Heads, behold a watry
 Wall:
 Now Seas and Earth were in confusion lost;
 A World of Waters, and without a Coast.
 One climbs a Cliff; one in his Boat is
 born,
 And Ploughs above, where late he sow'd his
 Corn.
 Others o're Chimney tops and Turrets row,
 And drop their Anchors on the Meads below

Or downward driv'n, they bruise the tender
 Vine,
 Or tost aloft, are knock't against a Pine.
 And where of late the Kids had cropt the
 Grass,
 The Monsters of the deep now take their
 place 410
 Insulting Nereids on the Cities ride,
 And wond'ring Dolphins o're the Palace
 glide.
 On leaves and masts of mighty Oaks they
 brouze.
 And their broad Finns entangle in the
 Boughs.
 The frighted Wolf now swims amongst the
 Sheep;
 The yellow Lyon wanders in the deep:
 His rapid force no longer helps the
 Boar:
 The Stag swims faster, than he ran before.
 The Fowls, long beating on their Wings in
 vain,
 Despair of Land, and drop into the Main.
 Now Hills and Vales no more distinction
 know, 421
 And levell'd Nature lies oppress'd below.
 The most of Mortals perish in the Flood:
 The small remainder dies for want of
 Food.
 A Mountain of stupendous height there
 stands
 Betwixt th' *Athenian* and *Boeotian* Lands,
 The bound of fruitful Fields, while Fields
 they were,
 But then a Field of Waters did appear:
Parnassus is its name; whose forkly rise
 Mounts through the Clouds, and mates the
 lofty Skies. 430
 High on the Summit of this dubious Cliff,
Deucalion wafting, moor'd his little Skiff.
 He with his Wife were only left behind
 Of perish'd Man; they two were Humane
 Kind.
 The Mountain Nymphs and *Themis* they
 adore,
 And from her Oracles relief implore.
 The most upright of Mortal Men was he;
 The most sincere and holy Woman, she,
 When *Jupiter*, surveying Earth from
 high,
 Beheld it in a Lake of Water lie, 440
 That, where so many Millions lately liv'd,
 But two, the best of either Sex, surviv'd,

He loos'd the Northern Wind; fierce *Boreas*
 flies
 To puff away the Clouds, and purge the
 Skies:
 Serenely, while he blows, the Vnpours, driven,
 Discover Heav'n to Earth, and Earth to
 Heaven.
 The Billows fall, while *Neptune* lays his Mace
 On the rough Sea, and smoothes its furrow'd
 face,
 Already *Triton*, at his call appears
 Above the Waves; a *Tyrian* Robe he
 wears; 450
 And in his Hand a crooked Trumpet bears.)
 The Sovereign bids him peaceful Sounds
 inspire,
 And give the Waves the signal to retire.
 His writhen Shell he takes; whose narrow
 vent
 Grows by degrees into a large extent;
 Then gives it breath; the blast, with
 doubling sound,
 Runs the wide Circuit of the World around.
 The Sun first heard it, in his early East,
 And met the rattling *Eccho's* in the West.
 The Waters, listning to the Trumpets
 roar, 460
 Obey the Summons, and forsake the Shoar.
 A thin Circumference of Land appears;
 And Earth, but not at once, her visage rears,
 And peeps upon the Seas from upper
 Grounds:
 The Streams, but just contain'd within their
 bounds.
 By slow degrees into their Channels crawl
 And Earth increases as the Waters fall.
 In longer time the tops of Trees appear,
 Which Mud on their dishonour'd Branches
 bear.
 At length the World was all restor'd to
 view. 470
 But desolate, and of a sickly hue:
 Nature beheld her self, and stood aghast,
 A dismal Desart, and a silent Waste.
 Which when *Deucalion*, with a piteous
 Look,
 Beheld, he wept, and thus to *Pyrrha* spoke:
 Oh Wife, oh Sister, oh oh all thy kind
 The best and only Creature left behind,
 By Kindred, Love, and now by Dangers
 join'd;

Of Multitudes, who breath'd the common
Air,
We two remain ; a Species in a pair ; 480
The rest the Seas have swallow'd ; nor have
we
Ev'n of this wretched life a certainty.
The Clouds are still above ; and, while
I speak,
A second Deluge o're our Heads may break
Shou'd I be snatch'd from hence, and thou
remain,
Without relief, or Partner of thy pain,
How cou'd'st thou such a wretched Life
sustain ?
Shou'd I be left, and thou be lost, the Sea,
That bury'd her I lov'd, shou'd bury me.
Oh cou'd our Father his old Arts inspire, 490
And make me Heir of his informing Fire,
That so I might abolish Man retrieve,
And perisht People in new Souls might live.
But Heav'n is pleas'd, nor ought we to com-
plain,
That we, th' Examples of Mankind remain
He said : the careful couple joyn their
Tears,
And then invoke the Gods, with pious
Prayers.
Thus, in Devotion having cas'd their grief,
From Sacred Oracles they seek relief :
And to *Cephus* Brook their way pursue :
The Stream was troubl'd, but the Foord
they knew. 501
With living Waters in the Fountain bred,
They sprinkle first, their Garments, and
their Head,
Then took the way which to the Temple
led.
The Roofs were all defil'd with Moss and
Mire,
The Desert Altars void of Solemn Fire
Before the Gradual, prostrate they ador'd,
The Pavement kiss'd, and thus the Saint
implor'd.
O Righteous *Themis*, if the Pow'rs above
By Pray'rs are bent to pity, and to love ; 510
If humane Miseries can move their mind ;
If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind ;
Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
Mankind, and People desolated Earth.
Then thus the gracious Goddess, nodding,
said ;
Depart, and with your Vestments veil your
head :

And stooping lowly down, with loosn'd
Zones,
Throw each behind your backs, your mighty
Mother's bones.
Amaz'd the pair ; and mute with wonder,
stand,
Till *Pyrrha* first refus'd the dire command.
Forbid it Heav'n, said she, that I shou'd
tear 521
Those Holy Reliques from the Sepulchre :
They ponder'd the mysterious Words again,
For some new sense ; and long they sought
in vain.
At length *Deucalion* clear'd his cloudy
brow,
And said ; The dark *Zemgma* will allow
A meaning, which, if well I understand,
From Sacrilege will free the Gods Com-
mand :
This Earth our mighty Mother is, the Stones
In her capacious Body, are her Booes. 530
These we must cast behind ; with hope
and fear,
The Woman did the new solution bear :
The Man diffides in his own Augury,
And doubts the Gods ; yet both resolve to
try.
Descending from the Mount, they first
unbind
Their Vests, and veil'd, they cast the Stones
behind :
The Stones (a Miracle to Mortal View,
But long Tradition makes it pass for true)
Did first the Rigour of their Kind expell,
And suppl'd into softness as they fell ; 540
Then swell'd, and swelling, by degrees grew
warm ;
And took the Rudiments of Humane Form ;
Imperfect shapes : in Marble such are seen,
When the rude Chizel does the Man
begin ;
While yet the roughness of the Stone
remains,
Without the rising Muscles, and the Veins.
The sappy parts, and next resembling
juice,
Were turn'd to Moisture, for the Bodies use :
Supplying humours, blood, and nourish-
ment :
The rest, (too solid to receive a bent) 550
Converts to bones ; and what was once
a vein,
Its former Name and Nature did retain.

By help of Pow'r Divine, in little space,
What the Man threw, assum'd a Manly
face;
And what the Wife, renew'd the Female
Race.

Hence we derive our Nature, born to bear
Laborious life; and harden'd into care.

The rest of Animals, from teeming Earth
Produc'd, in various Forms receiv'd their
birth.

The native moisture, in its close retreat, 560
Digested by the Sun's Æthereal heat,
As in a kindly Womb, began to breed:
Then swell'd and quicken'd by the vital
seed.

And some in less, and some in longer space,
Were ripen'd into form, and took a several
face.

Thus when the Nile from Pharian Fields is
fled,

And seeks, with Ebbing Tides, his ancient
Bed,

The fat Manure with Heav'nly Fire is
warm'd;

And crusted Creatures, as in Wombs are
form'd:

These, when they turn the Glebe, the
Peasants find: 570

Some rude, and yet unfinish'd in their Kind;
Short of their Limbs, a lame imperfect Birth;
One half alive; and one of lifeless Earth.

For heat and moisture, when in Bodies
joyn'd,

The temper that results from either Kind,
Conception makes; and fighting, t'ill they
mix,

Their mingl'd Atoms in each other fix.

Thus Nature's hand the Genial Bed prepares
With Friendly Discord, and with fruitful
Wars.

From hence the surface of the Ground
with Mud 580

And Slime besmear'd (the fæces of the
Flood),

Receiv'd the Rays of Heav'n; and sucking
in

The Seeds of Heat, new Creatures did begin:
Some were of sev'ral sorts produc'd before;
But of new Monsters, Earth created more.

Unwillingly, but yet she brought to light
Thee, *Python* too, the wondring World to
fright,

And the new Nations, with so dire a Sight.

So monstrous was his Bulk, so large a space
Did his vast Body, and long Train em-
brace: 590

Whom *Phæbus* basking on a Bank espy'd,
E're now the God his Arrows had not try'd,
But on the trembling Deer, or Mountain Goat;
At this new Quarry he prepares to shoot.

Though every Shaft took place, he spent
the Store

Of his full Quiver; and 'twas long before
Th' expiring Serpent wallow'd in his Gore.

Then, to preserve the Fame of such a deed,
For *Python* slain, he *Pythian* Games decreed,
Where Noble Yonths for Mastership shou'd
strive, 600

To Quoit, to Run, and Steeds and Chariots
drive.

The Prize was Fame: In witness of Renown,
An Oaken Garland did the Victor crown.

The Lawrel was not yet for Triumphs born,
But every Green, alike by *Phæbus* worn,
Did with promiscuous Grace, his flowing
Locks adorn.

The Transformation of Daphne into a Lawrel.

The first and fairest of his Loves was she,
Whom not blind Fortune, but the dire decree
Of angry *Cupid* forc'd him to desire:

Daphne her name, and *Penæus* was her Sire,
Swell'd with the Pride, that new Success
attends, 611

He sees the Stripling, while his Bow he
bends,

And thus insults him: Thou lascivious Boy,
Are Arms like these, for Children to employ?
Know, such atchievements are my proper
claim:

Due to my vigour and unerring aim:
Resistless are my Shafts, and *Python* late,
In such a feather'd Death, has found his fate.
Take up thy Torch, (and lay my Weapons
by:)

With that the feeble Souls of Lovers fry. 620

To whom the Son of *Penæus* thus reply'd:
Phæbus, thy Shafts are sure on all beside;
But mine on *Phæbus*, mine the Fæne shall be
Of all thy Conquests, when I conquer thee.

He said, and soaring swiftly wing'd his
 flight;
 *Nor stopt but on *Parnassus* airy height.
 Two diff'rent Shafts he from his Quiver
 draws;
 One to repel Desire, and one to cause.
 One Shaft is pointed with refulgent Gold,
 To bribe the Love, and make the Lover
 bold: 630
 One blunt, and tipt with Lead, whose base
 Alloy
 Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.
 The blunted bolt against the Nymph he
 drest:
 But with the sharp, transfixt *Apollo's*
 Breast.
 Th' enamour'd Deity pursues the Chace;
 The scornful Damsel shuns his loath'd
 Embrace;
 In hunting Beasts of Prey her Youth em-
 ploys;
 And *Phæbe* Rivals in her rural Joys.
 With naked Neck she goes, and Shoulders
 bare,
 And with a Fillet binds her flowing Hair. 640
 By many Suitors sought, she mocks their
 pains,
 And still her vow'd Virginity maintains.
 Impatient of a Yoke, the name of Bride
 She shuns, and hates the Joys she never
 try'd.
 On Wilds and Woods she fixes her desire:
 Nor knows what Youth and kindly Love
 inspire.
 Her Father chides her oft: Thou ow'st, says
 he,
 A Husband to thy self, a Son to me.
 She, like a Crime, abhors the Nuptial Bed:
 She glows with blushes, and she hangs her
 head. 650
 Then, casting round his Neck her tender
 Arms,
 Soots him with blandishments, and filial
 Charms:
 Give me, my Lord, she said, to live and die
 A spotless Maid, without the Marriage tie.
 'Tis but a small request; I beg no more
 Than what *Diana's* Father gave before.
 The good old Sire was soft'n'd to consent;
 But said her Wish wou'd prove her Punish-
 ment:

For so much Youth, and so much Beauty
 joyn'd,
 Oppos'd the State, which her desires de-
 sign'd. 660
 The God of light, aspiring to her Bed,
 Hopes what he seeks, with flattering Fancies
 fed:
 And is, by his own Oracles mis-led.
 And as in empty Fields, the Stubble burns,
 Or nightly Travellers, when day returns,
 Their useless Torches on dry Hedges throw,
 That catch the Flames, and kindle all the
 row;
 So burns the God, consuming in desire,
 And feeding in his Breast a fruitless Fire:
 Her well-turnd Neck he view'd (her Neck
 was bare) 670
 And on her Shoulders her dishevel'd Hair:
 Oh were it comb'd, said he, with what a
 grace
 Wou'd every waving Curl become her Face!
 He view'd her eyes, like Heavenly Lamps
 that shone;
 He view'd her Lips, too sweet to view
 alone,
 Her taper Fingers, and her panting Breast;
 He praises all he sees, and for the rest,
 Believes the Beauties yet unseen are best:
 Swift as the Wind, the Damsel fled away,
 Nor did for these alluring Speeches stay: 680
 Stay, Nymph, he cry'd, I follow not a Foe:
 Thus from the Lyon trips the trembling
 Doe:
 Thus from the Wolf the frightn'd Lamb
 removes,
 And, from pursuing Faulcons, fearful
 Doves;
 Thou shunn'st a God, and shunn'st a God
 that loves.
 Ah lest some thorn shou'd pierce thy tender
 foot,
 Or thou shou'd'st fall in flying my pursuit I
 To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline;
 Abate thy speed, and I will bate of mine.
 Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly
 fly; 690
 Nor basely born, nor Shepherd's Swain
 am I.
 Perhaps thou know'st not my Superior
 State;
 And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.
 Me *Claros*, *Delphos*, *Tenedos* obey,
 These Hands the *Patarean* Scepter sway.

The King of Gods begot me : What shall be,
Or is, or ever was, in Fate, I see.

Mine is th' invention of the charming Lyre ;
Sweet notes, and Heav'nly numbers f in-
spire.

Sure is my Bow, unerring is my Dart ; 700
But ah more deadly his, who pierc'd my
Heart.

Med'cine is mine, what Herbs and Simples
grow

In Fields and Forrests, all their Pow'rs I
know ;

And am the great Physician call'd, below.

Alas that Fields and Forrests can afford
No Remedies to heal their Love-sick Lord !
To cure the pains of Love, no Plant avails ;
And his own Physick the Physician fails.

She heard not half ; so furiously she flies,
And on her Ear th' imperfect accent dies.

Fear gave her Wings ; and as she fled, the
wind 711

Increasing spread her flowing Hair behind ;
And left her Legs and Thighs expos'd to
view ;

Which made the God more eager to pursue.

The God was young, and was too hotly
bent

To lose his time in empty Compliment :
But led by Love, and fir'd with such a sight,
Impetuously pursu'd his near delight.

As when th' impatient Greyhound slipt
from far,

Bounds o're the Glebe, to course the fearful
Hare, 720

She in her speed does all her safety lay ;

And he with double speed pursues the Prey ;

O're-runs her at the sitting turn, and licks

His Chaps in vain, and blows upon the Flix,

She scapes, and for the neighb'ring Covert
strives,

And gaining shelter, doubts if yet she lives :

If little things with great we may compare,

Such was the God, and such the flying Fair :

She urg'd by fear, her feet did swiftly
move,

But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by
Love. 730

He gathers ground upon her in the chace :

Now breaths upon her Hair, with nearer
pace ;

And just is fast'ning on the wish'd Embrace.

The Nymph grew pale, and in a mortal
fright,

Spent with the Labour of so long a Flight ;

And now despairing, cast a mournful look,

Upon the Streams of her Paternal Brook :

Oh help, she cry'd, in this extreamest
need,

If Water Gods are Deities indeed :

Gape, Earth and this unhappy Wretch
intomb : 740

Or change my form whence all my sorrows
come.

Scarcely had she finish'd, when her Feet she
found

Benumm'd with cold, and fasten'd to the,
Ground :

A filmy rind about her Body grows,

Her Hair to Leaves, her Arms extend to
Boughs :

The Nymph is all into a Lawrel gone,

The smoothness of her Skin remains alone.

Yet *Phabus* loves her still, and, casting
round

Her Bole, his Arms, some little warmth he
found. 749

The Tree still panted in the unfinish'd part,

Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her Heart.

He fix'd his Lips upon the trembling Rind ;

It swerv'd aside, and his Embrace declin'd.

To whom the God : Because thou canst not
be

My Mistress, I espouse thee for my Tree :

Be thou the prize of Honour and Renown ;

The deathless Poet, and the Poem crown.

Thou shalt the *Roman* Festivals adorn,

And, after Poets, be by Victors worn.

Thou shalt returning *Cæsar's* Triumph

grace ; 760

When Poinps shall in a long Procession pass :

Wreath'd on the Posts before his Palace
wait ;

And be the sacred Guardian of the Gate :

Secure from Thunder, and unharm'd by
Jove,

Unfading as th' immortal Pow'rs above :

And as the Locks of *Phabus* are unshorn,

So shall perpetual green thy Boughs adorn.

The grateful Tree was pleas'd with what he
sed,

And shook the shady Honours of her Head.

762 Posts] By an unscholarly error some
editors give Post

*The Transformation of Io into
a Heyslar.*

An ancient Forrest in *Thessalia* grows ;
Which *Tempe's* pleasing Valley does in-
close :

Through this the rapid *Peneus* takes his
course ;

From *Pindus* royling with impetuous force :
Mists from the Rivers mighty fall arise ;
And deadly damps inclose the cloudy Skies :
Perpetual Fogs are hanging o're the Wood ;
And sounds of Waters deaf the Neighbour-
hood.

Deep, in a Rocky Cave, he makes abode :
(A Monsion proper for a mourning God)
Here he gives Audience ; issuing out

Decrees
To Rivers, his dependant Detties.
On this occasion hither they resort,
To pay their homage, and to make their
Court.

All doubtful, whether to congratulate
His Daughter's Honour, or lament her Fate.
Spercheus, crown'd with Poplar, first
appears ;

Then old *Apidanus* came crown'd with
years :

Enipeus turbulent, *Amphrisos* tame ;
And *Eas*, last with lagging Waters, came.
Then, of his Kindred Brooks a numerous
throng

Condole his Loss, and bring their Urns along.
Not one was wanting of the watry Train,
That fill'd his Flood, or mingl'd with the
Main :

But *Inachus*, who, in his Cave, alone,
Wept not another's losses, but his own.
For his dear *Io*, whether stray'd, or dead,
To him uncertain, doubtful Tears he shed.
He sought her through the World, but
sought in vain ;

And, no where finding, rather fear'd her
slain.

Her, just returning from her Father's
Brook,

Jove had beheld, with a desiring look ;
And, Oh fair Daughter of the Flood, he
sed,

Worthy alone of *Jove's* Imperial Bed,

771 pleasing! The editors give pleasant

Happy, whoever shall those Charms possess ;
The King of Gods, nor is thy Lover less,
Invites thee to yon cooler Shades ; to shun
The scorching Rays of the Meridian Sun.
Nor shalt thou tempt the dangers of the
Grove

Alone, without a Guide ; thy Guide is *Jove*
No puny Pom'r, but he whose high Com-
mand

Is unconfin'd, who rules the Seas and Land ;
And tempers Thunder in his awful hand.
Oh fly not ; (for she fled from his Embrace,)
O'er *Lerna's* Pastures he pursu'd the Chace,
Along the Shades of the *Lyraean* Plain ;
At length the God, who never asks in vain,
Involv'd with Vapours, imitating Night,
Both Air and Earth ; and then suppress'd
her flight,

And mingling force with Love, enjoy'd the
full delight.

Mean time the Jealous *Juno*, from on high,
Survey'd the fruitful Fields of *Arcady* ;
And wonder'd that the mist shou'd over-run
The face of Day-light, and obscure the Sun.

No Nat'ral cause she found, from Brooks, or
Bogs,

Or marshy Lowlands, to produce the Fogs :
Then round the Skies she sought for *Jupiter* ;
Her faithless Husband ; but no *Jove* was
there.

Suspecting now the worst, Or I, she said,
Am much mistaken, or am much betray'd.
With fury she precipitates her flight,

Dispels the shadows of dissembled Night,
And to the day restores his native light.

Th' Almighty Leacher, careful to prevent
The consequence, foreseeing her descent
Transforms his Mistress in a trice ; and now
In *Io's* place appears a lovely Cow.

So slick her skin, so faultless was her
make,

Ev'n *Juno* did unwilling pleasure take
To see so fair o Rival of her Love ;

And what she was, and whence, enquir'd of
Jove :

813-15 The editors go astray here. It is clear
from Ovid that the edition of 1693 is right except
for a printer's comma after Pastures and a semi-
colon for a comma after Chace. The editors
have been misled into a series of false stops and
wrong connexions which destroy the sense of the
passage.

815 *Lyraean*] The editors correct to *Lyraean*
818 Or] or 1693.

Of what fair Herd, and from what Pedigree ?
The God, half caught, was forc'd upon a lye ;
And said she sprung from Earth ; she took
the word,

And begg'd the beauteous Heyfar of her
Lord.

What should he do ? 'twas equal shame to
Jove

Or to relinquish, or betray his Love :
Yet to refuse so slight a Gift, wou'd be
But more t' increase his Consort's Jealousie :
Thus fear, and love, by turns his heart
assail'd ;

And stronger love had sure at length pre-
vail'd, 850

But some faint hope remain'd, his jealous
Queen

Had not the Mistress through the Heyfar
seen.

The cautious Goddess, of her Gift possess't,
Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her
breast ;

As she who knew the falshood of her *Jove*,
And justly fear'd some new relapse of Love
Which to prevent, and to secure her care,
To trusty *Argus* she commits the Fair.

The head of *Argus* (as with Stars the
Skies)

Was compass'd round, and wore an hundred
eyes. 860

But two by turns their Lids in Slumber
steep ;

The rest on duty still their station keep ;
Nor cou'd the total Constellation sleep.

Thus, ever present, to his eyes and mind,
His Charge was still before him, tho' behind.

In Fields he suffer'd her to feed by Day,
But when the setting Sun to Night gave way,

The Captive Cow he summon'd with a call,
And drove her back, and ty'd her to the

Stall.

On Leaves of Trees and bitter Herbs she fed,
Heav'n was her Canopy, bare Earth her

Bed ; 871

So hardly lodg'd : and to digest her Food,
She drank from troubl'd Streams, defil'd
with Mud.

Her woeful Story fain she wou'd have told,
With Hands upheld, but had no Hands to

hold.

Her Head to her ungentle Keeper bow'd,
She strove to speak ; she spoke not, but she
low'd ;

Afrighted with the Noise, she look'd around,
And seem'd t' inquire the Author of the
sound.

Once on the Banks where often she had
play'd, 880

(Her Father's Banks) she came, and there
survey'd

Her alter'd Visage, and her branching Lead ;
And, starting, from her self she wou'd have
fled.

Her fellow Nymphs, familiar to her eyes.
Beheld, but knew her not in this disguise.

Ev'n *Inachus* himself was ignorant ;
And in his Daughter did his Daughter want.

She follow'd where her Fellows went, as she
Were still a Partner of the Company :

They stroke her Neck ; the gentle Heyfar
stands, 890

And her Neck offers to their stroking Hands.
Her Father gave her Grass ; the Grass she

took ;
And lick'd his Palms, and cast a piteous
look ;

And in the language of her eyes, she spoke.

She wou'd have told her name, and ask'd
relief,

But wanting words, in tears she tells her
grief.

Which, with her foot she makes him under-
stand ;

And prints the name of *Io* in the Sand.
Ah wretched me ! her mournful Father

cry'd ;
She, with a sigh, to wretched me reply'd :

About her Milk-white neck his arms he
threw ; 901

And wept, and then these tender words
ensue.

And art thou she, whom I have sought
around

The World, and have at length so sadly
found ?

So found is worse than lost : with mutual
words

Thou answer'st not, no voice thy tongue
affords :

But sighs are deeply drawn from out thy
breast ;

And speech deny'd, by lowing is express'd.
Unknowing I, prepar'd thy Bridal Bed ;

With empty Hopes of happy Issue fed. 910

But now the Husband of a Herd must be
Thy Mate, and bell-wing Sons thy Progeny.

Oh, were I mortal, Death might bring relief !
But now my God-head but extends my
grief ;

Prolongs my Woes, of which no end I see,
And makes me curse my Immortality.

More had he said, but fearful of her stay,
The Starry Guardian drove his Charge away,
To some fresh Pasture ; on a hilly height
He sate himself, and kept her still in sight.

*The Eyes of Argus transform'd into
a Peacock's Train.*

Now *Jove* no longer cou'd her sufferings
hear : 921

But call'd in haste his airy Messenger,
The son of *Maya*, with severe decree
To kill the Keeper, and to set her free.
With all his Harness soon the God was sped ;
His flying Hat was fastned on his Head ;
Wings on his Heels were hung, and in his
Hand

He holds the Virtue of the Snaky Wand.

The liquid Air his moving Pinions wound,
And, in the moment, shoot him on the
ground. 930

Before he came in sight, the crafty God
His Wings dismiss'd, but still retain'd his
Rod :

That Sleep-procuring Wand wise *Hermes*
took,
But made it seem to sight, a Shepherd's
Hook.

With this he did a Herd of Goats controul ;
Which by the way he met, and slyly stole.

Clad like a Country Swain, he Pip'd, and
Sung ;

And playing drove his jolly Troop along. •

With pleasure, *Argus* the Musician heeds ;
But wonders much at those new vocal
Reeds. 940

And, Whosoe're thou art, my Friend, said
he,

Up hither drive thy Goats, and play hy me :
This Hill has browz for them, and shade for
thee.

The God, who was with ease induc'd to
climb,

Began Discourse to pass away the time ;
And still, betwixt, his Tuneful Pipe he plyes ;
And watch'd his Hour, to close the Keeper's
Eyes.

With much ado, he partly kept awake ;
Not suffer'g all his Eyes repose to take :
And ask'd the Stranger, who did Reeds
invent, 950
And whence began so rare an Instrument ?

*The Transformation of Syrinx
into Reeds.*

Then *Hermes* thus ; A Nymph of late
there was,
Whose Heav'nly form her Fellows did
surpass.

The Pride and Joy of Fair *Arcadio's* plains ;
Belov'd hy Deities, Ador'd hy Swains :

Syrinx her Name, hy *Sylvans* oft pursu'd,
As oft she did the Lustful Gods delude :
The Rural, and the Woodland Pow'rs dis-
dain'd ;

With *Cynthia* Hunted, and her Rites main-
tain'd ;

Like *Phabe* clad, even *Phabe's* self she
seems, 960

So Tall, so Streight, such well-proportion'd
Limbs :

The nicest Eye did no distinction know,
But that the Goddess bore a Golden Bow :
Distinguish'd thus, the sight she cheated
too.

Descending from *Lycaus*, *Pan* admires
The Matchless Nymph, and burns with new
Desires.

A Crown of Pine upon his Head he wore ;
And thus began her pity to implore.

But e're he thus began, she took her flight
So swift, she was already out of sight. 970
Nor staid to hear the Courtship of the God ;
But bent her course to *Laden's* gentle
Flood :

There by the River stopt, and, ty'd before,
Relief from water Nymphs her Pray'rs
implore.

Now while the Lustful God, with speedy
pace,

Just thought to strain her in a strict Em-
brace,

He fills his Arms with Reeds, new rising
on the place

And while he sighs his ill-success to find,
The tender Canes were shaken by the wind ;

And breath'd a mournful Air, unheard before ; 980

That much surprizing *Pan*, yet pleas'd him more.

Admiring this new Musick, Thou, he sed,
Who can'st not be the Partner of my Bed,
At least shalt be the Consort of my Mind ;
And often, often, to my Lips be joyn'd.

He form'd the Reeds, proportion'd as they are :

Unequal in their length, and wax'd with Care,

They still retain the Name of his Ungrateful Fair.

While *Hermes* pip'd, and sung, and told his tale,

The Keeper's winking Eyes began to fail, 990
And drowsie slumber on the lids to creep ;

Till all the Watchman was, at length, asleep.
Then soon the God his Voice and Song

suppress ;

And with his pow'rful Rod confirm'd his rest:
Without delay his crooked Faulchion drew,

And at one fatal stroak the Keeper slew.

Down from the Rock, fell the dissever'd head,

Opening its Eyes in Death, and falling bled ;
And mark'd the passage with a crimson trail :

Thus *Argus* lies in pieces, cold and pale ;
And all his hundred Eyes, with all their light, 1000

Are clos'd at once in one perpetual night.

These *Juno* takes, that they no more may fail,
And spreads them in her Peacock's gaudy

tail.

Impatient to revenge her injur'd Bed,
She wreaks her Anger on her Rival's head ;

With furies frights her from her Native Home,
And drives her gadding, round the World

to roam : 1008

Nor ceas'd her madness and her flight, before
She touch'd the limits of the *Pharian* Shore.

At length, arriving on the Banks of *Nile*,
Weary'd with length of ways, and worn

with toil,

She laid her down : and, leaning on her Knees,

Invok'd the Cause of all her Miseries : :

And cast her languishing regards above,
For help from Heav'n, and her ungrateful

Jove.

She sigh'd, she wept, she low'd ; 'twas all she cou'd ;

And with Unkindness seem'd to tax the God.
Last, with an humble Pray'r, she begg'd

Repose,

Or Death at least to finish all her Woes. 1020
Jove heard her Vows, and with a flatt'ring

look,

In her behalf, to jealous *Juno* spoke.

He cast his Arms about her Neck, and sed :
Dame, rest secure ; no more thy Nuptial Bed

This Nymph shall violate ; by *Styx* I swear,
And every Oath that binds the Thunderer.

The Goddess was appeas'd : and at the word
Was *Io* to her former shape restor'd.

The rugged Hair began to fall away ;

The Sweetness of her Eyes did only stay,
Tho' not so large ; her crooked Horns

decrease ; 1030

The wideness of her Jaws and Nostrils cease :
Her Hoofs to Hands return, in little space :

The five long taper Fingers take their place ;
And nothing of the Heyfar now is seen,

Beside the native whiteness of the Skin.

Erected on her Feet she walks again,

And Two the duty of the Four sustain.

She tries her Tongue, her silence softly breaks,

And fears her former lowings when she speaks : 1040

A Goddess now through all th' *Egyptian* State ;

And serv'd by Priests, who in white Linnen wait.

Her son was *Epaphus*, at length believ'd
The Son of *Jove*, and as a God receiv'd :

With Sacrifice ador'd, and publick Pray'rs,
He common Temples with his Mother shares.

Equal in years, and Rival in Renown

With *Epaphus*, the youthful *Phaeton*,

Like Honour claims, and boasts his Sire }
the Sun.

His haughty Looks, and his assuming Air
The Son of *Isis* cou'd no longer bear : 1050

Thou tak'st thy Mother's Word too far,
said he,

And hast usurp'd thy boasted Pedigree.

Go base Pretender to a borrow'd Name.

Thus tax'd, he blush'd with anger, and with shame ;

But shame repress'd his Rage: the daunted
Youth

Soon seeks his Mother, and inquires the
truth:

Mother, said he, this Infamy was thrown
By *Epaphus* on you, and me your Son. 1059
He spoke in publick, told it to my face;
Nor durst I vindicate the dire disgrace:
Ev'n I, the bold, the sensible of wrong,
Restrain'd by Shame, was forc'd to hold my
Tongue.

To hear an open Slander is a Curse:

But not to find an Answer, is a worse.

If I am Heav'n-begot, assert your Son
By some sure Sign; and make my Father
known,

To right my Honour, and redeem your own.

He said, and saying cast his arms about
Her Neck, and begg'd her to resolve the
Doubt. 1070

'Tis hard to judge if *Chimæ* were mov'd
More by his Pray'r, whom she so dearly
lov'd,

Or more with fury fir'd, to find her
Name

Traduc'd, and made the sport of common
Fame.

She stretch'd her Arms to Heav'n, and fix'd
her Eyes

On that fair Planet, that adorns the Skies;
Now by those Beams, said she, whose holy
Fires

Consume my Breast, and kindle my desires;
By him who sees us both, and clears our
sight,

By him the publick Minister of light, 1080
I swear that *Sun* begot thee: if I lye,

Let him his chearful Influence deny:

Let him no more this perjur'd Creature see;

And shune on all the World, but only me:

If still you doubt your Mother's Innocence,
His Eastern Mansion is not far from hence;

With little pains you to his *Leve* go,

And from himself your Parentage may know.

With joy th' ambitious Youth his Mother
heard, 1089

And eager, for the Journey soon prepar'd.

He longs the World beneath him to survey;

To guide the Chariot; and to give the day:

From *Mæne*'s burning Sands he bends his
course,

Nor less in *India* feels his Father's force;

His Travel urging, till he came in sight,

And saw the Palace by the Purple light.

MELEAGER AND ATALANTA,

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

CONNEXION TO THE FORMER STORY.

Ovid, having told how Theseus had freed Athens from the Tribute of Children, (which was impos'd on them by Minos, King of Creta) by killing the Minotaur, here makes a Digression to the Story of Meleager and Atalanta, which is one of the most unartificial Connexions in all the Metamorphoses: For he only says, that Theseus obtain'd such Honour from that Cavalee, that all Greece had recourse to him in their Necessities; and, amongst others, Calydon, though the Heroe of that Country, Prince Meleager, was then living.

MELEAGER AND ATALANTA The text from the original edition of 1700 except for the variants noted. There are several mistakes in the editions. The form 'clotted' is undoubtedly Dryden's.

FROM him, the *Caldanians* sought Relief;
Tho' valiant *Meleager* was their Chief.

The Cause, a Boar, who ravag'd far and
near:

Of *Cynthia*'s Wrath th' avenging Minister.

For *Oeneus* with Autumnal Plenty bless'd,

By Gifts to Heav'n his Gratitude express'd:

Cull'd Sheafs, to *Ceres*; to *Lyæus*, Wine;

To *Pan*, and *Pales*, offer'd Sheep and Kine;

And Fat of Olives, to *Minerva*'s shrine. 9

Beginning from the Rural Gods, his Hand

Was lib'ral to the Pow'rs of high Command:

Each Deity in ev'ry kind was bless'd,

Till at *Diana*'s Fane th' invidious Honour
ceas'd.

In 288 it would seem that the original text is wrongly printed. Warton gives 'Brother's Ghosts,' which is absurd.

Wrath touches ev'n the Gods ; the Queen
 of Night
 Fir'd with Disdain, and jealous of her
 Right,
 Unhonour'd though I am, at least, said she,
 Not unreveng'd that impious Act shall be.
 Swift as the Word, she sped the Boar away,
 With Charge on those devoted Fields to
 prey. 19
 No larger Bulls th' *Egyptian* Pastures feed,
 And none so large *Sicilian* Meadows breed :
 His Eye-halls glare with Fire, suffus'd with
 Blood ;
 His Neck shoots up a thick-set thorny Wood ;
 His bristled Back a Trench impal'd appears,
 And stands erected, like a Field of Spears.
 Froth fills his Chaps, he sends a grunting
 Sound,
 And part he churns, and part befoams the
 Ground.
 For Tusks with *Indian* Elephants he strove,
 And *Jove's* own Thunder from his Mouth
 he drove.
 He burns the Leaves ; the scorching Blast
 invades 30
 The tender Corn, and shrivels up the Blades :
 Or suff'ring not their yellow Beards to
 rear,
 He tramples down the Spikes, and intercepts
 the Year.
 In vain the Barns expect their promis'd
 Load,
 Nor Barns at home, nor Reeks are heap'd
 abroad :
 In vain the Hinds the Threshing-Floor pre-
 pare,
 And exercise their Flails in empty Air.
 With Olives ever-green the Ground is
 strow'd,
 And Grapes ungather'd shed their gen'rous
 Blood.
 Amid the Fold he rages, nor the Sheep 40
 Their Shepherds, nor the Grooms their Bulls
 can keep.
 From Fields to Walls the frightened Rabble
 run,
 Nor think themselves secure within the
 Town :
 Till *Meleagros*, and his chosen Crew,
 Contemn the Danger, and the Praise pursue.
 Fair *Leda's* Twins (in time to Stars decreed)
 One fought on Foot, one curb'd the fiery
 Steed.

Then issued forth fam'd *Joson* after These,
 Who mann'd the foremost Ship that sail'd ,
 the Seas ;
 Then *Theseus*, join'd with bold *Perithous*,
 came. 50
 A single Concord in a double Name :
 The *Thesitian* Sons, *Idas* who swiftly ran,
 And *Ceneus*, once a Woman, now a Man.
Lyneus, with Eagles Eyes, and Lions Heart
Leucippus, with his never-erring Dart ;
Acastus, *Phileus*, *Phauxis*, *Telamon*,
Echion, *Lelex*, and *Eurythion*,
 Achilles Father, and great *Phocus* Son ;
Dryas the Fierce, and *Hippasus* the Strong ;
 With twice old *Iolas*, and *Nestor* then but
 young, 60
Laelies active, and *Aucanus* bold ;
Mopsus the Sage, who future Things fore-
 told ;
 And t'other Seer, yet by his Wife * unsold.
 A thousand others of im- *Amphiaraus*.
 mortal Faine ;
 Among the rest, fair *Atalanto* came,
 Grace of the Woods : A Diamond Buckle
 bound
 Her Vest behind, that else had flow'd upon
 the Ground,
 And shew'd her buskin'd Legs ; her Head
 was bare,
 But for her Native Ornament of Hair ;
 Which in a simple Knot was ty'd above, 70
 Sweet Negligence ! unheeded Bait of Love !
 Her sounding Quiver on her shoulder ty'd.
 One Hand a Dart, and one a Bow supply'd.
 Such was her Face, as in a Nymph display'd
 A fair fierce Boy, or in a Boy betray'd
 The blushing Beauties of a modest Maid.
 The *Colodonian* Chief at once the Dame
 Beseid, at once his Heart receiv'd the
 Flame,
 With Heav'n's averse. O happy Youth, he
 cry'd ; 79
 For whom thy Fates reserve so fair a Bride !
 He sigh'd, and had no leisure more to say ;
 His Honour call'd his Eyes another way,
 And forced him to pursue the now neglected
 Prey.
 There stood a Forest on a Mountains
 Brow,
 Which over-look'd the shaded Plains below.
 No sounding Ax presum'd those Trees to
 bite ;
 Coeval with the World, a venerable Sight.

The *Heroes* there arriv'd, some spread
 around
 The Toils; some search the Footsteps on
 the Ground;
 Some from the Chains the faithful Dogs
 unbound. 90
 Of Action eager, and intent in Thought,
 The Chiefs their honourable Danger sought:
 A Valley stood below; the common Drain
 Of Waters from, above, and falling Rain:
 The Bottom was a moist and marshy Ground,
 Whose Edges were with bending Oziers
 crown'd;
 The knotty Bulrush next in Order stood,
 And all within of Reeds a trembling Wood.
 From hence the Boar was row'd, and
 sprung amain
 Like Lightning sudden, on the Warriour-
 Train; 100
 Beats down the Trees before him, shakes the
 Ground,
 The Forest echoes to the crackling Sound;
 Shout the fierce Youth, and Clamours ring
 around.
 All stood with their protended Spears pre-
 par'd,
 With broad Steel Heads the brandish'd
 Weapons glar'd.
 The Beast impetuous with his Tusks aside
 Deals glancing Wounds; the fearful Dogs
 divide:
 All spend their Mouth aloof, but none abide.
Echion threw the first, but miss'd his Mark,
 And stuck his Boar-spear on a Maples
 Bark. 110
 Then *Jason*: and his Javelin seem'd to take,
 But fail'd with over-force, and whiz'd above
 his Back.
Mopsus was next; but, e'er he threw,
 address'd
 To *Phæbus*, thus: O Patron, help thy Priest:
 If I ndore, and ever have ador'd
 Thy Pow'r Divine, thy present Aid afford;
 That I may reach the Beast. The God
 allow'd
 His Pray'r, and smiling, gave him what he
 cou'd:
 He reach'd the Savage, but no Blood he drew,
Dian unarm'd the Javelin as it flew. 120

91 in] The editors wrongly give on
 108 aloof] The editors, disregarding the sense,
 wrongly give aloft

This chaf'd the Boar, his Nostrils Flames
 expire,
 And his red Eye-balls roll with living Fire.
 Whirl'd from a Sling, or from an Engine
 thrown,
 Amidst the Foes, so flies a mighty Stone,
 As flew the Beast: The Left Wing put to
 flight,
 The Chiefs o'erborn, he rushes on the Right.
Enpalamos and *Pelagon* he loid
 In Dust, and next to Death, but for their
 Fellows Aid.
Eneſimſus far'd worse, prepar'd to fly,
 The fatal Fang drove deep within his Thigh,
 And cut the Nerves: The Nerves no more
 sustain 131
 The Bulk; the Bulk unprop'd, falls head-
 long on the Plain.
Nestor had fail'd the Fall of *Troy* to see,
 But leaning on his Lance, he vaulted on
 a Tree;
 Then gath'ring up his Feet, look'd down with
 Fear,
 And thought his monstrous Foe was still too
 near.
 Against a Stump his Tusk the Monster
 grnds,
 And in the sharpen'd Edge new Vigour
 finds;
 Then, trusting to his Arms, young *Othrys*
 found,
 And ranch'd his Hips with one continu'd
 Wound. 140
 Now *Leda's* Twins, the future Stars, appear;
 White were their Hobits, white their Horses
 were,
 Conspicuous both, and both in oct to throw,
 Their trembling Lances brandish'd at the
 Foe:
 Nor had they miss'd; but he to Thickets
 fled,
 Conceal'd from aiming Spears, not pervious
 to the Steed.
 But *Telamon* rush'd in, and happ'd to
 meet
 A rising Root, that held his fastned Feet;
 So down he fell; whom, sprawling on the
 Ground,
 His Brother from the Wooden Gyves un-
 bound. 150

129 *Eneſimſus*] *Onesimus* 1700 Perhaps a
 misprint.

Mean time the Virgin-Huntress was not
slow

T' expel the Shaft from her contracted Bow:
Beneath his Ear the fastned Arrow stood,
And from the Wound appear'd the trickling
Blood.

She blush'd for Joy: But *Meleagros* rais'd
His voice with loud Applause, and the fair
Archer prais'd.

He was the first to see, and first to show
His Friends the Marks of the successful
Blow.

Nor shall thy Valour want the Praises due,
He said; a virtuous Envy seiz'd the Crew.
They shout; the Shouting animates their
Hearts,

And all at once employ their thronging
Darts:

But out of Order thrown, in Air they joyn;
And Multitude makes frustrate the Design.
With both his Hands the proud *Ancæus*
takes,

And flourishes his double-biting Ax:
Then forward to his Fate, he took a Stride
Before the rest, and to his Fellows ery'd,
Give place, and mark the diff'rence, if you
can,

Between a Woman-Warriour, and a Man;
The Boar is doom'd; nor though *Diana*
lend

Her Aid, *Diana* can her Beast defend.
Thus boasted he; then stretch'd, on Tiptoe
stood,

Secure to make his empty Promise good.
But the more wary Beast prevents the Blow,
And upward rips the Groin of his audacious
Foe.

Ancæus falls; his Bowels from the Wound
Rush out, and clotted Blood distains the
Ground.

Perithous, no small Portion of the War,
Press'd on, and shook his Lance; To whom
from far

Thus *Theseus* ery'd: O stay, my better Part,
My more than Mistress; of my Heart, the
Heart.

The Strong may fight aloof: *Ancæus* try'd
His Force too near, and by presuming dy'd:
He said, and while he spake his Javelin
threw,

Hissing in Air th' unerring Weapon flew;

But on an Arm of Oak, that stood betwixt
The Marks-man and the Mark, his Lance he
fixt.

Once more bold *Jason* threw, but fail'd
to wound

The Boar, and slew an undeserving Hound;
And through the Dog the Dart was nail'd
to Ground.

Two Spears from *Meleager's* Hand were
sent,

With equal Force, but various in th' Event:
The first was fix'd in Earth, the second
stood

On the Boars bristled Back, and deeply
drank his Blood.

Now while the tortur'd Salvage turns
around,

And sings about his Foam, impatient of the
Wound,

The Wounds great Author close at Hand
provokes

His Rage, and plyes him with redoubled
Strokes;

Wheels as he wheels; and with his pointed
Dart

Explores the nearest Passage to his Heart.
Quick, and more quick he spins in giddy
Gires,

Then falls, and in much Foam his Soul
expires.

This Act with Shouts Heav'n high the
friendly Band

Applaud, and strain in theirs the Victour
Hand.

Then all approach the Slain with vast
Surprize,

Admire on what a Breadth of Earth he lies:
And scarce secure, reach out their Spears
afar,

And blood their Points, to prove their
Partnership of War.

But he, the conqu'ring Chief, his Foot
impress'd

On the strong Neck of that destructive
Beast;

And gazing on the Nymph with ardent
Eyes,

Accept, said he, fair *Nonacrine*, my Prize,
And, though inferiour, suffer me to join
My Labours, and my Part of Praise, with
thine:

178 clotted'd] *The editors wrongly give clotted*

205 Victour] *The editors wrongly give victor's*

At this presents her with the Tusky Head
And Chine, with rising Bristles roughly
• spread.

Glad, she receiv'd the Gift: and seem'd
to take

With double Pleasure, for the Giver's sake.
The rest were seiz'd with sullen Discontent,
And a deaf Murmur through the Squadron
went: 22r

All envy'd; but the *Thesryan* Brethren
show'd

The least Respect, and thus they vent their
Spleen aloud:

Lay down those honour'd Spoils, nor think
to share,

Weak Woman as thou art, the Prize of War:
Ours is the Title, thine a foreign Claim,
Since *Meleagros* from our Lineage came.

Trust not thy Beauty; but restore the
Prize,

Which he, besotted on that Face and
Eyes,

Would rend from us: At this, inflam'd with
Spite, 230

From her they snatch the Gift, from him the
Givers Right.

But soon th' impatient Prince his Fau-
cilion drew,

And cry'd, Ye Robbers of another's Due,
Now learn the Diff'rence, at your proper

Cost,

Between true Valour, and an empty Boast.
At this advanc'd, and, sudden as the Word

In proud *Plexippus* Bosom plung'd the
Sword:

Toveus amaz'd, and with Amazement slow,
Or to revenge, or ward the coming Blow,

Stood doubting; and, while doubting thus
he stood, 240

Receiv'd the Steel bath'd in his Brother's
Blood.

Pleas'd with the first, unknown the second
News;

Althea, to the Temples, pays their Dues
For her Son's Conquest; when at length

appear

Her griesly Brethren stretch'd upon the
Bier:

Pale at the sudden Sign, she chang'd her
Cheer,

And with her Cheer her Robes; but hearing
tell

The Cause, the Manner, and by whom they
fell,

'Twas Grief no more, or Grief and Rage were
One 249

Within her Soul; at last 'twas Rage alone;
Which burning upwards in succession dries

The Tears that stood consid'ring in her Eyes.
There lay a Log unlighted on the Hearth:

When she was lab'ring in the Throws of
Birth

For th' unborn Chief, the Fatal Sisters came,
And rais'd it up, and toss'd it on the Flame:

Then on the Rock a scanty Measure place
Of Vital Flax, and turn'd the Wheel apace;

And turning sung, To this red Brand and
thee,

O new-born Babe, we give an equal Destiny:
So vanish'd out of View. The frighted

Dame 26r

Sprung hasty from her Bed, and quench'd
the Flame:

The Log in secret lock'd, she kept with Care,
And that, while thus preserv'd, preserv'd

her Heir.

This Brand she now produc'd; and first she
strows

The Hearth with Heaps of Chips, and after
blows,

Thrice heav'd her Hand, and heav'd, she
thrice repress'd:

The Sister and the Mother long contest
Two doubtful Titles in one tender Breast,

And now her Eyes and Cheeks with Fury
glow, 270

Now pale her Cheeks, her Eyes with Pity flow;
Now lowering Looks presage approaching

Storms,

And now prevailing Love her Face reforms:
Resolv'd, she doubts again; the Tears she

dry'd

With burning Rage, are by new Tears sup-
ply'd;

And as a Ship, which Winds and Waves
assail,

Now with the Current drives, now with the
Gale,

Both opposite, and neither long prevail:

237. *Plexippus*] *Ploxippus* 1700 Probably a
misprint.

253. *Hearth*] *The English editors thoughtlessly
and wrongly give earth*

275. *burning*] *The English editors wantonly
give blushing*

She feels a double Force, by Turns obeys
Th' imperious Tempest, and th' impetuous
Seas: 280

So fares *Althæa's* Mind; she first relents
With Pity, of that Pity then repents:
Sister and Mother long the Scales divide,
But the Bean nodded on the Sisters side.
Sometimes she softly sigh'd, then roar'd
aloud;

But Sighs were stifled in the Cries of
Blood.

The pious, impious Wretch at length
decreed,

To please her Brother's Ghost, her Son
shou'd bleed;

And when the Fun'ral Flames began to
rise,

Reeve, she said, a Sisters Sacrifice: 290
A Mothers Bowels burn: High in her
Hand

Thus while she spoke, she held the fatal
Brand;

Then thrice before the kindled Pyle she
bow'd,

And the three Furies thrice invok'd aloud:
Come, come, revenging Sisters, come and
view

A Sister paying her dead Brothers due:
A Crime I punish, and a Crime commit;

But Blood for Blood, and Death for Death
is fit:

Great Crimes must be with greater Crimes
repaid,

And second Funerals on the former laid. 300
Let the whole Houshold in one Ruine fall,

And may *Diana's* Curse o'ertake us all.
Shall Fate to happy *Oeneus* still allow

One Son, while *Thesiüs* stands depriv'd of
two?

Better three lost, than one unpunish'd go.)
Take then, dear Ghosts, (while yet admitted
new

In Hell you wait my Duty) take your
Due:

A costly Off'ring on your Tomb is laid,
When with my Blood the Price of yours is
paid.

Ah! Whither am I hurried? Ah!
forgive, 310

Ye Shades, and let your Sisters Issue live:

A Mother cannot give him Death; though
he

Deserves it, he deserves it not from me: ;
Then shall th' unpunish'd Wretch insult
the Slain,

Triumphant live, nor only live, but reign?
While you, thin Shades, the Sport of Winds,
are toss'd

O'er dreery Plains, or tread the burning
Coast.

I cannot, cannot bear; 'tis past, 'tis done;
Perish this impious, this detested Son:

Perish his Sire, and perish I withal; 320
And let the Houses Heir, and the hop'd
Kingdom fall.

Where is the Mother fled, her pious
Love,

And where the Pains with which ten Months
I strove!

Ah! hadst thou dy'd, my Son, in Infant-
years,

Thy little Herse had been bedew'd with
Tears.

Thou liv'st by me; to me thy Breath
resign;

Mine is the Merit, the Demerit thine.
Thy Life by double Title I require;

Once giv'n at Birth, and once preserv'd
from Fire:

One Murder pay, or add one Murder more,
And me to them who fell by thee restore. 331

I wou'd, but cannot: My Son's Image
stands

Before my Sight; and now their angry
Hands

My Brothers hold, and Vengeance these
exact,

This pleads Compassion, and repents the
Fact.

'He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his
Doom:

My Brothers, though unjustly, shall o'er-
come.

But having paid their injur'd Ghosts their
Due,

My Son requires my Death, and mine shall
his pursue.

At this, for the last time she lifts her
Hand, 340

Averts her Eyes, and, half unwilling, drops
the Brand.

281 she first] Most editors wrongly give first
she

317 tread] Some editors absurdly give dread

The Brand, amid the flaming Fewel thrown,
Or drew, or seem'd to draw, a dying Groan :
The Fires themselves but faintly lick'd their
Prey,

Then loath'd their impious Food, and wou'd
have shrunk away.

Just then the *Heroe* cast a doleful Cry,
And in those absent Flames began to fry.

The blind Contagion rag'd within his
Veins ;

But he with manly Patience bore his
Pains :

He fear'd not Fate, but only griev'd to die
Without an honest Wound, and by a Death
so dry. 351

Happy *Ancæus*, thrice aloud he cry'd,
With what becoming Fate in Arms he dy'd !
Then call'd his Brothers, Sisters, Sire,
around.

And her to whom his Nuptial Vows were
bound ;

Perhaps his Mother ; a long Sigh he drew,
And his Voice failing, took his last Adieu :
For as the Flames augment, and as they
stay

At their full Height, then languish to decay,
They rise, and sink by Fits ; at last they
soar 360

In one bright Blaze, and then descend no
more :

Just so his inward Heats at height, impair,
Till the last burning Breath shoots out the
Soul in Air.

Now lofty *Calidon* in Ruines lies ;
All Ages, all Degrees unsluice their Eyes ;
And Heaven & Earth resound with Mur-
murs, Groans, & Cries. }

Matrons and Maidens heat their Breasts,
and tear

Their Habits, and root up their scatter'd
Hair.

The wretched Father, Father now no more,
With Sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the
Floor, 370

Deforms his hoary Locks with Dust obscene,
And curses Age, and loaths a Life pro-
long'd with Pain.

By Steel her stubborn Soul his Mother
freed,
And punish'd on her self her impious
Deed.

Had I a hundred Tongues, a Wit so large
As cou'd their hundred Offices discharge ;
Had *Phæbus* all his *Helicon* bestow'd,
In all the Streams inspiring all the God ;
Those Tongues, that Wit, those Streams,
that God, in vain

Wou'd offer to describe his Sisters pain : 380
They beat their Breasts with many a bruiz-
ing Blow,

Till they turn'd livid, and corrupt the Snow.
The Corps they cherish, while the Corps

remains,
And exercise and rub with fruitless Pains ;
And when to Fun'ral Flames 'tis born

away,
They kiss the Bed on which the Body lay :
And when those Fun'ral Flames no longer

burn,
(The Dust compos'd within a pious Urn)
Ev'n in that Urn their Brother they

confess,
And hug it in their Arms, and to their
Bosoms press. 390

His Tomb is rais'd ; then, stretch'd along
the Ground,

Those living Monuments his Tomb sur-
round :

Ev'n to his Name, inscrib'd, their Tears
they pay,

Till Tears and Kisses wear his Name away.
But *Cynthia* now had all her Fury spent,

Not with less Ruine than a Race, content :
Excepting *Gorge*, perish'd all the Seed,

And * Her whom Heav'n for *Dejanira*.
Hercules decreed.

Satiate at last, no longer she persw'd
The weeping Sisters ; but with Wings en-
du'd, 400

And Horny Beaks, and sent to flit in Air ;
Who yearly round the Tomb in Feather'd

Flocks repair.

BAUCIS | AND | PHILEMON.

OUI OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF | OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The Author, pursuing the Deeds of Theseus, relates how He, with his friend Perithous, were invited by Achelous, the River-God, to stay with him, till his Waters were abated. Achelous entertains them with a Relation of his own Lore to Perimele, who was chang'd into an Island by Neptune, at his Request. Perithous, being an Atheist, derides the Legend, and denies the Power of the Gods to work that Miracle. Lelex, another Companion of Theseus, to confirm the Story of Achelous, relates another Metamorphosis of Baucis and Philemon into Trees; of which he was partly an Eye-witness.

TITUS *Achelous* ends: His Audience hear
With admiration, and admiring fear
The Pow'rs of Heav'n; except *Jaxon's* Son,
Who laugh'd at all the Gods, believ'd in
none:

He shook his impious Head, and thus replies,
These Legends are no more than pious Lies:
You attribute too much to Heavenly Sway,
To think they give us Forms, and take away.

The rest, of better Minds, their Sense
declar'd

Against this Doctrine, and with Horrour
heard.

Then *Lelex* rose, an old experienc'd Man,
And thus with sober Gravity began:
Heav'n's Pow'rs infinite: Earth, Air, and Sea,
The Manufacture Mass, the making Pow'r
obey:

By Proof to clear your Doubt; In *Phrygian*
Ground

Two neighb'ring Trees, with Walls encom-
pass'd round,

Stand on a mod'rate Rise, with wonder
shown,

One a hard Oak, a softer Linden one:
I saw the Place and them, by *Pitheus* sent
To *Phrygian* Realms, my Grandsire's
Government.

Not far from thence is seen a Lake, the Haunt
Of Coots, and of the fishing Cormorant:

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON. The text from the
original edition of 1700 in 160 'Crotches' is cer-
tainly Dryden's form.

Here *Jove* with *Hermes* came; but in
Disguise

Of mortal Men conceal'd their Deities;
One laid aside his Thunder, one his Rod;
And many toilsom Steps together trod;
For Harbour at a thousand Doors they
knock'd,

Not one of all the thousand hut was lock'd
At last an hospitable House they found,
A homely Shed; the Roof, not far from
Ground,

Was thatch'd with Reeds and Straw }
together bound.

There *Baucis* and *Philemon* liv'd, and there
Had liv'd long marry'd and a happy Pair:
Now old in Love, though little was their
Store,

Inur'd in Want, their Poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at Wealth, professing to be poor,
For Master or for Servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only Two were All.

Command was none, where equal Love was
paid,

Or rather both commanded, both obey'd. 40
From lofty Roofs the Gods repul'd before,
Now stooping, enter'd through the little
Door:

The Man (their hearty Welcome first
express'd)

A common Settle drew for either Guest,
Inviting each his weary Limbs to rest.

But e'er they sat, officious *Baucis* lays
Two Cushions stuff'd with Straw, the Seat
to raise;

Course, but the best she had; then takes
the Load

Of Ashes from the Hearth, and spreads abroad
The living Coals, and, lest they should expire,
With Leaves and Barks she feeds her Infant-
fire:

It smokes; and then with trembling Breath
she blows,

Till in a cheerful Blaze the Flames arose.
With Brush-wood and with Chips she
strengthens these,

And adds at last the Boughs of rotten Trees.

45 takes] *Moss* editors thoughtlessly and
wrongly give takes

The Fire thus form'd, she sets the Kettle on,
(Like burnish'd Gold the little Seether shone)
Next took the Coleworts which her Hus-
band got

From his own Ground (a small well-water'd
Spot;)

She stripp'd the Stalks of all their Leaves;
the best 60

She cull'd, and then with handy-care she
dress'd.

High o'er the Hearth a Chine of Bacon hung;
Good old *Philemon* seiz'd it with a Prong,
And from the rooty Rafter drew it down,
Then cut a Slice, but scarce enough for one;
Yet a large Portion of a little Store,
Which for their Sakes alone he wish'd were
more.

This in the Pot he plung'd without delay,
To tame the Flesh, and drain the Salt away.
The Time between, before the Fire they
sat, 70

And shorten'd the Delay by pleasing Chat.
A Beam there was, on which a Beechen
Pail

Hung by the Handle, on a driven Nail:
This fill'd with Water, gently warm'd, they
set

Before their Guests; in this they bath'd
their Feet,
And after with clean Towels dry'd their
Sweat:

This done, the Host produc'd the genial Bed,
Sallow the Feet, the Borders, and the Sted,
Which with no costly Coverlet they spread;
But course old Garments, yet such Robes as
these 80

They laid alone, at Feasts, on Holydays.
The good old Huswife tucking up her Gown,
The Table sets; th' invited Gods lie down.
The Trivet-Table of a Foot was lame,
A Blot which prudent *Baucis* overcame,
Who thrusts beneath the limping Leg, a
Sherd,

So was the mended Board exactly rear'd:
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly-gather'd Mint,
A wholesom Herb, that breath'd a grateful
Scent.

Pallas began the Feast, where first were
seen 90

The party-colour'd Olive, Black and Green:

78 Feet] *The English editors absurdly give*
foot

86 thrusts] *The English editors give thrust*

Autumnal Cornels next in order serv'd,
In Lees of Wine well pickl'd, and preserv'd:
A Garden-Sallad was the third Supply,
Of Endive, Radishes, and Succory:

Then Curds and Cream, the Flow'r of
Country-Fare,
And new-laid Eggs, which *Baucis* busie
Care

Turn'd by a gentle Fire, and roasted rear
All these in Earthen Ware were serv'd to
Board;

And next in place, an Earthen Pitcher,
stor'd 100
With Liquor of the best the Cottage cou'd
afford.

This was the Tables Ornament and Pride,
With Figures wrought Like Pages at his
Side

Stood Beechen Bowls; and these were
shining clean,

Vernish'd with Wax without, and lin'd within.
By this the boiling Kettle had prepar'd,

And to the Table sent the smooking Lard;
On which with eager Appetite they dine,
A sav'ry Bit, that serv'd to relish Wine:

The Wine it self was suiting to the rest, 110
Still working in the Must, and lately press'd.
The Second Course succeeds like that before,
Plums, Apples, Nuts, and of their Wintry
Store,

Dry Figs, and Grapes, and wrinkl'd Dates
were set

In Canisters, t'enlarge the little Treat
All these a Milk-white Honey-comb surround,
Which in the midst the Country Banquet
crown'd:

But the kind Hosts their Entertainment
grace

With hearty Welcom, and an open Face:
In all they did, you might discern with ease,
A willing Mind, and a Desire to please. 121

Mean time the Beechen Bowls went round,
and still,

Though often empty'd, were observ'd to fill;
Fill'd without Hands, and of their own
accord

Ran without Feet, and danc'd about the
Board.

Devotion seiz'd the Pair, to see the Feast
With Wine, and of no common Grape, in-
creas'd;

98 rear] *The editors change to rare*

And up they held their Hands, and fell to
Pray'r,

Excusing, as they cou'd, their Country Fare.

One Goose they had, ('twas all they cou'd
allow) 130

A wakeful Cent'ry, and on Duty now,
Whom to the Gods for Sacrifice they vow:

Her, with malicious Zeal, the Couple view'd ;

She ran for Life, and limping they pursu'd :

Full well the Fowl perceiv'd their bad
intent,

And wou'd not make her Masters Compli-
ment ;

But persecuted, to the Pow'rs she flies,

And close between the Legs of *Jove* she lies.

He with a gracious Ear the Suppliant heard,

And sav'd her Life ; then what he was
declar'd, 140

And own'd the God. The Neighbourhood,
said he,

Shall justly perish for Impiety :

You stand alone exempted ; but obey

With speed, and follow where we lead the
way :

Leave these accurs'd ; and to the Mountains
Height

Ascend ; nor once look backward in your
Flight.

They haste, and what their tardy Feet
deny'd,

The trusty Staff (their better Leg) supply'd.

An Arrows Flight they wanted to the Top,

And there secure, but spent with Travel,
stop ; 150

Then turn their now no more forbidden
Eyes ;

Lost in a Lake the floated Level lies :

A Watry Desert covers all the Plains,

Their Cot alone, as in nn Isle, remains :

Wondring with weeping eyes, while they
deplore

Their Neighbours Fate, nnd Country now no
more,

Their little Shed, scarce large enough for Two,
Seems, from the Ground increas'd, in Height

and Bulk to grow.

A stately Temple shoots within the Skies :

The Crotches of their Cot in Columns
rise : 160

155 weeping] *The editors absurdly give weep-*
ing

160 Crotches] *The editors give crotchets*

The Pavement polish'd Marble they behold
The Gates with Sculpture grac'd, the Spire
and Tiles of Gold.

Then thus the Sire of Gods, with Lool
serene,

Speak thy Desire, thou only Just of Men ;

And thou, O Woman, only worthy found

To be with such a Man in Marriage bound.

A while they whisper ; then, to *Jove*
address'd,

Philemon thus prefers their joint Request :

We crave to serve before your sacred Shrine,

And offer at your Altars Rites Divine : 170

And since not any Action of our Life

Has been polluted with Domestick Strife,

We beg one Hour of Death ; that neither she

With Widows Tears may live to bury me,

Nor weeping I, with wither'd Arms may bear

My breathless *Baucis* to the Sepulcher.

The Godheads sign their Suit. They run
their Race

In the same Tenor all th' appointed Space ;

Then, when their Hour was come, while they
relate

These past Adventures at the Temple-gate,

Old *Baucis* is by old *Philemon* seen 181

Sprouting with sudden Leaves of spritely
Green :

Old *Baucis* look'd where old *Philemon* stood,
And saw his lengthen'd Arms a sprouting

Wood :

New Roots their fasten'd Feet begin to bind,

Their Bodies stiffen in a rising Rind :

Then e'er the Bark above their Shoulders
grew,

They give and take at once their last Adieu ;

At once, Farewell, O faithful Spouse, they
said ;

At once th' incroaching Rinds their closing

Lips invade. 190

Ev'n yet, an ancient *Tyanzan* shows

A spreading Oak, that near a Linden grows :

The Neighbourhood confirm the Prodigie,

Grave Men, not vain of Tongue, or like to
lie.

I saw my self the Garlands on their Boughs,

And Tablets hung for Gifts of granted Vows :

And off'ring fresher up, with pious Pray'r,

The Good, said I, are God's peculiar Care,

And such as honour Heav'n, shall heav'nly

Honour share.

163 Look] *The editors wrongly give Looks*

THE FABLE OF IPHIS AND IANTHE,

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE Fame of this, perhaps, through *Crete*
had flown ;
But *Crete* had newer Wonders of her own,
In *Iphis* chang'd ; For near the *Gnosian*
Bounds,

(As loud Report the Miracle resounds)
At *Phastus* dwelt a man of honest blood,
But meanly born, and not so rich as good ;
Esteem'd and lov'd by all the Neighbour-
hood :

Who to his Wife, before the time assign'd
For Child-Birth came, thus bluntly spoke
his mind :

If Heav'n, said *Lygdus*, will vouchsafe to
hear,

I have but two Petitions to prefer,
Short Palms for thee, for me n Son and
Heir.

Girls cost as many throws in bringing forth ;
Beside, when born, the Titts are little worth :
Weak puling Things, unable to sustain
Their Share of Labour, and their Bread to
gain.

If, therefore, thou a Creature shalt produce,
Of so great Charges, and so little Use,
(Bear Witness, Heav'n, with what reluct-
ancy)

Her hapless Innocence I doom to dye. 20
He said, and tears the common grief display,
Of him who bade, and her who must obey.

Yet *Telethusa* still persists, to find
Fit Arguments to move n Father's mind ;
T' extend his Wishes to a larger scope,
And in one Vessel not confine his hope. *
Lygdus continues hard : her time drew near,
And she her heavy load cou'd scarcely bear ;
When slumb'ring, in the latter shades of
Night,

Before th' approaches of returning light 30
She saw, or thought she saw, before her Bed,
A glorious Train, and *Isis* at their head :
Her Moony Horns were on her Forehead
plac'd,
And yellow Sheaves her shining Temples
grac'd :

A Mitre for a Crown, she wore on high ;
The Dog and dappl'd Bull were waiting by ;
Osyris, sought along the Banks of *Nile* ;
The silent God ; the Sacred Crocodile ;
And, last, a long Procession moving on,
With Timbrels, that assist the lab'ring Moon.
Her slumbers seem'd dispell'd, and, broad
awake,

She heard a Voice that thus distinctly spake. 41
My Votary, thy Babe from Death defend,
Nor fear to save what're the Gods will send.
Delude with Art thy Husband's dire Decree ;
When danger calls, repose thy trust on me ;
And know thou hast not serv'd a thankless
Deity.

This Promise made ; with Night the
Goddess fled :

With Joy the Woman wakes, and leaves her
Bed :

Devoutly lifts her spotless hands on high ; so
And prays the Pow'rs their Gift to ratifie.

Now grinding pains proceed to hearing
throws,

Till its own weight the burden did disclose.
'Twas of the beauteous Kind ; and brought
to light

With secresie, to shun the Father's sight.

Th' indulgent Mother did her Care employ ;
And pass'd it on her Husband for a Boy.

The Nurse was conscious of the Fact alone ;
The Father paid his Vows, as for a Son ;
And call'd him *Iphis*, by a common Name,
Which either Sex with equal right may
claim. 61

Iphis his Grandsire was : the Wife was
pleas'd,

Of half the fraud by Fortune's favour eas'd :
The doubtful Name was us'd without deceit
And Truth was cover'd with a pious Cheat.
The Habit shew'd a Boy, the beauteous Face
With manly fierceness mingled Female grace.

Now thirteen years of Age were swiftly
run,

When the fond Father thought the time
drew on

Of settling in the World his only Son. 70
Ianthe was his choice ; so wondrous fair,
Her Form alone with *Iphis* cou'd compare :

A Neighbour's Daughter of his own Degree,
And not more blest with Fortunes Goods
than he.

They soon espous'd: for they with ease
were join'd,

Who were before Contracted in the Mind.
Their Age the same, their Inclinations too;
And bred together, in one School they grew.
Thus, fatally dispos'd to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the same
desires. 80

Equal their flame, unequal was their care:
One lov'd with Hope, one languish'd in
Despair.

The Maid accus'd the ling'ring days alone:
For whom she thought a man, she thought
her own.

But *Iphis* bends beneath a greater grief:
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.
Ev'n her Despair adds fuel to her fire;
A Maid with madness does a Maid desire.

And, scarce refraining tears, alas! said she,
What issue of my love remains for me! 90
How wild a Passion works within my
Breast,

With what prodigious Flames am I possest!
Cou'd I the Care of Providence deserve,
Heav'n must destroy me, if it wou'd pre-
serve.

And that's my Fate, or sure it wou'd have
sent

Some usual Evil for my punishment:
Not this unkindly Curse; to rage and burn,
Where Nature shews no prospect of return
Nor Cows for Cows consume with fruitless
fire:

Nor Mares, when hot, their fellow Mares
desire: 100

The Father of the Fold supplies his Ewes;
The Stag through secret Woods his Hind
pursues;

And Birds for Mates the Males of their own
Species chuse.

Her Females Nature guards from Female
flame;

And joins two Sexes to preserve the Game:
Wou'd I were nothing, or not what I am!

Crete fam'd for Monsters wanted of, her
Store,

Till my new Love produc'd one Monster
more.

The Daughter of the Sun a Bull desir'd,
And yet ev'n then a Male a Female fir'd: 110

Her Passion was extravagantly new:
But mine is much the madder of the two,
To things impossible she was not bent,
But found the Means to compass her Intent.
To cheat his Eyes, she took a different shape;
Yet still she gain'd a Lover, and a leap.

Shou'd all the Wit of all the World conspire,
Shou'd *Dædalus* assist my wild desire,

What Art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change *Ianthe* to a Boy? 120

Extinguish then thy passion, hopeless Maid,
And recollect thy Reason for thy aid.

Know what thou art, and love as Maidens
ought;

And drive these Golden Wishes from thy
thought.

Thou canst not hope thy fond desires to
gain;

Where Hope is wanting, Wishes are in vain.
And yet no Guards against our Joys con-
spire;

No jealous Husband hinders our desire:
My Parents are propitious to my Wish

And she her self consenting to the bliss. 130
All things concur to prosper our Design:

All things to prosper any Love but mine.
And yet I never can enjoy the Fair:

'Tis past the Pow'r of Heav'n to grant my
Pray'r.

Heav'n has been kind, as far as Heav'n can
be;

Our Parents with our own desires agree,
But Nature, stronger than the Gods above,

Refuses her assistance to my love.
She sets the Bar, that causes all my pain:

One Gift refus'd makes all their Bounty vain, 140
And now the happy day is just at hand,

To bind our Hearts in *Hymen's* Holy Band:
Ours Hearts, but not our Bodies: thus,

accurs'd,
In midst of water I complain of thirst.

Why com'st thou, *Juno*, to these barren
Rites,

To bless a Bed, defrauded of delights?
And why shou'd *Hymen* lift his Torch on
high,

To see two Brides in cold Embraces lye?
Thou love-sick *Iphis* her vain Passion
mourns:

With equal Ardour fair *Ianthe* burns: 150
Invoking *Hymen's* Name, and *Juno's* Pow'r,

To speed the work, and haste the happy
hour.

She hopes, while *Telethusa* fears the Day;
And strives to interpose some new Delay:
Now feigns a sickness, now is in a fright
For this bad Omen, or that hodiog sight.
But having done whate'er she cou'd devise,
And empty'd all her Magazine of lies,
The time approach'd; the next ensuing day
The Fatal Secret must to light betray. 160
Then *Telethusa* had recourse to Pray'r,
She and her Daughter with dishevell'd hair:
Trembling with fear, great *Isis* they ador'd;
Embrac'd her Altar, and her aid implor'd.

Fair Queen, who dost on fruitful *Egypt*
smile,
Who sway'st the Sceptre of the *Pharian* Isle,
And sev'n-fold falls of disemboqueing *Nile*;
Relieve, in this our last distress, she said,
A suppliant Mother, and a mournful Maid.
Thou, Goddess, thou wert present to my
sight; 170

Reveal'd I saw thee, by thy own fair Light:
I saw thee in my Dream, as now I see
With all thy marks of awful Majesty:
The Glorious Train, that compass'd thee
around;
And heard the hollow Timbrels holy sound.
Thy Words I noted, which I still retain;
Let not thy Sacred Oracles be vain.
That *Iphis* lives, that I my self am free
From shame, and punishment, I owe to thee.
On thy Protection all our hopes depend: 180
Thy Counsel sav'd us, let thy Pow'r defend.

Her Tears pursu'd her Words, and while
she spoke,
The Goddess nodded, and her Altar shook:

The Temple doors, as with a blast of wind,
Were heard to clap; the Lunar Horns, that
hind

The brows of *Isis*, cast a blaze around;
The trembling Timbrel made a murmur'ing
sound.

Some hopes these happy Omens did
impart;

Forth went the Mother with a beating Heart:
Not much in Fear, oor fully satisf'd; 190
But *Iphis* follow'd with a larger stride:
The whiteoess of her Skin forsook her Face;
Her looks emboldn'd, with an awful Grace:
Her Features and her Strength together grew,
And her long Hair to curling Locks with-
drew.

Hersparkling Eyes with Manly Vigour shone;
Big was her Voice, Audacious was her Tone.
The latent Parts, at length reveal'd, began
To shoot, and spread, and burnish into Mao.
The Maid becomes a Youth; no more
delay 200

Your Vows, but look, and confidently pay.
Their Gifts, the Parents to the Temple bear:
The Votive Tables this Inscription wear:
Iphis, the Man, has to the Goddess paid
The Vows, that *Iphis* offer'd, when a Maid.

Now when the Star of Day had shewn his
face,
Venus and *Juno* with their Presence grace
The Nuptial Rites, and *Hymen* from above
Descended to compleat their happy Love:
The Gods of Marriage lend their mutual
aid; 210

And the warm Youth enjoys the lovely Maid.

PYGMALION | AND THE | STATUE,

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF | OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The Propætidæ, for their impudent Behaviour, being turn'd into Stone by Veous, Pygmalion, Prince of Cyprus, detested all Women for their Sake, and resolv'd never to marry: He falls in love with a Statue of his own making, which is chang'd into a Maid, whom he marries. One of his Descendants is Cinyras, the Father of Myrrha; the Daughter incestuously loves her own Father; for which she is changed into the Tree which bears

her Name. These two Stories immediately follow each other, and are admirably well connected.

Pygmalion loathing their lascivious Life, Abhor'd all Womankind, but most a Wife: So single chose to live, and shunn'd to wed, Well pleas'd to want a Consort of his Bed. Yet fearing Idleness, the Nurse of Ill, In Sculpture exercis'd his happy Skill;

PYGMAIION AND THE STATUE Text from the original edition of 1700

Argument. 10 the Tree] The editors give a Tree

And carv'd in Iv'ry such a Maid, so fair,
As Nature could not with his Art compare,
Were she to work ; but in her own Defence,
Must take her Pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleas'd with his Idol, he commends, ad-
mires, 11

Adores ; and last, the Thing ador'd, desires.
A very Virgin in her Face was seen,
And had she mov'd, a living Maid had been :
One wou'd have thought she could have
stirr'd ; but strove

With Modesty, and was asham'd to move.
Art hid with Art, so well perform'd the
Cheat,

It caught the Carver with his own Deceit :
He knows 'tis Madness, yet he must adore,
And still the more he knows it, loves the
more : 20

The Flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,
Which feels so smooth, that he believes it
soft.

Fir'd with this Thought, at once he strain'd
the Breast,

And on the Lips a burning Kiss impress'd.
'Tis true, the harden'd Breast resists the
Gripe,

And the cold Lips return a Kiss unripe :
But when, retiring back, he look'd ngen,
To think it Iv'ry, was a thought too mean :
So wou'd believe she kiss'd, and courting
more,

Again embrac'd her naked Body o'er ; 30
And straining hard the Statue, was afraid
His Hands had made a Dint, and hurt his
Maid :

Explor'd her, Limb by Limb, and fear'd to
find

So rude a Gripe had left a livid Mark
behind :

With Flatt'ry now he seeks her Mind to
move,

And now with Gifts, (the pow'rful Bribes of
Love :) 40

He furnishes her Closet first ; and fills
The crowded Shelves with Rarities of Shells ;
Adds Orient Pearls, which from the Conch
he drew,

And all the sparkling Stones of various
Hue : 40

And Parrots, imitating Humane Tongue,
And Singing-birds in Silver Cages hung ;

And ev'ry fragrant Flow'r, and od'rous
Green,
Were sorted well, with Lumps of Amber
laid between :

Rich, fashionable Robes her person Deek :
Pendants her Ears, and Pearls adorn her
Neck :

Her taper'd Fingers too with Rings are
grac'd,

And an embroider'd Zonē surrounds her
slender Waste.

Thus like a Queen array'd, so richly dress'd,
Beauteous she shew'd, but naked shen'd the
best. 50

Then, from the Floor, he rais'd a Royal
Bed,

With Cov'rings of Sydonian Purple spread :
The Solemn Rites perform'd, her calls her
Bride,

With Blandishments invites her to his Side,
And as she were with Vital Sense possess'd,
Her Head did on a plummy Pillow rest.

The Feast of Venus came, a Solemn Day,
To which the Cypriots due Devotion pay ;
With gilded Horns the Milk-white Heifers
led,

Slaughter'd before the sacred Altars, bled :
Pygmalion offering, first approach'd the
Shrine, 60

And then with Pray'rs implor'd the Pow'rs
Divine :

Almighty Gods, if all we Mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant ;
Make this fair Statue mine, he would have
said,

But chang'd his Words for shame ; and
only pray'd,

Give me the Likeness of my Iv'ry Maid.
The Golden Goddess, present at the
Pray'r,

Well knew he meant th' inanimated Fair,
And gave the Sign of granting his Desire ; 70
For thrice in cheerful Flames ascends the
Fire.

The Youth, returning to his Mistress, hies,
And, impudent in Hope, with ardent Eyes,
And beating Breast, by the dear Statue lies.

He kisses her white Lips, renews the Bliss,
And looks and thinks they redder at the
Kiss :

He thought them warm before : Nor longer
stays,

But next his Hand on her hard Bosom lays :

Hnd as it was, beginning to relent,
 It seem'd, the Breast beneath his Fingers
 bent ;
 He felt again, his Fingers made a Print,
 'Twas Flesh, but Flesh so firm, it rose
 against the Dint :
 The pleasing Task he fails not to renew ;
 Soft, and more soft at ev'ry Touch it grew ;
 Like plant Wax, when chafing Hands
 reduce
 The former Mass to Form, and frame for Use
 He would believe, but yet is still in pain,
 And tries his Argument of Sense again,
 Presses the Pulse, and feels the leaping
 Vein.
 Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his studied Thanks and
 Praise,
 To her who made the Miracle, he pays :

Then Lips to Lips he join'd ; now freed from
 Fear,
 He found the Savour of the Kiss sincere :
 At this the waken'd Image op'd her
 Eyes,
 And view'd at once the Light and Lover,
 with surprize.
 The Goddess present at the Match she
 made,
 So bless'd the Bed, such Fruitfulness con-
 vey'd,
 That e'er ten Moons had sharpen'd either
 Horn,
 To crown their Bliss, a lovely Boy was
 born ;
 Paphos his Name, who, grown to Manhood,
 wall'd
 The City Paphos, from the Founder call'd.

CINYRAS | AND | MYRRHA,

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF | OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

There needs no connection of this Story with the Former : for the Beginning of This immediately follows the End of the Last : The Reader is only to take notice, that Orpheus, who relates both, was by Birth a Thracian ; and his Country far distant from Cyprus, where Myrrha was born, and from Arabia, whither she fled. You will see the Reason of this Note, soon after the first Lines of this Fable.

Nor him alone produc'd the fruitful Queen ;
 But Cinyras, who like his Sire had been
 A happy Prince, had he not been a Sire.
 Daughters and Fathers from my Song retire ;
 I sing of Horrour ; and could I prevail,
 You shou'd not hear, or not believe my Tale.
 Yet if the Pleasure of my Song be such,
 That you will hear, and credit me too much,
 Attentive listen to the last Event,
 And with the Sin believe the Punishment :
 Since Nature cou'd behold so dire a Crime, 11
 I gratulate at least my Native Clime,
 That such a Land, which such a Monster
 bore,
 So far is distant from our Thracian Shore.

Let Aroby extol her happy Coast,
 Her Cinamon and sweet Amomum boast,
 Her fragrant Flow'rs, her Trees with
 precious Tears,
 Her second Harvests, and her double
 Years ;
 How can the Land be call'd so bless'd that
 Myrrha bears ?
 Not all her od'rous Tears can cleanse her
 Crime,
 Her Plant alone deforms the happy Clime :
 Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy Heart,
 Disowns thy Love, and vindicates his Dart
 Some Fury gave thee those infernal Pains,
 And shot her venom'd Vipers in thy Veins
 To hate thy Sire, had mented a Curse ;
 But such an impious Love deserv'd a worse.
 The Neighb'ring Monarchs, by thy Beauty led,
 Contend in Crowds, ambitious of thy Bed :
 The World is at thy Choice, except but
 one,
 Except but him thou canst not chuse alone.
 She knew it too, the miserable Maid,
 E'er impious Love her better Thoughts
 betray'd,
 And thus within her secret Soul she said :

Pygmalion and the Statue 86 for] The English editors wrongly give to

CINYRAS AND MYRRHA Text from the original edition of 1700.

Ab *Myrrha*! whither wou'd thy Wishes
tend?

Ye Gods, ye sacred Laws, my Soul defend
From such a Crime, as all Mankind detest,
And never lodg'd before in Humane Breast!
But is it Sin? Or makes my Mind alone
Th' imagin'd Sin? For Nature makes it
none. 40

What Tyrant then these envious Laws began,
Made not for any other Beast, but Man!
The Father-Bull his Daughter may bestride,
The Horse may make his Mother-Mare
a Bride;

What Piety forbids the lusty Ram,
Or more salacious Goat, to rut their Dam?
The Hen is free to wed her Chick she bore,
And make a Husband, whom she hatch'd
before.

All Creatures else are of a happier Kind,
Whom nor ill-natur'd Laws from Pleasure
bind, 50
Nor Thoughts of Sin disturb their Peace
of Mind.

But Man, a Slave of his own making lives:
The Fool denies himself what Nature gives:
Too busie Senates, with an over-care
To make us better than our Kind can bear,
Have dash'd a Spice of Envy in the Laws,
And straining up too high, have spoil'd the
Cause.

Yet some wise Nations break their cruel
Chains,
And own no Laws, but those which Love
ordains:

Where happy Daughters with their Sires are
join'd, 60
And Piety is doubly paid in Kind.

O that I had been born in such a Clime,
Not here, where 'tis the Country makes the
Crime!

But whither wou'd my impious Fancy
stray?

Hence Hopes, and ye forbidden Thoughts
away!

His Worth deserves to kindle my Desires,
But with the Love, that Daughters bear to
Sires.

Then had not *Cinyras* my Father been,
What hinder'd *Myrrha's* Hopes to be his
Queen?

But the Perverseness of my Fate is such, 70
That he's not mine, because he's mine too
much:

Our Kindred-Blood debars a better Tie:
He might be nearer, were he not so oib.
Eyes and their Objects never must unite,
Some Distance is requir'd to help the Sight:
Fain wou'd I travel to some Foreign Shore,
Never to see my Native Country more,
So might I to my self my self restore;
So might my Mind these impious Thoughts
remove,

And ceasing to behold, might cease to
love. 80

But stay I must, to feed my famish'd Sight,
To talk, to kiss; and more, if more I might:
More, impious Maid! What more canst
thou design,

To make a monstrous Mixture in thy Line,
And break all Statutes Humane and Divine?
Canst thou be call'd (to save thy wretched
Life)

Thy Mother's Rival, and thy Father's Wife?
Confound so many sacred Names in one,
Thy Brother's Mother, Sister to thy Son!
And fear'st thou not to see th' Infernal
Bands, 90

Their Heads with Snakes, with Torches
arm'd their Hands,
Full at thy Face th' avenging Brands to bear.
And shake the Serpents from their hissing
Hair?

But thou in time th' increasing Ill controul,
Nor first debauch the Body by the Soul:
Secure the sacred Quiet of thy Mind,
And keep the Sanctions Nature has design'd.
Suppose I shou'd attempt, th' Attempt were
vain;

No Thoughts like mine his sinless Soul pro-
fane:

Observant of the Right; and O, that he 100
Cou'd cure my Madness, or be mad like me!

Thus she: But *Cinyras*, who daily sees
A Crowd of Noble Suitors at his Knees,
Among so many, knew not whom to chuse.
Irresolute to grant, or to refuse.

But having told their Names, enquir'd of her,
Who pleas'd her best, and whom she would
prefer?

The blushing Maid stood silent with Sur-
prise,

And on her Father fix'd her ardent Eyes.
And looking sigh'd; and as she sigh'd,
began 110

Round Tears to shed, that scalded as they
ran.

The tender Sire, who saw her blush, and cry,
 Ascrib'd it all to Maiden-modesty ;
 And dry'd the falling Drops, and yet more
 kind,
 He strok'd her Cheeks, and holy Kisses
 join'd :
 She felt a secret Venom fire her Blood,
 And found more Pleasure than a Daughter
 shou'd ;
 And, ask'd again, what Lover of the Crew
 She lik'd the best ; she answer'd, One like
 you. * 119
 Mistaking what she meant, her pious Will
 He prais'd, and bad her so continue still :
 The Word of Pious heard, she blush'd with
 shame
 Of secret Guilt, and cou'd not bear the
 Name.
 'Twas now the mid of Night, when
 Slumbers close
 Our Eyes, and sooth our Cares with soft
 Repose ;
 But no Repose cou'd wretched *Myrrha* find,
 Her Body rousing, as she rould her Mind :
 Mad with Desire, she ruminates her Sin,
 And wishes all her Wishes o'er again :
 Now she despairs, and now resolves to try ;
 Wou'd not, and wou'd again, she knows not
 why ; 131
 Stops and returns, makes and retracts the
 Vow ;
 Fain wou'd begin, hut understands not how :
 As when a Pine is hew'd upon the Plains,
 And the last mortal Stroke alone remains,
 Lab'ring in Pangs of Death, and threatning
 all,
 This way, and that she nods, consid'ring
 where to fall :
 So *Myrrha's* Mind, impell'd on either Side,
 Takes ev'ry Bent, but cannot long abide :
 Irresolute on which she shou'd rely, 140
 At last unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die ;
 On that sad Thought she rests ; resolv'd on
 Death,
 She rises, and prepares to choak her Breath :
 Then while about the Beam her Zone she
 ties,
 Dear *Cinyras*, farewell, she softly cries ;
 For thee I die, and only wish to be
 Not hated, when thou know'st I die for thee :
 Pardon the Crime, in pity to the Cause :
 This said, about her Neck the Noose she
 draws.

The Nurse, who lay without, her faithful
 Guard, 150
 Though not the Words, the Murmurs over-
 heard,
 And Sighs, and hollow Sounds : Surpriz'd
 with Fright,
 She starts, and leaves her Bed, and springs
 a Light ;
 Unlocks the Door, and entering out of
 Breath,
 The Dying saw, and Instruments of Death ;
 She shrieks, she cuts the Zone, with trem-
 bling haste,
 And in her Arms her fainting Charge em-
 brac'd :
 Next, (for she now had leisure for her
 Tears)
 She weeping ask'd, in these her blooming
 Years, 159
 What unforeseen Misfortune caus'd her Care,
 To loath her Life, and languish in Despair !
 The Maid, with down-cast Eyes, and mute
 with Grief,
 For Death unfinish'd, and ill-tim'd Relief,
 Stood sullen to her Suit : The Beldame
 press'd
 The more to know, and har'd her wither'd
 Breast ;
 Adjur'd her, by the kindly Food she drew
 From those dry Founts, her secret Ill to
 shew.
 Sad *Myrrha* sigh'd, and turn'd her Eyes aside :
 The Nurse still urg'd, and wou'd not be
 deny'd :
 Nor only promis'd Secresie ; but pray'd 170
 She might have leave to give her offer'd Aid
 Good-will, she said, my want of Strength
 supplies,
 And Diligence shall give, what Age denies :
 If strong Desires thy Mind to Fury move,
 With Charms and Med'cines I can cure thy
 Love :
 If Envious eyes their hurtful Rays have cast,
 More pow'rful Verse shall free thee from
 the Blast :
 If Heav'd offended sends thee this Disease,
 Offended Heav'n with Pray'rs we can
 appease.
 What then remains, that can these Cares
 procure ? 180
 Thy House is flourishing, thy Fortune sure :
 Thy careful Mother yet in Health survives,
 And, to thy Comfort, thy kind Father lives

The Virgin started at her Father's Name,
And sigh'd profoundly, conscious of the
Shame :

Nor yet the Nurse her impious Love divin'd ;
But yet surmis'd, that Love disturb'd her
Mind :

Thus thinking, she pursu'd her Point, and
laid

And lull'd within her Lap the mourning
Maid ;

Then softly sooth'd her thus, I guess your
Grief : 190

You love, my Child ; your Love shall find
Relief.

My long-experienc'd Age shall be your
Guide ;

Rely on that, and lay Distrust aside :
No Breath of Air shall on the Secret blow,
Nor shall (what most you fear) your Father
know.

Struck once again, as with a Thunder-clap,
The guilty Virgin bounded from her Lap,
And threw her Body prostrate on the Bed,
And, to conceal her Blushes, hid her Head :
There silent lay, and warn'd her with her
Hand 200

To go : But she receiv'd not the Command ;
Remaining still importunate to know :

Then *Myrrha* thus ; Or ask no more, or go :
I prethee go, or staying spare my Shame ;
What thou wou'dst hear, is impious ev'n to
name.

At this, on high the Beldame holds her
Hands,

And trembling, both with Age and Terrour,
stands ;

Adjures, and falling at her Feet intreats,
Sooths her with Blandishments, and frights
with Threats,

To tell the Crime intended, or disclose 210
What Part of it she knew, if she no farther
knows :

And last, if conscious to her Counsel made,
Confirms anew the Promise of her Aid.

Now *Myrrha* rais'd her Head ; but soon
oppress'd

With Shame, reclin'd it on her Nurses
Breast ;

Bath'd it with Tears, and strove to have
confess'd :

Twice she began, and stopp'd ; again she
try'd ;

The falt'ring Tongue its Office still deny'd :

At last her Veil before her Face she spread,
And drew a long preluding Sigh, and said,
O happy mother, in thy Marriage-bed ! 227
Then groan'd and ceas'd ; the good Old
Woman shook,

Stiff were her Eyes, and ghastly was her
Look :

Her hoary Hair upright with Horror stood
Made (to her Grief) more knowing than she
wou'd :

Much she reproach'd and many Things she
said,

To cure the Madness of th' unhappy Maid :
In vain : For *Myrrha* stood convict of Ill ;
Her Reason vanquish'd, hut unchang'd her
Will :

Perverse of Mind, unable to reply, 230
She stood resolv'd or to possess, or die.

At length the Fondness of a Nurse prevail'd
Against her better Sense, and Virtue fail'd :
Enjoy, my Child, since such is thy Desire,
Thy Love, she said ; she durst not say, thy
Sire.

Live, though unhappy, live on any Terms :
Then with a second Oath her Faith confirms.

The Solemn Feast of *Ceres* now was near,
When long white Linen Stoles the Matrons
wear ;

Rank'd in Procession walk the pious Train,
Off'ring First-fruits, and Spikes of yellow
Grain : 241

For nine long Nights the Nuptial-bed they
shun,

And, sanctifying Harvest, lie alone.

Mix'd with the Crowd, the Queen forsook
her Lord,

And *Ceres* Pow'r with secret Rites ador'd :
The Royal Couch now vacant for a time,
The crafty Crone, officious in her Crime,
The curst Occasion took : The King she
found

Easie with Wine, and deep in Pleasures
drown'd,

Prepar'd for Love : The Beldame blew the
Flame, 250

Confess'd the Passion, but conceal'd the
Name.

Her Form she prais'd ; the Monarch ask'd
her Years,

And she reply'd, The same thy *Myrrha* bears.

249 Pleasures] Some editors wrongly give
Pleasure

- Wine and commended Beauty fir'd his
Thought ;
Impatient, he commands her to be brought.
Pleas'd with her Charge perform'd, she hies
her home,
And gratulates the Nymph, the Task was
overcome.
Myrrha was joy'd the welcom News to hear ;
But clogg'd with Guilt, the Joy was un-
sincere :
So various, so discordant is the Mind, 260
That in our Will, a diff'rent Will we find.
Ill she presag'd, and yet pursu'd her Lust ;
For guilty Pleasures give a double Gust.
'Twas Depth of Night: *Arctophylax* had
driv'n
His lazy Wain half round the Northern
Heav'n,
When *Myrrha* hasten'd to the Crime desir'd ;
The Moon beheld her first, and first retir'd :
The Stars amaz'd, ran backward from the
Sight,
And (shrunk within their Sockets) lost their
Light.
Icarus first withdraws his holy Flame : 270
The Virgin Sign, in Heav'n the second
Name,
Slides down the Belt, and from her Station
flies,
And Night with Sable Clouds involves the
Skies.
Bold *Myrrha* still pursues her black Intent :
She stumb'l'd thrice (an Omen of th' Event) ;
Thrice shriek'd the Fun'ral Owl, yet on she
went,
Secure of Shame, because secure of Sight ;
Ev'n basful Sins are impudent by Night.
Link'd Hand in Hand, th' Accomplice and
the Dame,
Their Way exploring, to the Chamber
came : 280
The Door was ope, they blindly grope their
Way,
Where dark in Bed th' expecting Monarch
lay :
Thus far her Courage held, but here for-
sakes ;
Her faint Knees knock at ev'ry Step she
makes.
The nearer to her Crime, the more within
She feels Remorse, and Horror of her Sin ;
- Repents too late her criminal Desire,
And wishes, that unknown she cou'd retire.
Her, lingering thus, the Nurse (who fear'd
Delay
The fatal Secret might at length betray) 290
Pull'd forward, to compleat the Work
begun,
And said to *Cinyras*, Receive thy own :
Thus saying, she deliver'd Kind to Kind,
Accurs'd, and their devoted Bodies join'd.
The Sire, unknowing of the Crime, admits
His Bowels, and profanes the hallow'd
Sheets.
He found she trembl'd, but believ'd she
strove,
With Maiden-Modesty, against her Love,
And sought with flatt'ring Words vain
Fancies to remove.
Perhaps he said, My Daughter, cease thy
Fears, 300
(Because the Title suited with her Years ;)
And, Father, she might whisper him agen,
That Names might not be wanting to the
Sin.
Full of her Sire, she left th' incestuous Bed,
And carry'd in her Womb the Crime she
bred :
Another, and another Night she came ;
For frequent Sin had left no Sense of Shame :
Till *Cinyras* desir'd to see her Face,
Whose Body he had held in close Embrace,
And brought a Taper ; the Revealer,
Light, 310
Expos'd both Crime, and Criminal to Sight :
Grief, Rage, Amazement, cou'd no Speech
afford,
But from the Sheath he drew th' avenging
Sword ;
The Guilty fled : The Benefit of Night,
That favour'd first the Sin, secur'd the
Flight.
Long wandering through the spacious Fields,
she bent
Her Voyage to th' *Arabian* Continent ;
Then pass'd the Region which *Panchaea*
join'd,
And flying, left the Palmy Plains behind.
Nine times the Moon had mew'd her Horns ;
at length 320
With Travel weary, unsupply'd with
Strength,
And with the Burden of her Womb oppress'd,
*Sabea*n Fields afford her needful Rest :

There, loathing Life, and yet of Death
 afraid,
 In Anguish of her Spirit, thus she pray'd.
 Ye Pow'rs, if any so propitious are
 T' accept my Penitence, and hear my
 Pray'r,
 Your Judgments, I confess, are justly sent ;
 Great Sins deserve as great a Punishment :
 Yet since my Life the Living will pro-
 fane, 330
 And since my Death the happy Dead will
 stain,
 A middle State your Mercy may bestow,
 Betwixt the Realms above, and those below :
 Some other Form to wretched *Myrrha*
 give,
 Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live.
 The Pray'rs of Penitents are never vain ;
 At least, she did her last Request obtain ;
 For while she spoke, the Ground began to
 rise,
 And gather'd round her Feet, her Leggs,
 and Thighs ;
 Her Toes in Roots descend, and spreading
 wide, 340
 A firm Foundation for the Trunk provide :
 Her solid Bones convert to solid Wood,
 To Pith her Marrow, and to Sap her
 Blood :
 Her Arms are Boughs, her Fingers change
 their Kind,
 Her tender Skin is harden'd into Rind.
 And now the rising Tree her Womb invests,
 Now, shooting upwards still, invades her
 Breasts,
 And shades the Neck ; when, weary with
 Delay,
 She sunk her Head within, and met it half
 the Way.
 And though with outward Shape she lost
 her Sense, 350
 With bitter Tears she wept her last Offence ;
 And still she weeps, nor sheds her Tears in
 vain ;
 For still the precious Drops her Name
 retain.
 Meantime the mis-begotten Infant grows,
 And, ripe for Birth, distends with deadly
 Throws

The swelling Rind, with unavailing Strife,
 To leave the wooden Womb, and pushes
 into Life.
 The Mother-Tree, as if oppress'd with
 Pain,
 Writhes here and there, to break the Bark,
 in vain ;
 And, like a Lab'ring Woman, wou'd have
 pray'd, 360
 But wants a Voice to call *Lúcina's* Aid :
 The bending Bole sends out a hollow Sound,
 And frickling Tears fall thicker 'on the
 Ground.
 The mild *Lúcina* came uncalled, and stood
 Beside the struggling Boughs, and heard
 the groaning Wood :
 Then reach'd her Midwife-Hand, to speed the
 Throws,
 And spoke the pow'rful Spells that Babes to
 Birth disclose.
 The Bark divides, the living Load to free,
 And safe delivers the Convulsive Tree.
 The ready Nymphs receive the crying Child,
 And wash him in the Tears the Parent-
 Plant distill'd. 371
 They swath'd him with their Scarfs ; beneath
 him spread
 The Ground with Herbs ; with Roses
 rais'd his Head.
 The lovely Babe was born with ev'ry Grace :
 Ev'n Envy must have prais'd so fair a Face :
 Such was his Form, as Painters when they
 show
 Their utmost Art, on naked Loves bestow :
 And that their Arms no Diff'rence might
 betray,
 Give him a Bow, or his from *Cupid* take
 away. 379
 Time glides along, with undiscover'd haste,
 The Future but a Length behind the past :
 So swift are Years : The Babe, whom just
 before
 His Grandsire got, and whom his Sister bore ;
 The Drop, the Thing which late the Tree
 inclos'd,
 And late the yawning Bark to Life expos'd ;
 A Babe, a Boy, a beauteous Youth appears ;
 And lovelier than himself at riper Years.
 Now to the Queen of Love he gave Desires,
 And, with her Pains, reveng'd his Mother's
 Fires.

CEYX | AND | ALCYONE,

OUT OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

CONNEXION OF THIS FABLE WITH
THE FORMER.

Ceyx, the Son of Lueifer, (the Morning Star) and King of Trachin in Thessaly, was married to Alcyone, Daughter to Æolus, God of the Winds. Both the Husband and the Wife lov'd each other with an entire Affection. Dædalion, the Elder Brother of Ceyx (whom he succeeded) having been turn'd into a Falcon by Apollo, and Chione, Dædalion's Daughter, slain by Diana, Ceyx prepares a Ship to sail to Claros, there to consult the Oracle of Apollo, and (as Ovid seems to intimate) to enquire how the Anger of the Gods might be otton'd.

THESE Prodigious affect the pious Prince,
But more perplex'd with those that happen'd
since,

He purposes to seek the *Clarian God*,
Avoiding *Delphos*, his more fam'd Abode ;
Since *Phlegyan* Robbers made unsafe the
Road.

Yet cou'd not he from her he lov'd so well,
The fatal Voyage, he resolv'd, conceal :
But when she saw her Lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly Cold ran shiv'ring to her Heart :
Her faded Cheeks are chang'd to Boven Hue,
And in her Eyes the Tears are ever new : 11
She thrice assay'd to Speak ; her Accents
hung,
And faltring dy'd unfinish'd on her Tongue,
Or vanish'd into Sighs : With long delay
Her Voice return'd ; and found the wonted
way.

Tell me, my Lord, she said, what Fault
unknown

Thy once belov'd *Alcyone* has done ?
Whether, ah whether is thy Kindness gone !
Can *Ceyx* then sustain to leave his Wife,
And unconcern'd forsake the Sweets of Life ?
What can thy Mind to this long Journey
move, 21

Or need'st thou absence to renew thy Love ?

CEYX AND ALCYONE Text from the original
edition of 1700

Yet, if thou go'st by Land, tho' Grief possess
My Soul ev'n then, my Fears will be the less.
But ah ! be warn'd to sbun the Watry Way,
The Face is frightful of the stormy Sea.
For late I saw a-drift disjointed Planks,
And empty Tombs erected on the Banks.
Nor let false Hopes to trust betray thy Mind,
Because my Sire in Caves constrains the Wind,
Can with a Breath their clam'rous Rage
appease,

They fear his Whistle, and forsake the Seas ;
Not so, for, once indulg'd, they sweep the
Main,

Deaf to the Call, or, hearing hear in vain ;
But bent on Mischief bear the Waves before,
And not content with Seas insult the Shoar,
When Ocean, Air, and Earth, at once
ingage,

And rooted Forrests fly before their Rage :
At once the clashing Clouds to Battle move,
And Lightnings run across the Fields above :
I know them well, and mark'd their rude
Comport, 41

While yet a Child, within my Father's Court :
In times of Tempest they command alone,
And he but sits precarious on the Throne :
The more I know, the more my Fears
augment,

And Fears are oft prophetick of th' Event.
But if not Fears, or Reasons will prevail,
If Fate has fix'd thee obstinate to sail,
Go not without thy Wife, but let me hear
My part of Danger with an equal share, 50
And present, what I suffer only fear :
Then o'er the bounding Billows shall we fly,
Secure to live together, or to die.

These Reasons mov'd her starlike Hus-
band's Heart,

But still he held his Purpose to depart :
For as he lov'd her equal to his Life,
He wou'd not to the Seas expose his Wife ;
Nor cou'd be wrought his Voyage to refrain,
But sought by Arguments to sooth her Pain ;

18 Whether . . . whether] *The editors print
Whether .. whither*

51 what I suffer only fear] *Some editors alter
to suffer what I only fear improving the sense.*

Nor these avail'd ; at length he lights on
one, 60

With which, so difficult a Cause he won :
My Love, so short an absence cease to fear,
For, by my Father's holy Flame, I swear,
Before two Moons their Orb with Light
adorn,
If Heav'n allow me Life, I will return.

This Promise of so short a stay prevails :
He soon equips the Ship, supplies the Sails,
And gives the Word to launch ; she trem-
bling views

This pomp of Death, and parting Tears
renews :

Last, with a Kiss, she took a long farewell, 70
Sigh'd, with a sad Presage, and swooning
fell.

While Ceyx seeks Delays, the lusty Crew,
Rais'd on their Banks, their Oars in order
drew
To their broad Breasts, the Ship with fury
flew.

The Queen recover'd rears her humid
Eyes,

And first her Husband on the Poop espies
Shaking his Hand at distance on the Main ;
She took the Sign ; and shook her Hand
again.

Still as the Ground recedes, contracts her
View

With sharpen'd Sight, till she no longer
knew 80

The much-lov'd Face ; that Comfort lost
supplies

With less, and with the Galley feeds her
Eyes ;

The Galley born from view by rising Gales,
She follow'd with her Sight the flying Sails :
When ev'n the flying Sails were seen no
more,

Forsaken of all Sight, she left the Shoar.

Then on her Bridal-Bed her Body
throws,

And sought in Sleep her weary'd Eyes to
close.

Her Husband's Pillow, and the Widow'd
part

Which once he press'd, renew'd the former
Smart. 90

And now a Breeze from Shoar began to
blow,

The Sailors ship their Oars, and cease* to
row ;

Then hoist their Yards a-trip, and all their
Sails

Let fall, to court the Wind, and catch the
Gales :

By this the Vessel half her Course had run,
And as much rested till the rising Sun ;

Both Shores were lost to Sight, when at the
close

Of Day, a stiffer Gale at East arose :
The Sea grew White, the rowling Waves

from far 99
Like Heralds first denounce the Watry War.

This seen, the Master soon began to cry,
Strike, strike the Top-sail ; let the Main-
sheet fly,

And furl your Sails : The Winds repel the
sound

And in the Speaker's Mouth the Speech is
drown'd.

Yet of their own accord, as Danger taught,
Each in his way, officiously they wrought ;
Some stow their Oars, or stop the leaky
Sides,

Another bolder yet the Yard bestrides,
And folds the Sails ; a fourth with Labour,
laves

Th' intruding Seas, and Waves ejects on
Waves. 110

In this Confusion while their Work they
ply,

The Winds augment the Winter of the Sky,
And wage intestine Wars ; the suffering Seas
Are toss'd, and mingled as their Tyrants
please.

The Master wou'd command, but in despair
Of Safety, stands amaz'd with stupid Care,
Nor what to bid, or what forbid he knows,
Th' ungovern'd Tempest to such Fury grows:

Vain is his Force, and vainer is his Skill ;
With such a Concourse comes the Flood of
Ill : 120

The Cries of Men are mix'd with rattling
Shrowds ;

Seas dash on Seas, and Clouds encounter
Clouds :

At once from East to West, from Pole to
Pole,

The forky Lightnings flash, the roaring
Thunders roul.

79 contracts] *The English editors wrongly
give retract and Saintsbury even annotates the
false reading.*

Now Waves on Waves ascending scale
the Skies,

And in the Fires above, the Water fries :
When yellow Sands are sifted from below,
The glitt'ring Billows give a golden Show :
And when the fouler bottom spews the
Black, 129

The *Stygian* Dye the tainted Waters take :
Then frothy White appear the flatted Seas,
And change their Colour, changing their
Disease.

Like various Fits the *Trachin* Vessel finds,
And now sublime, she rides upon the Winds ;
As from a lofty Summit looks from high,
And from the Clouds beholds the neather
Sky ;

Now from the depth of Hell they lift their
Sight,

And at a distance see superiour Light :
The lashing Billows make a loud report,
And beat her Sides, as batt'ring Rams,
a Fort : 140

Or as a Lyon, bounding in his way,
With Force augmented bears against his
Prey,

Sidelong to seize ; or unappal'd with Fear
Springs on the Toils, and rushes on the Spear :
So Seas impell'd by Winds with added Pow'r
Assault the Sides, and o'er the Hatches tow'r.

The Planks (their pitchy Cov'ring wash'd
away)

Now yield ; and now a yawning Breach
display :

The roaring Waters with a hostile Tide
Rush through the Ruins of her gaping Side.

Mean time in Sheets of Rain the Sky
descends, 151

And Ocean swell'd with Waters upwards
tends,

One rising, falling one, the Heav'ns, and Sea
Meet at their Confines, in the middle Way :
The Sails are drunk with Show'rs, and drop
with Rain,

Sweet Waters mingle with the briny Main.
No Star appears to lend his friendly Light :
Darkness and Tempest make a double Night.

But flashing Fires disclose the Deep by
turns,

And while the Light'nings blaze, the Water
burns. 160

Now all the Waves their scatter'd Force
unite,

And as a Soldier, foremost in the Fight,
Makes way for others : And an Host alone,
Still presses on, and urging gains the Town ;
So while th' invading Billows come a-brest,
The Hero tenth advanc'd before the rest,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous Sway,
And from the Walls descends upon the Prey ;
Part following enter, part remain without,
With Envy hear their Fellows conqu'ring
Shout, 170

And mount on others Backs, in Hope to
share

The City, thus become the Seat of War.

An universal Cry resounds aloud,

The Sailors run in Heaps, a helpless Crowd ;
Art fails, and Courage falls, no Succour near ;
As many Waves, as many Deaths appear.

One weeps, and yet despairs of late Relief ;
One cannot weep, his Fears congeal his
Grief,

But stupid, with dry Eyes expects his Fate.
One with loud Shrieks laments his lost
Estate, 180

And calls those happy whom their Funerals
wait.

This Wretch with Pray'rs and Vows the
Gods implores,

And ev'n the Sky's he cannot see, adores.
That other on his Friends his Thoughts
bestows,

His careful Father, and his faithful Spouse.
The covetous Worlding in his anxious Mind
Thinks only on the Wealth he left behind.

All *Ceyx* his *Alcyone* employs,

For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys :
His Wife he wishes, and wou'd still be
near, 190

Not her with him. but wishes him with
her :

Now with last Looks he seeks his Native
Shoar,

Which Fate has destin'd him to see no more :
He sought, but in the dark tempestuous
Night

He knew not whither to direct his Sight.
So whirl the Seas, such Darkness blinds the
Sky,

That the black Night receives a deeper Dye.
The giddy Ship ran round ; the Tempest
tore

Her Mast, and over-board the Rudder bore

147 Cov'ring] *The English editors give cover-
ings*

One Billow mounts : and with a scornful
Brow

200

Proud of her Conquest gain'd insults the
Waves below ;

Nor lighter falls, than if some Gyant tore
Pindus and *Athos*, with the Freight they
bore,

And toss'd on Seas : press'd with the pon-
derous Blow

Down sinks the Ship within th' Abyss below
Down with the Vessel sink into the Main

The many, never more to rise again.

Some few on scatter'd Planks with fruitless
Care

lay hold, and swim, but while they swim,
despair.

209

Ev'n he who late a Scepter did command
Now grasps a floating Fragment in his Hand,

And while he struggles on the stormy Main,
Invokes his Father, and his Wife's, in vain :

But yet his Consort is his greater Care ;

Alcyon he names amidst his Pray'r,

Names as a Charm against the Waves, and
Wind ;

Most in his Mouth, and ever in his Mind :

Tir'd with his Toyl, all hopes of Safety past,
From Pray'rs to Wishes he descends at last :

That his dead Body, wafted to the Sands,
Might have its Burial from her Friendly

Hands.

221

As oft as he can catch a gulp of Air,

And peep above the Seas, he names the Fair ;
And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he

raves,

Murm'ring *Alcyon* below the Waves :

At last a falling Billow stops his Breath,
Breaks o'er his Head, andwhelms him under-

neath.

Bright *Lucifer* unlike himself appears

That Night, his heav'nly Form obscur'd
with Tears,

And since he was forbid to leave the Skies,
He muffled with a Cloud his mournful

Eyes.

231

Mean time *Alcyon* (his Fnte unknown)
Computes how many Nights he had been

gone,

Observes the waning Moon with hqu'ly
View,

Numbers her Age, and wishes for a new ;

Against the promis'd Time provides with
care,

And hastens in the Wool the Robes he was
to wear :

And for her Self employs another Loom,
New-dress'd to meet her Lord returning
home.

Flatt'ring her Heart with Joys that never
were to come :

240

She fum'd the Temples with an odorous
Flame,

And b't before the sacred Altars came,
To pray for him, who was an empty Name.

All Pow'rs implor'd, but far above the rest

To *Juno* she her pious Vows address'd,
Her much-lov'd Lord from Perils to protect

And safe o'er Seas his Voyage to direct :

Then pray'd that she might still possess his
Heart,

And no pretending Rival share a part :

This last Petition heard of all her Pray'r, 250
The rest dispers'd by Winds were lost in Air.

But she, the Goddess of the Nuptial-Bed,
Tir'd with her vain Devotions for the Dead,

Resolv'd the tainted Hand should be
repell'd.

Which Incense offer'd, and her Altar held :
Then *Iris* thus bespoke : Thou faithful Maid,

By whom thy Queen's Commands are well
convey'd,

Haste to the House of Sleep, and bid the God
Who rules the Night by Visions with a Nod,

Prepare a Dream, in Figure and in Form 260
Resembling him who perish'd in the Storm :

This form before *Alcyon* present,

To make her certain of the sad Event.

Indu'd with Robes of various Hew she
flies,

And flying draws an Arch, (a segment of the
Skies :)

Then leaves her bending Bow, and from the
Steeep

Descends to search the silent House of
Sleep.

Near the *Cynnerians*, in his dark Abode
Deep in a Cavern, dwells the drowzy God :

Whose gloomy Mansion nor the rising
Sun

270

Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome Noor :
But lazy Vapors round the Region fix,

Perpetual Twilight, and a doubtful Sky :

213 Wife's] *Through the reference is clearly to
Æolus the English editors give Wife*

257, thy] *The English editors wrongly give the*

No crowing Cock does there his Wings
display,
Nor with his horny Bill provoke the Day :
Nor watchful Dogs, nor the more wakeful
Geese,
Disturb with nightfy Noise the sacred Peace :
Nor Beast of Nature, nor the Tame are nigh,
Nor Trees with Tempests rock'd, nor human
Cry ;

But safe Reposè without an Air of Breath
Dwells here, and a dumb Quiet next to
Death. 28r

An Arm of *Lethe* with a gentle Flow
Arising upwards from the Rock below,
The Palace moats, and o'er the Pebbles
creeps,

And with soft Murmurs calls the coming
Sleeps ;

Around its Entry nodding Poppies grow,
And all cool Simples that sweet Rest bestow ;
Night from the Plants their sleepy Virtue
drains,

And passing, sheds it on the silent Plains :
No Door there was th' unguarded House
to keep, 290

On creaking Hinges turn'd, to break his
Sleep.

But in the gloomy Court was rais'd a Bed,
Stuff'd with black Plumes, and on an Ebon-
sted :

Black was the Cov'ring too, where lay the
God

And slept supine, his Limbs display'd
abroad :

About his Head fantastick Visions fly,
Which various Images of Things supply,
And mock their Forms, the Leaves on Trees
not more,

Nor bearded Ears in Fields, nor Sands upon
the Shore.

The Virgin entring bright indulg'd the
Day 300

To the brown Cave, and brush'd the Dreams
away :

The God disturb'd with this new Glare of
Light

Cast sudden on his Face, unseal'd his Sight,
And rais'd his tardy Head, which sunk agen,
And sinking on his Bosom knock'd his Chin :
At length shook off himself ; and ask'd the

Dame,
(And asking yawn'd) for what intent she
came ?

To whom the Goddess thus : O sacred
Rest,
Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the Pow'rs the
best !

O Peace of Mind, repaire of Decay, 310
Whose Balm renew the Limbs to Labours
of the Day,
Care shuns thy soft approach, and sullen
flies away !

Adorn a Dream, expressing human Form,
The Shape of him who suffer'd in the
Storm,

And send it fitting to the *Trachin* Court,
The Wreck of wretched *Ceyx* to report :
Before his Queen bid the pale Spectre
stand,

Who begs a vain Relief at *Juno's* Hand.
She said, and scarce awake her Eyes cou'd
keep,

Unable to support the Fumes of Sleep : 320
But fled returning by the way she went,
And swerv'd along her Bow with swift
ascent.

The God uneasy till he slept again
Resolv'd at once to rid himself of Pain ;
And th' against his Custom, call'd aloud,
Exciting *Morpheus* from the sleepy Crowd :
Morpheus of all his numerous Train ex-
press'd

The Shape of Man, and imitated best ;
The Walk, the Words, the Gesture cou'd
supply,

The Habit mimic, and the Mien bely ; 330
Plays well, but all his Action is confin'd ;
Extending not beyond our human kind.

Another Birds, and Beasts, and Dragons
apes,

And dreadful Images, and Monster shapes :
This Demon, *Icelos*, in Heav'n's high Hall
The Gods have nam'd ; but men *Phobelos*
call :

A third is *Phantasus*, whose Actions roul
On meaner Thoughts, and Things devoid
of Soul ;

Earth, Fruits and Flow'rs, he represents in
Dreams,

And solid Rocks unmov'd, and running
Streams : 340

These three to Kings, and Chiefs their Scenes
display,

The rest before th' ignoble Commons play :
Of these the chosen *Morpheus* is dispatch'd,
Which done, the lazy Monarch or erwatch'd,

Down from his propping Elbow drops his
Head,
Dissolv'd in Sleep, and shrinks within his
Bed.

Darkling the Demon glides for Flight
prepar'd,
So soft that scarce his fanning Wings are
heard.

To *Trachin*, swift as Thought, the sitting
Shade 349

Through Air his momentary Journey made:
Then lays aside the steerage of his Wings,
Forsakes his proper Form, assumes the
King's;

And pale as Death despoil'd of his Array
Into the Queen's Apartment takes his way,
And stands before the Bed at dawn of Day:
Unmov'd his Eyes, and wet his Beard
appears;

And shedding vain, but seeming real Tears;
The briny Water dropping from his Hairs;
Then staring on her, with a ghastly Look
And hollow Voice, he thus the Queen be-
spoke. 360

Know'st thou not me? Not yet unhappy
Wife?

Or are my Features perish'd with my Life?
Look once again, and for thy Husband lost,
Lo all that's left of him, thy Husband's
Ghost!

Thy Vows for my return were all in vain;
The stormy South o'ertook us in the Main:
And never shalt thou see thy living Lord
again.

Bear witness Heav'n I call'd on thee in
Death,

And while I call'd, a Billow stop'd my
Breath:

Think not that flying Fame reports my
Fate: 370

I present, I appear, and my own Wreck
relate.

Rise wretched Widow, rise, nor undeplor'd
Permit my Ghost to pass the *Stygian* Ford:
But rise, prepar'd, in Black, to mourn thy
perish'd Lord.

Thus said the Player-God; and adding
Art

Of Voice and Gesture, so perform'd his part,

She thought (so like her Love the Shade
appears)

That *Ceyx* spake the Words, and *Ceyx* shed
the Tears.

She groan'd, her inward Soul with Grief
oppress,

She sigh'd, she wept; and sleeping beat her
Breast: 380

Then stretch'd her Arms, t' embrace his
Body bare,

Her clasping Arms inclose but empty Air:
At this not yet awake, she cry'd, O stay,
One is our Fate, and common is our way!
So dreadful was the Dream, so loud she
spoke,

That starting sudden up, the Slumber broke:
Then cast her Eyes around in hope to view

Her vanish'd Lord, and find the Vision true:
For now the Maids, who waited her Com-
mands,

Ran in with lighted Tapers in their Hands.
Tir'd with the Search, not finding what she
seeks, 391

With cruel Blows she pounds her blubber'd
Cheeks;

Then from her beaten Breast the Linnen tare,
And cut the golden Caull that bound her
Hair.

Her Nurse demands the Cause; with louder
Cries

She prosecutes her Grievs, and thus replies.
No more *Alcyon*; she suffer'd Death

With her lov'd Lord, when *Ceyx* lost his
Breath:

No Flatt'ry, no false Comfort, give me none,
My Shipwreck'd *Ceyx* is for ever gone; 400

I saw, I saw him manifest in view,
His Voice, his Figure, and his Gestures knew:

His Lustre lost, and ev'ry living Grace,
Yet I retain'd the Features of his Face;

Though with pale Cheeks, wet Beard, and
dropping Hair,

None but my *Ceyx* cou'd appear so fair:
I would have strain'd him with a strict
Embrace,

But through my arms he slip'd, and vanish'd
from the Place:

There, ev'n just there, he stood; and as she
spoke

Where last the Spectre was, she cast her
Look: 410

347 Darkling] *Darkling* 1700. The printer
took it for a demon's name.

367 living] The editors wrongly give *loving*

395 Cause; with] Cause with 1700.

Fain wou'd she hope, and gaz'd upon the
Ground

If any printed Footsteps might be found.

Then sigh'd and said: This I too well
foreknew,

And my prophetick Fear presag'd too true:
'Twas what I beg'd, when with a bleeding
Heart

I took my leave, and suffer'd Thee to part,
Or I to go along, or Thou to stay,
Never, ah never to divide our way!

Happier for me, that all our Hours assign'd
Together we had liv'd; e'en not in Death
disjoin'd! 420

So had my Ceyx still been living here,
Or with my Ceyx I had perish'd there:
Now I die absent, in the vast profound;
And Me without my Self the Seas have
drown'd:

The Storms were not so cruel; should I
strive

To lengthen Life, and such a Grief survive;
But neither will I strive, nor wretched
Thee

In Death forsake, but keep thee Company.
If not one common Sepulcher contains
Our Bodies, or one Urn, our last Remains,
Yet Ceyx and Alcione shall join, 431
Their Names remember'd in one common
Line.

No farther Voice her mighty Grief affords,
For Sighs come rushing in betwixt her
Words,

And stop'd her Tongue; but what her
Tongue deny'd,

Soft Tears, and Groans, and dumb Com-
plaints supply'd.

'Twas Morning; to the Port she takes her
way,

And stands upon the Margin of the Sea:
That Place, that very Spot of Ground she
sought,

Or thither by her Destiny was brought; 440
Where last he stood: And while she sadly
said

'Twas here he left me, lingering here delay'd
His parting Kiss; and there his Anchors
weigh'd.

Thus speaking, while her Thoughts past
Actions trace,

And call to mind admonish'd by the Place,
Sharp at her utmost Ken she cast her Eyes,
And somewhat floating from afar descries;

It seem'd a Corps adrift, to distant Sight,
But at a distance who could judge aright?
It wait'd nearer yet, and then she knew 450
That what before she but surmisd, was
true:

A Corps it was, hut whose it was, unknown,
Yet mov'd, howe'er, she made the Case her
own:

Took the bad Omen of a shipwreck'd Mau,
As for a Stranger wept, and thus began.

Poor Wretch, on stormy Seas to lose thy
Life,

Unhappy thou, but more thy widdow'd
Wife!

At this she paus'd; for now the flowing Tide
Had brought the Body nearer to the side:
The more she looks, the more her Fears
increase 460

At nearer Sight; and she's her self the less:
Now driv'n ashore, and at her Feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom she
sees:

Her Husband's Corps; at this she loudly
sbricks,

'Tis he, 'tis he, she cries, and tears her
Cheeks,

Her Hair, her Vest, and stooping to the
Sands

About his Neck she cast her trembling
Hands,

And is it thus, O dearer than my Life,
Thus, thus return'st Thou to thy longing
Wife!

She said, and to the neighb'ring Mole she
strode, 470

(Rais'd there to break th' Incursions of the
Flood;)

Headlong from hence to plunge her self she
springs,

But shoots along supported on her Wings,
A Bird new-made about the Banks she plies,
Not far from Shore; and short Excursions
tries;

Nor seeks in Air her humble Flight to raise,
Content to skim the Surface of the Seas:

Her Bill, tho' slender, sends a creaking
Noise,

And imitates a lamentable Voice:

Now lighting where the bloodless Body
lies, 480

She with a Funeral Note renews her Cries.

At all her stretch her little Wings she spread,
 And with her feather'd Arms embrac'd the
 Dead :
 Then fliek'ring to his palid Lips, she strove
 To print a Kiss, the last essay of Love :
 Whether the vital Touch reviv'd the Dead,
 Or that the moving Waters rais'd his Head
 To meet the Kiss, the Vulgar doubt alone ;
 For sure a present Miraele was shown.
 The Gods their Shapes to Winter-Birds
 translate, 490
 But both obnoxious to their former Fate.

Their conjugal Affection still is ty'd,
 And still the mournful Race is multiply'd ;
 They bill, they tread ; *Alcyone* com-
 press'd
 Sev'n days sits brooding on her floating
 Nest :
 A wintry Queen : Her Sire at length is
 kind,
 Calms ev'ry Storm, and hushes ev'ry Wind :
 Prepares his Empire for his Daughter's Ease,
 And for his hatching Nephews smooths the
 Seas.

ÆSACUS TRANSFORMED INTO A CORMORANT.

FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THESE some old Man sees wanton in the
 Air,
 And praises the unhappy constant Pair.
 Then to his Friend the long-neck'd Corni-
 rant shews,
 The former Tale reviving others Woes :
 That sable Bird, he cries, which cuts the
 Flood
 With slender Legs, was once of Royal
 Blood ;
 His Ancestors from mighty *Tros* proceed,
 The brave *Laomedon*, and *Ganymede*,
 (Whose Beauty tempted *Jove* to steal the
 Boy)
 And *Priam*, hapless Prince ! who fell with
Troy. 10
 Himself was *Hector's* Brother, and (had
 Fate
 But giv'n this hopeful Youth a longer Date)
 Perhaps had rival'd warlike *Hector's* Worth,
 Tho' on the Mother's side of meaner Birth ;
 Fair *Alyxothoe*, a Country Maid,
 Bare *Æsacus* by stealth in *Ida's* Shade.
 He fled the noisy Town, and pompous
 Court,
 Lov'd the lone Hills, and simple rural
 Sport,
 And seldom to the City would resort.
 Yet he no rustick Clownishness profest, 20
 Nor was soft Love a Stranger to his Breast :

The Youth had long the Nymph *Hesperie*
 woo'd,
 Oft thro' the Thicket or the Mead pursu'd :
 Her haply on her Father's Bank he spy'd,
 While fearless she her silver Tresses dry'd ;
 Away she fled : Not Stags with half such
 Speed,
 Before the prowling Wolf, seud o'er the
 Mead ;
 Not Ducks, when they the safer Flood
 forsake,
 Pursu'd by Hawks, so swift regain the Lake.
 As fast he follow'd in the hot Career ; 30
 Desire the Lover wing'd, the Virgin Fear.
 A Snake unseen now pierc'd her heedless
 Foot :
 Quick thro' the Veins the venom'd Juices
 shoot :
 She fell, and 'scaped by Death his fierce
 Pursuit.
 Her helss Body, frighted, he embrac'd,
 And cry'd, Not this I dreaded, but thy
 Haste :
 O had my Love been less, or less thy Fear !
 The Victory thus bought is far too dear.
 Accurs'd Snake ! Yet I more curs'd than
 he !
 He gave the Wound ; the Cause was giv'n
 by me. 40
 Yet none shall say, that unreveng'd you
 dy'd.
 He spoke ; then climb'd a Cliff's o'er-
 hanging Side
 And, resolute, leap'd on the foaming Tide.

ÆSACUS. Text from Garth's edition, 1717.
 15 *Alyxothoe*]. The editors mostly change to
Alexithoe. *Saintsbury* gives *Alexithoe*, a form
 impossible in hexameters.

Telhus receiv'd him gently on the Wave ;
The Death he sought deny'd, and Feathers gave.

Debarr'd the surest Remedy of Grief,
And fore'd to live, he eurst th' unask'd Relief.

Then on his airy Pinions upward flies, }
And at a second Fall successful tries ; 49 }
The downy Plume a quick Descent denies. }

Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the Wave,
And there in vain expects to find a Grave.

His ceaseless Sorrow for th' unhappy Maid
Meager'd his Look, and on his Spirits prey'd.

Still near the sounding Deep he lives : his
Name

From frequent Diving and Emerging came.

THE | TWELFTH BOOK | OF THE | METAMORPHOSES,

WHOLLY TRANSLATED.

Connection to the end of the Eleventh Book.

Æsæus, the Son of Priam, loving a Country-Life, forsakes the Court : Living obscurely, he falls in Love with a Nymph ; who, flying from him, was kill'd by a Serpent ; for Grief of this, he would have drown'd himself ; but, by the pity of the Gods, is turned into a Cormorant. Priam, not hearing of Æsæus, believes him to be dead, and raises a Tomb to preserve his Memory. By this Transition, which is one of the finest in all Ovid, the Poet naturally falls into the Story of the Trojan War, which is summ'd up, in the present Book, but so very briefly, in many Places, that Ovid seems more short than Virgil, contrary to his usual Style. Yet the House of Fame, which is here describ'd, is one of the most beautiful Pieces in the whole Metamorphoses. The Fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and the Fray betwixt the Lapythæ and Centaurs, yield to no other part of this Poet : And particularly the Loves and Death of Cyllarus and Hylonome, the Mole and Female Centaur, are wonderfully moving

Priam, to whom the Story was unknown,
As dead, deplor'd his Metamorphos'd
Son :

OID'S METAMORPHOSES XII The text is from the original of 1700, except as noted The original was carelessly printed The current texts have some ugly errors, as in 524 where Ovid's words are *Nec te pugnantes tua, Cyllare, forma redempt,* and in 826 The original has many false stops

A Ceotaph his Name and Title kept,
And Hector round the Tomb, with all his
Brothers wept.

This pious Office Paris did not share ;
Absent alone ; and Author of the War,
Which, for the Spartan Queen, the Grecians
drew

T' avenge the Rape, and Asia to subdue.

A thousand Ships were man'd, to sail the
Sea :

Nor had their just Resentments found delay,
Had not the Winds and Waves oppos'd
their way. 11

At Aulis, with United Pow'rs they meet,
But there, Cross-winds or Calms detain'd
the Fleet.

Now, while they raise an Altar on the
Shore,

And Jove with solemn Sacrifice adore ;
A boding Sign the Priests and People see :

A Snake of size immense, ascends a Tree,
And in the leafy Summit, spy'd a Neast,
Which, o'er her Callow young, a Sparrow
press'd

Eight were the Birds unfledg'd ; their
Mother flew ; 20

And hover'd round her Care ; but still in
view :

Till the fierce Reptile first devour'd the
Brood ;

Then siez'd the flutt'ring Dam, and drunk
her Blood.

This dire Ostent, the fearful People view :
Calchas alone, by Phæbus taught, foreknew
What Heav'n decreed : and with a smiling
Glance.

Thus gratulates to Greece her happy Chance.

O *Argives*, we shall Conquer ; *Troy* is ours,
But long Delays shall first afflict our
Pow'rs :

Nine Years of Labour, the nine Birds portend ;

The Tenth shall in the Town's Destruction end.

The Serpent, who his Maw obscene had fill'd,

The Branches in his curl'd Embraces held :
But as in Spires he stood, he turn'd to Stone :

The stony Snake retain'd the Figure still his own.

Yet not for this the Wind-bound Navy weigh'd,

Slack were their Sails ; and *Neptune* disobey'd.

Some thought him loath the Town shou'd be destroy'd,

Whose Building had his Islands divine employ'd :

Not so the Secret ; who knew, and known foreshow'd,

The Virgin *Phæbe* with a Virgin's Blood
Must first be reconcil'd ; the common Cause

Prevail'd ; and Pity yielding to the Laws,
Fair *Iphigenia* the devoted Maid

Was, by the weeping Priests, in Linnen-Robes array'd ;

All mourn her Fate ; but no Relief appear'd :

The Royal Victim bound, the Knife already rear'd :

When that offended Pow'r, who caus'd their Woe,

Relenting ceas'd her Wrath ; and stop'd the coming Blow.

A Mist before the Ministers she cast ;

And, in the Virgin's room, a Hind she plac'd.
Th' Oblation slain, and *Phæbe* reconcil'd,

The Storm was hush'd, and dimpled Ocean smil'd :

A favourable Gale arose from Shore,
Which to the Port desir'd the *Grecian*

Gallies bore.
Full in the midst of this Created Space,
Betwixt Heav'n, Earth, and Skies, there stands a Place,

Confining on all three ; with triple Bound ; }
Whence all Things, though remote, arc view'd around ;

And thither bring their Undulating Sound. }

The Palace of loud Fame ; her Seat of Pow'r ;

Plac'd on the Summit of a lofty Tow'r ;

A thousand winding Entries long and wide,
Receive of fresh Reports a flowing Tide.

A thousand Crannies in the Walls are made ;
Nor Gate nor Bars exclude the busy Trade.

'Tis built of Brass the better to diffuse
The spreading Sounds, and multiply the News :

Where *Eccho*'s in repeated *Eccho*'s play :
A Mart for ever full ; and open Night and Day.

Nor Silence is within, nor Voice express,
But a deaf Noise of Sounds that never cease ;

Confus'd, and Chiding, like the hollow Roar
Of Tides, receding from th' insulted Shore :

Or like the broken Thunder, heard from far,
When *Jove* to distance drives the rowling War.

The Courts are fill'd with a tumultuous Din
Of Crowds, or issuing forth, or entering in :

A thorough fare of News : Where some devise
Things never heard ; some mingle Truth

with Lies :

The troubled Air with empty Sounds they beat ;

Intent to hear ; and eager to repeat.
Error sits brooding there ; with added Train

Of vain Credulity ; and Joys as vain :
Suspicion, with Sedition join'd, are near ;

And Rumors rais'd, and Murmurs mix'd,
and Panique Fear.

Fame sits aloft ; and sees the subject Ground,
And Seas about, and Skies above ; enquiring

all around.
The Goddess gives th' Alarm ; and soon is known

The *Grecian* Fleet, descending on the Town.
Fix'd on Defence the *Trojans* are not slow

To guard their Shore from an expected Foe,
They meet in Fight : By *Hector*'s fatal Hand

Protesilaus falls ; and bites the Strand :
Which with expence of Blood the *Grecians*

won ;
And prov'd the Strength unknown of *Priam*'s Son.

And to their Cost the *Trojan* Leaders felt
The *Grecian* Heroes ; and what Deaths they dealt.

From these first Onsets, the *Sigæan* Shore
Was strew'd with Carcasses; and stain'd
with Gore: 100

Neptunian Cygnus Troops of *Greeks* had
slain;

Achilles in his Carr had scow'r'd the Plain:
And clear'd the *Trojan* Ranks: Where e'er
he fought,

Cygnus, or *Hector*, through the Fields he
sought:

Cygnus he found; on him his Force
essay'd:

For *Hector* was to the tenth Year delay'd.

His white man'd Steeds, that bow'd
beneath the Yoke

He cheer'd to Courage, with a gentle
Stroke;

Then urg'd his fiery Chariot on the Foe:

And rising, shook his Lance, in act to
throw. 110

But first, he cry'd, O Youth, be proud to
hear

Thy Death, enobled, by *Pelides* Spear.

The Lance pursu'd the Voice without delay;

Nor did the whizzing Weapon miss the way:

But pierc'd his Cuirass, with such Fury
sent;

And sign'd his Bosom with a Purple Dint.

At this the Seed of *Neptune*; Goddess-born,
For Ornament, not Use, these Arms are
worn;

This Helm, and heavy Buckler, I can spare,
As only Decorations of the War: 120

So *Mars* is arm'd for Glory, not for Need.

'Tis somewhat more from *Neptune* to
proceed,

Than from a Daughter of the Sea to spring:

Thy Sire is Mortal; mine is Ocean's King.

Secure of Death, I shou'd condemn thy Daet,

Tho' naked, and impassible depart:

He said, and threw: The trembling
Weapon pass'd

Through nine Bull-hides, each under other
plac'd,

On his broad Shield, and stuck within the
last.

Achilles wrench'd it out; and sent again 130

The hostile Gift: The hostile Gift was vain.

He try'd a third, a tough well-chosen Spear;

Th' inviolable Body stood sincere;

Though *Cygnus* then did no Defence pro-
vide,

But scornful offer'd his unshielded Side.

Not otherwise th' impatient Hero far'd,
Than as a Bull, incompass'd with a Guard
Amid the *Circus* roars: Provok'd from far
By sight of Scarlet, and a sanguine War:
They quit their Ground; his bended Horns
elude; 140

In vain pursuing, and in vain pursu'd.

Before to farther Fight he wou'd advance,
He stood considering, and survey'd his
Lance.

Doubts if he welded not a Wooden Spear
Without a Point: He look'd, the Point was
there.

This is my Hand, and this my Lance, he
saw,

By which so many thousand Foes are dead.
O whether is their usual Virtue fled!

I had it once; and the *Lyrnessian* Wall,

And *Tenedos* confess'd it in their Fall. 150

Thy Streams, *Caicus*, rowl'd a Crimson-
Flood;

And *Thebes* ran Red with her own Natives
Blood.

Twice *Telephus* employ'd this piercing
Steel,

To wound him first, and afterward to heal.

The Vigour of this Arm was never vain;

And that my wonted Prowess I retain,

Witness these Heaps of Slaughter on the
Plain.

He said; and, doubtful of his former
Deeds,

To some new trial of his Force proceeds

He chose *Menestes* from among the rest; 160

At him he lanch'd his Spear; and pierc'd his
Breast:

On the hard Earth, the *Lycian* knock'd his
Head,

And lay supine; and forth the Spirit fled.

Then thus the Hero: Neither can I
blame,

The Hand, or Javelin; both are still the
same.

The same I will employ against this Foe;

And wish but with the same Success to
throw.

So spoke the Chief; and while he spoke he
threw;

The Weapon with unerring Fury flew,

At his left Shoulder aim'd: Nor Entrance
found; 170

But back, as from a Rock, with swift
rebound

Harmless return'd: A bloody Mark appear'd,
Which with false Joy the flatter'd Hero
clear'd.

Wound there was none; the Blood that
was in view,

The Lance before from slain *Menates* drew

Headlong he leaps from off his lofty Car,

And in close Fight on foot renews the War.

Raging with high Disdain, repeats his
Blows;

Nor Shield nor Armour can their Force
oppose;

Huge Canklets of his Buckler strew the
Ground, 180

And no Defence in his bor'd Arms is found.

But on his Flesh, no Wound or Blood is
seen;

The Sword it self is blunted on the Skin.

This vain Attempt the Chief no longer
bears;

But round his hollow Temples and his Ears

His Buckler beats: The Son of *Neptune*,
stun'd

With these repeated Buffets, quits his
Ground;

A sickly Sweat succeeds; and Shades of
Night:

Inverted Nature swims before his Sight:

Th' insulting Victor presses on the more, 190

And treads the Steps the vanquish'd trod
before,

Nor Rest, nor Respite gives: A Stone there
lay

Behind his trembling Foe; and stop'd his
way.

Achilles took th' Advantage which he found,
O'er-turn'd, and push'd him backward on

the Ground.

His Buckler held him under, while he press'd

With both his Knees above, his panting
Breast;

Unlac'd his Helm: About his Chin the Twist
He ty'd; and soon the strangled Soul
dismiss'd.

With eager haste he went to strip the
Dead 200

The vanish'd Body from his Arms was
fled.

His Sea-God Sire t' immortalize his Fame,
Had turn'd it to the Bird that bears his
Name.

A Truce succeeds the Labours of this Day,
And Arms suspended with a long delay.

While *Trojan* Walls are kept with Watch
and Ward;

The *Greeks* before their Trenches mount the
Guard;

The Feast approach'd; when to the blue-
Ey'd Maid

His Vows for *Cygnus* slain the Victor paid,

And a white Heyser, on her Altar laid. 210

The reeking Entrails on the Fire they
threw;

And to the Gods the grateful Odour flew:

Heav'n had its part in Sacrifice: The rest

Was broil'd and roasted for the future
Feast.

The chief invited Guests were set around;

And Hunger first asswag'd, the Bowls were
crown'd,

Which in deep Draughts their Cares and
Labours drown'd.

The mellow Harp did not their Ears employ:

And mute was all the Warlike Symphony:

Discourse, the Food of Souls, was their
Delight, 220

And pleasing Chat prolong'd the Summers-
night.

The Subject, Deeds of Arms: and Valour
shown

Or on the *Trojan* side, or on their own.

Of Dangers undertaken, Fame achiev'd;

They talk'd by turns; the Talk by turns
reliev'd.

What Things but these, cou'd fierce *Achilles*
tell,

Or what cou'd fierce *Achilles* hear so well?

The last great Act perform'd, of *Cygnus*
slain.

Did most the Martial Audience entertain:

Wondring to find a Body, free by Fate 230

From Steel; and which could ev'n that
Steel rebate:

Amaz'd, their Admiration they renew:

And scarce *Pelides* cou'd believe it true.

Then *Nestor* thus; What once this Age
has known,

In fifted *Cygnus*, and in him alone,

These Eyes have seen in *Caneus* long before,
Whose body not a thousand Swords cou'd

bore.

Caneus, in Courage, and in Strength ex-
cell'd;

And still his *Oilrys* with his Fame is fill'd:

But whot did most his Martial Deeds
adorn, 240
(Though since he chong'd his Sex) a Woman
born.

A Novelty so strange, and full of Fote,
His list'ning Audience ask'd him to reinte.
Achilles thus commends their common Sute;
O Fother, first for Prudence in repute,
Tell, with that Eloquence, so much thy own,
What thou hast heard, or what of *Cænens*
known:

What was he, whence his change of Sex
began,
What Trophies, join'd in Wars with thee,
he won?

Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal
Strife 250

The Youth without a Wound, cou'd lose his
Life?

Neleides then; Though tordy Age, and
Time

Have shrunk my Sinews, and decay'd my
Prime:

Though much I have forgotten of my Store,
Yet not exhausted, I remember more.

Of all that Arms atchiev'd, or Peace de-
sign'd,

That Action still is fresher in my Mind
Than ought beside. If Reverend Age can
give

To Faith a Sanction, in my thrid I live.

'Twas in my second Cent'ry, I survey'd 260
Young *Cænus*, then a fair *Thessalian* Maid:
Cænus the bright was born to high Com-
mand;

A Princess; and a Native of thy Land,
Divine *Achilles*: every Tongue proclaim'd
Her Beauty; and her Eyes all Hearts in-
flam'd.

Peleus, thy sire, perhaps had sought her
Bed,

Among the rest; but he had either led
Thy Mother then, or was by Promise ty'd;
But she to him, and all alike her Love
deny'd.

It was her Fortune once, to take her way 270
Along the sandy Margin of the Sea:

The Pow'r of Ocean view'd her as she pass'd,
And lov'd us soon as seen, by Force
embrac'd.

So Fame reports. Her Virgin-Treasure
seiz'd,

And his new Joys, the Ravisher so pleas'd,

That thus, traosported, to the Nymph he
cry'd;

Ask what thou wilt, no Pray'r shall be
deny'd.

This also Fame relates: The baughty Fair,
Who not the Rape, ev'n of a God cou'd
bear,

This Answer, proud, return'd: To mighty
Wrongs 280

A mighty Recompense, of right, belongs.
Give me no more to suffer such a Shame;

But change the Woman, for a better Name;
One Gift for all: She said; and while she
spoke,

A stern, majestick, monly Tone she took.
A Man she was: Aod as the Godhead

swore,
To *Cænens* turn'd, who *Cænus* was before.

To this the Lover adds without request:
No force of Steel shou'd violate his Breast.

Glad of the Gift, the new-made Warrior
goes; 290

And Arms among the *Greeks*; and longs for
equal Foes.

Now brave *Perithous*, bold *Ixion's* Son,
The Love of fair *Hippodame* had woo.

The Cloud-begotten Race, half Men, half
Beast,

Invited, came to grace the Nuptial Feast:
In a cool Cave's recess the Treat was made,

Whose entrance Trees with spreadiog
Boughs o'ersshade.

They sate: And summon'd by the Bride-
groom, came,

To mix with those the *Lapythæan* Name:
Nor wanted I: The Roofs with Joy

resound: 300

Aod *Hymen*, *Io Hymen*, rung around,
Rais'd Altars sbone with holy Fires; the

Bride,
Lovely her self (and lovely by her side

A Bevy of bright Nymphs, with sober Grace,)
Came glitt'ring like a Star, and took her

Place.
Her heav'nly Form beheld, all wish'd her

Joy;
And little wanted, but in vain, their Wishes

all employ.
For Oae, most Brutal of the Brutal Brood,

Or whether Wine or Beauty fir'd his Blood,
Or both at once; beheld with lustful Eyes

The Bride; at once resolv'd to make his
Prize. 311

Down went the Board ; and fastening on her Hair,
 He seiz'd with sudden Force the frighted Fair.
 'Twas *Eurylus* began : His bestial Kind
 His Crime pursu'd ; and each as pleas'd his Mind,
 Or her, whom Chance presented, took : The Feast
 An Image of a taken Town express'd.
 The Cave resounds with Female Shrieks ; we rise,
 Mad with Revenge, to make a swift Reprise
 And *Theseus* first ; What Frenzy has possess'd 320
O Eurylus, he cry'd, thy brutal Breast,
 To wrong *Perithous*, and not him alone,
 But, while I live, two Friends conjoin'd in one ?
 To justify his Threat, he thrusts aside
 The Crowd of Centaurs ; and redeems the Bride :
 The Monster nought replied : For Words were vain ;
 And Deeds cou'd only Deeds unjust maintain :
 But answers with his Hand ; and forward press'd,
 With Blows redoubled, on his Face and Breast.
 An ample Goblet stood, of antick Mold, 330
 And rough with Figures of the rising Gold ;
 The Hero snatch'd it up, and toss'd in Air,
 Full at the Front of the foul Ravisher :
 He falls ; and falling vomits forth a Flood
 Of Wine, and Foam and Brains, and mingled Blood.
 Half roaring, and half neighing through the Hall,
 Arms, Arms, the double-form'd with Fury call ;
 To wreak their Brother's Death : A Medley-Flight
 Of Bowls and Jars, at first supply the Fight,
 Once Instruments of Feasts, but now of Fate ; 340
 Wine animates their Rage, and arms their Hate.
 Bold *Amycus*, from the robb'd Vestry brings
 The Chalice of Heav'n ; and holy Things

Of precious Weight : A Sconce, that hung on high,
 With Tapers fill'd, to light the Saeristy, Torn from the Cord, with his unhallow'd Hand
 He threw amid the *Lapythæan* Band.
 On *Celadon* the Ruin fell, and left
 His Face of Feature and of Form bereft :
 So, when some brawny Sacrificer knocks,
 Before an altar led, an offer'd Oxe, 351
 His Eye-balls rooted out are thrown to ground :
 His Nose dismantled in his Mouth is found,
 His Jaws, Cheeks, Front, one undistinguish'd Wound.
 This, *Belates*, th' Avenger, cou'd not brook ;
 But, by the Foot a Maple-board he took ;
 And hurl'd at *Amycus* ; his Chin it bent
 Against his Chest, and down the Centaur sent ;
 Whom sputtring bloody Teeth, the second Blow
 Of his drawn Sword dispatch'd to Shades below. 360
Grineus was near ; and cast a furious Look
 On the side Altar, cens'd with sacred Smoke.
 And bright with flaming Fires : The Gods, he cry'd,
 Have with their holy Trade, our Hands supply'd :
 Why use we not their Gifts ? Then from the Floor
 An Altar-Stone he heav'd, with all the Load it bore :
 Altar and Altars freight together flew,
 Where thickest throng'd the *Lapythæan* Crew :
 And *Broteas*, and at once, *Oryus* slew :
Oryus mother, *Mycale*, was known 370
 Down from her Sphere to draw the lab'ring Moon.
Eradius cry'd, Unpunish'd shall not go
 This Fnet, if Arms are found against the Foe.
 He look'd about, where on a Pine were spread
 The votive Horns of a Stags branching Head :

360 *Broteas*, and at once,] Some editors wrongly give at once *Broteas* and

At *Grineus* these he throws ; so just they fly,
That the sharp Antlers stuck in either Eye :
Breathless and Blind he fell ; with Blood
besmear'd ;

His Eye-balls beaten out hung dangling on
his Beard.

Fierce *Rhæus*, from the Hearth a burning
Brand

Selects, and whirling waves ; till, from his
Hand

The Fire took Flame ; then dash'd it from
the right,

On fair *Charaxus* Temples near the Sight ;
The whistling Pest came on ; and pierc'd
the Bone,

And caught the yellow Hair, that shrievel'd
while it shone :

Caught, like dry Stubble fir'd ; or like Seer-
wood ;

Yet from the Wound ensu'd no Purple
Flood ;

But look'd a bubbling Mass of frying Blood.
His blazing Locks sent forth a crackling
Sound ;

And hiss'd, like red hot Iron within the
Smithy drown'd.

The wounded Warrior shook his flaming
Hair,

Then (what a Team of Horse cou'd hardly
rear)

He heaves the Threshold-Stone ; but cou'd
not throw ;

The Weight it self forbad the threaten'd
Blow ;

Which dropping from his lifted Arms, came
down,

Full on *Cometes* Head ; and crush'd his
Crown.

Nor *Rhæus* then retain'd his Joy ; but se'd,
So by their Fellows may our Foes be sped,
Then, with redoubled Strokes he plies his
Head :

The burning Lever not deludes his Pains,
But drives the batter'd Skull within the
Brains.

Thus flush'd, the Conqueror, with force
renew'd,

Evagrus, *Dryas*, *Corythus*, pursu'd.
First *Corythus*, with downy Cheeks, he slew ;
Whose Fall when fierce *Evagrus* had in view,
He cry'd, What Palm is from a beardless
Prey ?

Rhæus prevents what more he had to say ;

And drove within his Mouth the fiery Death,
Which enter'd hissing in, and choak'd his
Breath.

At *Dryas* next he flew ; But weary Chance
No longer wou'd the same Success advance.

But while he whirl'd in fiery Circles round
The Brand, a sharpen'd Stake strong
Dyas found ;

And in the Shoulder's Joint inflicts the
Wound.

The Weapon struck ; which roaring out
with Pain

He drew ; nor longer durst the Fight main-
tain,

But turn'd his Back, for fear ; and fled
amain.

With him fled *Orneus*, with like Dread
possess'd ;

Thaumas, and *Medon*, wounded in the
Breast ;

And *Mermeros* in the late Race renown'd,
Now limping ran, and tardy with his
Wound.

Pholus and *Melanæus* from Fight withdrew,
And *Abas* maim'd, who Boars encountering
slew :

And *Augur Astylos*, whose Art in vain
From Fight dissuaded the four-footed
Train,

Now beat the Hoof with *Nessus* on the
Plain ;

But to his Fellow cry'd, Be safely slow,
Thy Death deferr'd is due to great *Alcides*
Bow.

Mean time strong *Dryas* urg'd his Chance
so well,

That *Lycidas*, *Arcos*, *Imbrens* fell ;
All, one by one, and fighting Face to Face :

Crenæus fled, to fall with more Disgrace :
For, fearful, while he look'd behind, he bore
Betwixt his Nose and Front, the Blow
before.

Amid the Noise and Tumult of the Fray,
Snoring, and drunk with Wine, *Aphidas* lay.
Ev'n then the Bowl within his Hand he
kept :

And on a Bear's rough Hide securely slept.
Him *Phorbas* with his flying Dart, transfix'd ;
Take thy next Draught with Stygian Waters
mix'd,

And sleep thy fill, th' insulting Victor cry'd ;
Surpris'd with Death unfelt, the Centaur
dy'd :

The ruddy Vomit, as he breath'd his Soul,
Repass'd his Throat ; and fill'd his empty
Bowl.

I saw *Petrus* Arms employ'd around
A well-grown Oak, to root it from the
Ground.

This way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous
Bands,

The Trunk was like a Sappling in his Hands,
And still obey'd the Bent : While thus he
stood,

Perithous Dart drove on ; and nail'd him to
the Wood. 450

Lycus, and *Chronis* fell by him oppress'd :

Helops and *Dictys* added to the rest

A nobler Palm : *Helops* through either Ear
Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating Spear.

This *Dictys* saw ; and seiz'd with suddain
Fright

Leapt headlong from the Hill of steepy
height ;

And crush'd an Ash beneath, that cou'd not
bear his weight.

The shatter'd Tree receives his Fall ; and
strikes

Within his full-blown Paunch, the sharpen'd
Spikes.

Strong *Aphareus* had heav'd a mighty Stone,
The Fragment of a Rock ; and wou'd have
thrown ; 461

But *Theseus* with a Club of harden'd Oak,
The Cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke ;
And left him maim'd ; nor seconded the
Stroke.

Then leapt on tall *Blamor's* Back : (Who bore
No mortal Burden but his own, before)

Press'd with his Knees his Sides ; the
double Man,

His Speed with Spurs increas'd, unwilling
ran.

One Hand the Hero fasten'd on his Locks ;
His other ply'd him with repeated Strokes.

The Club rung round his Ears, and batter'd
Brows ; 471

He falls ; and lashing up his Heels, his
Rider throws.

The same *Herculeon* Arms *Nedymnus*
wound ;

And lay by him *Lycotas* on the Ground ;
And *Hippasus*, whose Beard his Breast
invades ;

And *Ripheus*, haunter of the Woodland
Shades ;

And *Tereus*, us'd with Mountain Bears to
strive ;

And from their Dens to draw th' indignant
Beasts alive.

Demoleon cou'd not bear this hateful
Sight, 479

Or the long Fortune of th' *Athenian* Knight :
But pull'd with all his Force, to disengage

From Earth a Pine, the Product of an Age :
The Root stuck fast : The broken Trunk he
sent

At *Theseus* : *Theseus* frustrates his Intent,
And leaps aside, by *Pallas* warn'd, the Blow

To shun : (for so he said ; and we believ'd
it so.)

Yet not in vain th' enormous Weight was
cast ;

Which *Cranlor's* Body sunder'd at the Waist,
Thy Father's Squire, *Achilles*, and his
Care ;

Whom conquer'd in the *Dolopelan* War, 490
Their King, his present Ruin to prevent,

A Pledge of Peace implor'd, to *Peleus* sent.
Thy Sire, with grieving Eyes, beheld his
Fate ;

And cry'd, Not long, lov'd *Cranlor*, shalt
thou wait

Thy vow'd Revenge. At once he said, and
threw

His Ashen-Spear ; which quiver'd as it flew ;
With all his Force and all his Soul apply'd ;

The sharp Point enter'd in the Centaur's
Side :

Both Hands, to wrench it out, the Monster
join'd ;

And wrench'd it out ; but left the Steel
behind. 500

Stuck in his Lungs it stood : Inrag'd he
rears

His Hoofs, and down to Ground thy Father
bears.

Thus trampled under foot, his Shield defends
His Head ; his other Hand the Lance
protends.

Ev'n while he lay extended on the Dust,
He sped the Centaur, with one single
Thrust.

Two more his Lance before transfix'd from
far ;

And two his Sword had slain in closer War.

504 protends] Some editors wrongly give
portends

to these was added *Dorylas*: Who spread
A Bull's two goring Horns around his
Head.

With these he push'd; in Blood already
dy'd: 510

Him, fearless, I approach'd; and thus
defy'd:

Now, Monster, now, by Proof it shall
appear,

Whether thy Horns are sharper or my Spear.
At this, I threw: For want of other Ward,

He lifted up his Hand, his Front to guard.
His Hand it pass'd: And fix'd it to his

Brow:
Loud Shouts of ours attend the lucky Blow.

Him *Peleus* finish'd, with a second Wound,
Which through the Navel pierc'd: He reel'd

around; 520
And drag'd his dangling Bowels on the

Ground;
Trode what he drag'd; and what he trod he

crush'd:
And to his Mother-Earth, with empty Belly

rush'd.
Nor could thy Form, O *Cyllarus*, fore-

slow
Thy Fate; (if Form to Monsters Men

allow:)
Just bloom'd thy Beard, thy Beard of golden

Hew:
Thy Locks in golden Waves, about thy

Shoulders flew.
Sprightly thy Look: Thy Shapes in ev'ry

part
So clean; as might instruct the Sculptor's

Art:
As far as Man extended: Where began 530

The Beast, the Beast was equal to the Man.
Add but a Horses Head and Neck; and he,

O *Costor*, was a Courser worthy thee.
So was his Back proportion'd for the Seat;

So rose his brawny Chest; so swiftly mov'd
his Feet.

Coal-black his Colour; but like Jet it shone;
His Legs and flowing Tail were White alone.

Below'd by many Maidens of his Kind,
But fair *Hylonome* possess'd his Mind;

Hylonome, for Features, and for Face 540
Excelling all the Nymphs of double Race:

Nor less her Blandishments, than Beauty
move;

At once both loving, and confessing Love.
For him she dress'd: For him with female

care
She comb'd, and set in Curls, her auborn

Hair.
Of Roses, Violets, and Lillies mix'd

And Sprigs of flowing Rosemary betwixt
She form'd the Chaplet, that adorn'd her

Front:
In Waters of the *Pagasaan* Fount,

And in the Streams that from the Fountain
play, 550

She wash'd her Face; and bath'd her twice
a Day.

The Scarf of Furs, that hung below her Side,
Was Ermin, or the Panther's spotted Pride;

Spoils of no common Beast: With equal
Flame

They lov'd: Their Sylvan Pleasures were the
same:

All Day they hunted; And when Day expir'd,
Together to some shady Cave retir'd:

Invited to the nuptials, both repair:
And Side by Side, they both engage in War.

Uncertain from what Hand, a flying Dart
At *Cyllarus* was sent; which pierc'd his

Heart. 561
The Javelin drawn from out the mortal

Wound,
He faints with staggering Steps; and seeks

the Ground:
The Fair within her Arms receiv'd his Fall,

And strove his wandering Spirits to recal:
And while her Hand the streaming Blood

oppos'd,
Join'd Face to Face, his Lips with hers

she clos'd
Stiffled with Kisses, a sweet Death he dies;

She fills the Fields with undistinguish'd Cries:
At least her Words were in her Clamour

drown'd; 570
For my stunn'd Ears receiv'd no vocal Sound.

In madness of her Grief, she seiz'd the Dart
New-drawn, and reeking from her Lover's

Heart;
To her bare Bosom the sharp Point apply'd;

And wounded fell; and falling by his Side,
Embrac'd him in her Arms; and thus

embracing, dy'd.

524 foreshow] *The English editors absurdly
give foreshow*

526 Beard, thy] Beard. Thy 1700.

555 Sylvan] Sylvan 1700.

Ev'n still, methinks, I see *Phaeromes* :
Strange was his Habit ; and no odd his
Dress.

Six Lion's Hides, with Thongs together
fast,

His upper part defended to his Waist ; 580
And where Man ended, the continued Vest,
Spread on his Back, the Houss and Trappings
of a Beast

A Stump too heavy for a Team to draw,
(It seems a Fable, tho' the Fact I saw ;)
He threw at *Pholon* ; the descending Blow
Divides the Skull, and cleaves his Head in
two.

The Brains, from Nose and Mouth, and
either Ear

Came issuing out, as through a Colendar
The curdled Milk ; or from the Press the
Whey

Driv'n down by Weights above, is drain'd
away. 590

But him, while stooping down to spoil the
Slain,
Pierc'd through the Paunch, I tumbled on
the Plain.

Then *Chlonyus* and *Teleboas* I slew :
A Fork the former arm'd ; a Dart his Fellow
threw.

The Javelin wounded me ; (behold the Skar,)
Then was my time to seek the *Trojan*
War ;

Then I was *Hector's* Match in open Field ;
But he was then unborn ; at least a Child ;
Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell

By *Periphautes* how *Pyretus* fell ; 600
The Centaur by the Knight : Nor will I stay
On *Amphyx*, or what Deaths he dealt that
Day :

What Honour with a pointless Lance he
won,

Stuck in the front of a four-footed Man ;
What fame young *Macareus* obtain'd in
Fight :

Or dwell on *Nessus*, now return'd from
Flight ;

How Prophet *Mopsus* not alone devin'd,
Whose Valour equall'd his foreseeing Mind.

Already *Caneus*, with his conquering
Hand,

Had slaughter'd five the boldest of their
Band ; 610

Pyrachus, *Helymus*, *Antinachus*,
Bromus the Brave, and stronger *Stiphelus* ;

Their Names I number'd, and remember well,
No Trace remaining, by what Wounds they
fell.

Latreus, the bulkiest of the double Race,
Whom the spoil'd Arms of slain *Halesus* grace,
In Years retaining still his Youthful Might,
Though his black Hairs were interspers'd
with White,

Betwixt th' imbattled Ranks began to
prance,

Proud of his Helm, and *Macedonian* Lanees ;
And rode the Ring around ; that either
Hoast 621

Might hear him, while he made this empty
Boast.

And from n\Strumpet shall we suffer
Shame,

For *Canis* still, not *Caneus* is thy Name ;
And still the Native Softness of thy Kind
Prevails ; and leaves the Woman in thy
Mind ?

Remember what thou wert ; what price was
paid

To change thy Sex : to make thee not a
Maid ;

And but a Man in shew : go, Card and Spin ;
And leave the Business of the War to Men.

While thus the Boaster exercis'd his
Pride, 631

The fatal Spear of *Caneus* reach'd his Side :
Just in the mixture of the Kinds it ran ;

Betwixt the neather Beast, and upper Man :
The Monster mad with Rage, and stung with
Smart,

His Lance directed at the Hero's Heart :
It strook : But bounded from his harden'd
Breast,

Like Hail from Tiles, which the safe House
invest.

Nor seem'd the Stroke with more effect to
come,

Than a small Pebble falling on a Drum. 640

He next his Fauchion try'd, in closer Fight ;
But the keen Fauchion had no Pow'r to bite.
He thrust ; the blunted Point return'd
again :

Since downright Blows, he cry'd, and
Thrusts are vain,

I'll prove his Side : In strong Embraces held
He prov'd his Side ; his Side the Sword
repell'd :

His hollow Belly echo'd to the Stroke,
Untouch'd his Body, as a solid Rock;
Amid' at his Neck at last, the Blade in
Shivers broke.

Th' Impassive Knight stood Idle, to
dende 650

His Rage, and offer'd oft his naked Side.
At length, Now Monster, in thy turn, he
cry'd,

Try, thou the Strength of *Cæneus*: At the
Word

He thrust; and in his Shoulder plung'd the
Sword.

Then with'd his Hand; and as he drove it
down,

Deep in his Breast, made many Wounds in
one.

The Centaurs saw inrag'd, th' unhop'd
Success;

And rushing on, in Crowds, together press;
At him, and him alone, their Darts they
threw:

Repuls'd they from his fated Body flew. 660
Amaz'd they stood; till *Monychus* began,

O Shame, a Nation conquer'd by a Man!
A Woman-Man; yet more a Man is He,

Than all our Race; and what He was, are
We.

Now, what avail our Nerves? The united
Force,

Of two the strongest Creatures, Man and
Horse,

Nor Goddess-born. nor of *Irion's* Seed
We seem; (a Lover built for *Juno's* Bed;)

Master'd by this half Man. Whole Moun-
tains throw 669

With Woods at once, and bury him below.
This only way remains Nor need we doubt

To choke the Soul within; though not, to
force it out.

Heap Weights, instead of Wounds: He
chanc'd to see

Where Southern Storms had rooted up
a Tree;

This, raised from Earth, against the *Foe*
he threw;

Th' Example shewn, his Fellow-Brutes
pursue

With Forest-loads the Warrior they in-
vade;

Olhrys and *Pellon* soon were void of Shade;
And spreading Groves were naked Moun-
tains made.

Press'd with the Burden, *Cæneus* pants for
Breath; 680

And on his Shoulders bears the Wooden
Death.

To heave th' intolerable Weight he tries;
At length it rose above his Mouth and Eyes:

Yet still he heaves: And struggling with
Despair,

Shakes all aside; and gains a gulp of Air:
A short Relief, which but prolongs his Pain;

He faints by Fits; and then resumes again:
At last, the Burden only nods above,

As when an Earthquake stirs th' *Idæan*
Grove. 689

Doubtful his Death: He suffocated seem'd
To most; but otherwise our *Mopsus* deem'd

Who said he saw a yellow Bird arise
From out the Pile, and cleave the liquid

Skies:

I saw it too, with golden feathers bright,
Nor e're before beheld so strange a Sight,

Whom *Mopsus* viewing, as it soar'd around
Our Troop, and heard the Pinions rattling

Sound,
All hail, he cry'd, thy Countries Grace and
Love;

Once first of Men below; now first of Birds
above.

Its Author to the Story gave Belief: 700
For us, our Courage was increas'd by Grief:

Asham'd to see a single Man, pursu'd
With Odds, to sink beneath a Multitude:

We push'd the Foe; and forc'd to shameful
Flight,

Part fell; and part escap'd by favour of the
Night.

This Tale, by *Nestor* told, did much dis-
please

Telephemus, the Seed of *Hercules*:
For, often he had heard his Father say,

That he himself was present at the Fray;
And more than shar'd the Glories of the

Day. 710
Old Chronicle, he said, among the rest,

You might have nam'd *Alcides* at the least:
Is he not worth your Praise? The *Pylian*

Prince
Sigh'd ere he spoke; then made this proud
Defence.

My former Woes, in long Oblivion drown'd
I would have lost; but you renew the Wounds:

704 [Flight] Some editors absurdly give Fight

Better to pass him o'er, than to relate
The Cause I have your mighty Sire to hate.
His Fame has fill'd the World, and reach'd
the Sky ;

(Which, Oh, I wish, with Truth, I cou'd
deny !) 720

We praise not *Hector* ; though his name, we
know,

Is great in Arms ; 'tis hard to praise a Foe.
He, your Great Father, levell'd to the
Ground

Messenia's Towers : Nor better Fortune
found

Elys, and *Pylus* ; that a neighb'ring State
And this my own : Both guiltless of their
Fate.

To pass the rest, twelve wanting one, he
slew,

My Brethren, who their Birth from *Neleus*
drew.

All Youths of early Promise, had they liv'd ;
By him they perish'd : I alone surviv'd. 730

The rest were easy Conquest : But the Fate
Of *Peridymenos* is wondrous to relate.

To him our common Grandsire of the Main
Had giv'n to change his Form, and chang'd.
resume again.

Vary'd at Pleasure, every Shape he try'd ;
And in all Beasts *Alcides* still defy'd :

Vanquish'd on Earth, at length he soar'd
above ;

Chang'd to the Bird, that bears the Bolt of
Jove.

The new-dissembled Eagle, now endu'd
With Beak and Pounces, *Hercules* pursu'd.

And cuff'd his manly Cheeks, and tore his
Face ; 741

Then, safe retir'd, and tour'd in empty space.
Alcides bore not long his flying Foe :

But bending his inevitable Bow,
Reach'd him in Air, suspended as he stood :

And in his Pinion fix'd the feather'd Wood.
Light was the Wound ; but in the Sinew

hung

The Point : and his disabled Wing unstrung.
He wheel'd in Air, and stretch'd his Vans in

vain ; 749

His Vans no longer cou'd his Flight sustain :
For while one gather'd Wind, one unsupply'd
Hung drooping down : nor pois'd his other
Side.

He fell : The Shaft that slightly was im-
press'd,

Now from his heavy Fall with weight in-
creas'd,

Drove through his Neck, aslant : he spurns
the Ground.

And the Soul issues through the Weapon's
Wound.

Now, brave Commander of the *Rhodian*
Seas,

What Praise is due from me to *Hercules* ?

Silence is all the Vengeance I decree

For my slain Brothers ; but 'tis Peace with
thee. 760

Thus with a flowing Tongue old *Nestor*
spoke :

Then, to full Bowls each other they provoke :
At length, with Weariness, and Wine

oppress'd

They rise from Table ; and withdraw to
rest.

The Sire of *Cygnus*, Monarch of the Main, }
Mean time, laments his Son, in Battle slain : {

And vows the Victor's Death ; nor vows }
in vain.

For nine long Years the smother'd Pain he
bore ;

(*Ichulles* was not ripe for Fate, before :)
Then when he saw the promis'd Hour was

near, 770

He thus bespoke the God, that guides the
Year.

Immortal Offspring of my Brother *Jove* :
My brightest Nephew, and whom best I love,

Whose Hands were join'd with mine, to
raise the Wall

Of tottering *Troy*, now nodding to her fall :
Dost thou not mourn our Pow'r employ'd in

vain ;

And the Defenders of our City slain ?
To press the rest, cou'd noble *Hector* lie

Unpitied, drag'd around his Native *Troy* ?
And yet the Murd'rer lives : Himself by far 780

A greater Plague, than all the wastful War :
He lives : the proud *Pelides* lives to boast

Our Town destroy'd, our common Labour
lost !

O, cou'd I meet him ! But I wish too late
To prove my Trident is not in his Fate !

But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy Dart,
And pierce his only penetrable Part.
Apollo bows to the superiour Throne
And to his Uncle's Anger, adds his own.

<p>Then in a Cloud involv'd, he takes his Flight, 790 Where <i>Greeks</i> and <i>Trojans</i> mix'd in mortal Fight ; And found out <i>Paris</i>, lurking where he stood, And stain'd his Arrows with <i>Plebeian</i> Blood : <i>Phabus</i> to him none the God confess'd, Then to the recreant Knight he thus address'd Dost thou not blush, to spend thy Shafts in vain On a degenerate, and ignoble Train ? If Fanie, or better Vengeance be thy Care, There aim: And with one Arrow, end the war. He said; and shew'd from far the blazing Shield 800 And Sword, which but <i>Achilles</i> none cou'd weild ; And how he mov'd a God, and mow'd the standing Field. The Deity himself directs aright Th' invenom'd Shaft ; and 'wings the fatal Flight. Thus fell the foremost of the <i>Grecian</i> Name ; And He, the base Adult'rer, boasts the Fame. A Spectacle to glad the <i>Trojan</i> Train ; And please old <i>Priam</i>, after <i>Hector</i> slain. If by a Female Hand he had foreseen He was to die, his Wish had rather been The Lance and double Axe of the fair Warriour Queen. 811</p>	<p>And now, the Terror of the <i>Trojan</i> Field, The <i>Grecian</i> Honour, Ornament, and Shield, High on a Pile th' Unconquer'd Chief is plac'd : The God that arm'd him first, consum'd at last. Of all the Mighty Man, the small Remains A little Urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains. Yet great in <i>Homer</i>, still <i>Achilles</i> lives ; And equal to himself, himself survives. His Buckler owns its former Lord ; and brings 820 New cause of Strife betwixt contending Kings ; Who Worthiest after him, his Sword to wield, Or wear his Armour, or sustain his Shield. Ev'n <i>Dionede</i> sat mute, with down-cast Eyes ; Conscious of wanted Worth to win the Prize : Nor <i>Menelas</i> presum'd these Arms to claim, Nor He the King of Men, a greater Name. Two Rivals only rose : <i>Larries</i> Son, And the vast Bulk of <i>Ajax Telamon</i> : The King, who cherish'd each, with equal Love, 830 And from himself all Envy wou'd remove, Left both to be determin'd by the Laws ; And to the <i>Grecian</i> Chiefs transferr'd the Cause.</p>
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THE | SPEECHES | OF | AJAX | AND | ULYSSES :

FROM | OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,

BOOK XIII

<p>The Chiefs were set ; the Soldiers crown'd the Field : To these the Mstcr of the sevenfold Shield Upstartcd hercc : And kindled with Disdain Eager to speak, unable to contain His boiling Rage, he rowl'd his Eyes around OVID'S METAMORPHOSES XII 826 <i>Menelas</i> } The editors, regardless of scansion, wrongly give <i>Menelaus</i> THE SPEECHES OF AJAX AND ULYSSES Text from the original edition of 1700 In l. 157 Dryden's spelling of 'Slight' for 'Sleight' has pro- duced in Warion's, Hooper's, and other editions the absurd reading 'Flight'. The original has several false stops.</p>	<p>The Shore, and <i>Grecian</i> Gallies hall'd a-ground. Then stretching out his Hands, O <i>Jove</i>, he cry'd, Must then our Cause before the Fleet be try'd ? And dares <i>Ulysses</i> for the Prize contend, In sight of what he durst not once defend ? 10 But basely fled that memorable Day, When I from <i>Hector's</i> Hands redeem'd the flaming Prey. So much 'tis safer at the noisy Bar With Words to flourish than engage in War.</p>
---	--

By different Methods we maintain our
Right,

Nor am I made to Talk, nor he to Fight.

In bloody Fields I labour to be great ;

His Arms are a smooth Tongue, and soft
deceit :

• Nor need I speak my Deeds, for those you
see ;

The Sun and Day are Witnesses for me, 20

Let him who fights unseen relate his own.

And vouch the silent Stars, and conscious
Moon ;

Great is the Prize demanded, I confess,

But such an abject Rival makes it less ;

That Gift, those Honours, he but hop'd to
gain

Can leave no room for *Ajax* to be vain :

Losing he wins, because his Name will be

Enobled by Defeat, who durst contend with
me.

Were my known Valour question'd, yet my
Blood

Without that Plea wou'd make my Title
good : 30

My Sire was *Telamon* whose Arms, employ'd

With *Hercules*, these *Trojan* Walls destroy'd ;

And who before, with *Jason*, sent from
Greece,

In the first Ship brought home the Golden
Fleece ;

Great *Telamon* from *Æacus* derives

His birth (th' Inquisitor of guilty Lives

In Shades below where *Sisyphus* whose Son

This Thief is thought rous'd up the restless
heavy Stone.)

Just *Æacus* the King of Gods above

Begot : Thus *Ajax* is the third from *Jove*. 40

Nor shou'd I seek advantage from my
Line,

Unless (*Achilles*) it were mix'd with thine :

As next of Kin *Achilles* Arms I claim ;

This Fellow wou'd ingraft a Foreign Name

Upon our Stock, and the *Sisyphian* Seed

By Fraud and Theft asserts his Father's
Breed :

Then must I lose these Arms, because I came

To fight uncall'd, a voluntary Name,

Nor shun'd the Cause, but offer'd yop my
Aid,

While he long lurking was to War betray'd ?

Forc'd to the Field he came, but in the
Reer ; 51

nd feign'd Distraction to conceal his Fear :

Till one more cunning caught him in the
Snare ;

(Ill for himself) and drag'd him into War.

Now let a Hero's Arms a Coward vest,

And he who shun'd all Honours, gain the best :

And let me stand excluded from my Right

Rob'd of my Kinsman's Arms, who first
appear'd in Fight.

Better for us at home had he remain'd

Had it been true, the Madness which he
feign'd, 60

Or so believ'd ; the less had been our Shame,

The less his counsell'd Crime which brands
the *Grecian* Name ;

Nor *Philactetes* had been left inclos'd

In a bare Isle to Wants and Pains expos'd,

Where to the Rocks, with solitary Groans

His Sufferings and our Baseness he bemoans :

And wishes (so may Heav'n his Wish
fulfill)

The due Reward to him who caus'd his Ill.

Now he, with us to *Troy's* Destruction
sworn

Our Brother of the War, by whom are
borne 70

Alcides Arrows, pent in narrow Bounds

With Cold and Hunger pinch'd, and pain'd
with Wounds.

To find him Food and Cloathing must
employ

Against the Birds the Shafts due to the Fate
of *Troy*.

Yet still he lives, and lives from Treason
free,

Because he left *Ulysses* Company :

Poor *Palamede* might wish, so void of Aid,

Rather to have been left, than so to Death
betray'd.

The Coward bore the Man immortal Spight,

Who sham'd him out of Madness into Fight :

Nor daring otherwise to vent his Hate 81

Accus'd him first of Treason to the State,

And then for Proof produc'd the golder
Store,

Himself had hidden in his Tent before :

Thus of two Champions he depriv'd our
Hoast,

By Exile one, and one by Treason lost.

Thus fights *Ulysses*, thus his Fame extends,

A formidable Man, but to his Friends

Great, for what Greatness is in Words and
Sound :

Ev'n faithful *Nestor* less in both is found : 90

But that he might without a Rival reign,
He left this faithful *Nestor* on the Plain;
Forsook his Friend ev'n at his utmost Need,
Who tir'd, and tardy with his wounded
Steed

Cry'd out for Aid, and call'd him by his
Name;

But Cowardice has neither Ears nor Shame:
Thus fled the good old Man, bereft of Aid,
And for as much as day in him, betray'd:

That this is not a Fable forg'd by me,

Like one of his, an *Ulyssean* Lie, 100

I vouch ev'n *Diomed*, who tho' his Friend

Cannot that Act excuse, much less defend:

He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his
Fear;

And sure enough he heard, but durst not
hear.

The Gods with equal Eyes on Mortals
look,

He justly was forsaken, who forsook:

Wanted that Succour he refus'd to lend,

Found ev'ry Fellow such another Friend:

No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear,

His Eloquence was increas'd by Fear: 110

I heard, I ran, I found him out of Breath,

Pale, trembling, and half dead, with Fear of
Death.

Though he had judg'd himself by his own
Laws,

And stood condemn'd, I help'd the common
Cause:

With my broad Buckler hid him from the
Foe;

(Ev'n the Shield trembled as he lay below,)

And from impending Fate the Coward freed:

Good Heav'n forgive me for so bad a Deed!

If still he will persist, and urge the Strife,

First let him give me back his forfeit
Life: 120

Let him return to that opprobrious Field:

Again creep under my protecting Shield:

Let him be wounded, let the Foe be near,

And let his quiv'ring Heart confess his Fear;

There put him in the very Jaws of Fate;

And let him plead his Cause in that Estate.

And yet, when snatch'd from Death, when
from below

My lifted Shield I loos'd, and let him go:

Good Heav'n's, how light he rose, with what
a bound

He sprung from Earth, forgetful of his
Wound; 130

How fresh, how eager then his Feet to ply,
Who had not Strength to stand, had Speed
to fly!

Hector came on, and brought the Gods
along;

Fear seiz'd alike the Feeble and the Strong:
Each Greek was an *Ulysses*; such a Dread
Th' approach, and e'en the sound of *Hector*
bred:

Ilioi, flesh'd with Slaughter, nod with
Conquest crown'd,

I met, and over-tum'd him to the Ground.

When after, matchless as he deem'd, in
Might,

He challeng'd all our Host to single Fight;
All Eyes were fix'd on me: The Lots were

thrown; 141

But for your Champion I was wish'd alone:

Your Vows were heard, we Fought and
neither yield;

Yet I return'd unvanquish'd from the
Field.

With *Jove* to friend th' insulting *Trojan*
came,

And menac'd us with Force, our Fleet with
Flame:

Was it the Strength of this Tongue-valiant
Lord,

In that black Hour, that sav'd you from the
Sword?

Or was my Brenst expos'd alone, to brave
A thousand Swords, a thousand Ships to

save? 150

The hopes of your return! And can you
yield,

For a sav'd Fleet, less than a single Shield?

Think it no Boast, O *Grecians*, if I deem

These Arms want *Ajax*, more than *Ajax*
them;

Or, I with them an equal Honour share;

They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.

Will he compare my Courage with his Slight?

As well he may compare the Day with Night.

Night is indeed the Province of his Reign;

Yet all his dark Exploits no more contain

Than a Spy taken, and a Sleeper slain; 161

A Priest made Pris'ner, *Pallas* made a Prey

But none of all these Actions done by

Day:

Nor ought of these was done, and *Diomed*
away.

If on such petty Merits you confer
So vast a Prize, let each his Portion share;

Make a just Dividend : and if not all,
 The greater part to *Dioned* will fall.
 But why for *Ithacus* such Arms as those,
 Who naked and by Night invades his Foes ?
 The ghtt'ring Helm by Moonlight will
 proclaim 171
 The latent Robber, and prevent his Game :
 Nor could he hold his tott'ring Head up-
 right
 Beneath that Motion, or sustain the Weight ;
 Nor that right Arm cou'd toss the beamy
 Lance ;
 Much less the left that ampler Shield
 advaoce ;
 Pond'rous with precious Weight, and rough
 with Cost
 Of the round World in rising Gold emboss'd.
 That Orb would ill become his Hand to wield,
 And look as for the Gold he stole the Shield ;
 Which shou'd your Error on the Wretch
 bestow, 181
 It would not frighten, but allure the Foe :
 Why asks he, what avails him not in Fight,
 And wou'd but cumber and retard his Flight,
 In which his only Excellence is plac'd ?
 You give him Death, that intercept his
 last.
 Add, that his own is yet a Maiden-Shield,
 Nor the least Dint has suffer'd in the Field,
 Guiltless of Fight : Mine batter'd, hew'd,
 and bor'd,
 Worn out of Service, must forsake his Lord.
 What farther need of Words our Right to
 scan ? 191
 My Arguments are Deeds, let Action speak
 the Man.
 Sioce from a Champion's Arms the Strife
 arose,
 So cast the glorious Prize amid the Foes ;
 Then send us to redeem both Arms and
 Shield,
 And let him wear who wins 'em in the Field.
 He said : A Murmur from the Multitude,
 Or somewhat like a stifled Shout, cosu'd :
 Till from his Seat arose *Laertes* Son,
 Look'd down awhile, and paus'd e'er he
 begun ; 200
 Then to th' expecting Audience rais'd his
 Look,
 And not without prepar'd Attention spoke :
 Soft was his Tone, and sober was his Face ;
 Action his Words, and Words his Action
 grace.

If Heav'n, my Lords, had heard our
 common Pray'r,
 These Arms had caus'd no Quarrel for an
 Heir ;
 Still great *Achilles* had his own possess'd,
 And we with great *Achilles* had been bless'd.
 But since hard Fate, and Heav'ns severe
 Decree,
 Have ravish'd him away from you and me,
 (At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his Eyes, and
 drew, 211
 Or seem'd to draw some Drops of kindly
 Dew)
 Who better can succeed *Achilles* lost,
 Than he who gave *Achilles* to your Hoast ?
 This only I request, that neither He
 May gain, by being what he seems to be,
 A stupid Thing, nor I may lose the Prize,
 By having Sense, which Heav'n to him
 deoies :
 Since, great or small, the Talent I enjoy'd
 Was ever in the common Cause employ'd :
 Nor let my Wit, and wonted Eloquence 221
 Which often has been us'd in your Defence
 And in my own, this only time be brought
 To bear against my self, and deem'd a
 Fault.
 Make not a Crime, where Nature made it
 none ;
 For ev'ry Man may freely use his own.
 The Deeds of long descended Aneestors
 Are but by grace of Imputation ours,
 Theirs in effect : but since he draws his
 Line
 From *Jove*, and seems to plead a Right
 Divine, 230
 From *Jove*, like him, I claim my Pedigree,
 And am descended in the same degree :
 My sire *Laertes* was *Arcesius* Heir,
Arcesius was the Son of *Jupiter* :
 No Parieide, no banish'd Man, is known
 In all my Line : Let him excuse his own.
Hermes ennobles too my Mother's Side,
 By both my Parents to the Gods ally'd ;
 But not because that on the Female Part
 My Blood is better, dare I claim Desert, 240
 Or that my Sire from Parieide is free,
 But judge by Merit betwixt Him and Me :
 The Prize be to the best ; provided yet,
 That *Ajav* for awhile his Kin forget,
 And, his great Sire, and greater Uncle's
 Name,
 To fortify by them his feeble Claim :

Be Kindred and Relation laid aside,
And Honours Cause by Laws of Honour
try'd:

For if he plead Proximity of Blood; 249
That empty Title is with Ease withstood.
Peleus, the Hero's Sire, more nigh than he,
And *Pyrrhus*, his undoubted Progeny,
Inherit first these Trophies of the Field;
To *Seyros*, or to *Phthya*, send the Shield:
And *Tencer* has an Uncle's Right; yet he
Waves his Pretensions, nor contends with
me.

Then since the Cause on pure Desert is
plac'd,

Whence shall I take my Rise, what reckon
last?

I not presume on ev'ry Act to dwell,
But take these few, in order as they fell. 260

Thetis, who knew the Fates, apply'd her
Care,

To keep *Achilles* in Disguise from War;
And till the threat'ning Influence were past,
A Woman's Habit on the Hero cast:

All Eyes were couzen'd by the borrow'd
Vest,

And *Ajax* (never wiser than the rest)
Found no *Pelides* there: At length I came

With proffer'd Wares to this pretended
Dame;

She not discover'd by her Mien or Voice, 269
Betray'd her Manhood by her manly Choice;

And while on Female Toys her Fellows look,
Grasp'd in her Warlike Hand, a Javelin
shook;

Whom, by this Act reveal'd, I thus bespoke:
O Goddess-born! resist not Heav'n's Decree,

The Fall of *Ithum* is reserv'd for thee;
Then seiz'd him, and, produc'd in open

Light,
Sent blushing to the Field the fatal Knight.

Nine then are all his Actions of the War:
Great *Telephus* was conquer'd by my Spear,

And after cur'd: To me the *Thebans* owe,
Lesbos and *Tenedos*, their Overthrow; 280

Syros and *Cylla*! Not on all to dwell,
By me *Lyrnessus*, and strong *Chrysa* fell:

And since I sent the Man who *Hector*
slew,

To me the noble *Hector's* Death is due:
Those Arms I put into his living Hand,
Those Arms, *Pelides* dead, I now demand.

When Greece was injur'd in the *Spartan*
Prince,

And met at *Aulis* to revenge th' Offence,
'Twas a dead Calm, or adverse Blasts that
reign'd,

And in the Port the Wind-bound Fleet
detai'd: 290

Bad Signs were seen, and Oracles severe
Were daily thunder'd in our General's Ear:

That by his Daughter's Blood we must
appease

Diana's kindled Wrath, and free the Seas.
Affection, Int'rest, Fame, his Heart

assail'd;

But soon the Father o'er the King prevail'd:
Bold, on himself he took the pious Crime,

As angry with the Gods, as they with him.
No Subject cou'd sustain their Sov'rain's
Look, 300

Till this hard Enterprize I undertook:
I only durst th' Imperial Pow'r controul,

And undermin'd the Parent in his Soul;
Forc'd him t' exert the King for common

Good,
And pay our Ransom with his Daughters
Blood.

Never was Cause more difficult to plead,
Than where the Judge against himself

decreed:

Yet this I won by Dint of Argument;
The Wrongs his injur'd Brother underwent,

And his own office sham'd him to consent.
'Twas harder yet to move the Mother's
Mind, 311

And to this heavy Task was I design'd:
Reasons against her Love I knew were vain:

I circumvented whom I could not gain:
Had *Ajar* been employ'd, our slacken'd

Sails
Had still at *Aulis* waited happy Gales.

Arriv'd at *Troy*, your Choice was fix'd on
me,

A fearless Envoy, fit for a bold Embassy:
Secure, I enter'd through the hostile Court,

Glitt'ring with Steel, and crowded with
Resort: 320

There, in the midst of Arms, I plead our
Cause,

Urge the foul Rape, and violated Laws;
Accuse the Foes, as Authors of the Strife,

Reproach the Ravisher, demand the Wife
Priam, *Antenor*, and the wiser few,

I mov'd; but *Paris* and his lawless Crew

Scarce held their Hands, and lifted Swords:
But stood
In Act to quench their Impious thirst of
Blood:

This *Menelaus* knows; expos'd to share
With me the rough Preludium of the
War. 330

Endless it were to tell what I have done,
In Arms, or Council, since the Siege begun:
The first Encounters pass'd, the Foe
repell'd,
They skulk'd within the Town, we kept the
Field.

War seem'd asleep for nine long Years, at
length,
Both Sides resolv'd to push, we try'd our
Strength.

Now what did *Ajax* while our Arms took
Breath,
Vers'd only in the gross mechanick Trade of
Death?

If you require my Deeds, with ambush'd
Arms

I trap'd the Foe, or tir'd with false Alarms;
Secur'd the Ships, drew Lines along the
Plain, 341

The Fainting cheer'd, chastis'd the Rebel-
train,

Provided Forage, our spent Arms renew'd;
Employ'd at home, or sent abroad. the
common Cause pursu'd.

The King, deluded in a Dream by *Jove*,
Despair'd to take the Town, and order'd to
remove.

What Subject durst arraign the Pow'r
supreme,

Producing *Jove* to justify his Dream?
Ajax might wish the Soldiers to retain
From shameful Flight, but Wishes were in
vain: 350

As wanting of effect had been his Words,
Such as of course his thundering Tongue
affords.

But did this Boaster threaten, did he pray,
Or by his own Example urge their stay?
None, none of these, but ran himself away.
I saw him run, and was asham'd to see:
Who ply'd his Feet so fast to get aboard, as
He?

Then speeding through the Place, I made
a stand,
And loudly cry'd, O base degen'rate Band,
To leave a Town already in your Hand! 360

After so long expence of Blood, for Fame,
To bring home nothing but perpetual
Shame!

These Words, or what I have forgotten
since,
(For Grief inspir'd me then with Eloquence)
Reduc'd their Minds, they leave the crowded
Port,

And to their late forsaken Camp resort;
Dismay'd the Council met: This Man was
there,

But waste, and not recover'd of his Fear.
Thersites tax'd the King, and loudly rail'd.
But his wide opening Mouth with Blows
I seal'd. 370

Then, rising, I excite their Souls to Fame,
And kindle sleeping Virtue into Flame.
From thence, whatever he perform'd in
Fight

Is justly mine, who drew him back from
Flight.

Which of the *Grecian* Chiefs consorts with
Thee?

But *Dionides* desires my Company,
And still communicates his Praise with me.
As guided by a God, secure he goes,
Arm'd with my Fellowship amid the Foes:
And sure no little Merit I may boast, 380
Whom such a Man selects from such an
Host:

Unforc'd by Lots I went without Afright,
To dare with him the Dangers of the
Night:

On the same Errand sent, we met the Spy
Of *Hector*, double tongu'd, and us'd to lie;
Him I dispatch'd, but not till undermin'd
I drew him first to tell what treacherous
Troy design'd:

My Task perform'd, with Praise I had retir'd.
But not content with this, to greater Praise
aspir'd:

Invaded *Rhodus*, and his *Thracian* Crew.
And him, and his, in their own Strength.

I slew: 391
Return'd a Victor, all my Vows compleat.
With the King's Chariot, in his Royal Seat:
Refuse me now his Arms, whose fiery
Steeds

Were promis'd to the Spy for his Nocturnal
Deeds:

And let dull *Ajax* bear away my Night.
When all his Days out-balance this one
Night.

Nor fought I darkling still: The Sun
 beheld
 With slaughter'd *Lycians* when I strew'd the
 Field:
 You saw, and counted as I pass'd along, 400
Alastor, Cronyus, Ceranos the Strong,
Alcander, Prytaeus, and Halius,
Noemon, Charopes, and Ennomus,
Choon, Chersidamas; and five beside
 Men of obscure Descent, but Courage try'd:
 All these this Hand laid breathless on the
 Ground;
 Nor want I Proofs of many a manly Wound:
 All honest, all before: Believe not me;
 Words may deceive, but credit what you see.
 At this he bar'd his Breast, and show'd
 his Scars, 410
 As of a furrow'd Field, well plough'd with
 Wars;
 Nor is this Part unexercis'd, said he;
 That Gyant-bulk of his from Wounds is
 free:
 Safe in his Shield he fears no Foe to try,
 And better manages his Blood than I:
 But this avails me not; our Boaster strove
 Not with our Foes alone, but partial *Jove*,
 To save the Fleet: This I confess is true,
 (Nor will I take from any Man his Due:)
 But thus assuming all, he robs from you 420
 Some part of Honour to your share will
 fall,
 He did the best indeed, but did not all.
Patroclus in *Achilles* Arms, and thought
 The Chief he seem'd, with equal Ardour
 fought;
 Preserv'd the Fleet, repell'd the raging Fire,
 And forc'd the fearful *Trojans* to retire.
 But *Ajax* boasts, that he was only thought
 A Match for *Hector*, who the Combat sought:
 Sure he forgets the King, the Chiefs, and
 Me;
 All were as eager for the Fight as He: 430
 He but the ninth, and, not by publick
 Voice,
 Or ours preferr'd, was only Fortunes Choice:
 They fought, nor can our Hero boast the
 Event,
 For *Hector* from the Field unwounded went
 Why am I forc'd to name that fatal Day,
 That snatch'd the Prop and Pride of *Greece*
 away?

I saw *Pelides* sink, with pious Grief,
 And ran in vain, alas, to his Relief;
 For the brave Soul was fled: Full of my
 Friend,
 I rush'd amid the War, his Relicks to
 defend. 440
 Nor ceas'd my Toil till I redeem'd the Prey,
 And loaded with *Achilles*, march'd away:
 Those Arms, which on these Shoulders then
 I bore,
 'Tis just you to these Shoulders should
 restore.
 You see I want not Nerves, who cou'd sus-
 tam
 The pond'rous Ruins of so great a Man:
 Or if in others equal Force you find,
 None is endu'd with a more grateful Mind.
 Did *Thetis* then, ambitious in her Care,
 These Arms thus labour'd for her Son }
 prepare; 450
 That *Ajax* after him the heav'nly gift
 should wear?
 For that dull Soul to stare, with stupid
 Eyes,
 On the learn'd unintelligible Prize!
 What are to him the Sculptures of the
 Shield,
 heav'n's Planets, Earth, and Oceans
 wat'ry Field?
 The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*; less, and greater Bear,
 Undipp'd in Seas; *Orion's* angry Star;
 Two diff'ring Cities, grav'd on either Hand?
 Would he wear Arms he cannot understand?
 Beside, what wise Objections he prepares
 Against my late Accession to the Wars? 460
 Does not the Fool perceive his Argument
 Is with more force against *Achilles* bent?
 For, if Dissembling be so great a Crime,
 The Fault is common, and the same in him:
 And if he takes both of long delay,
 My Guilt is less, who sooner came away.
 His pious Mother anxious for his Life,
 Detain'd her Son, and me, my pious Wife.
 To them the Blossoms of our Youth were
 due: 470
 Our riper Manhood we reserv'd for you.
 But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my care,
 When with so great a Man my Guilt I share:
 My Wit to War the matchless Hero brought,
 But by this Fool I never had been caught.
 Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw
 Such foul Aspersions, when he spares not
 you:

If *Palamede* unjustly fell by me,
Your Honour suffer'd in th' unjust Decree :
I but accus'd, you doom'd : And yet he
dy'd, 480
Convinc'd of Treason, and was fairly try'd :
You heard not he was false ; your Eyes
beheld

The Traytor manifest ; the Bribe reveal'd.
That *Philoctetes* is on *Lemnos* left,
Wounded, forlorn, of human Aid bereft,
Is not my Crime, or not my Crime alone ;
Defend your Justice, for the Fact's your
own :

'Tis true, th' Advice was mine : that staying
there
He might his weary Limbs with rest
repair,
From a long Voyage free, and from a longer
War. 490

He took the Counsel, and he lives at least ;
Th' Event declares I counsell'd for the best :
Though Faith is all in Ministers of State ;
For who can promise to be fortunate ?

Now since his Arrows are the Fate of *Troy*,
Do not my Wit, or weak Address, employ ;
Send *Ajax* there, with his persuasive Sense
To mollify the Man, and draw him thence :
But *Xanthus* shall run backward ; *Ida* stand
A leafless Mountain ; and the *Grecian*
Band 500

Shall fight for *Troy* ; if when my Counsels
fail,

The Wit of heavy *Ajax* can prevail.

Hard *Philoctetes*, exercise thy Spleen,
Against thy Fellows, and the King of Men ;
Curse my devoted Head, above the rest,
And wish in Arms to meet me Breast to
Breast :

Yet I the dang'rous Task will undertake
And either die my self, or bring thee back.
Nor doubt the same Success, as when
before

The *Phrygian* Propbet to these Tents I bore,
Surpris'd by Night, and forc'd him to
declare 511

In what was plac'd the fortune of the War ;
Heav'n's dark Decrees, and Answers to
display.

And how to take the Town, and where the
Secret lay :

Yet this I compass'd, and from *Troy* con-
vey'd

The fatal Image of their Guardian-Maid ;

That Work was mine ; for *Pallas*, though our
Friend,

Yet while she was in *Troy*, did *Troy* defend.
Now what has *Ajax* done, or what design'd,
A noisy Nothing, and an empty Wind ? 520
If he be what he promises in Show,
Why was I sent, and why fear'd he to go
Our boasting Champion thought the Task
not light

To pass the Guards, commit himself to
Night ;

Not only through a hostile Town to pass,
But scale, with steep Ascent, the sacred
Place ;

With wand'ring Steps to search the Cittadel,
And from the Priests their Patroness to
steal :

Then through surrounding Foes to force my
way,

And bear in Triumph home the heav'nly
Prey ; 530

Which had I not, *Ajax* in vain had held,
Before that monst'rous Bulk, his sev'nfold
Shield

That Night to conquer *Troy* I might be said
When *Troy* was liable to Conquest made.

Why point'st thou to my Partner of the
War ?

Tyides had indeed a worthy share
In all my Toil, and Praise ; but when thy
Might

Our Ships protected, didst thou singly fight ?
All join'd, and thou of many wert but one ;
I ask'd no Friend, nor had, but him
alone ; 540

Who, had he not been well assur'd, that Art
And Conduct were of War the better part,
And more avail'd than Strength, my valiant
Friend

Had urg'd a better Right, than *Ajax* can
pretend :

As good at least *Euripylus* may claim,
And the more moderate *Ajax* of the Name ;
The *Cretan* King, and his brave Charioteer,
And *Menelaus* bold with Sword and Spear ;
All these had been my Rivals in the Shield,
And yet all these to my Pretensions yield
Thy boist'rous Hands are then of Use,
when I 551

With this directing Head those Hands apply.
Brawn without Brain is thine : My prudent
Care

Foresees, provides, administers the War :

Thy Province is to Fight ; but when shall be
The time to Fight, the King consults with
me :

No dram of Judgment with thy force is
join'd ;

Thy Body is of Profit, and my Mind.

By how much more the Ship her Safety
owes

To him who steers, than him that only
rows, 560

By how much more the Captain's merits
Praise

Than he who Fights, and Fighting but
obeys ;

By so much greater is my Worth than
thine,

Who canst but execute what I design.

What gain'st thou brutal Man, if I confess

Thy Strength superiour, when thy Wit is
less ?

Mind is the Man : I claim my whole
Desert

From the Mind's Vigour, and th' immortal
part.

But you, O *Grecian* Chiefs, reward my
Care,

Be grateful to your Watchman of the
Wor : 570

For all my Labours in so long a space,
Sure I may plead a Title to your Grace :

Enter the Town ; I then unbarr'd the
Gates,

When I remov'd their tutelary Fates.

By all our common hopes, if hopes they be
Which I have now reduc'd to Certainty,

By falling *Troy*, by yonder tott'ring Towers,
And by their taken Gods, which now are
ours ;

Or if there yet a farther Task remains,
To be perform'd by Prudence or by
Poins ; 580

If yet some desperate Action rests behind,
That asks high Conduct, and a dauntless
Mind :

If ought be wanting to the *Trojan* Doom,
Which none but I can manage and o'er-
come,

Award those Arms I ask, by your Decree :
Or give to this what you refuse to me.

He ceas'd. And ceasing with Respect he
bow'd,

And with his Hand at once the fatal Statue
show'd

Heav'n, Air and Ocean rung, with loud
Applause,

And by the general Vote he gain'd his
Cause. 590

Thus Conduct won the Prize, when Courage
fail'd,

And Eloquence o'er brutal Force prevail'd.

The Death of Ajax.

He who cou'd often, and alone withstand
The Foe, the Fire, and *Jove's* own partial
Hand,

Now cannot his unmaster'd Grief sustain,
But yields to Rage, to Madness, and Disdain ;

Then snatching out his Fauchion, Thou,
said He,

Art mine ; *Ulysses* lays no claim to Thee.
O often try'd, and ever trusty Sword,

Now do thy last kind Office to thy
Lord : 600

'Tis *Ajax*, who requests thy Aid, to show
None but himself, himself cou'd overthrow :

He said, and with so good a Will to die
Did to his Breast the fatal Point apply,

It found his Heart, a way till then
unknown,

Where never Weapon enter'd but his own.
No Hands cou'd force it thence, so fix'd it
stood,

Till out it rush'd, expell'd by Streams of
spouting Blood.

The fruitful Blood produc'd a Flow'r, which
grew

On a green Stem ; and of a Purple Hue :
Like his, whom unaware *Apollo* slew : 611

Inscrib'd in both, the Letters are the same,
But those express the Grief, and these the
Name

THE DEATH OF AJAX Text from the original
edition of 1700

THE FABLE | OF | ACIS, | POLYPHEMUS, | AND | GALATEA

FROM THE | THIRTEENTH BOOK OF 'THE METAMORPHOSES.

GALATEA relates the Story.

Acis, the Lovely Youth, whose loss I mourn,
From *Faunus* and the Nymph *Symethis* born,
Was both his Parents pleasure : but to me
Was all that Love cou'd make a Lover be.
The Gods our Minds in mutual Bands did
joyn :

I was his only Joy, and he was mine.
Now sixteen Summers the sweet Youth had
seen ;
And doubtful Down began to shade his
Chin :

When *Polyphemus* first disturb'd our Joy,
And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the Boy. 10
Ask not which passion in my Soul was
high'r,

My last Aversion, or my first Desire :
Nor this the greater was, nor that the less ;
Both were alike ; for both were in excess.
Thee, *Venus*, thee both Heav'n and Earth
obey ;
Immense thy Pow'r, and boundless is thy
Sway.

The *Cyclops*, who defi'd th' Æthereal Throne,
And thought no Thunder louder than his own,
The terror of the Woods, and wilder far
Than Wolves in Plains, or Bears in Forrests
are, 20

Th' Inhumane Host, who made his bloody
Feasts

On mangl'd Members of his butcher'd
Guests,

Yet felt the force of Love, and fierce Desire,
And burnt for me, with unrelenting Fire :
Forgot his Cavems, and his woolly care, }
Assum'd the softness of a Lover's Air ; }
And comb'd, with Teeth of Rakes, his }
rugged hair.

Now with a crooked Sythe his Beard he
sleeks ;

And mows the stubborn Stubble of his
Cheeks :

Now, in the Crystal Stream he looks, to
try 30

His Simagres, and rowls his glaring eye.

His Cruelty and thirst of Blood are lost ;
And Ships securely sail along the Coast.

The Prophet *Telemus* (arriv'd by chance
Where *Ætna's* Summits to the Seas
advance,

Who mark'd the Tracts of every Bird that
flew,

And sure Presages from their flying drew)
Foretold the *Cyclops*, that *Ulysses* hand
In his broad eye shou'd thrust a flaming
Brand.

The Giant, with a scornful grin, reply'd, 40
Vain Augur, thou hast falsely prophesi'd ;
Already Love his flaming Brand has tost ;
Looking on two fair Eyes, my sight I lost.
Thus, warn'd in vain, with stalking pace
he strode,

And stamp'd the Margine of the briny Flood
With heavy steps ; and weary, sought agen
The cool Retirement of his gloomy Den.

A Promontory, sharp'ning by degrees,
Ends in a Wedge, and over-looks the Seas :
On either side, below, the water flows : 50
This airy walk the Giant Lover chose.

Here, on the midst he sate ; his Flocks,
unled,

Their Shepherd follow'd, and securely fed.

A Pine so burly, and of length so vast,
That sailing Ships requir'd it for a Mast,
He wielded for a Staff ; his steps to guide :
But laid it by, his Whistle while he try'd.

A hundred Reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scafe made a Pipe proportion'd to his
mouth :

Which, when he gave it wind, the Rocks
around, 60

And watry Plains, the dreadful hiss resound.
I heard the Ruffian-Shepherd rudely blow,

Where, in a hollow Cave, I sat below ;

On *Acis* bosom I my head inclin'd :

And still preserve the Poem in my mind.

Oh lovely *Galatea*, whiter far

Than falling Snows, and rising Lillies are ;

More flowry than the Meads, as Crystal
bright ;

Erect as Alders, and of equal heigh' :

More wanton than a Kid, more sleek thy
Skin 70
Than Orient Shells, that on the Shores are
seen :

Than Apples fairer, when the boughs they
lade ,

Pleasing, as Winter Suns or Summer Shade :
More grateful to the sight, than goodly
Planes ;

And softer to the touch, than down of
Swans,

Or Curds new turn'd ; and sweeter to the
taste

Than swelling Grapes, that to the Vintage
haste :

More clear than Ice, or running Streams,
that stray

Through Garden Plots, but ah more swift
than they .

Yet, *Galatea*, harder to be broke 80
Than Bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the
Yoke,

Arid far more stubborn than the knotted
Oak :

Like sliding Streams, impossible to hold ;
Like them fallacious ; like their Fountains,
cold :

More warping than the Willow, to decline
My warm Embrace, more brittle than the
Vine ;

Immoveable, and fixt in thy disdain ;
Rough, as these Rocks, and of a harder
grain .

More violent than is the rising Flood :
And the prais'd Peacock is not half so
proud. 90

Fierce as the Fire, and sharp as Thistles are ;
And more outrageous than a Mother-Bear :

Deaf as the billows to the Vows I make ;
And more revengeful, than a trodden Snake .

In swiftness fleetier than the flying Hind,
Or driven Tempests, or the driving Wind .

All other faults with patience I can bear ;
But swiftness is the Vice I only fear .

Yet, if you knew me well, you wou'd not
shun

My Love, but to my wish'd Embraces run -
Wou'd languish in your turn, and court my
stay ; 101

And much repent of your unwise delay .

My Palace, in the living Rock, is made
By Nature's hand ; a spacious pleasing
Shade ;

Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold
invade .

My Garden fill'd with Fruits you may behold,
And Grapes in clusters, imitating Gold ,

Some blushing Bunches of a purple hue :
And these, and those, are all reserv'd for you .

Red Strawberries, in shades, expecting
stand, 110

Proud to be gather'd by so white a hand .
Autumnal Cornels latter Fruit provide,

And Plumbs, to tempt you, turn their
glossy side

Not those of common kinds ; but such alone
As in *Phaasian* Orchards might have grown :

Nor Chestnuts shall be wanting to your
Food,

Nor Garden-fruits, nor Wildings of the Wood ;
The laden Boughs for you alone shall bear ;

And yours shall be the product of the Year .
The Flocks you see, are all my own ;

beside 120
The rest that Woods and winding VOLLIES
hide ;

And those that fold'd in the Caves oblide
Ask not the numbers of my growing Store ;

Who knows how many, knows he has no
more .

Nor will I praise my Cattel ; trust not me,
But judge your self, and pass your own
decree :

Behold their swelling Dugs ; the sweepy
weight

Of Ews that sink beneath the Milky freight ;
In the warm Folds their tender Lambskins
lye ;

Apart from Kids, that call with humane cry .
New Milk in Nut-brown Bowls is duely
serv'd 131

For daily Drink ; the rest for Cheese
reserv'd .

Nor are these House-hold Dainties all my
Store :

The Fields and Forrests will afford us more ;
The Deer, the Hare, the Goat, the Salvage
Boar .

All sorts of Ven'son ; and of Birds the best ;
A pair of Turtles taken from the Nest .

74 Planes] The editors all absurdly give
Plains

120 The Flocks you see, are] Most editors
wrongly print The Flocks, you see, are

I walk'd the Mountains, and two Cubs
I found,
(Whose dam had left 'em on the naked
ground.) 139

So like, that no distinction cou'd be seen ;
So pretty, they were Presents for a Queen ;
And so they shall ; I took 'em both away ;
And keep, to be Companions of your Play.

Oh raise, fair Nymph, your Beauteous
Face above
The Waves ; nor scorn my Presents, and my
Love.

Come, *Galatea*, come, and view my face ;
I late beheld it, in the watry Glass ;
And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was.
Survey my tawring Stature, and my Size :
Not *Jove*, the *Jove* you dream, that rules the
Skies 150

Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread :
My Locks (the plenteous Harvest of my
head)

Hang o're my Manly Face ; and dangling
down,

As with a shady Grove, my shoulders crown.
Nor think, because my limbs and body bear
A thickset underwood of bristling hair,
My shape deform'd : what fouler sight can
be,

Than the bald Branches of a leafless Tree ?
Foul is the Steed, without a flowing Main :
And Birds, without their Feathers, and their
Train. 160

Wool decks the Sheep ; and Man receives
a Grace

From bushy Limbs, and from a bearded
Face.

My forehead with a single eye is fill'd,
Round as a Ball, and ample as a Shield.
The Glorious Lamp of Heav'n, the Radiant
Sun,

Is Nature's eye ; and is content with one.
Add, that my Father sways your Seas, and I
Like you am of the watry Family.

I make you his, in making you my own ;
You I adore ; and kneel to you alone : 170
Jove, with his Fabled Thunder, I despise,
And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
Frown not, fair Nymph ; yet I cou'd bear to
be

Disdain'd, if others were disdain'd with me.

But to repulse the *Cyclops*, and prefer
The Love of *Acis*, (Heav'n's) I cannot bear.
But let the Stripling please himself ; nay
more,

Please you, tho' that's the thing I most
abhor ;

The Boy shall find, if e're we cope in Fight
These Giant Limbs endu'd with Giant
Might. 180

His living Bowels, from his Belly torn,
And scatter'd Limbs, shall on the Flood be
born :

Thy Flood, ungrateful Nymph, and fate
shall find

That way for thee and *Acis* to be join'd.
For oh I burn with Love, and thy Disdain
Augments at once my Passion and my pain
Translated *Ætna* flames within my heart,
And thou, Inhumane, wilt not ease my
smart.

Lamenting thus in vain, he rose, one
strode 185

With furious paces to the Neighb'ring Wood
Restless his feet, distracted was his walk ;
Mad were his motions, and confus'd his
talk.

Mad as the vanquish'd Bull, when forc'd to
Yield

His lovely Mistress, and forsake the Field.
Thus far unseen I saw : when, fatal
chance

His looks directing, with a sudden glance,
Acis and I were to his sight betray'd ;
Where, nought suspecting, we securely
play'd.

From his wide mouth a bellwring cry he
cast ;

I see, I see, but this shall be your last. 200
A'roar so loud made *Ætna* to rebound ;
And all the *Cyclops* labour'd in the sound.
Affrighted with his monstrous Voice, I fled
And in the Neighb'ring Ocean plung'd my
head.

Poor *Acis* turn'd his back, and, help, he cried
Help, *Galatea*, help, my Parent Gods,
And take me dying to your deep Abodes.
The *Cyclops* follow'd : but he sent before
A Rib, which from the living Rock he tore
Though but an Angle reach'd him of the
Stone, 210

The mighty Fragment was enough alone
To crush all *Acis* ; 'twas too late to save,
But what the Fates allow'd to give, I gave

166 is] The editors, who may here be right,
give she's

That <i>Acis</i> to his Lineage should return ; And rowl, among the River Gods, his Urn. Straight issu'd from the Stone a Stream of blood ;	When, (wondrous to behold,) full in the Flood Up starts a Youth, and Navel high he stood. Horns from his Temples rise ; and either Horn
Which lost the Purple, mingling with the Flood. Then like a troubled Torrent it appear'd : The Torrent too, in little space, was clear'd. The Stone was cleft, and through the jaw- ning chink	Thick Wreaths of Reeds (his Native grow th) adorn. Were not his Stature taller than before, His bulk augmented, and his beauty more, His colour blue, for <i>Acis</i> he might pass : 230 And <i>Acis</i> chang'd into a Stream he was. But mine no more, he rowls along the Plains
New Reeds arose, on the new River's brink. The Rook, from out its hollow Womb, disclos'd A sound like Water in its course oppos'd :	With rapid motion, and his Name retains

OF THE PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY ;

FROM THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The Fourteenth Book concludes with the Death and Deification of Romulus ; The Fifteenth begins with the Election of Numa to the Crown of Rome. On this Occasion, Ovid following the Opinion of some Authors, makes Numa the Schollar of Pythagoras ; and to have begun his Acquaintance with that Philosopher at Crotona, a Town in Italy ; from thence he makes a Digression to the Moral and Natural Philosophy of Pythagoras : On both which our Author enlarges ; and which are the most learned and beautiful Parts of the Metamorphoses.

A King is sought to guide the growing State,
One able to support the Publick Weight,
And fill the Throne where *Romulus* had sat.
Renown, which oft bespeaks the Publick
Voice,
Had recommended *Numa* to their Choice :
A peaceful, pious Prince ; who, not con-
tent
To know the *Sabine* Rites, his Study bent
To cultivate his Mind : To learn the Laws
Of Nature, and explore their hidden Cause.

OF THE PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY. Text from the original edition of 1702. The current texts have errors in ll. 118, 174, 435, and others. The alteration in l. 118 shows that the editors did not understand the text. On the other hand their substitution of 'Birth' for 'Breath' in l. 658 is probably right, as it improves the sense and gets rid of an intolerable rhyme.

Urg'd by this Care, his Country he forsook,
And to *Crotona* thence his Journey took, 11
Arriv'd, he first enquir'd the Founder's
Name
Of this new Colony ; and whence he came
Then thus a Senior of the Place replies,
(Well read, and curious of Antiquities)
'Tis said, *Alcides* hither took his way
From *Spain*, and drove along his conquer'd
Prey,
Then, leaving in the Fields his grazing Cows,
He sought himself some hospitable House.
Good *Croton* entertain'd his Godlike Guest ;
While he repair'd his weary Limbs with
rest. 21
The Hero, thence departing, bless'd the
Place ;
And here, he said, in Times revoking Race.
A rising Town shall take its Name from thee.
Revolving Time fulfill'd the Prophecy :
For *Myseelos*, the justest Man on Earth,
Alenon's Son, at *Argos* had his Birth :
Him *Hereules*, arm'd with his Club of Oak
O'ershadon'd in a Dream, and thus bespoke :
Go, leave thy Native Soil, and make
Abode 30
Where *Æsaris* rowls down his rapid Flood.
He said ; and Sleep forsook him, and the
God.
Trembling he wak'd, and rose with anxious
Heart :
His Country Laws forbad him to depart :

What shou'd he do? 'Twas Death to go
away;

And the God menae'd if he dar'd to stay:
All Day he doubted, and, when Night came
on,

Sleep, and the same forewarning Dream
begun:

Once more the God stood threatning o'er
his head;

With added Curses if he disobey'd. 40
Twice warn'd, he study'd Flight; but
wou'd convey,

At once his Person, and his Wealth away.
Thus while he linger'd, his Design was heard;
A speedy Process form'd, and Death
declar'd.

Witness there needed none of his Offence,
Against himself the Wretch was Evidence:
Condemn'd, and destitute of human Aid,
To him, for whom he suffer'd, thus he pray'd.

O Pow'r, who hast deserv'd in Heav'n
a Throne,

Not giv'n, but by thy Labours made thy
own, 50

Pity thy Suppliant, and protect his Cause,
Whom thou hast made obnoxious to the
Laws.

A Custom was of old, and still remains,
Which Life or Death by Suffrages ordains;
White Stones and Black within an Urn are
cast,

The first absolve, but Fate is in the last.
The Judges to the common Urn bequeath
Their Votes, and drop the Sable Signs of
Death;

The Box receives all Black; but pour'd
from thence

The Stones came candid forth, the Hue of
Innoeence. 60

Thus *Alemonides* his Safety won,
Preserv'd from Death by *Alcumena's* Son:
Then to his Kinsman-God his Vows he pays,
And euts with prosp'rous Gales th' *Ionian*
Seas;

He leaves *Tarentum*, favour'd by the Wiod,
And *Thurine* Bays, and *Temisés*, behind;
Soft *Sybaris*, and all the Capes that stand
Along the Shore, he makes in sight of Land:
Still doubling, and still coasting, till he
found 69

The Mouth of *Æsaris*, and promis'd Ground,

Then saw where, on the Margin of the
Flood,

The Tomb that held the Bones of *Croton*
stogd:

Here, by the God's Command, he built and
wall'd

The Place predieted; and *Crotona* call'd

Thus Fame, from time to time, delivers
down

The sure Tradition of th' *Italian* Town.

Here dwelt the Man divine whom *Samos*
bore,

But now Self-banish'd from his Native
Shore,

Because he hated Tyrants, nor cou'd bear
The Chains which none but servile Souls will
wear: 80

He, tho' from Heav'n remote, to Heav'n
could move,

With Strength of Mind, and tread th' Abyss
above;

And penetrate with his interior Light

Those upper Depths, which Nature hid from
Sight:

And what he had observ'd, and learnt from
thence,

Lov'd in familiar Language to dispence.

The Crowd with silent Admiration stand,
And heard him, as they heard their God's
Command;

While he discours'd of Heav'n's mysterious
Laws,

The World's Original, and Nature's Cause;
And what was God, and why the fleecy
Snows 91

In silence fell, and rattling Winds arose;

What shook the steadfast Earth, and whence
begun

The Dance of Planets round the radiant
Sun;

If Thunder was the Voice of angry *Jove*.

Or Clouds with Nitre pregnant burst above:
Of these, and Things beyond the common
Reach,

He spoke, and charm'd his Audience with his
Speech.

He first the tast of Flesh from Tables
drove,

And argued well, if Arguments cou'd
move. 100

O Mortals! from your Fellow's Blood
abstain,

Nor taint your Bodies with a Food profane;

While Corn and Pulse by Nature are be-
 • stow'd,
 And planted Orchards bend their willing
 Load ;
 While labour'd Gardens wholesom Herbs
 produce,
 And teeming Vines afford their generous
 Juice :
 Nor iardier Fruits of cruder Kind are lost,
 But tam'd with Fire, or mellow'd by the
 Frost :
 While Kine to Pails distended Udders bring,
 And Bees their Honey redolent of Spring :
 While Earth not only can your Needs
 supply. 111
 But lavish of her Store, provides for Luxury ,
 A guiltless Feast administers with Ease,
 And without Blood is prodigal to please.
 Wild Beasts their Maws with their slain
 Brethren fill ;
 And yet not all, for some refuse to kill :
 Sheep, Goats, and Oxen, and the nobler
 Steed,
 On Browz and Corn, and flow'ry Meadows
 feed.
 Bears, Tygers, Wolves, the Lion's angry
 Brood,
 Whom Heaven endu'd with Principles of
 Blood, 120
 He wisely sundred from the rest, to yell
 In Forests, and in lonely Caves to dwell,
 Where stronger Beasts oppress the weak
 by Might
 And all in Prey, and Purple Feasts delight.
 O impious use ! to Nature's Laws
 oppos'd,
 Where Bowels are in other Bowels clos'd .
 Where, fatten'd by their Fellow's Fnt, they
 thrive ;
 Maintain'd by Murder, and by Death they
 live.
 'Tis then for nought that Mother Earth
 provides
 The Stores of all she shows, and all she
 hides, 130
 If Men with fleshy Morsels must be fed,
 And chaw with bloody Teeth the breathing
 Bread :
 What else is this but to devour our Guests,
 And barbarously renew *Cyclopean* Feasts !

We, by destroying Life, our Life sustain ;
 And gorge th' ungodly Maw with Meats
 obscene.

Not so the Golden Age, who fed on Fruit,
 Nor durst with bloody Meals their Mouths
 pollute.

Then Birds in airy space might safely move,
 And timorous Hares on Heaths securely
 rove : 140

Nor needed Fish the gulful Hooks to fear,
 For all was peaceful ; and that Peace
 sincere.

Whoever was the Wretch (and curs'd be He)
 That envy'd first our Food's simplicity ;
 Th' essay of bloody Feasts on Bruits
 began,

And after forg'd the Sword to murder Man.
 Had he the sharpen'd Steel alone employ'd
 On Beasts of Prey that other Beasts
 destroy'd,

Or Men invaded with their Fangs and
 Paws,

This had been justify'd by Nature's Laws,
 And Self-defence : But who did Feasts
 begin 151

Of Flesh, he stretch'd Necessaty to Sin.
 To kill Man-killers, Man has lawful Pow'r,
 But not th' extended License, to devour.

Ill Habits gather by unseen degrees,
 As Brooks make Rivers, Rivers run to Seas.
 The Sow, with her broad Snout for rooting
 up

Th' intrusted Seed, was judg'd to spoil the
 Crop,

And intercept the sweating Farmer's hope :
 The cov'tous Churl, of unforgiving kind, 160
 Th' Offender to the bloody Priest resign'd :
 Her Hunger was no Plea : For that she dy'd.

The Goat came next in order, to be try'd :
 The Goat had cropt the tendrills of the
 Vine :

In vengeance Laity and Clergy join,
 Where one had lost his Profit, one his Wine
 Here was at least, some shadow of Offence.
 The Sheep was sacrific'd on no pretence,
 But meek, and unresisting Innocence. 170

A patient, useful Creature, born to bear
 The warm and woolly Fleece, that cloath'd
 her Murderer,
 And daily to give down the Milk she bred,
 A Tribute for the Grass on which she fed.

118 and flow'ry] The editors, making non-
 sense, give the flowery

160 cov'tous] covetous 1700

Living, both Food and Rayment she
supplies,
And is of least advantage when she dies.

How did the toiling Oxe his Death
deserve,
A downright simple Drudge, and horn to
serve?

O Tyrant! with what Justice canst thou
hope

The Promise of the Year, a plenteous Crop;
When thou destroy'st thy lab'ring Steer,
who till'd, 180

And plough'd with Pains, thy else ungrateful
Field?

From his yet reeking Neck to draw the
Yoke,

That Neck, with which the surly Cloads he
broke;

And to the Hatchet yield thy Husband-Man,
Who finish'd Autumn, and the Spring began!

Nor this alone! 'but Heav'n it self to bribe,
We to the Gods our impious Aets ascribe:
First recompence with Death their Creatures
Toil.

Then call the Bless'd above to share the
Spoil: 189

The fairest Victim must the Pow'r's appease:
(So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please!)

A purple Fillet his broad Brows adorns,
With flow'ry Garlands crown'd, and gilded
Horns:

He hears the murd'rous Pray'r the Priest
prefers,

But understands not, 'tis his Doom he hears:
Beholds the Meal betwixt his Temples cast,
(The Fruit and Product of his Labours
past:)

And in the Water views perhaps the Knife
Uplifted, to deprive him of his Life;

Then broken up alive his Entrails sees, 200
Torn out for Priests to inspect the God's
Decrees.

From whence, O mortal Men, this gust of
Blond

Have you deriv'd, and interdicted Food?
Be taught by me this dire Delight to shun,

Warn'd by my Precepts, by my Practice
won:

And when you eat the well deserving Beast,
Think, on the Lab'rer of your Field you
feast!

Now since the God inspires me to proceed,
Be that, whate'er inspiring Pow'r, obey'd.

For I will sing of mighty Mysteries. 210
Of Truths conceal'd before, from human
Eyes.

Dark Oracles unveil, and open all the Skies.)
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the Sphere
Of shining Stars, and travel with the Year,
To leave the heavy Earth, and scale the
height

Of *Atlas*, who supports the heav'nly weight:
To look from upper Light, and thence survey
Mistaken Mortals wandering from the way,
And wanting Wisdom, fearful for the State
Of future Things, and trembling at their
Fate; 220

Those I would teach: and by right Reason
bring

To think of Death, as but an idle Thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty Name,
A Dream of Darkness, and fictitious Flame?
Vain Themes of Wit, which but in Poems
Pass.

And Fables of a World, that never was!
What feels the Body when the Soul expires,
By time corrupted, or consum'd by Fires?
Nor dies the Spirit, but new Life repeats
In other Forms, and only changes Seats.

Ev'n I, who these mysterious Truths
declare, 231

Was once *Euplerbus* in the Trojan War:
My Name and Lineage I remember well,
And how in Fight by *Sparta's* King I fell.
In *Argive Juno's* Fane I late beheld
My Buckler hung on high, and own'd my
former Shield.

Then, Death, so call'd, is but old Matter
dress'd

In some new Figure, and a vary'd Vest:
Thus all Things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbodied Spirit
flies, 240

By Time, or Force, or Sickness dispossess,
And lodges, where it lights, in Man or Beast;
Or hunts without, till ready Limbs it find,
And actuates those according to their kind:
From Tenement to Tenement is toss'd:

The Soul is still the same, the Figure only
lost:

And, as the soften'd Wax new Seals receives,
This Face assumes, and that Impression
leaves;

Now call'd by one, now by another Name:
The Form is only chang'd, the Wax is still
the same: 250

So Death, so call'd, can but the Form
 • deface,
 Th' immortal Soul flies out in empty space;
 To seek her Fortune in some other Place.]

Then let not Piety be put to flight,
 To please the taste of Glutton-Appetite;
 But suffer inmate Souls secure to dwell,
 Lest from their Seats your Parents you
 expel;

With rabid Hunger feed upon your kind,
 Or from a Beast dislodge a Brother's Mind.

And since, like *Tiphys* parting from the
 Shore, 260

In ample Seas I sail, and Depths untry'd
 before, •

Thus let me further add, that Nature knows
 No steadfast Station, but, or Ebbs, or Flows:
 Ever in motion; she destroys her old,
 And casts new Figures in another Mold.

Ev'n Times are in perpetual Flux; and run,
 Like Rivers from their Fountain rowling on;
 For Time no more than Streams, is at a Stay:
 The flying Hour is ever on her way;
 And as the Fountain still supplies her
 store, 270

The Wave behind impels the Wave before;
 Thus in successive Course the Minutes run.
 And urge their Predecessor Minutes on,
 Still moving, ever new: For former Things
 Are set aside, like abdicated Kings:
 And every moment alters what is done,
 And innovates some Act till then unknown.

Darkness we see emerges into Light,
 And shining Suns descend to Sable Night;
 Ev'n Heav'n it self receives another die, 280
 When wear'd Animals in Slumbers lie,
 Of Midnight Ease: Another when the gray
 Of Morn preludes the Splendor of the Day.
 The Disk of *Phæbus* when he climbs on
 high,

Appears at first but as a bloodshot Eye;
 And when his Chariot downward drives to
 Bed,

His Ball is with the same Suffusion red;
 But mounted high in his Meridian Race
 All bright he shines, and with a better Face:
 For there, pure Particles of *Æther* flow, 290
 Far from th' Infection of the World below.

Nor equal Light th' unequal Moon adorns,
 Or in her waxing or her waning Horns.
 For ev'ry Day she wanes, her Face is less,
 But gath'ring into Globe, she fattens at
 increase.

Perceiv'st thou not the process of the
 Year,
 How the four Seasons in four Forms appear.
 Resembling human Life in ev'ry Shape
 they wear?

Spring first, like Infancy, shoots out her
 Head,
 With milky Juice requiring to be fed: 300
 Helpless, tho' fresh, and wanting to be led.
 The green Stem grows in Stature and in Size,
 But only feeds with hope the Farmer's
 Eyes;

Then laughs the childish Year with Flourets
 crown'd,

And lavishly perfumes the Fields around,
 But no substantial Nourishment receives,
 Inform the Stalks, unsold are the Leaves.

Proceeding onward whence the Year
 began

The Summer grows adult, and ripens into
 Man.

This Season, as in Men, is most repleat, 310
 With kindly Moisture, and prolific Heat.

Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid Age,
 Not froze with Fear, nor boiling into Rage;
 More than mature, and tending to decay,
 When our brown Locks repine to mix with
 odious Grey.

Last Winter creeps along with tardy pace,
 Sour is his Front, and furrow'd is his Face.
 His Scalp if not dishonour'd quite of Hair,
 The ragg'd Fleece is thio, and thin is worse
 than bare.

Ev'n our own Bodies daily change receive,
 Some part of what was theirs before, they
 leave; 321

Nor are to Day what Yesterday they were;
 Nor the whole same to Morrow will appear.

Time was, when we were sow'd, and just
 began

From some few fruitful Drops, the promise
 of a Man;

Then Nature's Hand (fermented as it was)
 Moulded to Shape the soft, coagulated Mass;
 And when the little Man was fully form'd,
 The breathless Embryo with a Spirit
 warm'd;

But when the Mothers Throws begin to
 come, 330

The Creature, pent within the narrow Room,
 Breaks his blind Prison, pushing to repair
 His stifled Breath, and draw the living
 Air;

Cast on the Margin of the World he lies,
A helpless Babe, but by Instinct he cries.
He next essays to walk, but downward

press'd,
On four Feet imitates his Brother Beast :
By slow degrees he gathers from the
Ground

His Legs; and to the rowling Chair is bound ;
Then walks alone ; a Horseman now
become, 340

He rides a Stick, and travels round the
Room :

In time he vaunts among his Youthful
Peers,

Strong-bon'd, and strung with Nerves, in
pride of Years,

He runs with Mettle his first merry Stage, }
Maintains the next, abated of his Rage, }
But manages his Strength, and spares his }
Age.

Heavy the third, and stiff, he sinks apace,
And tho' 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along
the Race.

Now sapless on the verge of Death he
stands,

Contemplating his former Feet, and Hands ;

And *Milo*-like, his slacken'd *Sinews* sees, 351
And wither'd Arms, once fit to cope with
Hercules,

Unable now to shake, much less to tear the
Trees.

So *Helen* wept, when her too faithful Glass
Reflected to her Eyes the ruins of her Face :
Wond'ring what Charms her Ravishers cou'd
spy,

To force her twice, or ev'n but once enjoy !
Thy Teeth, devouring Time, thine, envious
Age,

On Things below still exercise your Rage :
With venom'd Grinders you corrupt your
Meat, 360

And then at lingring Meals, the Morsels eat.

Nor those, which Elements we call, abide,
Nor to this Figure, nor to that, are ty'd ;

For this eternal World is said of Old
But four prolific Principles to hold,

Four different Bodies ; two to Heaven
ascend,

And other two down to the Center tend :
Fire first with Wings expanded mounts on
high,

Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper
Sky ;

Then Air, because unclogg'd in empty
space, 370

Flies after Fire, and claims the second Place :
But weighty Water, as her Nature guides,

Lies on the Lap of Earth, and Mother Earth
subsides.

All things are mix'd of these, which all
contain,

And into these are all resolv'd again
Earth rarifies to Dew, expanded more

The subtil Dew in Air begins to soar ;
Spreads 'as she flies, and weary of her Name

Extenuates still, and changes into Flame ;
Thus having by Degrees Perfection won, 380

Restless they soon untwist the Web they
spun,

And Fire begins to lose her radiant Hue,
Mix'd with gross Air, and Air descends to
Dew ;

And Dew condensing, does her Form
forego.

And sinks, a heavy Lump of Earth below.
Thus are their Figures never at a stand,

But chang'd by Nature's innovating Hand ;
All Things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd,

The shifted Scene, for some new Show
employ'd.

Then to be born, is to begin to be, 390
Some other Thing we were not formerly :

And what we call to Die, is not t' appear,
Or be the Thing that formerly we were.

Those very Elements, which we partake
Alive, when Dead some other Bodies make :

Translated grow, have Sense, or can dis-
course ;

But Death on deathless Substance has no
force.

That Forms are chang'd, I grant, that
nothing can

Continue in the Figure it began :

The Golden Age to Silver was debas'd : 400
To Copper that ; our Mettal came at last.

The Face of Places, and their Forms
decay ;

And *thao* is solid Earth ; that once was Sea :
Seas in their turn retreating from the Shore,

Make solid Land, what Ocean was before ;
And far from Strands are Shells of Fishes

found,

And rusty Anchors fix'd on Mountain-
Ground :

And what were Fields before, now wash'd
and worn

By falling Floods from high, to Valleys turn,
And crumbling stall descend to level Lands;
And Lakes, and trembling Bogs are barren
Sands: 411

And the parch'd Desert floats in Streams
unknown,

Wondering to drink of Winters not her own
Here Nature's living Fountains opes; and
there,

Seals up the Wombs where living Fountains
were;

Or Earthquakes stop their ancient Course,
and bring

Diverted Streams to feed a distant Spring.
So *Lycus*, swallow'd up, is seen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another
Door.

Thus *Erasmus* dives; and blind in Earth
Runs on, and gropes his way to second
Birth. 421

Starts up in *Argos* Meads, and shakes his
Locks

Around the Fields, and fattens all the
Flocks.

So *Mysus* by another way is led,
And, grown a River now disdains his Head:
Forgets his humble Birth, his Name for-
sakes,

And the proud Title of *Caicus* takes.
Large *Anienae*, impure with yellow Sands,

Runs rapid often, and as often stands,
And here he threats the drunken Fields to
drown, 430

And there his Dugs deny to give their Liquor
down.

Auugras once did wholesome Draughts
afford,

But now his deadly Waters are abhorr'd:
Since, hurt by *Hercules*, as Fame resounds,
The Centaurs in his current wash'd their
Wounds.

The Streams of *Hypanis* are sweet no more,
But brackish lose the taste they had before.
Autissa, *Pharas*, *Tyre* in Seas were pent,

Once Isles, but now increase the Continent,
While the *Lencadian* Coast, main Land
before, 440

By rushing Seas is sever'd from the Shore

So *Zante* to th' *Italian* Earth was ty'd,
And Men once walk'd where Ships at
Anchor ride,

Till *Neptune* overlook'd the narrow way,
And in disdain pour'd in the conqu'ring Sea
Two Cities that adorn'd th' *Achaean*
Ground,

Biris and *Helice*, no more are found,
But whelm'd beneath a Lake, are sunk and
drown'd;

And Boatmen through the Chrystal Water
slow 449

To wonder ring Passengers the Walls below.
Near *Trazen* stands a Hill, expos'd in Air
To Winter-Winds, of leafy Shadows bare:
This once was level Ground. But (strange
to tell)

Th' included Vapors, that in Caverns dwell,
Lab'ring with Cholic Pangs, and close con-
fin'd,

In vain sought issue for the rumbling
Wind:

Yet still they heav'd for vent, and heaving
still

Inlarg'd the Concave, and shot up the Hill;
As Breath extends a Bladder, or the Skins
Of Goats are blown t' inclose the hoarded
Wines: 460

The Mountain yet retains a Mountain's
Face,

And gather'd Rubbish heals the hollow
space.

Of many Wonders, which I heard or knew,
Retrenching most, I will relate but few:

What, are not Springs with Quakes oppos'd
Endu'd at Seasons, and at Seasons lost?

Thrice in a Day thine, *Ammon*, change their
Form,

Cold at high Noon, at Morn and Evening
warm:

Thine, *Aithian*, will kindle Wood, if thrown
On the pier'd Earth, and in the waning Moon.

The *Thracians* have a Stream, if any try 471
The taste, his harden'd Bowels petrify;

Whate'er it touches it converts to Stones,
And makes a Marble Pavement where it
runs.

Crathis, and *Sybaris* her Sister Flood,
That slide through our *Calabrian* Neighbour
Wood,

With Gold and Amber die the shining Hair,
And thither Youth resort; (for who wou'd
not be Fair?)

415 Centaurs... their] The editors, regardless
of *Dryden* and *Ovid*, give Centaur ... his

Till when 'tis not sufficient to defame :
An old possession stands, till Elder quits
the claim.

Then for our int'rest, which is nam'd alone
To load with envy, we retort your own. .
For when traditions in your faces fly, 240
Resolving not to yield, you must decry :
As when the cause goes hard, the guilty man
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can ;
So when you stand of other aid bereft,
You to the twelve Apostles would be left.
Your friend the *Wolfe* did with more craft
provide

To set those toys traditions quite aside :
And *Fathers* too, unless when reason spent
He cites 'em but sometimes for ornament.
But, Madam *Panther*, you, though more
sincere, 250

Are not so wise as your Adulterer :
The private spirit is a better blind
Than all the dodging tricks your authours
find.

For they who left the Scripture to the
crowd,
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd ;
The way to please 'em was to make 'em
proud.

Thus with full sails they ran upon the shelf ;
Who cou'd suspect a couzenage from him-
self ?

On his own reason safer 'tis to stand,
Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at second
hand. 260

But you who *Fathers* and traditions take
And garble some, and some you quite forsake,
Pretending church auctority to fix,
And yet some grains of private spirit mix,
Are like a *Mule* made up of diff'ring seed,
And that's the reason why you never breed ;
At least not propagate your kind abroad,
For home-dissenters are by statutes aw'd.
And yet they grow upon you ev'ry day,
While you (to speak the best) are at a stay,
For sects that are extremes, abhor a
middle way. 271

Like tricks of state, to stop a raging flood,
Or mollify a mad-brain'd Senate's mood :
Of all expedients never one was good.
Well may they argue, (nor can you deny,)
If we must fix on church auctority,
Best on the best, the fountain, not the
flood,
That must be better still, if this be good.

Shall she command who has herself rebell'd ?
Is *Antichrist* by *Antichrist* expell'd ? 280

Did we a lawfull tyranny displace,
To set aloft a bastard of the race ?
Why all these wars to win the Book, if we
Must not interpret for our selves, but she ?
Either be wholly slaves or wholly free.
For *purging* fires traditions must not fight ;
But they must prove *Episcopacy's* right :
Thus those led horses are from service freed ;
You never mount 'em but in time of need.
Like mercenary's, hir'd for home defence,
They will not serve against their native
Prince. 291

Against domestick foes of *Hierarchy*
These are drawn forth, to make fanaticks fly ;
But, when they see their country-men at
hand.

Marching against 'em under church-com-
mand,
Streight they forsake their colours and dis-
band.

Thus she, nor cou'd the *Panther* woull
enlarge ;
With weak defence against so strong a charge ;
But said, for what did Christ his Word
provide,

If still his church must want a living
guide ? 300

And if all saving doctrines are not there,
Or sacred Pen-men could not make 'em clear,
From after-ages we should hope in vain
For truths, which men inspir'd, cou'd not
explain.

Before the Word was written, said the
Hind,

Our Saviour preached his Faith to humane
kind ;

From his Apostles the first age receiv'd 307
Eternal truth, and what they taught, believ'd.
Thus by tradition faith was planted first ;
Succeeding flocks succeeding Pastours nurs'd.
This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,
(Who sure could all things for the best
dispose.)

To fence his fold from their encroaching
foes.

He cou'd have writ himself, but well foresaw
Th' event would be like that of *Moyse's* law :
Some difference wou'd arise, some doubts
remain,

Like those which yet the jarring *Jews* main-
tain.

And Worms, that Stretch on Leaves their
filmy Loom, 551
Crawl from their Bags, and Butterflies
become

Ev'n Slime begets the Frog's loquacious
Race :

Short of their Feet at first, in little Space
With Arms and Legs endu'd, long leaps they
take,

Rais'd on their hinder part, and swim the
Lake,

And waves repel : For Nature gives their
Kind,

To that intent, a length of Legs behind.

The Cubs of Bears a living lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determin'd Figure
wear. 560

Their Mother licks 'em into Shape, and gives
As much of Form, as she her self receives.

The Grubs from their sexangular ahode
Crawl out unfinish'd, like the Maggot's
Brood :

Trunks without Limbs ; till time at
Leisure brings

The Thighs they wanted, and their tardy
Wings.

The Bird who draws the Carr of *Juno*,
vain

Of her crown'd Head, and of her Starry
Train ;

And he that bears th' Artillery of *Jove*,
The strong-pounc'd Eagle ; and the billing
Dove ; 570

And all the feather'd Kind, who cou'd
suppose

(But that from sight the surest Sense he
knows)

They from th' included Yolk, not ambient
White arose.

There are who think the Marrow of a Man,
Which in the Spine, while he was living,
ran ;

When dead, the Pith corrupted will become
A Snake, and hiss within the hollow Tomb

All these receive their Birth from other
Things :

But from himself the *Phœnix* only springs :
Self-born, begotten by the Parent Flame 580
In which he burn'd, another and the same .
Who not by Corn or Herbs his Life sustains,
But the sweet Essence of *Anonim* draws

And watches the rich Gums *Arabia* bears,
While yet in tender Dew they drop their
Tears.

He, (his five Centuries of life fulfill'd)
His Nest on Oaken Boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of Palm : and first be
draws

The Plan with his broad Bill, and crooked
Claws,

Nature's Artificers ; on this the Pile 590
Is form'd, and rises round, then with the
Spoil

Of *Cassio*, *Cynamon*, and Stems of *Nard*,
(For Softness strew'd beneath,) his Fun'ral
Bed is rear'd :

Fun'ral and Bridal both ; and all around
The Borders with corruptless Myrrh are
crown'd :

On this incumbent ; till ætherial Flame
First catches, then consumes the costly
Frame ;

Consumes him too, as on the Pile he lies ;
He liv'd on Odours, and in Odours dies.

An Infant-*Phœnix* from the former springs,
His Father's Heir, and from his tender
Wings 601

Shakes off his Parent Dust ; his Method he
pursues,

And the same Lease of Life on the same
Terms renews :

When grown to Manhood he begins his
Reign,

And with stiff Pinions can his Flight sustain,
He lightens of its Load the Tree that bore
His Father's Royal Sepulcher before,

And his own Cradle : This (with pious Care
Plac'd on his Back) he cuts the buxome Air,
Seeks the Sun's City, and his sacred Church,
And decently lays down his Burden in the
Porch. 611

A Wonder more amazing wou'd we find ?
Th' *Hyæna* shows it, of a double kind,

Varying the Sexes in alternate Years,
In one begets, and in another bears.

The thin *Comelion*, fed with Air, receives
The colour of the Thing to which he cleaves.

India when conquer'd, on the conquer'ing
God

For planted Vines the sharp-ey'd *Lynx*
bestow'd,

Whose Urine, shed before it touches Earth,
Congeals in Air, and gives to Gems their
Birth. 621

So *Coral* soft and white in Oceans Bed,
Comes harden'd up in Air, and glows with
Red.

All changing Species should my Song
recite;

Before I ceas'd, wou'd change the Day to
Night.

Nations and Empires flourish and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns
obey;

Time softens hardy People, Time again
Hardens to War a soft, unwarlike Train.

Thus *Troy*, for ten long Years, her Foes
withstood, 630

And daily bleeding bore th' expence of
Blood:

Now for thick Streets it shows an empty
Space,

Or only fill'd with Tombs of her own perish'd
Race,

Her self becomes the Sepulcher of what she
was.

Mycene, *Sparta*, *Thebes* of mighty Fame,
Are vanish'd out of Substance into Name,
And *Dardon Rome*, that just begins to rise,
On *Tyber's* Banks, in time shall mate the
Skies;

Widening her Bounds, and working on her
way,

Ev'n now she meditates Imperial Sway: 640
Yet this is change, but she by changing
thrives,

Like Moons new-born, and in her Cradle
strives

To fill her Infant-Horns; an Hour shall
come

When the round World shall be contain'd
in *Rome*.

For thus old *Sans* foretold, and *Helene*
Archises drooping Son enliven'd thus,
When *Ilium* now was in a sinking State,
And he was doubtful of his future Fate:
O Goddess-horn, with thy hard Fortune
strive,

Troy never can be lost, and thou alive. 650
Thy Passage thou shalt free through Fire
and Sword,

And *Troy* in Foreign Lands shall be restor'd.
In happier Fields a rising Town I see,

Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er
shall be:

And Heav'n yet owes the World a Race
deriv'd from Thee.

Sages, and Chiefs of other Lineage born,
The City shall extend, extended shall
adorn:

But from *Iulus* he must draw his Birth.
By whom thy *Rome* shall rule the conquer'd
Earth:

Whom Heav'n will lend Mankind on Earth
to reign, 660

And late require the precious Pledge again.
This *Helene* to great *Æneas* told,

Which I retain, e'er since in other Mould
My Soul was cloath'd; and now rejoice to
view

My Country Walls rebuilt, and *Troy* reviv'd
anew,

Rais'd by the fall: Decreed by Loss to Gain:
Enslav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but
to reign.

'Tis time my hard-mouth'd Coursers to
controul.

Apt to run Riot, and transgress the Goal:
And therefore I conclude, whatever lies 670

In Earth, or flits in Air, or fills the Skies,
All suffer change, and we, that are of Soul
And Body mix'd, are Members of the whole.

Then, when our Sires, or Grandfathers shall
forsake

The Forms of Men, and brutal Figures take,
Thus hous'd, securely let their Spirits rest,

Nor violate thy Father in the Beast,
Thy Friend, thy Brother, any of thy Kin;

If none of these, yet there's a Man within:
O spare to make a *Tiquestaan* Meal, 680

T' inclose his Body, and his Soul expel.

Ill Customs by degrees to Habits rise,
Ill Habits soon become exalted Vice:

What more Advance can Mortals make in Sin
So near Perfection, who with Blood begin?

Deaf to the Calf that lies beneath the Knife,
Looks up, and from her Butcher begs her
Life:

Deaf to the harmless Kid, that, e'er he dies,
All Methods to procure thy Mercy tries,

And imitates in vain thy Children's Cries.
Where will he stop, who feeds with Household
Bread, 691

Then eats the Poultry which before he fed?
Let plough thy Steers; that when they lose
their Breath,

To Nature, not to thee, they may impute
their Death.

Let Goats for Food their loaded Udders lend,
And Sheep from Winter-cold thy Sides
defend ;

But neither Sprindges, Nets, nor Snares
employ,

And be no more Ingenious to destroy

Free as in Air, let Birds on Earth remain,

Not let insidious Glue their Wings constrain ;

Nor opening Hounds the trembling Stag
affright, 701

Nor purple Feathers intercept his Flight ;

Nor Hooks conceal'd in Baits for Fish
prepare,

Nor Lines to heave 'em twinkling up in Air.

Take not away the Life you cannot give :

For all Things have an equal right to live,

Kill noxious Creatures, where 'tis Sin to save ;

This only just Prerogative we have :

But nourish Life with vegetable Food,

And shun the sacrilegious tast of Blood. 710

These Precepts by the *Sannan* Sage were
taught,

Which Godlike *Numa* to the *Sabines* brought,

And thence transferr'd to *Rome*, by Gift his
own :

A willing People, and an offer'd Throne.

O happy Monarch, sent by Heav'n to bless

A Salvage Nation with soft Arts of Peace,

To teach Religion, Rapine to restrain,

Give Laws to Lust, and Sacrifice ordain :

Himself a Saint, a Goddess was his Bride,

And all the Muses o'er his Acts preside. 720

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S EPISTLES.

PREFACE CONCERNING OVID'S EPISTLES.

The Life of Ovid being already written in our language before the Translation of his Metamorphoses, I will not presume so far upon myself, to think I can add any thing to Mr. Sandys his undertaking. The English reader may there be satisfied, that he flourish'd in the reign of Augustus Cæsar; that he was Extracted from an Ancient Family of Roman Knights; that he was born to the Inheritance of a Splendid Fortune; that he was design'd to the Study of the Law, and had made considerable progress in it, before he quitted that Profession, for this of Poetry, to which he was more naturally form'd. The Cause of his Banishment is
unknown; because he was himself unwilling further to provoke the Emperour, by ascribing
it to any other reason, than what was pretended by Augustus, which was, the Lasciviousness
of his Elegies, and his Art of Love. 'Tis true, they are not to be Excus'd in the severity of
Manners, as being able to corrupt a larger Empire, if there were any, than that of Rome:
yet this may be said in behalf of Ovid, that no man has ever treated the Passion of Love with
so much Deceit of thought, and of Expression, or scarck'd into the nature of it more Philo-
sophically than he. And the Emperour, who condemn'd him, had as little reason as another
Man to punish that fault with so much severity, if at least he were the Author of a certain
Epigram, which is ascrib'd to him, relating to the cause of the first Civil War betwixt himself
and Mark Anthony the triumvir, which is more sutable than any passage I have met with
in our Poet. To pass by the naked familiarity of his Expressions to Horace, which are cited
in that Author's Life, I need only mention one notorious Act of his, in taking Livia to his Bed,
when she was not only Married, but with Child by her Husband, then living. But Deeds, it
seems, may be Justified by Arbitrary Pow'r, when words are question'd in a Poet. There is
another gloss of the Grammarians, as far from truth as the first from Reason; they will have
him Banish'd for some favours, which, they say, he receiv'd from Julia, the Daughter of
Augustus, whom they think he Celebrates under the Name of Corinna in his Elegies. But
he, who will observe the Verses which are made to that Mistress, may gather from the whole
contexture of them, that Corinna was not a Woman of the highest Quality. If Julia were
then Married to Agrippa, why should our Poet make his Petition to Isis, for her safe delivery,
and afterwards Condole her Miscarriage; which, for aught he knew, might be by her own
Husband? Or indeed how durst he be so bold to make the least discovery of such a Crime,
which was no less than Capital, especially Committed against a Person of Agrippa's Rank? Or, if it were before her Marriage, he would surely have been more discreet, than to have published
an Accident which must have been fatal to them both. But what most Confirms me against
this Opinion is, that Ovid himself complains, that the true Person of Corinna was found out
by the Fame of his Verses to her: which if it had been Julia, he durst not have own'd; and,
besides, an immediate punishment must have follow'd. He seems himself more truly to have
touch'd at the Cause of his Exile in those obscure verses,

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia Lumina feci? &c.

Namely, that he had either seen, or was Conscious to somewhat, which had procur'd him his disgrace. But neither am I satisfied, that this was the Incest of the Emperour with his own Daughter: for Augustus was of a nature too vindictive, to have contented himself with so small a Revenge, or so unsafe to himself, as that of simple Banishment, and would certainly have secur'd his Crimes from publick notice, by the death of him who was witness to them. Neither have Histories given us any sight into such an Action of this Emperour: nor would he (the greatest Politician of his time,) in all probability, have manag'd his Crimes with so

little secrecie, as not to shew the Observation of any man. It seems more probable, that Ovid was either the confidant of some other passion, or that he had stumbled by some inadvertency upon the privacies of Livia, and seen her in a Bath : For the words

Sine veste Dianam,

agree better with Livia, who had the Fame of Chastity, than with either of the Julia's, who were both noted of incontinency. The first Verses, which were made by him in his Youth, and recited publicly, according to the Custom, were, as he himself assures us, to Corinna : his Banishment happen'd not till the age of fifty : from which it may be deduced, with probability enough, that the love of Corinna did not occasion it. Nay, he tells us plainly, that his offence was that of Error only, not of wickedness, and in the same Paper of Verses also, that the cause was notoriously known at Rome, though it be left so obscure to after ages.

But to leave Conjectures on a Subject so uncertain, and to write somewhat more Authentick of this Poet : That he frequented the Court of Augustus, and was well receiv'd in it, is most undoubted : all his Poems bear the Character of a Court, and appear to be written, as the French call it, *Cavalierement* : add to this, that the Titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his Letters in his Banishment, are address'd to persons well known to us, even at this distance, to have been considerable in that Court.

Nor was his acquaintance less with the famous Poets of his age, than with the Noble men and Ladies, he tells you himself, in a particular account of his own Life, that Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others of them, were his familiar Friends, and that some of them communicated their Writings to him ; but that he had only seen Virgil.

If the imitation of Nature be the business of a Poet, I know no Author who can justly be compar'd with ours, especially in the Description of the passions. And, to prove this, I shall need no other Judges than the generality of his Readers ; for all Passions being unborn with us, we are almost equally Judges, when we are concern'd in the representation of them : Now I will appeal to any man, who has read this Poet, whether he find not the natural Emotion of the same Passion in himself, which the Poet describes in his feign'd persons ? His thoughts, which are the Pictures and results of those Passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly Motions of our Spirits. Yet, not to speak too partially in his behalf, I will confess, that the Copiousness of his Wit was such, that he often writ too pointedly for his Subject, and made his persons speak more Eloquently than the violence of their Passion would admit ; so that he is frequently witty out of season : leaving the imitation of Nature, and the cooler dictates of his Judgment, for the false applause of Fancy. Yet he seems to have found out this Imperfection in his riper age : for why else should he complain, that his *Metamorphosis* was left unfinished ? Nothing sure can be added to the Wit of that Poem, or of the rest : but many things ought to have been retrenched ; which I suppose would have been the business of his Age, if his Misfortunes had not come too fast upon him. But take him uncorrected, as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledged, in spite of his Dutch Friends, the Commentators, even of Julius Scaliger himself, that Seneca's Censure will stand good against him ;

Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere ;

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well, but continually varying the same sense an hundred ways, and taking up in another place, what he had more than enough inculcated before, he sometimes cloyes his Readers instead of satisfying them, and gives occasion to his Translators, who dare not cover him, to blush at the nakedness of their Father. This then is the Allay of Ovid's writing, which is sufficiently recompens'd by his other Excellences : nay, this very fault is not without its Beauties ; for the most severe Censor cannot but be pleas'd with the prodigality of his Wit, though at the same time he could have wish'd that the Master of it had been a better Manager. Every thing which he does, becomes him ; and, if sometimes he appear too gay, yet there is a secret gracefulness of youth, which accompanies his Writings, though the staidness and sobriety of Age be wanting. In the most material part, which is the conduct, 'tis certain that he seldom has miscarried ; for if his Elegies be compared with those

of Tibullus and Propertius his Contemporaries, it will be found, that those Poets seldom design'd before they writ; And though the language of Tibullus be more polish'd, and the Learning of Propertius, especially in his Fourth Book, more set out to ostentation; Yet their common practice was to look no further before them than the next Line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one Subject to another, and conclude with somewhat, which is not of a piece with their beginning:

Purpureus, latè qui splendeat, unus et alter
Assuitur pannus, as Horace says,

though the Verses are Golden, they are but patch'd into the Gorment. But our Poet has always the Gool in his Eye, which directs him in his Race: some Beautiful design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the means, which will naturally conduct it to his end. This will be Evident to Judicious Readers in this work of his Epistles of which somewhat, at least in general, will be expected.

The Title of them in our late Editions is Epistolæ Heroïdum, the Letters of the Heroines. But Heinsius has judg'd more truly, that the Inscription of our Author was barely, Epistles; which he concludes from his cited Verses, where Ovid asserts this Work as his own Invention, and not borrow'd from the Greeks, whom (as the Masters of their Learning) the Romans usually did imitate. But it appears not from their writers, that any of the Grecians ever touch'd upon this way, which our Poet therefore justly has vindicated to himself. I quarrel not at the word Heroïdum, because 'tis used by Ovid in his Art of Love:

Jupiter ad veteres supplex Heroïdos ibat.

But, sure, he cou'd not be guilty of such an over-sight, to call his Work by the Name of Heroines, when there are divers Men, or Heroes, as, namely, Paris, Leander, and Acontius, joyn'd in it. Except Sabinus, who writ some Answers to Ovid's Letters,

(Quam celer è toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus)

I remember not any of the Romans, who have treated this Subject, save only Propertius, and that but once, in his Epistle of Arethusa to Lycotas, which is written so near the style of Ovid, that it seems to be but an Imitation; and therefore ought not to defraud our Poet of the Glory of his Invention.

Concerning this work of the Epistles, I shall content my self to observe these few particulars: first, that they are generally granted to be the most perfect piece of Ovid, and that the Style of them is tenderly Passionate and Courty; two properties well agreeing with the Persons, which were Heroines and Lovers. Yet where the Characters were lower, as in Cénone, and Hero, he has kept close to Nature, in drawing his Images after a Country Life, though, perhaps, he has Romanized his Grecian Dames too much, and made them speak, sometimes, as if they had been born in the City of Rome, and under the Empire of Augustus. There seems to be no great variety in the particular Subjects which he has chosen; Most of the Epistles being written from Ladies, who were forsaken by their Lovers: Which is the reason that many of the same thoughts come back upon us in divers Letters: But of the general Character of Women, which is Modesty, he has taken a most becoming care; for his amorous Expressions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by Matrons without a blush.

Thus much concerning the Poet: Whom you find translated by divers hands, that you may at least have that variety in the English, which the Subject denied to the Author of the Latine. It remains that I should say somewhat of Paetical Translations in general, and give my Opinion (with submission to better Judgments) which way of Version seems to be most proper.

All Translation, I suppose, may be reduced to these three heads:

First, that of Metaphrase, or turning an Author Word by Word, and Line by Line, from one Language into another Thus, or near this manner, was Horace his Art of Poetry trans-

lated by Ben Johnson. The second way is that of Paraphrase, or Translation with Latitude, where the Author is kept in view by the Translator, so as never to be lost, but his words are not so strictly follow'd as his sense; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not alter'd. Such is Mr. Waller's Translation of Virgil's Fourth Æneid. The Third way is that of Imitation, where the Translator (if now he has not lost that Name) assumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion; and taking only some general hints from the Original, to run division on the Ground-work, as he pleases. Such is Mr. Cowley's practice in turning two Odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into English.

Concerning the First of these Methods, our Master Horace has given us this caution,

• • •
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres—•

Nor word for word too faithfully translate. As the Earl of Roscommon has excellently render'd it. Too faithfully is indeed pedantically: 'Tis a faith, like that which proceeds from Superstition, blind and zealous. Take it in the expression of Sir John Denham to Sir Rich. Fanshawe, on his Version of the Pastor Fido.

That servile path thou nobly do'st decline,
Of tracing Word by Word, and Line by Line.
A new and nobler way thou do'st pursue,
To make Translations and Translators too:
They but preserve the Ashes, thou the Flame,
True to his Sense, but truer to his Fame.

'Tis almost impossible to Translate verbally, and well, at the same time; for the Latin (a most Severe and Compendious Language) often expresses that in one word, which either the Barbarity, or the narrowness of modern Tongues cannot supply in more. 'Tis frequent also that the Conceit is couch'd in some Expression, which will be lost in English.

Atque idem Venti vela fidemque ferent.

What Poet of our Nation is so happy as to express this thought Literally in English, and to strike Wit, or almost Sense, out of it?

In short, the Verbal Copier is twammber'd with so many difficulties at once, that he can never disentangle himself from all. He is to consider, at the same time, the thought of his Author, and his words, and to find out the Counterpart to each in another Language; And besides this he is to confine himself to the compass of Numbers, and the Slavery of Rhime. 'Tis much like dancing on Ropes with fetter'd Legs: A man can shun a fall by using Caution, but the gracefulness of Motion is not to be expected: And when we have said the best of it, 'tis but a foolish Task; for no sober man would put himself into a danger for the Applause of scapling without breaking his Neck. We see Ben. Johnson could not avoid obscurity in his literal Translation of Horace, attempted in the same compass of Lines: nay Horace himself could scarce have done it to a Greek Poet:

• • •
Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.

either perspicuity or gracefulness will frequently be wanting. Horace has, indeed, avoided both these Rocks in his translation of the three first Lines of Homers, Odyssees, which he has Contracted into two.

Dic mihi, Musa, Virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.
Muse, speak the man, who, since the Siege of Troy, } Earl of
So many Towns, such Change of Manners saw. } Rosc.

Such feats in former times had wrought the
falls

Of crowing Chanticleers in Cloyster'd Walls.
Expell'd for this and for their Lands, they
fled ;

And Sister Partlet, with her hooded head
Was hooted hence, because she would not
pray a-Bed.

The way to win the restiff World to God
Was to lay by the Disciplining Rod,
Unnatural Fasts, and Foreign Forms of
Pray'r ;

Religion frights us with a meen severe.
'Tis Prudence to reform her into Ease, 1030
And put Her in Undress, to make Her pleas ;
A lively Faith will bear aloft the Blind
And leave the Luggage of Good Works
behind.

Such Doctrines in the Pigeon-house were
taught ;

You need not ask how wondrously they
wrought ;

But sure the common Cry was all for these,
Whose Life, and Precept both encourag'd
Ease.

Yet fearing those alluring Baits might fail,
And Holy Deeds o're all their Arts prevail,
(For Vice, tho' frontless and of harden'd Face,
Is daunted at the sight of awful Grace.)

An hideous Figure of their Foes they drew
Nor Lines, nor Looks, nor Shades, nor
Colours true ; 1043

And this Grotesque design, expos'd to
Publick view.

One would have thought it some Egyptian
Piece,

With Garden-Gods, and barking Deities,
More thick than *Ptolomy* has stuck the
Skies.

All so perverse a Draught, so far unlike,
It was no Libell where it meant to strike :
Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and Great and
Small 1050

To view the Monster crowded Pigeon-hall.
There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees,
Adoring Shrines, and Stocks of Sainted Trees ;
And by him a mishapen, ugly Race ;
The curse of God was seen on ev'ry face.
No *Holland* emblem could that Malice mend,
But still the worse the look the fitter for a
Fiend.

The Master of the Farn, displeas'd to find
So much of Rancour in so mild a kind,
Enquir'd into the Cause, and came to know,
The Passive Church had struck the foremost
blow : 1061

With groundless Fears, and Jealousies
possest,
As if this troublesome intruding Guest
Would drive the Birds of *Venus* from their
Nest.

A Deed his inborn Equity abhorr'd,
But Int'rest will not trust, tho God should
plight his Word.

A Law, the Source of many Future harms,
Had banish'd all the Poultry from the Farms ;
With loss of Life, if any should be found 1069
To crow or peck on this forbidden Ground.

That Bloody Statute chiefly was design'd
For *Chanticleer* the white, of Clergy kind ;
But after-malice did not long forget

The Lay that wore the Robe and Coronet.
For them, for their Inferiours and Allies,
Their Foes a deadly *Shibboleth* devise :

By which unrighteously it was decreed,
That none to Trust, or Profit should succeed,
Who would not swallow first a poysonous
wicked Weed ; 1079

Or that to which old *Socrates* was curs't,
Or Henbane-Juice to swell 'em till they burst.

The Patron (as in reason) thought it hard
To see this Inquisition in his Yard,
By which the Sovereign was of Subjects
use debarted.

All gentle means he try'd, which might
withdraw

Th' Effects of so unnatural a Law :
But still the Dove-house obstinately stood
Deaf to their own, and to their Neighbours
good :

And which was worse, (if any worse could be)
Repented of their boasted Loynty : 1090
Now made the Champions of a cruel Cause,
And drunk with Fumes of Popular Applause ;
For those whom God to ruine has design'd,
He fits for Fate, and first destroys their Mind.

New Doubts indeed they daily strove to
raise,

Suggested Dangers, interpos'd Delays ;
And Emissary Pigeons had in store,
Such as the *Ileeson* Prophet us'd of yore,
To whisper Counsels in their Patrons Ear ;
And veil'd their false Advice with Zealous

Fear.

1100

should be chang'd: But since every Language is so full of its own proprieties, that what is Beautiful in one, is often Barbarous, nay sometimes Nonsense, in another, it would be unreasonable to limit a Translator to the narrow compass of his Author's Words: 'tis enough if he eluse out some Expression which does not vitiate the Sense. I suppose he may stretch his Chain to such a Latitude, but, by innovation of thoughts, methinks he breaks it. By this means the Spirit of an Author may be transfus'd, and yet not lost: and thus 'tis plain, that the reason alledged by Sir John Denham has no farther force than to Expression: For thought, if it be translated truly, cannot be lost in another Language; but the words that convey it to our apprehension (which are the Image and Ornament of that thought) may be so ill chosen as to make it appear in an unhandsome dress, and rob it of its native Lustre. There is therefore a Liberty to be allow'd for the Expression; neither is it necessary that Words and Lines should be confin'd to the measure of their Original. The sense of an Author, generally speaking, is to be Sacred and inviolable. If the Fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, 'tis his character to be so; and if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be rep'd, that he receives advantage by this lopping of his superfluous Branches; but I rejoyce, that a Translator has no such Right: when a Painter Copies from the life, I suppose he has no privilege to alter Features, and Lineaments, under pretence that his Picture will look better: perhaps the Face, which he has drawn, would be more Exact, if the Eyes, or Nose were alter'd; but 'tis his business to make it resemble the Original. In two Cases only there may a seeming difficulty arise; that is, if the thought be notoriously trivial, or dishonest: But the same Answer will serve for both, that then they ought not to be Translated: 10

— Et quæ

Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquo.

Thus I have ventur'd to give my Opinion on this Subject against the Authority of two great men, but I hope without offence to either of their Memories, for I both lov'd them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But if, after what I have urg'd, it be thought by better Judges, that the praise of a Translation consists in adding new Beauties to the piece, thereby to recompense the loss which it sustains by change of Language, I shall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time, it seems to me, that the true reason, why we have so few versions which are tolerable, is not from the too close pursuing of the Authors Sense, but because there are so few, who have all the Talents, which are requisite for Translation, and that there is so little Praise, and so small Encouragement, for so considerable a part of Learning. 30

To apply in short, what has been said, to this present Work, the Reader will here find most of the Translations, with some little Latitude or variation from the Author's Sense: That of CEnone to Paris, is in Mr. Cowley's way of Imitation only. I was desir'd to say that the Author who is of the Fair Sex, understood not Latine. But if she does not, I am afraid she has given us occasion to be ask'd who do.

For my own part I am ready to acknowledge that I have transgress'd the Rules which I have given; and taken more liberty than a just Translation will allow. But so many Gentlemen whose Wit and Learning are well known being join'd in it, I doubt not but that their Excellencies will make you ample Satisfaction for my Errors.

CANACE TO MACAREUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Macareus and Canace, Son and Daughter to Æolus, God of the Winds, lov'd each other Incestuously: Canace was deliver'd of a Son, and committed him to her Nurse, to be secretly convey'd away. The Infant crying out, by that means was discovered to Æolus, who, enraged at the wickedness of his Children, commanded the Babe to be expos'd to Wild Beasts on the Mountains: And withal, sent a Sword to Canace, with this Message, That her Crines would instruct her how to use it. With this Sword she slew her self: But before she died, she writ the following Letter to her Brother Macareus, who had taken Sanctuary in the Temple of Apollo.

If streaming Blood my fatal Letter stain.
Imagine, e're you read, the Writer slain;
One hand the Sword, and one the Pen
employs,
And in my lap the ready Paper lies.
Think in this posture thou behold'st me
Write:

In this my cruel Father wou'd delight.
O were he present, that his Eyes and Hands
Might see and urge the Death which he
commands!

Than all his raging Winds more dreadful, he,
Unmov'd. without a Tear, my Wounds
wou'd see. 10

Jove justly plac'd him on a stormy Throne.
His Peoples temper is so like his own.
The North and South, and each contending
Blast,

Are underneath his wide Dominion cast:
Those he can rule; but his tempestuous Mind
Is, like his airy Kingdom, unconfin'd.
Ah! what avail my Kindred Gods above,
That in their number I can reckon Jove!
What help will all my heav'nly Friends
afford,

When to my Breast I lift the pointed Sword?
That Hour, which joy'n'd us, came before its
time: 21

In Death we had been one without a Crime,

Why did thy Flames beyond a Brothers
move?

Why lov'd I thee with more than Sisters
love?

For I lov'd too; and, knowing not my
Wound,

A secret pleasure in thy Kisses found:

My Cheeks no longer did their Colour
boast,

My Food grew loathsom, and my Strength
I lost:

Still e're I spoke, a Sigh wou'd stop my
Tongue:

Short were my Slumbers, and my Nights
were long.

I knew not from my Love these Griefs did
grow, 30

Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.

My wily Nurse, by long Experience found,
And first discover'd to my Soul its Wound.

'Tis Love, said she; and then my down-
cast eyes,

And guilty Dumbness, witness'd my Sur-
prize.

Forc'd at the last, my shameful Pain
I tell:

And, oh, what follow'd, we both know too
well!

'When half denying, more than half
content,

'Embraces warm'd me to a full Consent. 40

'Then with tumultuous Joyes my Heart
did beat.

'And Guilt, that made them anxious, made
them great.'

But now my swelling Womb heav'd up my
Breast,

And rising weight my sinking Limbs oppress.
What Herbs, what Plants, did not my

Nurse produce,
To make Abortion by their pow'ful
Juice?

What Med'cines try'd we not, to thee un-
known?

Our first Crime common; this was mine
alone.

But the strong Child, secure in his dark
Cell,

With Natures vigour, did our Arts repell. 50

And now the pale-fac'd Empress of the Night
Nine times had fill'd her Orb with borrow'd
light :

Not knowing 'twas my Labour, I complain
Of sudden Shootings, and of grinding Pain
My Throws came thicker, and my cries in-
crease,

Which with her hand the conscious Nurse
suppress.

To that unhappy Fortune was I come,
Pain urg'd my Clamours, but Fear kept me
dumb.

With inward struggling I restrain'd my Cries,
And drunk the Tears that trickled from my
Eyes. 60

Death was in Sight, *Lucina* gave no Aid ;
And ev'n my dying had my Guilt betray'd.
Thou cam'st ; And in thy Count'nance sate
Despair ;

Rent were thy Garments all, and torn thy
Hair :

Yet, feigning comfort, which thou cou'dst
not give,

(Prest in thy Arms, and whispering me to
live :)

For both our sakes, (said'st thou) preserve
thy Life ;

Live, my dear Sister, and my dearer Wife.
Rais'd by that Name, with my last Pangs
I strove :

Such pow'r have Words, when spoke by
those we love. 70

The *Babe*, as if he heard what thou hadst
sworn,

With hasty Joy sprung forward to be born.
What helps it to have weather'd out one
Storm ?

Fear of our *Father* does another form.

High in his Hall, rock'd in a Chair of
State,

The King with his tempestuous Council
sate.

Through this large Room our only passage
lay,

By which we cou'd the new-born *Babe* con-
vey.

Swath'd in her lap, the bold Nurse bore him
out,

With Olive branches cover'd round about ;
And, mutt'ring Pray'rs, as holy Rites she
meant, 81

Through the divided Crowd unquestion'd
went.

Just at the Door, th' unhappy Infant cry'd :
The Grandsire heard him, and the theft he
spy'd.

Swift as a Whirl-wind to the Nurse he flies,
And deafs his stormy Subjects with his cries.
With one fierce Puff he blows the leaves
away :

Expos'd the self-discovered Infant lay.

The noise reach'd me, and my presaging
Mind

Too soon its own approaching Woes
divin'd. 90

Not Ships at Sea with Winds are shaken
more,

Nor Seas themselves, when angry Tempests
roar,

Than I, when my loud Father's Voice I hear :
The *Bed* beneath me trembled with my Fear.
He rush'd upon me, and divulg'd my Stain ;
Scarce from my Murder cou'd his hands
refrain

I only answer'd him with silent Tears ;
They flow'd : my Tongue was frozen up
with Fears.

His little Grand-child he commands away,
To Mountain Wolves and every Bird of
prey. 100

The *Babe* cry'd out, as if he understood,
And beg'd his Pardon with what Voice he
cou'd.

By what Expressions can my Grief be shown ?
(Yet you may guess my Anguish by your
own)

To see my Bowels, and, what yet was worse,
Your Bowels too, condemn'd to such a Curse !
Out went the King ; my Voice its Freedom
found,

My Breasts I beat, my blubber'd Cheeks
I wound.

And now appear'd the Messenger of death ;
Sad were his Looks, and scarce he drew his
Breath, 110

To say, *Your Father sends you*—(with that
word

His trembling hands presented me a Sword :)
*Your Father sends you this ; and lets you
know,*

That your own Crimes the use of it will show.
Too well I know the sence those Words
impart :

His *Present* shall he treasur'd in my heart.
Are these the Nuptial Gifts a Bride receives ?
And this the fatal Dow'r a Father gives ?

<p>Thou God of Marriage, shun thy own Dis- grace, And take thy Torch from this detested place: 120 Instead of that, let Furies light their brands, And fire my Pile with their infernal Hands. With happier Fortune may my Sisters wed; Warn'd by the dire Example of the dead. For thee, poor Babe, what Crime cou'd they pretend? How cou'd thy Infant Innocence offend? A guilt there was; but, Oh, that Guilt was mine! Thou suffer'st for a Sin that was not thine. Thy Mothers Grief and Crime! but just enjoy'd, Shown to my Sight, and born to be de- stroy'd! 130 Unhappy Off-spring of my teeming Womb! Drag'd head-long from thy Cradle to thy Tomb!</p>	<p>Thy un-offending Life I could not save, Nor weeping cou'd I follow to thy Grave! Nor on thy Tomb could offer my shorn Hair; Nor show the Grief which tender Mothers bear. Yet long thou shalt not from my Arms be lost; For soon I will o'retake thy Infant Ghost. But thou, my Love, and now my Love's Despair, Perform his Funerals with paternal Care. 140 His scatter'd Limbs with my dead Body burn; And once more joyn us in the pious Urn. If on my wounded Breast thou drop'st a Tear, Think for whose sake my Breast that Wound did bear; And faithfully my last Desires fulfill, As I perform my cruel Fathers Will.</p>
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HELEN TO PARIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Helen, having receiv'd the foregoing Epistle from Paris, returns the following Answer: Wherein she seems at first to chide him for his Presumption, in Writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low Opinion of her Verine: then owns herself to be sensible of the Passion, which he had express'd for her, tho' she much suspect his Constancy; and at last discovers her Inclinations to be favourable to him. The whole Letter showing the extreme artifice of Woman-kind.

WHEN loose Epistles violate Chast Eyes,
 She half Consents, who silently denies:
 How dares a Stranger with Designs so vain,
 Marriage and Hospitable Rights Prophane?
 Was it for this, your Fleet did shelter find
 From swelling Seas, and ev'ry faithless
 Wind?
 (For tho a distant Country brought you
 forth,
 Your usage here was equal to your Worth.)

Does this deserve to be rewarded so?
 Did you come here a Stranger or a Foe? 10
 Your partial Judgment may perhaps com-
 plain,
 And think me barbarous for my just disdain;
 Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchast,
 Nor my clear Fame with any Spot defac'd.
 Tho in my face there's no affected Frown,
 Nor in my Carriage a feign'd Niceness shown,
 I keep my Honor still without a Stain,
 Nor has my Love made any Coxcomb vain.
 Your Boldness I with admiration see;
 What Hope had you to gain a Queen like
 me? 20
 Because a Hero forc'd me once away
 Am I thought fit to be a second Prey?
 Had I been won, I had deserv'd your Blame,
 But sure my part was nothing but the
 Shame.
 Yet the base Theft to him no Fruit did
 bear,
 I scap'd unhurt by any thing but Fear.
 Rude force might some unwilling Kisses
 gain,
 But that was all he ever could obtain.

You on such terms would nere have let me
 go ;
 Were he like you, we had not parted so. 30
 Untouch'd the Youth restor'd me to my
 Friends,
 And modest Usage made me some amends.
 'Tis vertue to repent a vicious Deed,
 Did he repent, that *Paris* might succeed ?
 Sure 'tis some Fate that sets me above
 Wrongs,
 Yet still exposes me to busie Tongues.
 I'll not complain ; for who's displeas'd with
 Love,
 If it sincere, discreet, and constant prove ?
 But that I fear ; not that I think you base,
 Or doubt the blooming Beauties of my
 Face ? 40
 But all your Sex is subject to deceive,
 And ours alas, too willing to believe.
 Yet others yield ; and Love o'recomes the
 best :
 But why should I not shine above the rest ?
 Fair *Leda's* Story seems at first to be
 A fit example ready found for me.
 But she was Cousen'd by a borrow'd shape,
 And under harmless Feathers felt a Rape :
 If I should yield, what reason could I use ?
 By what mistake the Loviog Crime excuse ?
 Her fault was in her pow'rful Lover lost ; 51
 But of what *Jupiter* have I to boast ?
 Tho you to Heroes and to Kings succeed,
 Our Fomous Race does no addition need ;
 And great Alliances but useless prove
 To one that comes herself from mighty *Jove*.
 Go then, and boast in some less haughty
 place
 Your *Phrygian* blood, and *Priam's* ancient
 Race ;
 Which I wou'd shew I valu'd, if I durst ;
 You are the fifth from *Jove*, but I the
 first. 60
 The Crown of *Troy* is pow'rful I confess ;
 But I have reason to think ours no less.
 Your Letter fill'd with promises of all,
 That Men can good, and Women pleasant call,
 Gives expectation such on ample field,
 As wou'd move Goddesses themselves to
 yield.
 But if I e're offend great *Juno's* Laws,
 Your self shall be the dear, the only cause :
 Either my Honour I'll to death maintain,
 Or follow you, without mean thoughts of
 gain. 70

Not that so fair a Present I despise ;
 We like the Gift, when we the giver prize.
 But 'tis your Love moves me, which made
 you take
 Such pains, and run such hazards for my
 sake ;
 I have perceiv'd (though I dissembled too)
 A thousand things that Love has made you
 do.
 Your eager Eyes would almost dazle mine,
 In which (wild man) your wanton thoughts
 wou'd shine.
 Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd
 stand,
 And with unusual Ardor, press my hand ;
 Contrive just after me to take the Glass, 81
 Nor wou'd you let the least Occasion pass :
 Which oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,
 And blushing sate for things which you have
 done :
 Then murmur'd to my self, he'll for my sake
 Do any thing ; I hope 'twas no mistake.
 Oft have I read within this pleasing Grove,
 Under my Name, those Charming words,
I Love.
 I frowning seem'd not to believe your
 Flame,
 But now, alas, am come to write the same.
 If I were capable to do amiss, 91
 I could not but be sensible of this.
 For oh ! your Face has such peculiar
 Charms,
 That who can hold from flying to your
 Arms !
 But what I ne're can have without Offence,
 May some blest Maid possess with innocence.
 Pleasure may tempt, but Vertue more should
 move ;
 O Learn of me to want the thing you Love.
 What you Desire is sought by all Mankind :
 As you have Eyes, so others are not blind.
 Like you they see, like you my Charms
 adore : 101
 They wish not less, but you dare venture
 more.
 Oh ! had you then upon our Coasts been
 brought.
 My Virgin Love when thousand Rivals
 sought,
 You had I seen, you should have had my
 Voice ;
 Nor could my Husband justly blame my
 Choice.

For both our hopes, alas you come too late ! Love secretly : the absence of my Lord 150
 Another now is Master of my Fate. More Freedom gives, but does not all afford :
 More to my wish I cou'd have liv'd with you, Long is his journey, long will be his stay ;
 And yet my present Lot can undergo. 110 Call'd by affairs of Consequence away.
 Cease to solicit a weak Woman's Will, To go or not when unresolv'd he stood,
 And urge not her you Love, to so much ill. I bid him make what swift return he cou'd :
 But let me live contented as I may, Then Kissing me, he said I recommend
 And make not my unspotted Fame your All to thy Care, but most my Trojan Friend.
 prey. I smil'd at what he innocently said,
 Some Right you claim, since naked to your And only answer'd, you shall be obey'd.
 Eyes Propitious Winds have borne him far from
 Three Goddesses disputed Beauties prize : hence, 160
 One offer'd Valour, t'other Crowns ; but she But let not this secure your Confidence.
 Obtain'd her Cause, who smiling promis'd Absent he is, yet absent he Commands :
 me. You know the Proverb, *Princes have long*
 But first I am not of Belief so light, hands.
 To think such Nymphs wou'd shew you such My Fame's my Burden : for the more I'm
 a sight : 120 prais'd,
 Yet granting this, the other part is feign'd ; A juster Ground of jealousy is rais'd.
 A Bribe so mean your Sentence had not Were I less fair, I might have been more
 gain'd. blest :
 With partial eyes I shou'd my self regard, Great Beauty through great Danger is
 To think that *Venus* made me her reward : posset,
 I humbly am content with human Praise ; To leave me here his Venture was not hard,
 A Goddess's Applause wou'd Envy raise : Because he thought my vertue was my
 But be it as you say ; for, 'tis confest, Guard.
 The Men, who flatter highest, please us He fear'd my Face, but trusted to my
 best. Life, 170
 That I suspect it, ought not to displease ; The Beauty doubted, but believ'd the Wife.
 For Miracles are not believ'd with Ease. 130 You bid me use th' Occasion while I can,
 One joy I have, that I had *Venus* voice ; Put in our Hands by the good easie Man.
 A greater yet, that you confirm'd her Choice ; I wou'd, and yet I doubt, 'twixt Love and
 That profier'd Laurels, promis'd Sov'raignty, Fear ;
Juno and *Pallas*, you contemn'd for me. One draws me from you, and one brings me
 Am I your Empire then, and your renown ? near.
 What heart of Rock, but must by this be Our Flames are mutual ; and my Husband's
 won ? gone :
 And yet bear witness, O you Pow'rs above, The Nights are long ; I fear to lie alone.
 How rude I am in all the Arts of Love ! One House contains us, and weak Walls
 My hand is yet untaught to write to Men : divide,
 This is th' Essay of my unpractis'd Pen : 140 And you're too pressing to be long denied :
 Happy those Nymphs whom use has perfect Let me not live, but every thing cons-
 made ;pires 180
 I think all Crime, and tremble at a Shade. To joyn our Loves, and yet my Fear retires.
 Ev'n while I write, my fearful conscious You court with Words, when you should
 Eyes force employ :
 Look often back, misdoubting a surprize. A Rape is requisite to shamefac'd Joy.
 For now the Rumour spreads among the Indulgent to the Wrongs which we receive,
 Croud, Our Sex can suffer what we dare not give.
 At Court in whispers, but in Town aloud. What have I said ! for both of us 'twere
 Dissemble you, what e're you hear 'em say : best,
 To leave off Loving were your better way ; Our kindling fires if each of us suppress. 190
 Yet if you will dissemble it, you may. }

The Faith of Strangers is too prone to
change,
And, like themselves, their wandering
Passions range.

Hipsyphyle, and the fond *Minoian* Maid, 190
Were both by trusting of their Ghosts
betray'd.

How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourself did fair *Oenone* leave ?
But lest I shou'd upbraid your Treachery,
You make a Merit of that Crime to me.

Yet grant you were to faithful Love inclin'd,
Your weary *Trojans* wait but for a Wind.
Should you prevail; while I assign the
Night,

Your Sails are hoisted, and you take your
Flight :

Some bawling Mariner our Love destroys,
And breaks asunder our unfinish'd Joys. 201
But I with you may leave the *Spartan* Port,
To view the *Trojan* Wealth, and *Priam's*
Court :

Shown while I see, I shall expose my Fame,
And fill a foreign Country with my Shame.
In *Asia* what reception shall I find ?

And what Dishonour leave in *Greece* behind ?
What will your Brothers, *Priam*, *Hecuba*,
And what will all your modest Matrons
say ?

Ev'n you, when on this Action you reflect,
My future Conduct justly may suspect ; 211
And what e're Stranger hands upon your
Coast,

Conclude me, by your own Example, lost.
I from your rage a Strumpet's Name shall
hear,

While you forget what part in it you bear.
You, my Crimes Author, will my Crime
upbraid :

Deep under ground, Oh let me first be laid !
You boast the Pomp and Plenty of your
Land,

And promise all shall be at my Com-
mand : 219

Your *Trojan* Wealth, believe me, I despise ;
My own poor Native Land has dearer ties.
Shou'd I be injur'd on your *Phrygian* Shore,
What help of Kindred cou'd I there implore ?
Medea was by *Jason's* flatt'ry won :
I may, like her, believe, and be undone.

Plain honest Hearts, like mine, suspect no
Cheat,

And Love contributes to its own Deceit
The Ships, about whose sides loud Tempests
roar,

With gentle Winds were wafted from the
Shore.

Your teeming Mother dreamt a flaming
Brand, 230

Sprung from her Womb, consum'd the
Trojan Land.

To second this, old Prophecies conspire.
That *Ilium* shall be burnt with *Grecian* fire.
Both give me fear ; nor is it much allai'd,
That *Venus* is oblig'd our Loves to aid.

For they who lost their Cause, Revenge will
take ;

And for one friend two Enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but shou'd I follow you,
The Sword wou'd soon our fatal Crime pur-
sue :

A wrong so great my Husband's Rage wou'd
rouze, 240

And my Relations wou'd his Cause espouse.
You boast your Strength and Courage ; but
alas !

Your Words receive small credit from your
Face.

Let Heroes in the Dusty Field delight,
Those Limbs were fashion'd for another
Fight.

Bid *Hector* sally from the Walls of *Troy* ;
A sweeter Quarrel shou'd your Arms employ.
Yet Fears like these, shou'd not my Mind
perplex,

Were I as wise as many of my Sex.
But time and you may holder Thoughts
inspire ; 250

And I perhaps may yield to your Desire.
You last demand a private Conference,
These are your Words, but I can gness your
Sense.

Your unripe Hopes their Harvest must
attend :

Be Rul'd by me, and Time may be your
Friend.

This is enough to let you understand ;
For now my Pen has tir'd my tender Hand :
My Woman Knows the Secret of my Heart,
And may hereafter better News impart.

[Helen to Paris is by Dryden and the Earl of Mulgrave.]

DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, the Son of Venus and Anchises, having, at the Destruction of Troy, sav'd his Gods, his Father, and son Ascanius, from the Fire, put to Sea with twenty Ships: and, having been long toss'd with Tempests, was at last cast upon the shore of Lybia, where queen Dido (flying from the cruelty of Pygmalion, her Brother, who had kill'd her Husband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertain'd Æneas and his Fleet with great civility, fell passionately in Love with him, and in the end denied him not the lost Favour. But Mercury admonishing Æneas to go in search of Italy, (a Kingdom promis'd him by the Gods) he readily prepar'd to Obey him. Dido soon perceiv'd it, and having in vain try'd all other means to ingage him to stay, at last in Despair writes to him as follows.

So, on *Mæander's* banks, when death is nigh,
The Mourful *Sæon* sings her own Elegie.
Not that I hope (for, oh, that hope were vain!)

By words your lost affection to regain:
But having lost what ere was worth my care,

Why shou'd I fear to lose a dying pray'r?
'Tis then resolv'd poor *Dido* must be left.
Of Life, of Honour, and of Love bereft!
While you, with loosen'd Sails, & Vows, prepare

To seek a Land that flies the Searchers care.
Nor can my rising Tow'rs your slight restrain,

Nor my new Empire, offer'd you in vain.
Built Walls you shun, unbuilt you seek; that Land

Is yet to Conquer; but you this Command.
Suppose you Landed where your wish design'd,

Think what Reception Forreiners would find.

What People is so void of common sence,
To Vote Succession from a Native Prince?
Yet there new Scepters and new Loves you seek;

New Vows to plight, and plighted Vows to break.

When will your Tow'rs the height of *Corthage* know?

Or when, your Eyes discern such Crowds below?

If such a Town and Subjects you cou'd see,
Still wou'd you want a Wife who lov'd like me.

For, oh, I burn, like Fires with Incense bright:

Not holy Tapers flame with purer Light:
Æneas is my Thoughts perpetual Theme;
Their daily Longing, and their nightly Dream.

Yet he ungrateful and obdurate still:
Fool that I am to place my Heart so ill! 30

My self I cannot to my self restore;
Still I complain, and still I love him more.

I have pity, *Cupid*, on my bleeding Heart.
And pierce thy Brothers with an equal Dart.

I rave: nor canst thou *Venus'* offspring be,
Love's Mother could not bear a Son like thee.

From harden'd Oak, or from a Rocks cold Womb,

At least thou art from some fierce *Tygress* come;

Or, on rough Seas, from their Foundation torn,

Got by the Winds, and in a Tempest born:
Like that, which now thy trembling Sailors

fear; 41
Like that, whose Rage should still detain thee here.

Behold how high the Foamy Billows ride!
The Winds and Waves are on the juster

Side.

To Winter Weather, and a stormy Sea
I'll owe, what rather I wou'd owe to thee.

Death thou deserv'st from Heav'n's avenging Laws;

But I'm unwilling to become the Cause.
To shun my Love, if thou wilt seek thy

Fate,

'Tis a dear Purchase, and a costly Hate. 50
Stay but a little, 'till the Tempest cease.

And the loud Winds are lull'd into a Peace.
May all thy Rage, like theirs, unconstant

prove!
And so it will, if there be Pow'r in Love.

Know'st thou not yet what dangers Ships
sustain ?

So often wrack'd, how dar'st thou tempt the
Main ?

Which were it smooth, were ev'ry Wave
asleep,

Ten thousand forms of Death are in the
Deep.

In that abyss the Gods their Vengeance
store,

For broken Vows of those who falsely swore.
There winged Storms on Sea-born Vents
wait,

To vindicate the Justice of her State.
Thus, I to thee the means of Safety show ;

And, lost my self, would still preserve my
Foe.

False as thou art, I not thy Death design :
O rather live, to be the Cause of mine !

Shou'd some avenging Storm thy Vessel
tear,

(But Heav'n forbid my words shou'd Omen
bear)

Then in thy Face thy perjurd Vows would
fly ;

And my wrong'd Ghost be present to thy
Eye.

With threatning looks think thou behold'st
me stare,

Gasping my Mouth, and clotted all my Hair.
Then shou'd fork'd Lightning and red
Thunder fall,

What cou'dst thou say, but, I deserv'd 'em
all.

Lest this shou'd happen, make not hast
away ;

To shun the Danger will be worth thy Stay
Have pity on thy Son, if not on me :

My Death alone is Guilt enough for thee.
What has his Youth, what have thy Gods
deserv'd,

To sink in Seas, who were from fires
preserv'd ?

But neither Gods nor Parent didst thou
bear ;

(Smooth stories all, to please a Womans ear,)
False was the tale of thy Romantick life ;

Nor yet am I thy first deluded Wife.
Left to pursuing Foes Creusa star'd,

By thee, base Man, forsaken and betray'd
This, when thou told'st me, struck my tender
Heart.

That such Requital follow'd such Desert.

Nor doubt I hut the Gods, for Crimes like
these,

Sev'n Winters kept thee wandring on the
Seas.

Thy starv'd Companions, cast ashore, I fed,
Thy self admitted to my Crown and Bed.

To harbour Strangers, succour the distrest,
Was kind enough, but oh too kind the
rest !

Curst be the Cave which first my Ruin
brought,

Where, from the Storm, we common Shelter
sought !

A dreadful howling eccho'd round the
place :

The Mountain Nymphs, thought I, my
Nuptials grace.

I thought so then, but now too late I know
The Furies yell'd my Funerals from below

O Chastity and violated Fame,
Exact your dues to my dead Husband's
name !

By Death redeem my reputation lost,
And to his Arms restore my guilty Ghost.

Close by my Pallace, in a Gloomy Grove,
Is rais'd a Chappel to my Murder'd Love ;

There, wreath'd with boughs and wool his
Statue stands

The pious Monument of Artful hands.
Last Night, me thought, he call'd me from
the dome

And thrice, with hollow Voice, cry'd, *Dido*,
come.

She comes ; thy Wife thy lawful Summons
hears ;

But comes more slowly, clogg'd with con-
scious Fears

Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy Bed ;
Strong were his Charms, who my weak Faith
misled.

His Goddess Mother, and his aged Sire,
Born on his Back, did to my Fall conspire.

Oh such he was, and is, that were he
true,

Without a Blush I might his Love pursue.
But cruel Stars my Birth day did attend ;

And as my Fortune open'd, it must end. 120
My plighted Lord was at the Altar slain,
Whose Wealth was made my bloody
Brothers gain.

Friendless, and follow'd by the Murrer's
Hate,

To foren Countreys I remov'd my Fate,

The King himself to Nuptial Ties a Slave,
No had Example to his Poets gave ;
And they not bad, but in a vicious Age
Had not to please the Prince debauch'd the
Stage.

Now what shou'd *Arthur* do ? He lov'd
the Knight,
But Sovereign Monarchs are the Source of
Right : 70

Mov'd by the Damsels Tears and common
Cry,

He doom'd the brutal Ravisher to die.

But fair *Geheura* rose in his Defence,
And pray'd so hard for Mersey from the
Prince ;

That to his Queen the King th' Offender
gave,

And left it in her Pow'r to Kill or Save :
This gracious Act the Ladies all approve,
Who thought it much a Man shou'd die for
Love ;

And with their Mistress joia'd in close
Debate,

(Covering their Kindness with dissembled
Hate) 80

If not to free him, to prolong his Fate.

At last agreed, they call'd him by consent
Before the Queen and Female Parliament.
And the fair Speaker, rising from her Chair
Did thus the Judgment of the House declare.

Sir Knight, tho' I have ask'd thy Life,
yet still

Thy Destiny depends upon my Will :
Nor hast thou other Surety than the Grace
Not due to thee from our offended Race.

But as our Kind is of a softer Mold, 90
And cannot Blood without a Sigh behold,

I grant thee Life ; reserving still the
Pow'r

To take the Forfeit when I see my Hour ;
Unless thy Answer to my next Demand
Shall set Thee free from our avenging
Hand ;

The Question, whose Solution I require,
Is what the Sex of Women most desire ?

In this Dispute thy Judges are at Strife ;
Beware, for on thy Wit depends thy Life
Yet (lest surpriz'd, unknowing what to say,
Thou damn thy self) we give thee farther
Day : 101

A Year is thine to wander at thy Will :
And learn from others, if thou want'st the
Skill.

Bot, not to hold our Proffer [as] in Scorn,
Good Sureties will we have for thy return ;
That at the time prefix'd thou shalt obey,
And at thy Pledges Peril keep thy Day.

Woe was the Knight at this severe
Command !

But well he knew 'twas bootless to with-
stand :

The Terms accepted as the Fair ordain, 110
He put in Bail for his return again ;

And promis'd Answer at the Day assign'd,
The best, with Heav'n's Assistance, he could
find.

His Leave thus taken, on his Way he went,
With heavy Heart, and full of Discontent,
Misdoubting much, and fearful of th' Event.

'Twas hard the Truth of such a Point to find,
As was not yet agreed among the Kind.

Thus on he went ; still anxious more and
more,

Ask'd all he met ; and knock'd at ev'ry
Door ; 120

Enquir'd of Men ; but made his chief
Request

To learn from Women what they lov'd the
best.

They answer'd each according to her Mind,
To please her self, not all the Female Kind.

One was for Wealth, another was for Place ;
Crones old and ugly, wish'd a better Face ;

The Widow's Wish was oftentimes to Wed ;
The wanton Majds were all for Sport a Bed.

Some said the Sex were pleas'd with hand-
som Lies,

And some gross Flatt'ry lov'd without
disguise : 130

Truth is, says one, he seldom fails to win
Who Flatters well ; for that's our darling Sin.

B't long Attendance, and a duteous Mind,
Will work ev'n with the wisest of the Kind.

One thought the Sexes prime Felicity
Was from the Bonds of Wedlock to be
free ;

101 Proffer [as] in Scorn] Proffer in Scorn 1700.
*A word has dropt out in the printing. Warton
gives proffer'd turn in scorn and is followed by
Scott and Saintsbury, but the conjecture has
little to recommend it. Christie gives proffer for
in scorn, a reading which Saintsbury justly
stigmatises as meaningless. The conjecture in
the text is mine. The added word makes no
appreciable difference in the sense, and the same
word, though no editor seems to have noticed the
fact, has dropt out in 543 below.*

How well thy Gift does with my Fate agree !
My Funeral Pomp is cheaply made by thee.
To no new Wounds my Bosom I display :
The Sword but enters where Love made the way.

But thou, dear Sister, and yet dearer friend,
Shalt my cold Ashes to their Urn attend.

Sichæus Wife let not the Marble boast,
I lost that Title, when my Fame I lost.
This short Inscription only let it bear :
Unhappy *Dido* lies in quiet here. 210

The cause of death, & Sword by which she
dy'd,

Æneas gave : the rest her arm supply'd.

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

In *Cupid's* school whoe'er wou'd take Degree,
Must learn his Rudiments, by reading me.
Seamen with sailing Arts their Vessels move,
Art guides the Chariot; Art instructs to Love.

Of Ships and Chariots others know the Rule;
But I am Master in Love's mighty School.

Cupid indeed is obstinate and wild,
A stubborn God; but yet the God's a Child;
Easy to govern in his tender Age,
Like fierce *Achilles* in his Pupillage. 10

That Heroe, born for Conquest, trembling
stood

Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the Rod.

As *Chyron* mollify'd his cruel Mind
With Art; and taught his Warlike Hands
to wind

The Silver Strings of his melodious Lyre:
So Love's fair Goddess does my Soul inspire,
To teach her softer Arts; to soothe the
Mind,

And smooth the rugged Breasts of Human
Kind.

Yet *Cupid* and *Achilles*, each with Scorn
And Rage were fill'd; and both were
Goddess-born. 20

The Bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the Burden
draws:

The Horse receives the Bit within his Jaws;
And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my
Sway,

Tho struggling oft he strives to disobey.
He shakes his Torch, he wounds me with
his Darts;

But vain his Force, and vainer are his Arts.
The more he burns my Soul, or wounds my
Sight,

The more he teaches to revenge the Spight.
I boast no Aid the *Delphian* God affords,
Nor Auspice from the flight of chattering
Birds; 30

Nor *Clio*, nor her Sisters have I seen;
As *Hesiod* saw them on the shady Green:
Experience makes my Work a Truth so
try'd,

You may believe; and *Venus* be my Guide.
Far hence, ye Vestals, be, who bind your
Hair;

And Wives, who Gowns below your Ankles
wear.

I sing the Brothels loose and unconfin'd, }
Th' unpunishable Pleasures of the Kind; }
Which all a-like, for Love, or Mony find }
You, who in *Cupid's* Rolls inscribe your
Name, 40

First seek an Object worthy of your Flame;
Then strive, with Art, your Lady's Mind to
gain:

And, last, provide your Love may long
remain.

On these three Precepts all my Work shall
move:

These are the Rules and Principles of Love.
Before your Youth with Marriage is
opprest,

Make choice of one who suits your Humour
best:

And such a Damsel drops not from the
Sky;

She must be sought for with a curious Eye.

The wary Angler, in the winding Brook, 50
Knows what the Fish, and where to bait his
Hook.

The Fowl and the Hunts-man know by
Name

The certain Haunts and Harhour of their
Game.

So must the Lover heat the likeliest Grounds;
Th' Assemblies where his quarry most
abounds.

Nor shall my Novice wander far astray;
These Rules shall put him in the ready Way.
Thou shalt not sail around the Continent,
As far as *Perseus*, or as *Paris* went:

For *Rome* alone affords thee such a Store, 60
As all the World can hardly shew thee
more.

The Face of Heav'n with fewer Stars is
crown'd,

Than Beauties in the *Roman* Sphere are
found.

Whether thy Love is bent on blooming
Youth,

On dawning Sweetness, in unartful Truth;
Or courts the juicy Joys of riper Growth;
Here mayst thou find thy full Desires in
both.

Or if Autumnal Beauties please thy Sight
(An Age that knows to give, and take
Delight;)

Millions of Matrons of the graver Sort, 70
In common Prudence, will not hark the
Sport.

In Summer Heats thou needst but only go
To *Pompey's* cool and shady *Portico*;
Or Concord's Fane; or that Proud Edifice,
Whose Turrets near the bawdy Suburb rise:
Or to that other *Portico*, where stands
The cruel Father, urging his Commands,
And fifty Daughters wait the Time of Rest,
To pluge their Ponyards in the Bride-
groom's Breast:

Or *Venus* Temple; where, on Annual
Nights, 80

They mourn *Adonis* with *Assyrian* Rites.
Nor shun the *Jewish* Walk, where the foul
drove,

On Sabbath, rest from every thing but
Love.

Nor *Isis* Temple; for that sacred Whore
Makes others, what to *Jove* she was before.

And if the Hall itself be not hely'd,
Ev'n there the Cause of Love is often try'd;
Near it at least, or in the Palace Yard,
From whence the noisy Combatants are
heard.

The crafty Counsellors, in formal Gown, 90
There gain another's Cause, but lose their
own.

There Eloquence is nonplust in the Sute;
And Lawyers, who had Words at Will, are
mute.

Venus, from her adjoining Temple, smiles,
To see them caught in their litigious Wiles.
Grave Senators lead home the Youthful
Dame,

Returning Clients, when they Patrons came.
But above all, the Play-House is the Place;
There's Choice of Quarry in that narrow
Chace.

There take thy Stand, and sharply looking
out, 100
Soon mayst thou find a Mistress in the Rout,
For Length of Time, or for a single Bout.

The Theatres are Bernes for the Fair:
Like Ants on Mole-hills, thither they repair;
Like Bees to Hives, so numerous they
throng,

It may be said, they to that Place belong.
Thither they swarm, who have the publick
Voice:

There choose, if Plenty not distracts thy
Choice.

To see and to be seen, in Heaps they run;
Some to undo, and some to be undone. 110

From *Romulus* the Rise of Plays began,
To his new Subjects a commodious Man;
Who, his unmarried Soldiers to supply,
Took care the Common-Wealth should
multiply:

Providing *Sabine* Women for his Braves,
Like a true King, to get a Race of Slaves.
His Play-House not of *Parian* Marble made,
Nor was it spread with purple Sayls for shade.
The Stage with Rushes, or with Leaves they
strew'd: 119

No Scenes in Prospect, no machining God.
On Rows of homely Turf they sate to see,
Crown'd with the Wreaths of every common
Tree.

There, while they sat in rustick Majesty,
Each Lover had his Mistress in his Eye;
And whom he saw most suiting to his Mind,
For Joys of matrimonial Rape design'd.

Scarce cou'd they wait the *Plaudit* in their
 Haste ;
 But, e're the Dances and the Song were past,
 The Monarch gave the Signal from his
 Thrope ;
 And rising, bad his merry Men fall on. 130
 The Martial Crew, like Soldiers ready prest,
 Just at the Word (the Word too was the
 Best)
 With joyful Cries each other animate ;
 Some choose, and some at Hazzard seize their
 Mate.
 As Doves from Eagles, or from Wolves the
 Lambs,
 So from their lawless Lovers fly the Dames.
 Their Fear was one, but not one Face of
 Fear ;
 Some rend the lovely Tresses of their Hair ,
 Some shriek, and some are struck with
 dumb Despair.
 Her absent Mother one invokes in vain ;
 One stands amaz'd, not daring to com-
 plain ; 141
 The nimbler trust their Feet, the slow
 remain.
 But nought availing, all are Captives led,
 Trembling and Blushing to the Genial Bed.
 She who too long resisted, or deny'd,
 The lusty Lover made by Force a Bride ;
 And, with superiour Strength, compell'd
 her to his Side.
 Then sooth'd her thus!—My Soul's far better
 Part,
 Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender Heart :
 For what thy Father to thy Mother was, 150
 That Faith to thee, that solemn Vow I pass !
 Thus *Romulus* became so popular ;
 This was the Way to thrive in Peace and
 War ;
 To pay his Army, and fresh Whores to
 bring :
 Who wou'd not fight for such a gracious
 King !
 Thus Love in Theaters did first improve ;
 And Theaters are still the Scene of Love :
 Nor shun the Chariots, and the Courser's
 Race ;
 The *Circus* is no inconvenient Place.
 No need is there of talking on the Hand ; 160
 Nor Nods, nor Signs, which Lovers under-
 stand.
 But boldly next the fair your Seat provide ;
 Close as you can to hers ; and Side by Side.

Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter ; crowding
 sit :
 For so the Laws of publick Shows permit.
 Then find Occasion to begio Discourse ;
 Enquire, whose Chariot this, and whose
 that Horse ?
 To whatsoever Side she is inclin'd,
 Suit all your Inclinations to her Mind ;
 Like what she likes ; from thence your
 Court begin ; 170
 And whom she favours, wish that he may
 win.
 But when the Statues of the Deities,
 In Chariots roll'd, appear before the Prize ;
 When *Venus* comes, with deep Devotion
 rise.
 If Dust be on her Lap, or Grains of Sand,
 Brush both away with your officious Hand.
 If none be there, yet brush that nothing
 thence ;
 And still to touch her Lap make some
 Pretence.
 Touch any thing of hers ; and if her Train
 Sweep on the Ground, let it not sweep in
 vain ; 180
 But gently take it up, and wipe it clean ;
 And while you wipe it, with observing
 Eyes,
 Who knows but you may see her naked
 Thighs !
 Observe, who sits behind her ; and beware,
 Dost his inroaching Knee shou'd press the
 Fair.
 Light Service takes light Minds : For some
 can tell
 Of Favours won, by laying Cushions well .
 By Fanning Faces some their Fortune meet ;
 And some by laying Footstools for their
 Feet.
 These Overtures of Love the *Circus* gives ;
 Nor at the Sword-play less the Lover
 thrives : 191
 For there the Son of *Venus* fights his Prize ;
 And deepest Wounds are oft receiv'd from
 Eyes.
 One, while the Crowd their Acclamations
 make,
 Or while he Betts, and puts his Ring to
 Stake,
 Is struck from far, and feels the flying Dart ;
 And of the Spectacle is made a Part.
Cæsar wou'd represent a Naval Fight,
 For his own Honour, and for *Rome's* Delight.

From either Sea the Youths and Maidens
come; 200

And all the World was then contain'd in
Rome!

In this vast Concourse, in this Choice of
Game,

What *Roman* Heart but felt a foreign Flame?

Once more our Prince prepares to make us
glad;

And the remaining East to *Rome* will add.
Rejoice, ye *Roman* Souldiers, in your Urn;

Your Ensigns from the *Parthians* shall
return;

And the slain *Crassi* shall no longer mourn.)

A youth is sent those trophies to demand;

And bears his father's thunder in his
hand: 210

Doubt not th' Imperial Boy in Wars unseen;

In Childhood all of *Cæsar's* Race are Men.

Celestial Seeds shoot out before their Day,

Prevent their Years, and brook no dull
Delay.

Thus Infant *Hercules* the Snakes did press,

And in his Cradle did his Sire confess.

Bacchus a Boy, yet like a Hero fought,

And early Spoils from conquer'd *India*
brought.

Thus you your Father's Troops shall lead to
Fight,

And thus shall vanquish in your Father's
Right. 220

These Rudiments you to your Lineage owe;

Born to increase your Titles as you grow.

Brethren you had, Revenge your Brethren
slain;

You have a Father, and his Rights maintain.

Arm'd by your Country's Parent, and your
own,

Redeem your Country, and restore his
Throne.

Your Enemies assert an impious Cause;

You fight both for divine and humane Laws.

Already in their Cause they are o'ercome:

Subject them too, by Force of Arms, to
Rome. 230

Great Father *Mars* with greater *Cæsar* joy'n,

To give a prosperous *Omen* to your Line;

One of you is, and one shall be divine.

I prophesy you shall, you shall o'ercome:

My Verse shall bring you back in Triumph
Home.

Speak in my Verse, exhort to loud Alarms:

O were my Numbers equal to your Arms.

Then will I sing the *Parthians* Overthrow;
Their Shot averse sent from a flying Bow:

The *Parthians*, who already flying fight, 240^f.

Already give an *Omen* of their Flight.

O when will come the Day, by Heav'n
design'd,

When thou, the best and fairest of Mankind,

Drawn by white Horses shalt in Triumph
ride,

With conquer'd Slaves attending on thy
Side;

Slaves that no longer can be safe in Flight;

O glorious Object, O surprizing Sight,

O Day of Publick Joy, too good to end in
Night!

On such a Day, if thou, and, next to thee,

Some Beauty sits the Spectacle to see: 250

If she enquire the Names of conquer'd Kings,

Of Mountains, Rivers, and their hidden
Springs,

Answer to all thou know'st; and, if need be,

Of things unknown seem to speak know-
ingly;

This is *Euphrates*, crown'd with Reeds; and
there

Flows the swift *Tigris* with his Sea-green
Hair.

Invent new Names of things unknown
before;

Call this *Armenia*, that the *Caspian* Shore;

Call this a *Mede*, and that a *Parthian* Youth;

Talk probably; no Matter for the Truth. 260

In Feasts, as at our Shows, new Means
abound;

More Pleasure there, than that of Wine is
found.

The *Paphian* Goddess there her Ambush
lays;

And Love betwixt the Horns of *Bacchus*
'plays:

Desires encrease at ev'ry swilling Draught;

Brisk Vapours add new Vigour to the
Thought.

There *Cupid's* purple Wings no Flight
afford;

But wet with Wine, he flutters on the
Board.

He shakes his Pinnions, but he cannot move;

Fix'd he remains, and turns a Maudlin Love.

Wine warms the Blood, and makes the
Spirits flow; 271

Care flies, and Wrinkles from the Forehead
go:

Exalts the Poor, Invigorates the Weak ;
Gives Mirth and Laughter, and a Rosy
Cheek.

Bold Truths it speaks ; and, spoken, dares
maintain ;

And brings our old Simplicity again.

Love sparkles in the Cup, and fills it higher :
Wine feeds the Flames, and Fuel adds to
Fire.

But choose no Mistress in thy drunken Fit ;
Wine gilds too much their Beauties and their
Wits.

Nor trust thy Judgment when the Tapers
dance ;

But sober, and by Day, thy Sute advance.

By Day-Light *Paris* judg'd the beauteous
Three ;

And for the fairest did the Prize decree.

Night is a Cheat, and all Deformities

Are hid, or lessen'd in her dark Disguise.

The Sun's fair Light each Error will confess,
In Face, in Shape, in Jewels, and in Dress.

Why name I ev'ry Place where Youths
abound ?

'Tis Loss of Time, and a too fruitful Ground.

The *Bajau* Baths, where Ships at Anchor
ride,

And wholesome Streams from Sulphur
Fountains glide ;

Where wounded Youths are by Experience
taught,

The Waters are less healthful than they
thought :

Or *Dian's* Fane, which near the Suburb lies,
Where Priests, for their Promotion, fight
a Prize.

That Maiden Goddess is Love's mortal Foe
And much from her his Subjects undergo.

Thus far the sportful Muse, with Mistle
bound,

Has sung where lovely Lasses may be
found.

Now let me sing, how she who wounds your
Mind,

With Art, may be to cure your Wounds
inclin'd.

Young Nobles, to my Laws Attention lend ;
And all you Vulgar of my School, attend.

First then believe, all Women may be
won ;

Attempt with Confidence, the Work is done.
The Grasshopper shall first forbear to sing
In Summer Season, or the Birds in Spring,

Than Women can resist your flattering Skill :
Ev'n She will yield, who swears she never
will.

To Secret Pleasure both the Sexes move ;
But Women most, who most dissemble Love.

'Twere best for us, if they wou'd first declare,
Avow their Passion, and submit to Prayer.

The Cow by loving tells the Bull her Flame :
The neighing Mare invites her Stallion to the
Game.

Man is more temp'rate in his Lust than they,
And more than Women, can his Passion sway.

Biblis, we know, did first her Love declare,
And had Recourse to Death in her De-
spair.

Her Brother She, her Father *Myrrha* sought,
And lov'd ; but lov'd not as a Daughter
ought.

Now from a Tree she stills her odorous Tears,
Which yet the Name of her who shed 'em
bears.

In *Ida's* shady Vale a Bull appear'd,
White as the Snow, the fairest of the Herd ;

A Beauty Spot of black there only rose,
Betwixt these equal Horns and ample Brows :

The Love and Wish of all the *Cretan* Cows.

The Queen heli'd him as his Head he
rear'd ;

And env'y'd ev'ry Leap he gave the Herd.
A Secret Fire she nourish'd in her Breast,

And hated ev'ry Heifer he caress'd.
A Story known, and known for true, I tell ;

Nor *Crete*, though lying, can the Truth con-
ceal.

She cut him Grass ; (so much can Love
command)

She strok'd, she fed him with her Royal
Hand :

Was pleas'd in Pastures with the Herd to
rome ;

And *Minos* by the Bull was overcome.
Cease Queen, with Gems t' adorn thy
beauteous Brows ;

The Monarch of thy Heart no Jewel knows
Nor in thy Glass compose thy Looks and
Eyes :

Secure from all thy Charms thy Lover lies :
Yet trust thy Mirror, when it tells thee true ;

Thou art no Heifer to allure his View.
Soon wou'dst thou quit thy Royal Diadem

To thy fair Rivals, to be horn'd like them.
If *Minos* please, no Lover seek to find ;
If not, at least seek one of humane Kind.

She speaks aloud to him with more disdain,
Be still, thou Martyr fool, thou covetous
of pain. 150

But if an old decrepit Sot lament ;
What thou ((She cries) who hast outliv'd
content !

Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my
store ?

But this is still th' effect of wishing more.
Unsatisfy'd with all that Nature brings ;
Loathing the present, liking absent things ;
From hence it comes, thy vain desires, at
strife

Within themselves, have tantaliz'd thy Life.
And ghastly death appear'd before thy
sight,

E're thou hadst gorg'd thy Soul & Senses
with delight. 160

Now leave those joys, unsuited to thy age,
To a fresh Comer, and resign the Stage ;
Is Nature to be blam'd if thus she chide ?

No sure ; for 'tis her business to provide
Against this ever-changing Frames decay,
New things to come, and old to pass away.

One Being, worn, another Being makes ;
Chang'd, but not lost ; for Nature gives and
takes :

New Matter must be found for things to
come,

And these must waste like those, and follow
Natures doom. 170

All things, like thee, have time to rise and
rot ;

And from each other's ruin are begot :
For Life is not confin'd to him or thee :

'Tis giv'n to all for use, to none for Property.
Consider former Ages past and gone,

Whose Circles ended long ere thine begun,
Then tell me Fool, what part in them thou
hast ?

Thus may'st thou judge the future by the
past.

What horror seest thou in that quiet state,
What Bugbear Dreams to fright thee niter
Fate ? 180

No Ghost, no Goblins, that still passage
keep ;

But all is there serene, in that eternal Sleep.
For all the dismal Tales that Poets tell,
Are verify'd on Earth, and not in Hell.

No *Tantalus* looks up with fearful eye,
Or dreads th' impending Rock to crush him
from on high :

But fear of Chance on earth disturbs our
easie hours,

Or vain imagin'd wrath of vain imagin'd
Pow'rs.

No *Tityus* torn by Vultures lies in Hell ;
Nor cou'd the Lobes of his rank liver swell
To that prodigious Mass, for their eternal
meal : 191

Not tho' his monstrous Bulk had cover'd
o're

Nine spreading Acres, or nine thousand
more ;

Not tho' the Globe of earth had been the
Gyants floor

Nor in eternal torments could he lie :

Nor could his Corps sufficient food supply.
But he's the *Tityus*, who by love oppress'd,

Or Tyrant Passion preying on his breast,
And ever anxious Thoughts, is robb'd
of rest.

The *Sisiphus* is he, whom noise and strife 200
Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,

To vex the Government, disturb the Laws ;
Drunk with the Fumes of popular Applause,

He courts the giddy Crowd to make him
great,

And sweats & toils in vain, to mount the
sovereign Seat.

For still to aim of Pow'r and still to fail,
Ever to strive, and never to prevail,

What is it, but, in reason's true account
To heave the Stone against the rising
Mount ?

Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up
with pain, 210

Recoils, & rowls impetuous down, and
smoaks along the plain.

Then still to treat thy ever-craving mind
W'ith ev'ry blessing, and of ev'ry kind,

Yet never fill thy rav'ning appetite ;
Though years and seasons vary thy delight,

Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,
But still the Wolf within thee barks for
more ;

This is the Fables Moral, which they tell
Of fifty foolish Virgins damn'd in Hell

To leaky Vessels, which the Liquor spill ; 220
To Vessels of their Sex, which none cou'd
ever fill.

As for the Dog, the Furies, and their Snakes
The gloomy Caverns, and the burning Lakes,

And all the vain infernal trumpery,
They neither are, nor were, nor e're can be.

'T' enjoy the Maid, will that thy Suit
 advance ?
 'Tis a hard Question, and a doubtful Chance.
 One Maid, corrupted, bawds the better for't ;
 Another for her self wou'd keep the Sport
 Thy Bus'ness may be further'd or delay'd :
 But by my Counsel, let alone the Maid :
 Ev'n tho she shou'd consent to do the
 Feat, 430
 The Profit's little, and the Danger great.
 I will not lead thee through a rugged Road,
 But where the Way lies open, safe, and
 broad.
 Yet if thou find'st her very much thy
 Friend,
 And her good Face her Diligence commend :
 Let the fair Mistress have thy first Embrace,
 And let the Maid come after in her Place.
 But this I will advise, and mark my
 Words,
 For 'tis the best Advice my Skill affords :
 If needs thou with the Damsel wilt begin,
 Before th' Attempt is made, make sure to
 win : 441
 For then the Secret better will be kept ;
 And she can tell no Tales when once she's
 dipt.
 'Tis for the Fowlers Interest to beware,
 The Bird intangled shou'd not scape the
 Snare.
 The Fish, once prick'd, avoids the bearded
 Hook,
 And spoils the Sport of all the neighb'ring
 Brook.
 But if the Wench be thine, she makes thy
 Way ;
 And, for thy Sake, her Mistress will betray ;
 Tell all she knows, and all she hears her
 say. • 450
 Keep well the Counsel of thy faithful Spy :
 So shalt thou learn whene'er she treads
 awry.
 All things the Stations of their Seasons
 keep ;
 And certain Times there are to sow and
 reap.
 Ploughmen and Sailors for the Season stay,
 One to plough Land, and one to plough
 the Sea :
 So shou'd the Lover wait the lucky Day.
 Then stop thy Suit ; it hurts not thy
 Design :
 But think another Hour she may be thine.

And when she celebrates her Birth at home,
 Or when she views the publick shows of
 Rome, 461
 Know, all thy Visits then are troublesome.
 Defer thy Work, and put not then to Sea,
 For that's a boding and a stormy Day.
 Else take thy Time, and, when thou canst,
 begin :
 To break a Jewish Sabbath, think no Sin :
 Nor ev'n on superstitious Days abstain ;
 Not when the Romans were at *Alia* slam
 Ill Omens in her Frowns are understood ;
 When She's in humour, ev'ry Day is good.
 But than her Birth-day seldom comes a
 worse ; 471
 When Bribes and Presents must be sent of
 course :
 And that's a bloody Day, that costs thy
 Purse.
 Be standh, yet Parsimony will be vain :
 The craving Sex will still the Lover drain.
 No Skill can shift 'em off, nor Art remove ;
 They will be Begging, when they know we
 Love
 The Merchant comes upon th' appointed
 Day,
 Who shall before thy Face his Wares dis-
 play.
 To chuse for her she craves thy kind
 Advice ; 480
 Then begs again, to bargain for the Price :
 But when she has her Purchase in her
 Eye,
 She hugs thee close, and kisses thee to buy.
 'Tis what I want, and 'tis a Pennorth too ;
 In many years I will not trouble you.
 If you complain you have no ready Com ;
 No matter, 'tis but Writing of a Line,
 A little Bill, not to be paid at Sight ;
 (Now curse the Time when thou wert taught
 to Write)
 She keeps her Birth-day ; you must send
 the Chear ; 490
 And she'll be Born a hundred times a year.
 With daily Lies she dribs thee into Cost ;
 That Ear-ring dropt a Stone, that Ring is
 lost.
 They often borrow what they never pay ;
 What e'er you lend her, think it thrown
 away.
 Had I ten Mouths and Tongues to tell
 each Art,
 All wou'd be weary'd e'er I told a Part.

Nature of those Fellows, who were then call'd *Zoili* and *Momi*, and now take upon themselves the Venerable Name of Censors. But neither *Zoilius*, nor he who endeavour'd to defame *Virgil*, were ever Adopted into the Name of Critics by the *Ancients*: what their Reputation was then, we know; and their Successors in this Age deserve no better. Are our Auxiliary Forces turn'd our Enemies? Are they, who, at best, are but Wits of the Second Order, and whose only Credit amongst Readers is what they obtain'd by being subservient to the Fame of Writers; are these become Rebels of Slaves, and Usurpers of Subjects; or to speak in the most Honourable Terms of them, are they from our Seconds, become Principals against us? Does the Ivy undermine the Oke, which supports its weakness? What labour wou'd it cost them to put in a better Line, than the worst of 10 those which they expunge in a True Poet? *Petronius*, the greatest Wit perhaps of all the *Romans*, yet when his Envy prevail'd upon his Judgment, to fall on *Lucan*, he fell himself in his attempt: He perform'd worse in his Essay of the Civil War, than the Authour of the *Pharsalia*; and avoiding his Errours, has made greater of his own. *Julius Scaliger* wou'd needs turn down *Homer*, and Abdicate him after the possession of Three Thousand Years: Has he succeeded in his Attempt? He has indeed shown us some of those Imperfections in him, which are incident to Humane Kind; But who had not rather be that *Homer* than this *Scaliger*? You see the same Hypercritick, when he endeavours to mend the beginning of *Claudian* (a faulty Poet, and Living in a Barbarous Age), yet how short he comes of him, and substitutes such Verses of his own as deserve the *Ferula*. What 20 a Censure has he made of *Lucan*, that he rather seems to Bark than Sing! Wou'd any but a Dog, have made so snarling a Comparison? One wou'd have thought he had Learn'd Latin, as late as they tell us he did Greek. Yet he came off with a *pace lud*, by your good leave, *Lucan*; he call'd him not by those outrageous Names, of Fool, Booby, and Blockhead: He had somewhat more of good Manners, than his Successors, as he had much more Knowledge. We have two sorts of those Gentlemen in our Nation: Some of them proceeding with a seeming moderation and pretence of Respect, to the Dramatick Writers of the last Age, only scorn and vilifie the present Poets, to set up their Predecessors. But this is only in appearance; for their real design is nothing less, than to do Honour to any Man, besides themselves. *Horace* took notice of such men in his age: 30 — *Non Ingeniis javet ille Sepultis; Nostra sed impugnat; nos nostraque lividus odit.* 'Tis not with an ultimate intention to pay Reverence to the Manes of *Shakespear*, *Fletcher*, and *Ben Johnson*, that they commend their Writings, but to throw Dirt on the Writers of this Age: Their Declaration is one thing, and their Practice is another. By a seeming veneration to our Fathers, they wou'd thrust out us their Lawful Issue, and Govern us themselves, under a specious pretence of Reformation. If they could compass their intent, what wou'd Wit and Learning get by such a change? If we are bad Poets, they are worse; and when any of their woful pieces come abroad, the difference is so great betwixt them and good Writers, that there need no Criticisms on our part to decide it. When they describe the Writers of this Age, they draw such monstrous figures of them, 40 as resemble none of us: Our pretended Pictures are so unlike, that it is evident we never sate to them: they are all Grotesque; the products of their wild imaginations, things out of Nature, so far from being Copy'd from us, that they resemble nothing that ever was, or ever can be. But there is another sort of Insects, more venomous than the former. Those who manifestly aim at the destruction of our Poetical Church and State. Who allow nothing to their Country-Men, either of this or of the former Age. These attack the Living by raking up the Ashes of the Dead; well knowing that if they can subvert their Original Title to the Stage, we who claim under them, must fall of course. Peace be to the Venerable Shades of *Shakespear* and *Ben Johnson*: None of the Living will presume to have any competition with them: as they were our Predecessors, so they were our 50

6 Readers is] Readers, is 1693.
Well 1693.

30 notice of] notice, of 1693.

47 Dead; well] Dead.

Your Nails be pick'd from filth, and even
par'd ;

Nor let your nasty Nostrils bud with Beard.
Cure your unsav'ry Breath, gargle your
Throat,

And free your Arm-pits from the Ram and
Goat.

Dress not, in short, too little, or too much ;
And be not wholly *French*, nor wholly
Dutch. 589

Now *Bacchus* calls me to his jolly Rites :
Who wou'd not follow, when a God invites ?
He helps the Poet, and his Pen inspires,
Kind and indulgent to his former Fires.

Fair *Atadne* wander'd on the shore,
Forsaken now ;⁶ and *Theseus* Loves no more :
Loose was her Gown, dishevel'd was her
Hair ;

Her Bosom naked, and her Feet were bare ;
Exclaiming, in the Waters brink she stood ,
Her briny Tears augment the briny Flood.
She shriek'd, and wept, and both became
her Face : 600

No posture cou'd that Heav'nly form
disgrace.

She beat her Breast : The Traytor's gone,
said she,

What shall become of poor forsaken me ?
What shall become—she had not time for
more,

The sounding Cymbals rattled on the Shore.
She swoons for fear, she falls upon the
Ground ;

No vital heat was in her body found.
The *Minnalloman* Dames about her stood ;

And scudding *Satyrs* ran before their God
Sileus on his Ass did not appear, 610

And held upon the Man (the God was clear)
The drunken *Syre* pursues ; the Dames retire ;
Sometimes the drunken Dames pursue the
drunken *Syre*.

At last he topples over on the Plain ;
The *Satyrs* laugh, and bid him rise again.

And now the God of Wine came driving on,
High on his Chariot by swift *Tygers* drawn.
Her Colour, Voice, and Sense forsook the
fair ;

Thrice did her trembling Feet for flight
prepare, 619

And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.)

She shook, like leaves of Corn when Tempests
blow

Or slender Reeds that in the Marshes grow.
To whom the God—Compose thy fearful
Mind ;

In me a truer Husband thou shalt find
With Heav'n I will endow thee ; and thy
Star

Shall with propitious Light be seen afar,
And guide on Seas the doubtful Mariner.)

He said ; and from his Chariot leaping light ;
Lest the grim *Tygers* shou'd the Nymph
affright,

His brawny Arms around her waist he
threw ; 620

(For Gods, what ere they will, with ease
can do :)

And swiftly bore her thence : th' attending
throng

Shout at the Sight, and sing the *Nuptial*
song.

Now in full bowls her Sorrow she may steep :
The Bridegroom's Liquor lays the Bride
asleep.

But thou, when flowing Cups in Triumph
ride,

And the lov'd Nymph is seated by thy side ;
Invoke the God, and all the mighty Pow'rs,
That Wine may not defraud thy Genial hours.

Then in ambiguous Words thy suit prefer ;
Which she may know were all address to
her, 641

In liquid purple Letters write her Name,
Which she may read, and reading find thy
Flame.

Then may your Eyes confess your mutual
Fires ,

(For Eyes have Tongues, and glances tell
desires)

Whene'er she Drinks, be first to take the
Cup ;

And where she laid her Lips, the Blessings up
When she to Carving does her Hand ad-
vance,

Put out thy own, and touch it as by
chance. 649

Thy service ev'n her Husband must attend :
(A Husband is a most convenient Friend)

Seat the fool Cuckold in the highest place :
And with thy Garland his dull Temples
grace.

595 Loves] The editors wrongly give loved
598 in] The editors give on

653 thy] The editors nonsensically give the

Whether below, or equal in degree,
Let him be Lord of all the Company;
And what he says, be seconded by Thee.

'Tis common to deceive through friendships
Name:

But common though it be, 'tis still to
blame:

Thus Factors frequently their Trust betray,
And to themselves their Masters gains convey.
660

Drink to a certain Pitch, and then give o're;
Thy Tongue and Feet may stumble, drinking
more.

Of drunken Quarrels in her sight beware;
Pot Valour only serves to fright the Fair.
Eurytion justly fell, by Wine oppress,
For his rude Riot at a Wedding-Feast.
Sing, if you have a Voice; and show your
Parts

In Danciog, if endu'd with Dancing Arts.
Do any thing within your power to please;
Nay, ev'n affect a seeming Drunkenness;
Clip every word; and if by chancee you
speak 671

Too bome; or if too broad a Jest you
break;

In your excuse the Company will joyn,
And lay the Fault upon the Force of Wine.
True Drunkenness is subject to offend;
But when 'tis feign'd, 'tis oft a Lover's
Friend.

Then safely you may praise her beauteous
Face,

And call him Happy, who is in her grace.
Her Husband thinks himself the Man de-
sign'd;

But curse the Cuckold in your secret Mind.
When all are risen, and prepare to go, 681
Mix with the Croud, and tread upon her Toe.
This is the proper time to make thy
Court;

For now she's in the Vein, and fit for
Sport;

Lay Bashfulness, that rustick Virtue, by;
To manly Confidence thy Thoughts apply.
On Fortune's Foretop timely fix thy hold;
Now speak and speed, for *Venus* loves the
old.

No Rules of Rhetorick here I need afford:
Only begin, and trust the following word;
It will be Witty of its own accord. 691

Aet well the Lover, let thy Speech abound
In dying words, that represent thy Wound.

Distrust not her belief; she will be mov'd;
All women think they merit to be lov'd.

Sometimes a Man begins to Love in Jest,
And, after, feels the Torments he profess.
For your own sakes be pitiful ye Fair;
For a feign'd Passion may a true prepare.
By Flatteries we prevail on Woman-kind;
As hollow Banks by Streams are under-
min'd. 701

Tell her, her Face is Fair; her Eyes are
Sweet

Her Taper Fingers praise, and little Feet.
Such Praises ev'n the Chast are pleas'd to
hear;

Both Maids and Matrons hold their Beauty
dear.

Once naked *Pallas* with *Jove's* Queen ap-
pear'd;

And still they grieve that *Venus* was pre-
fer'd.

Praise the proud Peacock, and he spreads
his Train;

Be silent, and he pulls it in again.

Pleas'd is the Courser in his rapid Race; 710
Applaud his Running, and he mends his
pace.

But largely promise, and devoutly swear;
And, if need be, call ev'ry God to hear.

Jove sits above, forgiving with a Smile
The Perjuries that easy Maids beguile.

He swore to *Junio* by the *Sygyian* Lake:
Forsworn, he dares not an Example make,
Or punish Falshood, for his own dear
sake.

'Tis for our Int'rest that the Gods shou'd
be;

Let us believe 'em: I believe, they see, 720
And both reward, and punish equally.

Not that they live above like lazy Drones,
Or Kings below, supine upon their Thrones.
Lead then your Lives as present in their
sight;

Be Just in Dealings, and defend the right;
By Fraud betray not, nor Oppress by Might.

But 'tis a Venial Sin to Cheat the Fair;
All Men have Liberty of Conscience there.
On cheating Nymphs a Cheat is well de-
sign'd;

'Tis a prophane and a deceitful Kind. 730

'Tis said, that *Aegypt* for nine Years was
dry,

Nor *Nile* did Floods, nor Heav'n did Rain
supply.

A Foreigner at length inform'd the King,
That slaughter'd Guests would kindly Moisture bring.

The King reply'd, On thee the Lot shall fall,
Be thou, my Guest, the Sacrifice for all.

Thus *Phalaris*, *Perillus* taught to low,
And made him season first the brazen Cow.

A rightful Doom, the Laws of Nature cry,
'Tis, the Artificers of Death should die. 740

Thus justly Women suffer by Decent;
Their Practice authorizes us to cheat.

Beg her, with Tears, thy warm Desires, to grant;
For Tears will pierce a Heart of Adamant.

If Tears will not be squeez'd, then rub your Eye,
Or noint the Lids, and seem at least to cry.

Kiss, if you can: Resistance if she make,
And will not give you Kisses, let her take.

Fie, fie, you naughty Mau, are Words of Course;
749

She struggles but to be subdu'd by Force.
Kiss only soft, I charge you, and beware,

With your hard Bristles not to brush the Fair.

He who has gain'd a Kiss, and gains no more,
Deserves to lose the Bliss he got before.

If once she kiss, her Meaning is exprest;
There wants but little Pushing for the rest.

Which if thou dost not gain, by Strength or Art,
The Name of Clown then suits with thy

Desert;

'Tis downright Dulness, and a shameful Part

Perhaps, she calls it Force; but, if she 'scape, 760

She will not thank you for th' omitted Rape.

The Sex is cunning to conceal their Fires;
They would be forc'd, ev'n to their own

Desires.

They seem t' accuse you, with a down-cast Sight,
But in their Souls confess you did them

right.

Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
Thank with their Tongues, but curse you

with their Heart.

736 Be thou, my Guest] The editors give Be thou my Guest

Fair *Phæbe* and her Sister did prefer,
To their dull Mates, the noble Ravisher

What *Desdamia* did, in Days of Yore, 770
The Tale is old, but worth the reading

o'er.

When *Venus* had the golden Apple gain'd,
And the just Judge fair *Hellen* had obtain'd:

When she with Triumph was at *Troy* receiv'd,

The *Trojans* joyful while the *Grecians* griev'd:

They vow'd Revenge of violated Laws,
And *Greece* was arming in the Cuckold's

Cause:

Achilles, by his Mother warn'd from War,
Disguis'd his Sex, and lurk'd among the

Fair,

What means *Eacides* to spin and sow? 780
With Spear, and Sword, in Field thy Valour

show;
And, leaving this, the Nobler *Pallas* know

Why dost thou in that Hand the Distaff wield,

Which is more worthy to sustain a Shield?
Or with that other draw the woolly Twine,

The same the Fates for *Hector's* Thread assign?

Brandish thy Fauchion in thy pow'rful Hand,
Which can alone the pond'rous Lance command.

In the same Room by chance the Royal Maid

Was lodg'd, and, by his seeming Sex betray'd, 790

Close to her Side the Youthful Heroe laid.

I know not how his Courtship he began;
But, to her Cost, she found it was a Man

'Tis thought she struggled; but withal 'tis thought,

Her Wish was to be conquer'd, when she fought.

For when disclos'd, and hast'ning to the Field,
He laid his Distaff down, and took the

Shield,

With Tears her humble Suit she did prefer,
And thought to stay the grateful Ravisher.

She sighs, she sobs, she begs 'him not to part: 800
And now 'tis Nature, what before was Art.

She strives by Force her Lover to detain,
And wishes to be ravish'd once again.

This is the Sex ; they will not first begin,
But, when compell'd, are pleas'd to suffer
Sin.

Is there, who thinks that Women first should
woo ;

Lay by thy Self-Conceit, thou foolish Beaux.
Begin, and save their Modesty the Shame ;
'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy Flame.
'Tis decent for a Man to speak his Mind ; 810
They but expect th' Occasion to be kind.

Ask, that thou may'st enjoy ; she waits for
this ;

And on thy first Advance depends thy
Bliss.

Ev'n *Jove* himself was forc'd to sue for
Love ;

None of the Nymphs did first solicit *Jove*.
But if you find your Pray'rs encrease her
Pride,

Strike Sail awhile, and wait another Tide.
They fly when we pursue ; but make Delay,
And when they see you slacken, they will
stay.

Sometimes it profits to conceal your End ;
Name not your self her Lover, but her
Friend. 821

How many skittish Girls have thus been
caught ?

He prov'd a Lover, who a Friend was
thought.

Sailors by Sun and Wind are swarthy
made ;

A tann'd Complexion best becomes their
Trade.

'Tis a Disgrace to Ploughmen to be fair ;
Blaff Cheeks they have, and weather-
beaten Hair.

Th' ambitious Youth, who seeks an Olive
Crown,

Is Sun-burnt with his daily Toil, and brown.
But if the Lover hopes to be in Grace, 830
Wan be his Looks, and meager be his Face.

That Colour, from the Fair, Compassion
draws :

She thinks you sick, and thinks herself the
Cause.

Orion wander'd in the Woods for Love,
His Paleness did the Nymphs to Pity move ;
His ghastly Visage argu'd hidden Love.
Nor fail a Night-Cap, in full Health, to
wear ;

Neglect thy Dress, and discompose thy
Hair.

All things are decent, that in Love avail.
Read long by Night, and study to be pale ;
Forsake your Food, refuse your needful
Rest ; 841

Be miserable, that you may be blest.
Shall I complain, or shall I warn you
most ?

Faith, Truth, and Friendship in the World
are lost ;

A little and an empty Name they boast.
Trust not thy Friend, much less thy Mistress
praise :

If he believe, thou may'st a Rival raise.
'Tis true, *Patroclus*, by no Lust mis-led,

Sought not to stain his dear Companion's
Bed.

Nor *Pylades* *Hermione* embrac'd ; 850
Ev'n *Phadra* to *Perithous* still was chaste.

But hope not thou, in this vile Age, to find
Those rare Examples of a faithful Mind.
The Sea shall sooner with sweet Honey
flow ;

Or from the Furzes Pears and Apples grow.
We Sin with Gust, we love by Fraud to
gain :

And find a Pleasure in our Fellows Pain.
From Rival Foes you may the Fair defend ;
But would you ward the Blow, beware your
Friend.

Beware your Brother, and your next of
Kin ; 860

But from your Bosom Friend your Care
begin.

Here I had ended, but Experience finds,
That sundry Women are of sundry Minds ;
With various Crochets fill'd, and hard to
please ;

They therefore must be caught by various
Ways.

All things are not produc'd in any Soil ;
This Ground for Wine is proper, that for Oil.
So 'tis in Men, but more in women-kind :

Different in Face, in Manners, and in Mind :
But wise Men shift their Sails with ev'ry
Wind : 870

As changeful *Proteus* vary'd oft his Shape,
And did in sundry Forms and Figures 'scape ;
A running Stream, a standing Tree became,
A roaring Lyon, or a bleating Lamb.

Some Fish with Harpons, some with Darts
are strook,
Some drawn with Nets, some hang upon the
Hook :

So turn thy self ; and, imitating them,
Try sev'ral Tricks, and change thy Strata-
gem.

One Rule will not for diff'rent Ages hold ;
The Jades grow cunning, as they grow more
old. 880

Then talk not Bawdy to the bashful Maid ;
Bug words will make her Innocence afraid.

Nor to an ign'rant Girl of Learning speak ;
She thinks you conjure, when you talk in
Greek

And hence 'tis often seen, the Simple
shun

The Learn'd, and into idle Embraces run.
Part of my Task is done, and part to do ;
But here 'tis time to rest my self and you.

FROM OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK I. ELEG. I.

FOR mighty Wars I thought to Tune my
Lute,

And make my Measures to my Subject suit.
Six Feet for ev'ry Verse the Muse design'd :

But *Cupid*, laughing, when he saw my Mind,
From ev'ry Second Verse a Foot purloin'd.

Who gave Thee, Boy, this Arbitrary sway,
On Subjects, not thy own, Commands to lay,
Who *Phæbus* only and his Laws obey ?

'Tis more absurd than if the *Queen of Love*
Should in *Minerva's* arms to Battel move ;
Or Manly *Pallas* from that Queen should
take 11

Her Torch, und o're the dying Lover shake.

In fields as well may *Cynthia* sow the Corn,
Or *Ceres* wind in Woods the Bugle Horn.

As well may *Phæbus* quit the trembling
String,

For Sword and Shield ; and *Mors* may learn
to Sing.

Already thy Dominions are too large ;
Be not ambitious of a Foreign Charge.

If thou wilt Reign e're all, and ev'ry where,
The God of Musick for his Harp may fear. 20

Thus when with soaring Wings I seek
Renown,

Thou pluck'st my Pinnions, and I flutter
down.

Cou'd I on such mean Thoughts my Muse
employ,

I want a Mistress or a Blooming Boy.

Thus I complain'd : his Bow the Stripling
bent,

And chose an Arrow fit for his Intent.

The Shaft his purpose fatally pursues ;

Now, Poet, there's a Subject for thy Muse.

He said, (too well, alas, he knows his Trade.)

For in my Breast a Mortal Wound he
made. 30

Far hence, ye proud *Hexameters*, remove,

My Verse is pac'd and tramel'd into love.

With Myrtle Wreaths my thoughtful brows
inclose,

While in unequal Verse I sing my Woes.

FROM OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK I. ELEG. IV.

*To his Mistress, whose Husband is invited
to a Feast with them. The Poet instructs her
how to behave herself in his Company.*

YOUR husband will be with us, at the
Treat ;

May that be the last Supper he shall Eat.

And am poor I, a Guest invited there,
Only to see, while he may touch the Fair ?

To see you Kiss and Hug your nauseous
Lord,

While his leud Hand descends below the
Board ?

Now wonder not that *Hippodamia's* Charms,

At such a sight, the *Centaur's* urg'd to Arms ;

That in a rage they threw their Cups aside,

Assail'd the Bridegroom, and wou'd force
the Bride. 10

OVID'S ART OF LOVE 882 Bug] The editors
give Broad
OVID'S AMOURS, I. I. and I. IV. Text of 1704

I IV 3 poor I, a Guest] The editors delete the
comma and thereby give a sense other than
Ovid's and Dryden's

I am not half a Horse. (I would I were :)
Yet hardly can from you my Hands forbear.
Take thee my Counsel ; which observ'd,
may be

Of some Importance both to you and me.
Be sure to come before your Man be there ;
There's nothing can he done ; hut come
hove're.

Sit next him (that belongs to Decency :)
But tread upon my Foot in passing by.
Read in my Looks what silently they speak,
And sily, with your Eyes, your Answer
make. 20

My Lifted Eye-brow shall declare my Pain :
My Right-Hand to his fellow shall complain ;
And on the Back a Letter shall design ;
Besides a Note that shall be Writ in Wine.
When e're you thiek upon our last Embrace,
With your Fore-finger gently touch your
Face.

If any Word of mine offend my Dear,
Pull, with your Hand, the Velvet of your
Ear.

If you are pleas'd with what I do or say.
Handle your Rings, or with your Fingers
play. 30

As Suppliants use at Altars, hold the Doord,
Where'e're you wish the Devil may take
your Lord.

When he fills for you, never touch the
Cup :

But bid th' officious Cuckold drink it up.
The Waiter on those Services employ ;
Drink you, and I will snatch it from the
Boy :

Watching the part where your sweet Mouth
hath been.

And thence, with eager Lips, will suck it in.
If he, with Clownish Maoners, thinks it fit
To taste, and offer you the nasty Bit, 40
Rejeet his greazy Kiodness, and restore
Th' unsav'ry Morsel he had chew'd before.
Nor let his Arms embrace your Neck, nor
rest

Your tender Cheek upon his hairy Breast.
Let not his Haod within your Bosom stray,
And rudely with your pretty Bubbies play.
But above all, let him no Kiss receive ;
That's an Offence I never can forgive. •

Do not, O do not that sweet Mouth resign,
Lest I rise up in Arms, and cry, 'Tis mine. 50
I shall thrust in betwixt, and void of Fet
The mark'est Adult'rer will appear.

These things are plain to Sight ; but more
I doubt

What you conceal beneath your Petticoat.
Take not his Leg between your teode
Thighs,

Nor, with your Hand, provoke my Foe to
rise.

How many Love-Inventions I deplore,
Which I, my self, have practis'd all before !
How oft have I been forc'd the Robe to lif
In Company ; to make a l'omely shift 60
For a bare Bout, ill huddled o're in hast,
While o're my side the Fair her Mantle cast
You to your Husband shall not be so kind
But, lest you shou'd, your Mantle leave
behind.

Encourage him to Tope : but Kiss him not
Nor mix one drop of Water in his Pot.

If he be Fuddled well, and Snores aspace
Then we may take Advice from Time and
Place.

When all depart, when Compliments are
loud.

Be sure to mix among the thickest Crowd
There I will be, and there we cannot miss, 70
Perhaps to Grubble, or at least to Kiss
Alas, what length of Labour I employ,
Just to secure a short and transient Joy !
For Night must part us : and when Night
is come.

Tuck'd underneath his Arm he leads you
Home.

He locks you in ; I follow to the Door,
His Fortune envy, and my own deplore.

He kisses you, he more than kisses too :
Th' outrageous Cuckold thinks it all his due

But, add not to his Joy, by your consent, 80
And let it not be giv'n, but only lent.

Return no Kiss, nor move in any sort :
Make it a dull and a malignant Sport.

Had I my Wish, he shou'd no Pleasure take
But slumber o're your Business for my sake

And what e're Fortune shall this Night
befal.

Coax me to-morrow, by forswearing all.

FROM OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK II. ELEG. XIX.

If for thy self thou wilt not watch thy
Whore,
Watch her for me, that I may love her
more.

What comes with ease, we nauseously receive,
Who, but a Sot, wou'd scorn to love with
leaze?

With hopes and fears my Flames are blown
up higher;

Make me despaire, and then I can desire.

Give me a Jilt to tease my Jealous mind;

Deceits are Vertues in the Female kind.

Corinna my Fantastick humour knew,

Play'd trick for trick, and kept her self still
new: 10

She, that next night I might the sharper
come,

Fell out with me, and sent me fasting
home;

Or some pretence to lye alone would take,
Whene'er she pleas'd her head and teeth
wou'd ake:

Till having won me to the highest strain,

She took occasion to be sweet again.

With what a Gust, ye Gods, we then im-
brac'd!

How every kiss was dearer than the last!

Thou whom I now adore, be edify'd,

Take care that I may often be deny'd. 20

Forget the promis'd hour, or feign some
fright,

Make me lye rough on Bunks each other
Night.

These are the Arts that best secure thy
reign,

And this the Food that must my Fires
maintain.

Gross easie Love does like gross diet, pall,

In squeasie Stomachs Honey turns to Gall.

Had Danae not been kept in brazen Tow'rs,

Jove had not thought her worth his Golden
Show'rs

When Juno to a Cow turn'd Io's Shape, 29
The Watchman helpt her to a second Leap.
Let him who loves an easie Whetstoe
Whore.

Pluck leaves from Trees, and drink the
Commoo Shore.

The Jiltrog Horlot strikes the surest blow,

A truth which I by sad Experience know.

The kind poor constant Creature we despise,

Man but pursues the Quarry while it flies.

But thou dull Husband of a Wife too fair,

Stand on thy Guard, and watch the pretious

Ware;

If creaking Doors, or barking Dogs thou
hear,

Or Windows scratcht, suspect a Rival there.

An Orange-wench wou'd tempt thy Wife
abroad; 41

Kick her, for she's a Letter-bearing Band;

In short, be Jealous as the Devil in Hell;

And set my Wit on work to cheat thee well.

The sneaking City Cuckold is my Foe,

I scorn to strike, but when he Wards the

blow.

Look to thy hits, and leave off thy Con-
niving,

I'll be no Drudge to any Wittall living;

I have been patient, and forborn thee long,

In hope thou wou'dst not pocket up thy
wrong: 50

If no Affront can rouse thee, understand.

I'll take no more Indulgence at thy hand.

What, ne'er to be forbid thy House, and

Wife!

Damn him who loves to lead so dull a life.

Now I can neither sigh, nor whine, nor pray,

All those occasions thou hast ta'en away.

Why art thou so incorrigibly Civil?

Doe somewhat I may wish thee at the

Devil.

For shame be no Accomplice in my Treason,

A Pimping Husband is too much in reason.

Once more wear horns, before I quite

forsake her, 61

In hopes whereof I rest thy Cuckold-maker

[TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL.]

THE FIRST SATYR.

ARGUMENT of the first Satyr.

The Poet gives us first a kind of humorous Reason for his Writing: That being provok'd by hearing so many ill Poets rehearse their Works, he does himself Justice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But since no man will rank himself with ill Writers, 'tis easie to conclude, that if such Wretches cou'd draw an Audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater esteem with the Publick. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addict himself to Satyr, than any other kind of Poetry. And here he discovers that it is not so much his indignation to ill Poets, as to ill Men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a summary and general view of the Vices and Follies reigning in his time. So that this first Satyr is the natural Ground-work of all the rest. Herein he confines himself to no one Subject, but strikes indifferently at all Men in his way: In every following Satyr he has chosen some particular Moral which he wou'd inculcate; and lashes some particular Vice or Folly, (An Art with which our Lampooners are not much acquainted.) But our Poet being desirous to reform his own Age, and not daring to attempt it by an Overt act of naming living Persons, inveighs onely against those who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to Great Men, that their Memory lies at the mercy of future Poets and Historians, but also with a finer stroke of his Pen, brands ev'n the living, and personates them under dead mens Names.

I have avoided as much as I cou'd possibly the borrowed Learning of Marginal Notes and Illustrations, and for that reason have Translated this Satyr somewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewise omitted most of the Proper Names, because I thought they wou'd not much edifie the Reader. To

conclude, if in two or three places I have deserted all the Commentators, 'tis because I thought they first deserted my Author, or at least have left him in so much obscurity, that too much room is left for guessing.

THE FIRST SATYR.

STILL shall I hear, and never quit the Score,
Stun'd with hoarse ¹ *Codr's* Theseid, a're
and o're?

Shall this man's Elegies and t'other's Play
Unpunish'd Murther a long Summer's day?
Huge ² *Telephus*, a formidable page,
Cries Vengeance; and ³ *Orestes's* bulky rage,
Unsatisfy'd with Margins closely writ,
Foams o're the Covers, and not finish'd yet.
No Man can take a more familiar note
Of his own Home, than I of *Vulcan's*
Grott,

Or ⁴ *Mars his Grove*, or hollow winds that blow
From *Ætna's* top, or tortur'd Ghosts below.
I know by rote the Fam'd Exploits of *Greece*;
The *Cætaurs* fury, and the Golden Fleece;
Through the thick shades th' Eternal Scribler
bault;

And shakes the Statues on their Pedestals.
The ⁵ best and worst on the same Theme
employs

His Muse, and plagues us with an equal noise.
Provok'd by these Incorrigible Fools,
I left declaiming in pedantick Schools; ²⁰
Where, with Men-boys, I strove to get
Renown,

Advising ⁶ *Sylla* to a private Gown.

But, since the World with Writing is pos-
sest,

I'll versifie in spite; and do my best
To make as much waste Paper as the rest.

But why I lift aloft the Satyrs Rod,
And tread the Path which fam'd ⁷ *Lucilius*
trod,

Attend the Causes which my Muse have led:
When Sapless Eunuchs mount the Marriage-
bed,

When ⁸ *Mannish Mevia*, that two-handed
Whore,

Astride on Horse-back hunts the *Tuscan* Boar;

TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL. Text from the original edition, 1693. The current texts have several bad errors, especially in vi. 797 and 861, and x. 517.

When all our Lords are by his Wealth
outv'y'd,
Whose 'Razour on my callow-bgard was
try'd ;

When I behold the Spawn of conquer'd Nile
*Crispinus*⁵⁸ both in Birth and Manners vile,
Pacing in pomp, with Cloak of *Tyrian* dye,
Chang'd oft a day for needless Luxury ;
And finding oft occasion to be fan'd,
Ambitious to produce his Lady-hand ;
Charg'd⁵⁹ with light Summer-rings his fingers
sweet,

Unable to support a Gem of weight :
Such fulsom Objects meeting every where,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forhear.

To view so lēd a Town, and to refrain,
What Hoops of Iron cou'd my Spleen con-
tain !

When⁶⁰ pleading *Matho*, horn abroad for Air,
With his Fat Paunch fills his new fashuon'd
Chair,

And after him the Wretch in Pomp con-
vey'd,

Whose Evidence his Lord and Friend be-
tray'd,

And but the wish'd Occasion does attend⁶¹
From the poor Nobles the last Spoils to
rend,

Whom ev'n Spies dread as their Superiour
Fiend,

And bribe with Presents, or, when Presents
fail,

They send their prostituted Wives for bail :
When Night-performance holds the place
of Merit,

And Brawn and Back the next of Kin dis-
herit ;

For such good Parts are in Preferment's
way,

The Rich Old Madam never fails to pay ;
Her Legacies by Nature's Standard giv'n,
One gains an Ounce, another gains Eleven :
A dear-bought Bargain, all things duly
weigh'd,

For which their thrice Concocted Blood is
paid.

With looks as wan, as he who in the Brake
At unawares has trod upon a Snake ;
Or play'd⁶² at *Lions* a declaiming Prize,
For which the Vanquish'd *Rhetorician* Dyes

What Indignation boils within my Veins,
When perjur'd Guardians, proud with
Impious Gaios,
Choak up the Streets, too narrow for their
Trains !

Whose Wards by want betray'd, to Crimes
are led

Too foul to Name, too fulsom to be read !
When he who pill'd his Province scapes the
Laws,

And keeps his Money though he lost his
Cause :

His Fine begg'd off, contemns his Infamy,
Can rise at twelve, and get him Drunk e're
three :

Enjoys his Exile, and, Condemn'd in vain,
Leaves thee, "prevailing Province, to com-
plain !

Such Villanies rous'd⁶³ *Horace* into Wrath
And 'tis more Noble to pursue his Path,
Than an Old Tale of *Diomed* to repeat, 80
Or lab'ring after *Hercules* to sweat,
Or wandering in the winding Maze of *Cret* ;
Or with the winged Smith aloft to fly,
Or slutt'ring Perish with his foolish Boy.

With what Impatience must the Muse be-
hold

The Wife by her procuring Husband sold ?
For though the Law makes Null th' Adul-
terer's Deed

Of Lands to her, the Cuckold may succeed ;
Who his taught Eyes up to the Ceiling
throws,

And sleeps all over hut his wakeful Nose.
When he dares hope a Colonel's Command,

Whose Coursers kept, ran out his Father's
Land ;

Who yet a Stripling *Nero's* Chariot drove,
Whirl'd o're the Streets, while his vain
Master strove

With boasted Art to please his "Eunuch-
Love.

Wou'd it not make a modest Author dare
To draw his Table-Book within the Square,
And fill with Notes, when lolling at his
ease,

Mecenas-like, "the happy Rogue he sees
Born by Six weary'd Slaves in open View,
Who Cancell'd an old Will, and forg'd
a New ;

Made wealthy at the small expence of
Signing

With a wet Seal, and a fresh Interlining ?

⁵⁸ pay.] The editors delete the semi colon, but
it's probably wrong.

The Lady, next, requires a lashing Line,
Who squeez'd a Toad into her Husband's
Wine:

So well the fashionable Med'cine thrives,
That now 'tis Practis'd ev'n by Country
Wives:

Poys'ning without regard of Fame or Fear:
And spotted Corps are frequent on the Bier.
Wou'dst thou to Honours and Preferments
climb, 110

Be bold in Mischief, dare some mighty Crime,
Which Dungeons, Death, or Banishment
deserves:

For Virtue is but dryly Prais'd, and Sterves.
Great Men, to great Crimes, owe their
Plate Embost,

Fair Palaces, and Furniture of Cost;
And high Commands: A Sneaking Sin is
lost.

Who can behold that rank Old Letcher
keep

His Son's Corrupted Wife, "and hope to
sleep?

Or that Male-Harlot, or that unfledg'd Boy,
Eager to Sin, before he can enjoy? 120

Il Nature cou'd not, Anger would indite
Such woeful stuff as I or S——ll write.

Count from the time, since Old "Den-
calion's Boat,

Rais'd by the Flood, did on Parnassus Float;
And scarcely Mooring on the Cliff, implor'd
An Oracle how Man might be restor'd;
When soften'd Stones and Vital Breath
ensu'd,

And Virgins Naked were by Lovers View'd;
What ever since that Golden Age was done,

What Humane Kind desires, and what they
shun, 130

Rage, Passions, Pleasures. Impotence of
Will,

Shall this Satyrical Collection fill.

What Age so large a Crop of Vices bore,
Or when was Avarice extended more?

When were the Dice with more Profusion
thrown?

The well fill'd Fob not empty'd now alone,
But Gamesters for whole Patrimonies play;
The Steward brings the Deeds which must
convey

The lost Estate: What more than Madness
reigns,

When one short sitting many Hundreds
Drains, 140

And not enough is left him to supply
Board-Wages, or a Footman's Livery?

What Age so many Summer-Seats did see?
Or which of our Forefathers far'd so well

As on seven Dishes, at a private Meal?
Clients of Old were Feasted; now a poor

Divided Dole is dealt at th' outward Door,
Which by the Hungry Rout is soon dis-

patch'd:
The Paltry Largess, too, severely watch'd

E're given; and ev'ry Face observ'd with
Care, 150

That no intruding Guest Usurp a share.
Known, you Receive: The Cryer calls

aloud
Our Old Nobility of Trojan Blood,

Who gape among the Croud for their
precarious Food.

The Praetors, and the Tribunes Voice is heard;
The Freedman justles and will be preferr'd;

First come, first serv'd, he Cries; and I,
in spight

Of your Great Lordships, will Maintain my
Right.

Tho born a Slave, tho "my torn Ears are
bor'd, 155

'Tis not the Birth, tis Money makes the Lord.
The Rents of Five fair Houses I receive;

What greater Honours can the Purple give?
The "Poor Patrician is reduc'd to keep

In Melancholly Walks a Grazier's Sheep:
Not "Pallas nor Licinius had my Treasure;

Then let the Sacred Tribunes wait my
leisure.

Once a Poor Rogue, 'tis true, I trod the
Street,

And trudg'd to Rome upon my Naked Feet:
Gold is the greatest God; though yet we see

No Temples rais'd to Money's Majesty, 160
No Altars fuming to her Pow'r Divine.

Such as to Valour, Peace, and Virtue Shine.
And Faith, and Concord: "where they

Stork on high
Seems to Salute her Infant Progeny,

Presaging Pious Love with her Auspicious
Cry.

But since our Knights and Senators
account

To what their sordid begging Vails amount,
Judge what a wretched share the Poor

attends,
Whose whole Subsistence on those Mms

depends!

Their Household-Fire, their Rayment, and
 their Food, 180
 Prevented²¹ by those Harpies; when a
 wood
 Of Litters, thick besiege the Donor's Gate,
 And heggng Lords, and teeming Ladies
 wait
 The promis'd Dole : Nay some have learn'd
 the trick
 To beg for absent persons ; feign them sick,
 Close mew'd in their Sedans, for fear of air :
 And for their Wives produce an empty
 Chair.
 This is my Spouse : Dispatch her with her
 share.
 'Tis²² *Galla* : Let her Ladyship but peep :
 No, Sir, 'tis pity to disturb her sleep. 190
 Such fine Employments our whole days
 divide :
 The Salutations of the Morning-tide
 Call up the Sun ; those ended, to the Hall
 We wait the Patron, hear the Lawyers haul ;
 Then²³ to the Statues ; where amidst the
 Race
 Of Conqu'ring *Rome*, some *Arab* shews
 his Face
 Inscrub'd with Titles, and profanes the
 place ;
 Fit to be piss'd against, and somewhat more.
 The Great Man, home conducted, shuts his
 door ;
 Old Clients, weary'd out with fruitless
 care, 200
 Dismiss their hopes of eating, and despair :
 Though much against the grain, forc'd to
 retire,
 Buy Roots for Supper, and provide a Fire.
 Mean time his Lordship lolls within at
 ease,
 Pamp'ring his Paunch with Foreign
 Rarities ;
 Both Sea and Land are ransack'd for the
 Feast ;
 And his own Gut the sole invited Guest.
 Such Plate, such Tables, Dishes dress'd so
 well,
 That whole Estates are swallow'd at a Meal.
 Ev'n Parasites are banish'd from his
 Board : 210
 (At once a sordid and luxurious Lord :)
 Prodigious Throat, for which whole Boars
 are drest ;
 (A Creature form'd to furnish out a Feast)

But present Punishment pursues his Maw,
 When surfeited and swell'd, the Peacock
 raw
 He hears into the Bath ; whence want of
 Breath,
 Repletions, Apoplex, intestate Death.
 His Fate makes Table-talk, divulg'd with
 scorn,
 And he, a Jeast, into his Grave is born.
 No Age can go beyond us : Future
 Times 220
 Can add no farther to the present Crimes.
 Our Sons hut the same things can wish
 and do ;
 Vice is at stand, and at the highest flow. }
 Then Satyr spread thy Sails ; take all }
 the winds can blow.
 Some may, perhaps, demand what Muse can
 yield
 Sufficient strength for such a spacious Field ?
 From whence can he deriv'd so large a Vein,
 Bold Truths to speak, and spoken to
 maintain ;
 When God-like Freedom is so far bereft
 The Noble Mind, that scarce the Name is
 left ? 230
 E're *Scandalum Magnatum* was begot,
 No matter if the Great forgave or not
 But if that honest license now you take, }
 If, into Rogues Omnipotent you rake, }
 Death is your Doom, impail'd upon a Stake :
 Smear'd o're with Wax, and set on fire, to
 light
 The Streets, and make a dreadful blaze by
 night.
 Shall They, who drench'd three Uncles in
 a draught
 Of poy's'nous Juice, be then in Triumph
 hrought,
 Make Lanes among the People where
 they go, 240
 And, mounted high on downy Chariots, }
 throw
 Disdainful glances on the Crowd below ?
 Be silent, and beware, if such you see :
 'Tis Defamation hut to say, That's He !
 Against²⁴ bold *Turnus* the Great *Trojan*
 Arm,
 Amidst their strokes the Poet gets no harm :
Achilles may in Epique Verse be slain,
 And none of all his *Myrmidons* complain :
Hylas may drop his Pitcher, none will cry ;
 Not if he drown himself for company : 250

But when *Lucilius* brandishes his Pen,
And flashes in the face of Guilty Men,
A cold Sweat stands in drops on ev'ry part;
And Rage succeeds to Tears, Revenge to Smart.

Muse, be advis'd; 'tis past consid'ring time
When enter'd once the dangerous Lists of
Rhyme:
Since none the Living Villains dare implead,
Arraign them in the Persons of the Dead.

The End of the First Satyr.

NOTES TO THE FIRST SATYR.

¹ *Codrus*, or it may be *Cordus*, a bad Poet who wrote the Life and Actions of *Theseus*.

² *Telephus*, the Name of a Tragedy.

³ *Orestes*, another Tragedy.

⁴ *Mars his Grove*. Some Commentators take this Grove to be a Place where Poets were us'd to repeat their Works to the People, but more probably both this and *Vulcan's Grotto* or Cave, and the rest of the Places and Names here mention'd, are only meant for the Common Places of *Homer* in his *Iliads* and *Odysseys*.

⁵ *The best and worst*; that is, the best and the worst Poets.

⁶ *Advising Sylla*, &c. This was one of the Themes given in the Schools of Rhetoricians, in the deliberative kind; Whether *Sylla* should lay down the Supreme Power of Dictatorship, or still keep it.

⁷ *Lucilius*, the first Satyrist of the Romans, who wrote long before *Horace*.

⁸ *Mevia*, a Name put for any Impudent or Mannish Woman.

⁹ *Whose Razor*, &c. *Juvenal's* Barber now grown Wealthy.

¹⁰ *Crispinus*, an Egyptian Slave; now by his Riches transform'd into a Nobleman.

¹¹ *Charg'd with light Summer Rings*, &c. The Romans were grown so Effeminate in *Juvenal's* time, that they wore light Rings in the Sommer, and heavier in Winter.

¹² *Mattho*, a famous Lawyer, mention'd in other Places by *Juvenal* and *Martial*.

¹³ *At Lyons*; a City in France, where Annual Sacrifices and Games were made in Honour of *Augustus Caesar*.

¹⁴ *Prevailing Province*, &c. Here the Poet complains that the Governours of Provinces being accus'd for their unjust Exactions, though they were condemn'd at their Tryals, yet got off by Bribery.

¹⁵ *Horace*, who wrote Satyrs: 'Tis more Noble, says our Author, to imitate him in that way, than to write the Labours of *Heracles*, the Sufferings of *Diomedes* and his Followers, or the Flight of *Dedalus* who made the Labyrinth, and the Death of his Son *Icarus*.

¹⁶ *His Eunuch-Love*. *Nero* marry'd *Sporus* an Eunuch; though it may be the Poet meant *Nero's* Mistress in Man's Apparel.

¹⁷ *Mecenas-like*. *Mecenas* is often Tax'd by *Seneca* and others for his Effeminacy.

¹⁸ *And hope to sleep*. The Meaning is, that the very consideration of such a Crime will hinder a Virtuous Man from taking his Repose.

¹⁹ *Deus-like* and *Pyrrhus*, when the World was crown'd, escap'd to the top of Mount *Farnesus*, and were commanded to restore Mankind by throwing Stones over their Heads: The Stones he threw became Men, and those who threw became Women.

²⁰ *Though my turn Ears afe ter'd*. The Ears of all Slaves were bor'd as a Mark of their Servitude; which Custom is still legal in the East-Indies, and in other Parts, even for whole Nations, who bore Prejudicial Holes in their Ears, and wear such Weights at them.

²¹ *The poor Patrician*; the poor Nobleman.

²² *Pallas* or *Lidnius*. *Pallas*, a Slave freed by *Claudius Caesar*, and rais'd by his Favour to great Riches. *Lidnius* was another Wealthy Freedman, belonging to *Augustus*.

²³ *Where the Stork on high*, &c. Perhaps the Storks were us'd to build on the top of the Temple, dedicated to *Ceres*.

²⁴ *Prevented by those Herfies*. He calls the Roman Knights, &c. *Harpies*, or Demons; in those Days the Rich made Doles intended for the Poor; But the Great were either so Covetous, or so Needy, that they came in their Litters to demand their shares of the Largess; and thereby prevented and consequently starv'd the Poor.

²⁵ *'Tis Gallia*, &c. The meaning is, that Noblemen would cause empty Litters to be carried to the Giver's Door, pretending their Wives were within there: 'Tis *Gallia*, that is, my Wife: the next words *Let her Ladyship bid pass*, are of the Servant who distributes the Doles: Let me see her, that I may be sure she is within the Litter. The Husband answers, she is asleep, and to open the Litter would disturb her Rest.

²⁶ *Next to the Statues*, &c. The Poet here tells you how the Idle pass'd their time; in going first to the Houses of the Great, then to the Hall, that is, to the Temple of *Apollin*, to hear the Lawyers plead, then to the Market-place of *Augustus*; where the Statues of the Famous Romans were set in Ranks on Pedestals: Amongst which Statues were seen those of Foreigners, such as *Alexis*, &c. who for no desert, but only on the Account of their Wealth, or Favour, were plac'd amongst the Nobles.

²⁷ *Against old Tormas*, &c. A Poet may safely write an Heroick Poem, such as that of *Virgil*, who describes the Duel of *Turres* and *Entas*; or of *Homer*, who writes of *Admetus* and *Hector*; or the death of *H3* in the *Catastrophe* of *Heracles*; who stooping for Water drop'd his Pitcher, and fell into the Well after it. But 'tis dangerous to write Satyr like *Lucilius*.

THE THIRD SATYR.

ARGUMENT | of the | Third Satyr.

The Story of this Satyr speaks it self. Umbricius, the suppos'd Friend of Juvenal, and himself a Poet, is leaving Rome; and retiring to Cumæ. Our Author accompanies him out of Town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbricius tells his Friend the Reasons which oblige him to lead a private life, in an obscure place. He complains that the honest man cannot get his bread at Rome. That none but Flatterers make their Fortunes there: that Greeks and other Foreigners raise themselves by those sordid Arts which he describes, and against which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the several Inconveniences which arise from a City life; and the many Dangers which attend it. Upbraids the Noblemen with Covetousness, for not Rewarding good Poets, and arraigns the Government for starving them. The great Art of this Satyr is particularly shown, in Common Places; and drawing in as many Vices, as can'd naturally fall into the compass of it.

THE | THIRD SATYR.

GRIEV'D tho I am, an Ancient Friend to
lose,
I like the Solitary Seat he chose:
In quiet Cumæ fixing his Repose:
Where, far from Noisy Rome secure he Lives,
And one more Citizen to Sybil gives;
The road to ² Bæar, and that soft Recess
Which all the Gods with all their Bounty bless.
Tho I in ³ Prochyla with greater ease
Cou'd live, than in a Street of Palaces.
What Scenes so Desert, or so full of Fright, ¹⁰
As tow'ring Houses tumbling in the Night,
And Rome on Fire beheld by its own Blazing
Light?
But worse than all, the clatt'ring Tiles;
and worse
Than thousand Padders, is the Poet's Curse.
Rogues that 'in Dog-days cannot Rhime
forbear:
But without Mercy read, and make you hear.
Now while my Friend, just ready to
depart,
Was packing all his Goods in one poor Cart;

He stopp'd a little at the Conduit-Gate,
Where ¹ Numa modell'd once the Roman
State, ²⁰
In Mighty Councils with his Nymph retir'd:
Though now the Sacred Shades and Founts
are hurr'd
By Banish'd Jews, who their whole Wealth
can lay
In a small Basket, on a Wisp of Hay;
Yet such our Avarice is, that every Tree
Pays for his Head; not Sleep it self is
free:
Nor Place, nor Persons now ore Sacred
held,
From their own Grove the Muses are ex-
pell'd.
Into this lonely Vale our Steps we bend,
I and my sullen discontented Friend: ³⁰
The Marble Caves, and Aqueducts we view;
But how Adult'rate now, and dissent from
the true!
How much more Beauteous had the Foun-
tain been
Embellish't with her first Created Green,
Where Crystal Streams through living Turf
had run,
Contented with an Urn of Native Stone!
Then thus Umbricius (with an Angry
Frown,
And looking back on this degen'rate Town,)
Since Noble Arts in Rome have no support,
And ragged Virtue not a Friend of Court, ⁴⁰
No Profit rises from th' ungrateful Stage,
My Poverty increasing with my Age,
'Tis time to give my just Disdain a vent,
And, Cursing, leave so base a Government.
Where ² Dedalus has borrow'd Wings laid
by,
To that obscure Retreat I chuse to fly:
While yet few furrows on my Face are seen,
While I walk upright, and Old Age is green,
And ³ Laësis has somewhat left to spin.
Now, now 'tis time to quit this cursed
place, ⁵⁰
And hide from Villains my too honest Face:
Here let ⁴ Arturus live, and such as he;
Such Manners will with such a Town agree.

²¹ Nymph] Nymphs 1693. The misprint is
implicitly corrected in Dryden's note

Knaves who in full Assemblies have the
knack
Of turning Truth to Lies, and White to
Black ;
Can hire large Houses, and oppress the Poor
By farm'd Excise ; can cleanse the Common-
shoare ;
And rent the Fishery ; can bear the dead ;
And teach their Eyes dissembled Tears to
shed,
All this for Gain ; for Gain they sell their
very Head. 60
These Fellows (see what Fortune's pow'r
can do)
Were once the Minstrels of a Country Show :
Follow'd the Prizes through each paltry
Town,
By Trumpet-Cheeks and Bloated Faces
known.
But now, grown rich, on drunken Holy-days,
At their own Costs exhibit Publick Plays ;
Where influenc'd by the Rabble's bloody
will,
With ¹⁰ Thumbs bent back, they popularly
kill.
From thence return'd, their sordid Avarice
rakes
In Excrements again, and hires the Jakes. 70
Why hire they not the Town, not ev'ry
thing,
Since such as they have Fortuoe in a String ?
Who, for her pleasure, can her Fools ad-
vance ;
And toss 'em topmost on the Wheel of
Chance.
What's *Rome* to me, what bus'ness have I
there,
I who can neither Lye, nor falsely Swear ?
Nor Praise my Patron's undeserving
Rhimes,
Nor yet comply with him, nor with his
Times ;
Unskill'd in Schemes by Planets to foreshow,
Like Canting Rascals, how the Wars will go :
I neither will, nor can Prognosticate 80
To the young gaping Heir, his Father's
Fate :
Nor in the Entrails of a Toad have pry'd,
Nor carry'd Bawdy Presents to a Bride :
For want of these Town Virtues, thus, alone,
I go conducted on my way by none :
Like a dead Member from the Body rent ;
Maim'd, and unuseful to the Government.

Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the
Times,
Conscious of close Intrigues, and dipt in
Crimes ; 90
Lab'ring with Secrets which his Bosom burn,
Yet never must to publick light return ?
They get Reward alone who can Betray :
For keeping honest Counsels none will pay.
He who can ¹¹ *Verres*, when he will, accuse,
The Purse of *Verres* may at Pleasure use :
But let not all the Gold which ¹² *Tagus* hides,
And pays the Sea in Tributary Tides,
Be Bribe sufficient to corrupt thy Breast ;
Or violate with Dreams thy peaceful rest.
Great Men with jealous Eyes the Friend
behold, 100
Whose secrecy they purchase with their
Gold.
I haste to tell thee, nor shall Shame
oppose,
What Confidants our Wealthy *Romans* chose :
And whom I most abhor : To speak my
Mind,
I hate, in *Rome*, a *Grecian* Town to find :
To see the Scum of *Greece* transplanted here,
Receiv'd like Gods, is what I cannot bear.
Nor *Greeks* alone, but *Syrians* here abound,
Obscene ¹³ *Orontes*, diving under Ground, 110
Conveys ¹⁴ his Wealth to *Tyber's* hungry
Shoars,
And fattens *Italy* with Foreign Whores :
Hether their crooked Harps and Customs
come ;
All find Receipt in Hospitable *Rome*.
The Barbarous Harlots crowd the Publick
Place :
Go Fools, and purchase an unclean Em-
brace ;
The painted Mitre court, and the more
painted Face.
Old ¹⁵ *Romulus*, and Father *Mars* look down,
Your Herdsman Primitive, your homely
Clown 119
Is turn'd a *Beau* in a loose tawdry Gown.
His once unkem'd, and horrid Locks, behold
Stilling sweet Oyl ; his Neck inchain'd
with Gold :
Aping the Foreigners, in ev'ry Dress ;
Which, bought at greater cost, becomes him
less.
Mean time they wisely leave their Native
Land,
From *Sicyon*, *Samos*, and from *Alaband*,

And *Amydon*, to *Rome* they Swarm in Shoals:

So Sweet and Easie is the Gain from Fools.
Poor Refuges at first, they purchas'd here:

And, soon as Denizen'd, they domineer: 130
Grow to the Great, a flatt'ring Servile
Rout:

Work themselves inward, and their Patrons
out.

Quick Witted, Brazen-fac'd, with fluent
Tongues,

Patient of Labours, and dissembling Wrongs
Riddle me this, and guess him if you can,

Who bears a Nation in a single Man?

A Cook, a Conjuror, a Rhetorician,

A Painter, Pedant, a Geometrician,

A Dancer on the Ropes, and a Physician.

All things the hungry *Greek* exactly knows:
And bid him go to Heav'n, to Heav'n he
goes. 141

In short, no *Scythian*, *Moor*, or *Thracian*
born,

But 'in that Town which Arms and Arts
adorn.

Shall he be plac'd above me at the Board,
In Purple Cloath'd, and lolling like a Lord?

Shall he before me sign, whom t' other Day

A small-craft Vessel hither did convey;

Where, stow'd with Prunes, and rotten
Figs, he lay?

How little is the Priviledge become
Of being born a Citizen of *Rome*! 150

The *Greeks* get all by fulsom Flatteries;

A most peculiar Stroke they have at Lies.

They make a Wit of their Insipid Friend;

His blubber-Lips, and beetle-Brows com-
mend;

His long Crane Neck, and narrow Shoulders
Praise;

You'd think they were describing *Hercules*.

A creaking Voice for a clear Treble goes;

Tho' harsher than a Cock that Treads and
Crows.

We can as grossly praise; but, to our
Grief,

No Flatt'ry but from *Grecians* goes belief.

Besides these Qualities, we must agree 161

They Mimick better on the Stage than we

The Wife, the Whore, the Shepherdess they
play,

In such a Free, and such a Graceful way,

That we believe a very Woman shown,

And fancy something underneath the Gown.

But not *Antiochus*, nor *Stratocles*,
Our Ears and Ravish'd Eyes can only
please:

The Nation is compos'd of such as these.
All *Greece* is one Comedian: Laugh, and
they 170

Return it louder than an Ass can bray:

Grieve, and they Grieve; if you Weep
silently,

There seems a silent Eccho in their Eye:
They cannot Mourn like you; but they can
Cry.

Call for a Fire, their Winter Cloaths they
take:

Begin but you to shiver, and they shake:

In Frost and Snow, if you complain of
Heat,

They rub th' unsweating Brow, and Swear
they Sweat.

We live not on the Square with such as
these:

Such are our Betters who can better please:
Who Day and Night are like a Looking-
Glass; 181

Still ready to reflect their Patron's Face.

The Panegyrick Hand, and lifted Eye,

Prepar'd for some new Piece of Flattery.

Ev'n Nastiness, Occasions will afford;

They praise a belching, or well-pissing Lord.

Besides, there's nothing Sacred, nothing free

From bold Attempts of their rank Leachery

Through the whole Family their labours
run;

The Doughter is debauch'd, the Wife is
won: 190

Nor scapes the Bridegroom, or the bloom-
ing Son.

If none they find for their lewd purpose fit,
They with the Walls and very Floors

commit.

They search the Secrets of the House, and so

Are worshipp'd there, and fear'd for what
they know.

And, now we talk of *Grecians*, cast a view
On what, in Schools, their Men of Morals

do;

A rigid *Stoick* his own Pupil slew.

A Friend, against a Friend, of his own Cloath,
Turn'd Evidence, and murder'd on his

Ontli. 200

What room is left for *Romans*, in a Town
Where *Grecians* rule, and Cloaks control
the Gown?

Some ²⁰ *Diphilus*, or some *Protophenes*,
 Look sharply out, our Senators to seize :
 Engross 'em wholly, by their Native Art,
 And fear no Rivals in their Bubbles heart :
 One drop of Poison in my Patron's Ear,
 One slight suggestion of a senseless fear,
 Infus'd with cunning, serves to ruine me ;
 Disgrac'd, and banish'd from the Family.
 In vain forgotten Services I boast ; 211
 My long dependance in an hour is lost :
 Look round the World, what Country will
 appear,

Where Friends are left with greater ease than
 here ?

At *Rome* (nor think me partial to the
 Poor)

All Offices of ours are out of Door :
 In vain we rise, and to their Levees run ;
 My Lord himself is up, before, and gone :
 The Praetor bids his Lictors mend their
 pace,

Lest his Colleague outstrip him in the Race :
 The childless Matrons are, long since,
 awake ; 221

And for Affronts the tardy Visits take.

'Tis frequent, here, to see a free-born Son
 On the left-hand of a Rich Hireling run :
 Because the wealthy Rogue can throw away,
 For half a Brace of Bouts, a Tribune's pay
 But you, poor Sinner, tho' you love the
 Vice,

And like the Whore, demurr upon the Price :
 And, frighted with the wicked Sum, forbear
 To lend a hand, and help her from the
 Chair. 230

Produce a Witness of unblemish'd life,
 Holy as *Numa*, or as *Numa's* Wife,
 Or ²⁰ him who bid th' unhallow'd Flames
 retire ;

And snatch'd the trembling Goddess from
 the Fire.

The Question is not put how far extends
 His Piety, but what he yearly spends :
 Quick, to the Bus'ness ; how he Lives and
 Eats ;

How largely Gives ; how splendidly he
 Treats :

How many thousand Acres feed his Sheep,
 What are his Rents, what Servants does he
 keep ? 240

Th' Account is soon cast up ; the Judges
 rate

Our Credit in the Court, by our Estate.

Swear by our Gods, or those the *Greeks*
 adore,

Thou art assure Forsworn, as thou art *Podr* :
 The Poof must gain their Bread by Perjury ;
 And even the Gods, that other Means deny,
 In Conscience must absolve 'em, when
 they lye.

Add, that the Rich have still a Gibe in
 store ;

And will be monstrous witty on the Poor :
 For the torn Surtout and the tatter'd Vest,
 The Wretch and all his Wardrobe are a
 Jest : 251

The greasie Gown, sully'd with often turning,
 Gives a good hint, to say The Man's in
 Mourning :

Or if the Shoo be ript, or patches put,
 He's wounded ! see the Plaister on his
 Foot.

Want is the Scorn of ev'ry Wealthy Fool ;
 And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule.

Pack hence, and from the Cover'd
 Benches rise,

(The Master of the Ceremonies cries)

This is no place for you, whose small Estate
 Is not the Value of the settled Rate : 261
 The Sons of happy Punks, the Pandars
 Heir,

Are privildg'd to sit in triumph there,
 To clap the first, and rule the Theatre. }

Up to the Galleries, for shame, retreat :
 For, by the ²¹ *Roscian* Law, the Poor can
 claim no Seat.

Who ever brought to his rich Daughter's
 Bed

The Man that poll'd but Twelve-pence for
 his Head ?

Who ever nam'd a poor Man for his Heir,
 Or call'd him to assist the Judging Chair ?

The Poor were wise, who by the Rich
 oppress'd, 271

Withdrew, and sought a Sacred Place of
 Rest.

Once they did well, to free themselves from
 Scorn ;

But had done better never to return.
 Rarely they rise by Virtues aid, who lie
 Plung'd in the depth of helpless Poverty.

At *Rome* 'tis worse ; where House-rent
 by the Year,

And Servants Bellies cost so Dev'llish dear ;
 And Tavern Bills run high for hungry
 Chear.

To drink or eat in Earthen Ware we scorn,
Which cheaply Country Cupboards does
adorn : 281

And coarse blue Hoods on Holy days afe worn.
Some distant parts of *Italy* are known,
Where none, but only dead Men, wear a
Gown :

On Theatres of Turf, in homely State,
Old Plays they oct, old Feasts they Cele-
brate :

The same rude Song returns upon the Crowd,
And, by Tradition, is for Wit allow'd.
The Mimick Yearly gives the same Delights ;
And in the Mother's Arms the Clownish
Infant frisks. 290

Their Habits (and distinguish'd by degree)
Are plain, alike ; the same Simplicity,
Both on the Stage, and in the Pit, you see.
In his white Cloak the Magistrate appears ;
The Country Bumpkin the same Liv'ry wears.
But here, Attir'd beyond our Purse we go,
For useless Ornament and flaunting Show :
We take on trust, in Purple Robes to shine ;
And Poor, are yet Ambitious to be fine.

This is a common Vice, tho all things
here 300

Are sold, and sold unconscionably dear.
What will you give that *Cossus* may but
view

Your Face, and in the Crowd distinguish you ;
May take your Incense like a gracious God ;
And answer only with a Civil Nod ?
To please our Patrons, in this vicious Age,
We make our Entrance by the Fav'rite Page :
Have his first down, and when he Polls his
Hair,

The Consecrated Locks to Temples bear :
Pay Tributary Cracknels, which he sells ; 310
And, without Offerings, help to raise his Yails.

Who fears, in Country Towns, a House's
fall,

Or to be caught betwixt a riven Wall ?
But we Inhabit a weak City here ;
Which Buttresses and Props but scarcely bear :
And 'tis the Village Masons daily Calling,
To keep the World's Metropolis from falling,
To cleanse the Gutters, and the Chinks to close ;
And, for one Night, secure his Lord's Repose.
At *Cumæ* we can sleep, quite round the
Year, 320

Nor Falls, nor Fires, nor Nightly Dangers fear ;
While rolling Flames from *Raman* Turrets fly,
And the pale Citizens for Buckets cry.

Thy Neighbour has remov'd his Wretched
Store,

(Few Hoods will rid the Lumber of the Poor)
Thy own third Story smaaks ; while thou,
supine,

Art drench'd in Fumes of undigested Wine.
For if the lowest Floors already burn,
Cock-lofts and Garrets soon will take the Turn.
Where thy tame Pidgeons next the Tiles were
bred, 330

Which in their Nests unsafe, are timely fled.
Codrus had but one Bed, so short to boot,

That his short Wife's short Legs bung
dangling out ;

His Cup-board's Head six Earthen Pitchers
grac'd,

Beneath 'em was his Trusty Tankard plac'd :
And, to support this Noble Plate, there lay
A bending Chiron cast from honest Clay :
His few Greek Books a rotten Chest con-
tain'd,

Whose Covers much of mouldiness com-
plain'd : 339

Where Mice and Rats devour'd Poetick Bread,
And with Heroick Verse luxuriously were fed.
'Tis true, poor *Codrus* nothing had to boast,
And yet poor *Codrus* all that Nothing lost ;
Beg'd naked through the Streets of wealthy
Rome ;

And found not one to feed, or take him
home.

But if the Palace of *Arturius* burn,
The Nobles change their Cloaths, the Matrons
mourn ;

The City Prætor will no Pleadings bear ;
The very Nome of Fire we bate and fear :
And look ogast, as if the *Gauls* were here.
While yet it burns, th' officious Nation
flies, 351

Some to condole, and some to bring supplies :
One sends him Marble to rebuild, and one
White naked Statues of the *Parian* Stone,
The Work of *Polyclete*, that seem to live ;
While others, Images for Altars give ;
One Books and Skreeros, and *Pallas* to the
Brest ;

Another Bags of Gold, and he gives best.
Childless *Arturius*, vastly rich before,
Thus by his Losses multiplies his Store : 360
Suspected for Accomplice to the Fire,
That burnt his Palace but to build it higher.

But, cou'd you be content to bid adieu
To the dear Play-house, and the Players too,

Sweet Country Seats are purchas'd ev'ry
 where,
 With Lands and Gardens, at less price, than
 here
 You hire a darksom Doghole by the year.
 A small Convenience, decently prepar'd,
 A shallow Well, that rises in your yard,
 That spreads his easie Crystal Streams
 around, 370
 And waters all the pretty spot of Ground.
 There, love the Fork ; thy Garden cultivate,
 And give thy frugal Friends ²⁸ a *Pythagorean*
Treat.
 'Tis somewhat to be Lord of some small
 Ground ;
 In which a Lizard may, at least, turn round.
 'Tis frequent, here, for want of sleep to
 dye ;
 Which Fumes of undigested Feasts deny ;
 And, with imperfect beat, in languid
 Stomachs fry.
 What House secure from noise the poor can
 keep,
 When ev'n the Rich can scarce afford to
 sleep ? 380
 So dear it costs to purchase Rest in *Rome* ;
 And hence the sources of Diseases come.
 The Drover who his Fellow-drover meets,
 In narrow passages of winding Streets :
 The Waggoners, that curse their standing
 Teams,
 Would wake ev'n drowsie *Drusus* from his
 Dreams.
 And yet the Wealthy will not brook delay ;
 But sweep above our Heads, and make their
 way ;
 In lofty Litters born, and read and write,
 Or sleep at ease : The Shutters make it
 Night. 390
 Yet still he reaches, first, the Publick Place :
 The prease before him stops the Client's pace.
 The Crowd that follows, crush his panting
 sides,
 And trip his heels ; he walks not, but he
 rides.
 One Elbow him, one jostles in the Shole :
 A Rafter breaks his Head, or Chairman's
 Pole :
 Stockin'd with loads of fat Town-dirt he
 goes ;
 And some Rogue-Souldier, with his Hob-
 nail'd Shoes,
 Indents his Legs behind in bloody rows.

See with what Smoke our Doles we cele-
 brate : 400
 A hundred Ghests, invited, walk in state :
 A hundred hungry Slaves, with their *Dutch*
 Kitchins wait.
 Huge Pans the Wretches on their heads must
 bear ;
 Which scarce ²⁷ *Gygantick Corbulo* cou'd rear :
 Yet they must walk upright beneath the load ;
 Nay run, and running blow the sparkling
 flames abroad.
 Their Goats, from botching newly krought,
 are torn :
 Unwieldy Timber-trees, in Waggon's born,
 Stretch'd at their length, beyond their
 Carriage lye ;
 That nod, and threaten ruin from on high.
 For, should their Axel break, its over-
 throw 411
 Wou'd crush, and pound to dust, the Crowd
 below ;
 Nor Friends their Friends, nor Sires their
 Sons cou'd know :
 Nor Limbs, nor Bones, nor Carcass wou'd
 remain :
 But a mash'd heap, a Hotchpotch of the Slain.
 One vast destruction ; not the Soul alone,
 But Bodies, like the Soul, invisible are flown.
 Mean time, unknowing of their Fellows Fate,
 The Servants wash the Platter, scour the
 Plate,
 Then blow the Fire, with puffing Cheeks,
 and lay 420
 The Rubbers, and the Bathing-sheets dis-
 play ;
 And oyl them first ; and each is handy in
 his way.
 But he, for whom this busie care they take,
 Poor Ghost, is wandering by the Stygian Lake :
 Affrighted with ²⁸ the Ferryman's grim Face ;
 New to the Horrors of that uncouth place ;
 His passage begs with unregarded Pray'r :
 And wants two Farthings to discharge his Fare.
 Return we to the Dangers of the Night ;
 And, first, behold our Houses dreadful height :
 From whence come broken Potsherd's
 tumbling down ; 431
 And leaky Ware, from Garret Windows
 thrown :
 Well may they break our Heads, that mark
 the flinty Stone.

'Tis want of Senee to sup abroad too late ;
Unless thou first hast settled thy Estate.
As many Fates attend, thy Steps to meet,
As there are waking Windows in the Street
Bless the good Gods, and think thy chance
is rare

To have a Piss-pot only for thy share.

The seouring Drunkard, if he does not
fight 440

Before his Bed-time, takes no rest that
Night,

Passing the tedious Hours in Greater pain
Than ^{stern} *Achilles*, when his Friend was
slain :

'Tis so ridiculous, but so true withall,
A Bully cannot sleep without a Brawl ;
Yet tho his youthful Blood be fir'd with
Wine,

He wants not Wit, the Danger to decline :
Is cautious to avoid the Coach and Six,
And on the Lacquies will no Quarrel fix
His Train of Flambeaus, and Embroider'd
Coat 450

May Priviledge my Lord to walk secure on
Foot.

But me, who must by Moon-light homeward
bend,

Or lighted only with a Candle's end,
Poor me he fights, if that be fighting, where
He only Cudgels, and I only bear.
He stands, and bids me stand : I must
abide ;

For he's the stronger, and is Drunk beside.
Where did you whet your Knife to Night,
he cries,

And shred the Leeks that in your Stomach
rise ?

Whose windy Beans have stuff't your Guts,
and where 460

Have your, black Thumbs been dipt in
Vinegar ?

With what Companion Cobler have you fed,
On old Ox-checks, or He-Goats tougher
Head ?

What, are you Dumb ? Quick with your
Answer, quick,

Before my Foot Salutes you with a Kick.

Say, in what nasty Cellar, under Ground,
Or what Church-Porch, your Rogueship may
be found ?

Answer, or Answer not, 'tis all the same :
He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
Before the Bar, for beating him, you come ;
This is a Poor Man's Liberty in *Rome*. 471
You beg his Pardon ; happy to retreat
With some remaining Teeth, to chew your
Meat.

Nor is this all ; for, when Retir'd, you think
To sleep securely ; when the Candles wink,
When every Door with Iron Chains is barr'd,
And roaring Taverns are no longer heard ;
The Ruffian Robbers by no Justice aw'd,
And unpaid cut-Throat Soldiers, are abroad ;
Those Venal Souls, who, harden'd in each ill
To save Complaints and Prosecution, kill. 481
Chas'd from their Woods and Bogs, the
Padders come

To this vast City, as their Native Home ;
To live at ease, and safely sculk in *Rome*.

The Forge in Fetters only is employ'd ;
Our Iron Mines exhausted and destroy'd
In Shackles ; for these Villains scarce allow
Goads for the Teams, and Plough-shares for
the Plough.

Oh happy Ages of our Ancestours, 489
Beneath ^{the} Kings and Tribunitia Pow'r
One Jayl did all their Crimes restrain ;
Which, now, the Walls of *Rome* can scarce
contain.

More I cou'd say, more Causes I cou'd show
For my departure ; but the Sun is low :
The Waggoner grows weary of my stay ;
And whips his Horses forwards on their way.
Farewell ; and when, like me, o're-
whelm'd with care.

You to your own ^{Agutnum} shall repair,
To take a mouthful of sweet Country air,
Be mindful of your Friend ; and send me
word, 500

What Joys your Fountains and cool Shades
afford :

Then, to assist your Satyrs, I will come ;
And add new Venom, when you write of
Rome.

NOTES TO THE THIRD SATYR.

¹ *Cunna*, a small City in *Campania*, near *Puteoli*, or *Puzzala* as it is call'd. The Habitation of the *Cumæan Sybil*.

² *Baja*, Another little Town in *Campania*, near the sea. A pleasant Place.

³ *Prochyta*. A small Barren Island belonging to the Kingdom of *Naples*.

⁴ *In Dog-days* The Poets in *Juvenal's* time us'd to rehearse their Poetry in August.

⁵ *Numa*. The second King of *Rome*; who made their Laws, and instituted their Religion.

⁶ *Nymph, Ageria*, a Nymph, or Goddess; with whom *Numa* feigned to converse by Night; and to be instructed by her, in modelling his Superstitions.

⁷ *Where Dædalus*, &c. Meaning at *Cunna*.

⁸ *Lachesis*; one of the three Destinies, whose Office was to spin the Life of every Man as it was of *Clotio* to hold the Distaff, and *Atropos* to cut the Thread.

⁹ *Arturus*. Any debauch'd wicked Fellow who gains by the times.

¹⁰ *With Thumbs bent back* In a Prize of Sword Players, when one of the Fencers had the other at his Mercy, the Vanquished Party implored the Clemency of the Spectators. If they thought he deserv'd it not, they held up their Thumbs and bent them backwards, in sign of Death.

¹¹ *Verres*, Prætor in *Sicily*, Contemporary with *Cicero*; by whom accus'd of oppressing the Province, he was Condemn'd: His Name is us'd here for any Rich Vicious Man.

¹² *Tagus*; a famous River in *Spain*, which discharges it self into the Ocean near *Lisbou* in *Portugal*. It was held of old to be full of Golden Sands.

¹³ *Orontes*, the greatest River of *Syria*. The Poet here puts the River for the Inhabitants of *Syria*.

¹⁴ *Tyber*; the River which runs by *Rome*.

¹⁵ *Romulus*, First King of *Rome*, son of *Mars*, as the Poets feign: the first *Romans* were originally Herdsmen.

¹⁶ *But in that Town*, &c. He means *Athens*; of which *Pallas* the Goddess of Arms and Arts was Patroness.

¹⁷ *Antiochus*, and *Stratolides*, two Famous *Grecian* Mimicks, or Actors in the Poet's time.

¹⁸ *A Rigid Slave*, &c. *Publius Equatius* a

Stoick falsely accus'd *Barbas Soraunus*, as *Tullius* tells us.

¹⁹ *Diphilus* and *Prologenes*, &c. Were *Grecians* living in *Rome*.

²⁰ *Or him who bid*, &c. *Lucius Metellus*, the High Priest; who when the Temple of *Vesta* was on Fire sav'd the *Palladium*.

²¹ *Star by the Roscian Law*, &c. *Roscins* a Tribune, who order'd the Distinction of Places in Publick Shows betwixt the Noblemen of *Rome* and the *Plebeians*.

²² *Where none but only dead isen*, &c. The meaning is that Men in some parts of *Italy* never wore a Gown (the usual Habit of the *Romans*) till they were bury'd in one.

²³ *Cassus* is here taken for any great Man.

²⁴ *Where thy tame Pidgeons*, &c. The *Romans* us'd to breed their tame Pidgeons in their Garrets.

²⁵ *Catrus*, a Learned Man, very poor: by his Books suppos'd to be a Poet. For, in all probability, the Heroick Verses here mention'd, which Rats and Mice devour'd, were *Hæner's* Works.

²⁶ *A Pythagorean Treat*. He means Herbs, Roots, Fruits, and Salads.

²⁷ *Gypanctic Corbulo*. *Corbulo* was a Famous General in *Nero's* time, who Conquer'd *Armenia*, and was afterwards put to death by that Tyrant, when he was in *Greece*, in reward of his great Services. His Stature was not only tall above the ordinary Size, but he was also proportionably strong.

²⁸ *The Ferry-Man's*, &c. *Charyon*, the Ferry-Man of Hell, whose Fare was a Half-penny for every Soul.

²⁹ *Stern Achilles*. The Friend of *Achilles* was *Patroclus* who was slain by *Hector*.

³⁰ *Beneath the Kings*, &c. *Rome* was Originally Ru'd by Kings; till for the Rape of *Lucretia Tarquin* the proud was expell'd. After which it was Govern'd by two Consuls, Yearly chosen: but they oppressing the People, the Commoners Mutiny'd, and procur'd Tribunes to be created; who defended their Privileges, and often oppos'd the Consular Authority and the Senate.

³¹ *Aquinum* was the Birth-place of *Juvenal*.

20 bid] bad 1693, but see the text.

24 thy] the 1693, but see the text.

THE SIXTH SATYR.

ARGUMENT | of the | Sixth Satyr

This Satyr, of almost double length to any of the rest, is a bitter invective against the fair Sex. 'Tis indeed, a Cammon-place, from whence all the Moderns have notoriously stolen their sharpest Raileries. In his other Satyrs, the Poet has only glanc'd on some particular Vices, and generally scourg'd the Men. But this he reserv'd wholly for the Ladies. How they had offended him I know not: But upon the whole matter he is not to be excus'd for imputing to all, the Vices of some few amongst them. Neither was it generously done of him, to attack the weakest as well as the fairest part of the Creation: Neither do I know what Moral he cou'd reasonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole Sex, if all had been true which he alleges against them: for that had been to put an end to Humane Kind. And to bid us beware of their Artifices, is a kind of silent acknowledgment, that they have more wit than Men: which turns the Satyr upon us, and particularly upon the Poet; who thereby makes a Complement, where he meant a Libel. If he intended only to exercise his Wit, he has forfeited his Judgment, by making the one half of his Readers his mortal Enemies: And amongst the Men, all the happy Lovers, by their own Experience, will disprove his Accusations. The whole World must allow this to be the wildest of his Satyrs; and truly he had need of all his parts, to maintain, with so much violence, so unjust a Charge. I am satisfied he will bring but few over to his Opinion: And on that Consideration chiefly I ventur'd to translate him. Though there would not another Reason, which was, that no one else would undertake it: at least, Sir C. S. who cou'd have done more right to the Author, after a long delay, at length absolutely refus'd so ungrateful an employment: And every one will grant, that the Work must have been imperfect and lame, if it had appeared without one of the Principal Members belonging to it. Let the Poet therefore bear the blame of his own Invention; and let me satisfy the World, that I am not of his Opinion. Whatever his Roman Ladies were, the English are free from all his Imputations.

They will read with Wonder and Abhorrence the Vices of an Age, which was the most infamous of any on Record. They will bless themselves when they behold those Examples, related of Domitian's time: they will give back to Antiquity those Monsters it produc'd: And believe with reason, that the Species of those Women is extinguish'd; or at least that they were never here propagated. I may safely therefore proceed to the Argument of a Satyr, which is no way relating to them: And first observe, that my Author makes their Lust the most Heroick of their Vices: The rest are in a manner but depression. He skins them over; but he deceals on this. when he seems to have taken his last leave of it, on the sudden he returns to it: 'tis one Branch of it in Hippia, another in Messalina, but Lust is the main Body of the Tree. He begins with this Text in the first line, and takes it up with Intermissions to the end of the Chapter. Every Vice is a Loader, but that's a Ten. The Fillers, or intermediate Parts, are their Revenge; their Contrivances of secret Crimes; their Arts to hide them; their Wit to excuse them; and their Impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept secret. Then the Persons to whom they are most addicted, and on whom they commonly bestow the lost Favours: as Stage-Players, Fiddlers, Singing-Boys, and Fencers. Those who pass for Chast amongst them, are not really so; but only for their vast Dowries, are rather snuff'd, than lov'd by their own Husbands. That they are Impertious, Downytering, Scolding Wives: Set up for Learning and Criticism in Poetry, but are false Judges. Love to speak Greek, (which was then the Fashionable Tongue, as French is now with us) That they plead Causes at the Bar, and play Prizes at the Bear-Garden. That they are Gossips and News-Mongers: Wrangle with their Neighbours abroad, and beat their Servants at home. That they lie-in for new Faces once a Month; are sluttish with their Husbands in private; and Paint and Dress in Publick for their Lovers. That they deal with Jaws, Diviners, and Fortune-tellers: Learn the Arts of Misarrying, and Barrenness. Buy Children and produce them for their own. Murther their Husbands Sons,

if they stand in their way to his Estate, and make their Adulterers his Heirs. From hence the Poet proceeds to shew the Occasions of all these Vices, their Originol, and how they were introduced in Rome, by Peace, Wealth, and Luxury. In conclusion, if we will take the word of our molieious Author; Bad Wamen ore the generol standing Rule; and the Good, but some few exeptions to it.

THE | SIXTH SATYR.

IN ' Saturn's Reign, at Nature's Early Birth,
There was that Thing call'd Chastity on Earth;

When in a narrow Cave, their common shade,

The Sheep the Shepherds and their Gods were laid:

When Reeds and Leaves, and Hides of Beasts were spread

By Moutain Huswives for their homely Bed, &

And Mossy Pillows rais'd, for the rude Husband's head.

Unlike the Niceness of our Modern Dames,
(Affected Nymphs with new affected Names:)

The *Cynthia's* and the *Lesbia's* of our Years,
Who for a Sparrow's Death dissolve in Tears.

Those first unpolisht Matrons, Big and Bold,
Gave Suck to Infants of Gygantic Mold;
Rough as their Savage Lords who Rang'd the Wood,

And 'fat with Akorns Belcht their woody Food.

For when the World was Bucksom, fresh, and young,

Her Sons were undebauch'd, and therefore strong;

And whether Born in kindly Beds of Earth,
Or struggling from the Teeming Oaks to Birth,

Or from what other Atoms they begun, 20
No Sires they had, or if a Sire the Sun.

Some thin Remains of Chastity appear'd
Ev'n 'under *Jove*, but *Jove* without a Beard;

Before the servile *Greeks* had learnt to Swear

By Heads of Kings; while yet the Bounteous Year

Her common Fruits in open Plains expos'd,
E're thieves were fear'd, or Gardens were enclos'd.

At length 'uneasie Justice upwards flew,
And both the Sisters to the Stars withdrew;
From that Old *Æra* Whoring did begin, 30
So Venerably Ancient is the Sin.

Adult'ers next invade the Nuptial State,
And Marriage-Beds creak'd with a Foreign Weight;

All other Ills did Iron times adorn;
But, Wwores and Silver in one Age were Born.

Yet thou, they say, for Marriage do'st provide:

Is this an Age to Buckle with a Bride?
They say thy Hair the Curling Art is taught,
The Wedding-Ring perhaps already bought:
A Sober Man like thee to change his Life! 40
What Fury wou'd possess thee with a Wife?
Art thou of ev'ry other Death bereft,
No Knife, no Ratsbane, no kind Halter left?
(For every Noose compar'd to Hers is cheap)
Is there no City-Bridge from whence to leap?

Wou'd'st thou become her Drudge, who dost enjoy

A better sort of Bedfellow, thy Boy?
He keeps thee not awake with nightly Brawls,

Nor with a beg'd Reward, thy Pleasure palls;
Nor with insatiate heavings calls for more,
When all thy Spirits were drain'd out before. 51

But still *Ursidius* Courts the Marriage-Bait,
Longs for a Son, to settle his Estate,
And takes no Gifts, tho every gapeing Heir
Wou'd gladly Grease the Rich Old Batchelor.

What Revolution can appear so strange,
As such a Lencer, such a Life to change?
A rank, notorious Whoremaster, to choose
To thrust his Neck into the Marriage-Noose!
He who so often in a dreadful fright 60
Had in ' Cosser'scap'd the jealous Cuckold's sight,

That he, to Wedlock dotingly betray'd,
Should hope, in this lewd Town, to find a Maid!

The Man's grown Mad: To ease his Frantick Pain,

Run for the Surgeon; breathe the middle Vein:

But let a Heyfer with gilt Horns be led
 To *Juno*, Regent of the Marriage-Bed,
 And let him every Deity adore, •
 If his new Bride prove not an arrant
 Whore,
 In Head and Tail, and every other Pore. 70
 On *Ceres* feast, restrain'd from their de-
 light,
 Few Matrons, there, but Curse the tedious
 Night :
 Few whom their Fathers dæd Salute, such
 Lust
 Their Kisses have, and come with such a
 Gust.
 With Ivy now Adorn thy Doors, and Wed ;
 Such is thy Bride, and such thy Genial Bed.
 Think'st thou one Man is for one Woman
 meant ?
 She, sooner, with one Eye wou'd be content
 And yet, 'tis nois'd, a Maid did once
 appear
 In some small Village, tho Fame says not
 where : 80
 'Tis possible ; but sure no Man she found ;
 'Twas desert, all, about her Father's Ground :
 And yet some Lustful God might there
 make bold ;
 Are *Jove* and *Mars* grown impotent and
 old ?
 Many a fair Nymph has in a Cave been
 spread,
 And much good Love, without a Feather-
 Bed.
 Whither wou'dst thou to eluse a Wife resort,
 The Park, the Mall, the Play-house, or the
 Court ?
 Which way soever thy Adventures fall,
 Secure alike of Chastity in all. 90
 One sees a Daneing-Master Capring high,
 And Raves, and Pisses, with pure Extasie :
 Another does, with all his Motions, move,
 And Gapes, and Grins as in the feat of
 Love :
 A third is Charm'd with the new Opera
 Notes,
 Admires the Song, but on the Singer Doats :
 The Country Lady in the Box appears,
 Softly She Warbles over all she hears ;
 And sucks in Passion, both at Eyes and
 Ears
 The rest, (when now the long Vacation's
 come, 100
 The noisic Hall and Theatres grown dumb)
 Their Memories to refresh, and chear their
 hearts,
 In borrow'd Breaches act the Players parts.
 The Poor, that scarce have wherewithal
 to eat,
 Will pinch, to make the Singing-Boy a Treat.
 The Rich, to buy him, will refuse no price ;
 And stretch his Quail-pipe, till they crack
 his Voice
 Tragedians, acting Love, for Lust are
 sought :
 (Tho but the Parrots of a Poet's Thought.)
 The Pleading Lawyer, tho for Counsel us'd,
 In Chamber-practice often is refus'd. 111
 Still thou wilt have a Wife, and father Heirs ;
 (The product of concurring Theatres.)
 Perhaps a Fencer did thy Brows adorn,
 And a young Sword-man to thy Lands is
 born.
 Thus *Hippia* loath'd her old Patrician
 Lord,
 And left him for a Brother of the Sword :
 To wondring *Pharos* with her, Love she
 fled,
 To show one Monster more than *Africk* bred :
 Forgetting House and Husband, left
 behind, 120
 Ev'n Children too ; she sails before the
 wind ;
 False to 'em all, but constant to her Kind.
 But, stranger yet, and harder to conceive,
 She cou'd the Play-house and the Players
 leave.
 Born of rich Parentage, and nicely bred,
 She lodg'd on Down, and in a Damask Bed ;
 Yet, daring now the Dangers of the Deep,
 On a hard Mattress is content to sleep.
 E're this, 'tis true, she did her Fame expose :
 But that, great Ladies with great Ease can
 lose. 130
 The tender Nymph cou'd the rude Ocean
 bear.
 So much her Lust was stronger than her
 Fear.
 But, had some honest Cause her Passage
 prest,
 The smallest hardship had disturb'd her
 brest :
 Each Inconvenience makes their Virtue cold ;
 But Womankind, in Ills, is ever bold.
 Were she to follow her own Lord to Sea,
 What doubts and scruples wou'd she raise
 to stay ?

Her Stomach sick, and her head giddy
 grows ;
 The Tar and Pitch are nauseous to her
 Nose. 140
 But in Love's Voyage nothing can offend ;
 Women are never Sea-sick with a Friend.
 Amidst the Crew, she walks upon the board ;
 She eats, she drinks, she handles every Cord ;
 And, if she spews, 'tis thinking of her Lord.
 Now ask, for whom her Friends and Fame
 she lost ?
 What Youth, what Beauty cou'd th' Adul-
 t'rer boast ?
 What was the Face, for which she cou'd
 sustain
 To be call'd Mistress to so base a Man ?
 The Gallant, of his days had known the
 best : 150
 Deep Scars were seen indented on his
 breast ;
 And all his batter'd Limbs requir'd their
 needful rest.
 A Promontory Wen, with griesly grace,
 Stood high, upon the Handle of his Face :
 His clear Eyes ran in gutters to his Chin :
 His Beard was Stubble, and his Cheeks
 were thin.
 But 'twas his Fencing did her Fancy move :
 'Tis Arms and Blood and Cruelty they love.
 But should he quit his Trade, and sheath his
 Sword,
 Her Lover wou'd begin to be her Lord. 160
 This was a private Crime ; but you shall
 hear
 What Fruits the Sacred Brows of Monarchs
 bear :
 The good old Sluggard but began to snore,
 When from his side up rose th' Imperial
 Whore :
 She who preferr'd the Pleasures of the
 Night
 To Pomps, that are but impotent delight ;
 Strode from the Palace, with an eager pace,
 To cope with a more Masculine Embrace ;
 Muffled she march'd, like *Juno* in a Cloud,
 Of all her Train but one poor Wench
 allow'd, 170
 One whom in Secret Service she cou'd trust ;
 The Rival and Companion of her Lust.
 To the known Brothel-house she takes her
 way ;
 And for a nasty Room gives double pay ;
 That Room in which the rankest Harlot lay.
 Prepar'd for fight, expectingly she lies,
 With heaving Breasts, and with desir'd
 Eyes :
 Still as one drops, another takes his place,
 And baffled still succeeds to like disgrace.
 At length, when friendly darkness is ex-
 pir'd, 180
 And every Strumpet from her Cell retir'd,
 She lags behind, and lingering at the Gate,
 With a repining Sigh, submits to Fate :
 All Fikth without, and all a Fire within,
 Tir'd with the Toyl, unsated with the Sin,
 Old *Cæsar's* Bed the modest Matron seeks ;
 The steam of Lamps still hanging on her
 Cheeks,
 In Ropy Sinut : thus foul, and thus bedight,
 She brings him back the Product of the
 Night.
 Now should I sing what Poisons they
 provide ; 190
 With all their Trumpery of Charms beside ;
 And all their Arts of Death : it would be
 known
 Lust is the smallest Sin the Sex can own.
Cæsinia, still, they say, is guiltless found
 Of ev'ry Vice, by her own Lord Renown'd :
 And well she may, she brought ten thousand
 Pound.
 She brought him wherewithal to be call'd
 chaste ;
 His Tongue is ty'd in Golden Fetters fast
 He Sighs, Adores, and Courts her every
 Hour ;
 Who wou'd not do as much for such a
 Dower ? 200
 She writes Love-Letters to the Youth in
 Grace ;
 Nay tips the wink before the Cuckold's Face ;
 And might do more ; Her Portion makes it
 good ;
 Wealth has the Privilege of Widow-hood.
 These Truths with his Example you dis-
 prove,
 Who with his Wife is monstrously in Love :
 But know him better ; for I heard him swear,
 'Tis not that She's his Wife, but that She's
 Fair. 208
 Let her but have three wrinkles in her Face,
 Let her Eyes Lessen, and her Skin unbrace,
 Soon you will hear the Saucy Steward say,
 Pack up with all your Trinkets, and away ;
 You grow Offensive both at Bed and Board :
 Your Betters must be had to please my Lord.

Meantime She's absolute upon the Throne;
And knowing time is Precious, loses none:
She must have Flocks of Sheep, with Wool
more Fine

Than Silk, and Vinyards of the Noblest
Wine:

Whole Drowes of Pages for her Train she
Craves:

And sweeps the Prisons for attending
Slaves. 220

In short, whatever in her Eyes can come,
Or others have abroad, she wants at home.
When Winter shuts the Seas, and fleecy
Snows

Make Houses white, she to the Merchant goes;
Rich Crystals of the Rock She takes up there,

Huge *Agal* Vases, and old *China* Ware:
Then *Beremice's* Ring her Finger proves,

More Precious made by her incestuous Loves:
And infamously Dear: A Brother's Bribe,

Ev'n God's Anointed, and of *Judah's* Tribe:
Where barefoot they approach the Sacred

Shrine, 231

And think it only Sin, to feed on Swine.
But is none worthy to be made a Wife

In all this Town? Suppose her free from
strife,

Rich, Fair, and Fruitful, of Unblemish'd
Life;

Claust as the *Sabbies*, whose prevailing
Charms

Dismiss'd their Husbands, and their Brothers
Arms.

Grant her, besides, of Noble Blood, that ran
In Ancient Veins, e're Heraldry began:

Suppose all these, and take a Poet's word,
A Black Swan is not half so Rare a Bird. 241

A Wife, so hung with Virtues, such a freight,
What Mortal Shoulders cou'd support the

weight!

Some Country Girl, scarce to a Curtsey
bred,

Wou'd I much rather than *Cornelia* Wed:
If Supererious, Haughty, Proud, and Vain,

She brought her Father's Triumphs in her
Train.

Away with all your *Carthaginian* State,
Let vanquish'd *Hannibal* without Doors

wait,
Too burly and too big to pass my narrow
Gate. 250

Oh *Pæan*, cries *Amphion*, bend thy Bow
Against my Wife, and let my Children go

But sullen *Pæan* shoots at Sons and Mothers
too.

His *Niobe* and all his Boys he lost;
Ev'n her who did her num'rous Offspring

boast,

As Fair and Fruitful as the Sow that carry'd
The *Thirty* Pigs at one large Litter

Farrow'd.

What Beauty or what Chastity can bear
So great a Price, if stately and severe

She still insults, and you must still adore?
Grant that the Honey's much, the Gall is

more. 261

Upbraided with the Virtues she displays,
Sev'n Hours in Twelve, you loath the Wife

you Praise:

Some Faults, tho small, intolerable grow;
For what so Nauseous and Affected too,

As those that think they due Perfection want,
Who have not learnt to Lasp the *Grecian*

Cant?

In *Greece*, their whole Accomplishments
they seek:

Their Fashion, Breeding, Language, must
be *Greek*:

But Raw in all that does to *Rome* belong,
They scorn to cultivate their Mother

Tongue. 271

In *Greek* they flatter, all their Fears they
speak,

Tell all their Secrets; nay, they Scold in
Greek:

Ev'n in the Feat of Love, they use that
Tongue.

Such Affections may become the Young;
But thou, Old Hag, of Threescore Years and

Three,

Is shewing of thy Parts in *Greek* for thee?
Ζαή καὶ ψυχῇ! All those tender words

The Momentary trembling Bliss affords,
The kind soft Murmurs of the private

Sheets, 280

Are Bawdy, while thou speak'st in publick
Streets.

Those words have Fingers; and their force
is such,

They raise the Dead, and mount him with
a touch.

But all Provocatives from thee are vain:
No blandishment the slacken'd Nerve can

strain.

278 *ψυχῇ καὶ ψυχῇ* 263

If then thy Lawful Spouse thou canst not love,
 What reason shou'd thy Mind to Marriage move ?
 Why all the Charges of the Nuptial Feast,
 Wine and Deserts and Sweet-meats to digest ?
 Th' indow'ing Gold that buys the dear Delight, ²⁹⁰
 Giv'n for thy first and only happy Night ?
 If thou art thus Uxoriously inclin'd,
 To bear thy Bondage with a willing mind,
 Prepare thy Neck, and put it in the Yoke :
 But for no mercy from thy Woman look.
 For tho, perhaps, she loves with equal Fires,
 To Absolute Dominion she aspires ;
 Joys in the Spoils, and Triumphs o'er thy Purse ;
 The better Husband makes the Wife the worse.
 Nothing is thine to give, or sell, or buy, ³⁰⁰
 All Offices of Ancient Friendship dye ;
 Nor hast thou leave to make a Legacy.
 By ¹⁵ thy Imperious Wife thou art bereft
 A Privilege, to Pimps and Panders left ;
 Thy Testament's her Will ; Where she prefers
 Her Ruffians, Drudges, and Adulterers,
 Adopting all thy Rivals for thy Heirs.
 Go ¹⁵ drag that Slave to Death ; ¹⁵ your Reason, why
 Shou'd the poor Innocent be doom'd to Dye ?
 What proofs ? for, when Man's Life is in debate, ³¹⁰
 The Judge can ne're too long deliberate.
 Call'st ¹⁵ thou that Slave a Man ? the Wife replies :
 Prov'd, or unprov'd, the Crime, the Villain Dies.
 I have the Sovereign Pow'r to save or kill ;
 And give no other Reason but my Will.
 Thus the She-Tyrant Reigns, till pleas'd with change,
 Her wild Affections to New Empires Range :
 Another Subject-Husband she desires ;
 Divorc'd from him, she to the first retires,
 While the last Wedding-Feast is scarcely o're, ³²⁰
 And Garlands hang yet green upon the Door.
 So still the Reek'ning rises ; and appears
 In total Sum, Eight Husbands in Five Years.
 The Title for a Tomb-Stone might be fit ;
 But that 't would too commonly be writ.
 Her Mother Living, hope no quiet Day ;
 She sharpens her, instructs her how to Flea
 Her Husband bare, and then divides the Prey.
 She takes Love-Letters, with a Crafty smile,
 And, in her Daughter's Answer, mends the style. ³³⁰
 In vain the Husband sets his watchful Spies ;
 She Cheats their cunning, or she bribes their Eyes.
 The Doctor's call'd ; the Daughter, taught the Trick,
 Pretends to faint : and in full Health is Sick.
 The Panting Stallion, at the Closet-Door,
 Hears the Consult, and wishes it were o're.
 Can'st thou, in Reason, hope, a Lawd so known
 Shou'd teach her other Manners than her own ?
 Her Int'rest is in all th' Advice she gives :
 'Tis on the Daughter's Rents the Mother lives. ³⁴⁰
 No Cause is try'd at the Litigious Bar,
 But Women Plaintiffs or Defendants are,
 They form the Process, all the Briefs they write,
 The Topics furnish, and the Pleas indite ;
 And teach the Toothless Lawyer how to Bite.
 They turn Virago's too ; the Wrestler's toy
 They try, and Smear their Naked Limbs with Oyl :
 Against the Post, their wicker Shields they crush,
 Flourish the Sword, and at the Plastron push
 Of every Exercise the Mannish Crew ³⁵⁰
 Fulfils the Parts, and oft Exceeds us too ;
 Prepar'd not only in feign'd Fights t' engage
 But royt the Gladiators on the Stage.
 What sence of shame in such a Breach can lye,
 Imm'd to Arms, and her own Sex to fly ?
 Yet to be wholly Man she wou'd disclaim ;
 To quit her tenfold Pleasure at the Game.
 For Irothy Praises, and an Empty Name.
 Oh what a decent Sight 'tis to behold
 All thy Wife's Magazine by Auction sold !

291 thy] Some editors give their
 308 your] Some editors give you

The Belt, the crested Plume, the several
Suits

Of Armour, and the Spanish Leather Boots! 361
Yet these are they, that cannot bear the heat
Of figur'd Silks, and under Sarcenet sweat.
Behold the strutting *Amazonian* Whore,
She stands in Guard with her right Foot
before:

Her Coats Tuck'd up; and all her Motions
just,
She stamps, and then Cries, hah at ev'ry
thrust:

But laugh to see her, tyr'd with many a bout,
Call for the Pot, and like a Man Piss out. 370
The Ghosts of *Ancient Romans*, shou'd they
rise,

Wou'd grin to see their Daughters play
a Prize.

Besides, what endless Brawls by Wives
are bred:

The Curtain-Lecture makes a Mournful Bed.
Then, when she has thee sure within the
Sheets,

Her Cry begins, and the whole Day repeats.
Conscious of Crimes her self, she teyzes first;
Thy Servants are accus'd; thy Whore is
curst;

She Acts the jealous, and at Will she cries;
For Womens Tears are but the sweat of
Eyes. 380

Poor Cuckold-Fool, thou think'st that Love
sincere,
And suck'st between her Lips, the falling
Tear:

But search her Cabinet, and thou shalt find
Each Tiller there with Love Epistles lin'd.
Suppose her taken in a close embrace,
This you wou'd think so manifest a Case,
No Rhetorick could defend, no Impudence
outface:

And yet even then she Cries the Marriage
Vow

A mental Reservation must allow;
And there's a silent bargain still imply'd,
The Parties shou'd be pleas'd on either
side: 391

And both may for their private needs
provide.

Tho Men your selves, and Women us you
call,

Yet *Homo* is a Common Nome for all.

There's nothing bolder than a Womao
Caught;

Guilt gives 'em Courage to maiotain their
Fault.

You ask from whence proceed these
monstrous Crimes?

Once Poor, and therefore Chast, in former
times,

Our Matrons were: No Luxury found room
In low-roof'd Houses, and bare Walls of Lome;
Their Hands with Labour hard'ned while
'twas Light, 401

And Frugal sleep supply'd the quiet Night,
While pinch't with want, their Hunger held
'em straight;

When *Hannibal* was How'ring at the Gate:
But wanton now, and lolling at our Ease,
We suffer all th' invet'rate ills of Peace,
And wastful Riot; whose Destructive
Charms

Revenge the vaoquish'd World, of our Vic-
torious Arms

No Crime, no Lustful Postures are unknown;
Since Poverty, our Guardian-God, is gone:
Pride, Laziness, and all Luxurious Arts, 411
Pour like a Deluge in, from Foreign Parts:
Since Gold Obscene, and Silver found the
way,

Strange Fashions with strange Bullhoo to
convey,
And our plain simple Manners to betray.

What care our Drunken Dames to whom
they spread?

Wine no distinction makes of Tail or Head.
Who lendly Dancing at a Midnight-Ball,
For hot Eringoes, and Fat Oysters call;
Full Brimmers to their Fuddled Noses
thrust; 420

Brimmers the last Provocatives of Lust,
When Vapours to their swimmiog Brains
advaoce,

And double Tapers on the Tables dance.
Now think what Bandy Dialogues they
have,

What *Tullia* talks to her confiding Slave,
At Modesty's old Statue: when by Night
They make a stand, and from their Litters
light;

The Good Man early to the Lavee goes,
And treads the Nasty Paddle of his Spouse.

The Secrets of the Goddess oam'd the
Good, 430

Are even by Boys and Barbers understood:

Where the Rank Matrons, Dancing to the
Pipe,
Gig with their Bums, and are for Action
ripe,
With Musick rais'd, they spread abroad their
Hair;
And toss their Heads like an enamour'd
Mare:

Laufella lays her Garland by, and proves
The mimic Leachery of Manly Loves.

Rank'd with the Lady, the cheap Sinner
lies;

For here not Blood, but Virtue gives the
prize. 439

Nothing is feign'd in this Venereal Strife;
'Tis downright Lust, and Acted to the
Life.

So full, so fierce, so vigorous, and so strong,
That, looking on, would make old *Nestor*
Young.

Impatient of delay, a general sound,
An universal Groan of Lust goes round;
For then, and only then, the Sex sincere
is found.

Now is the time of Action; now begin,
They cry, and let the lusty Lovers in.
The Whoresons are asleep; Then bring the
Slaves

And Watermen, a Race of strong-back'd
Knives. 450

I wish, at least, our Sacred Rites were free
From those Pollutions of Obscenity:
But 'tis well known what Singer, how
disguis'd,

A lewd audacious Action enterpriz'd:
Into the Fair with Women mixt, he went,
Arm'd with a huge two-handed Instrument;
A grateful Present to those holy Quires,
Where the Mouse guilty of his Sex retires:
And even Male-Pictures modestly are vail'd;
Yet no Profaneness on that Age pre-
vail'd; 460

No Scoffers at Religious Rites were found:
The now, at every Altar they abound.

I hear your cautious Counsel, you would
say,

Keep close your Women under Lock and Key:
But, who shall keep those Keepers? Women,
nurst

In Craft, begin with those, and Bribe 'em
first.

The Sex is turn'd all Whore; they Love the
Game:

And Mistresses, and Maids, are both the
same.

The poor *Ogulinia*, on the Poet's day,
Will borrow Cloaths, and Chair, to see the
Play: 470

She, who before had Mortgag'd her Estate,
And Pawn'd the last remaining piece of
Plate.

Some are reduc'd their utmost Shifts to try:
But Women have no shame of Poverty.

They live beyond their stint; as if their
store

The more exhausted, would increase the
more:

Some Men, instructed by the Lab'ring Ant,
Provide against th' Extremities of want;
But Woman-kind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the Dregs their sinking Fortune
drain: 480

Hourly they give, and spend, and wast, and
wear:

And think no Pleasure can be bought too
dear.

There are, who in soft Eunuchs place
their Bliss;

To shun the scrubbing of a Bearded Kiss;
And scape Abortion; but their solid joy-
Is when the Page, already past a Boy,
Is Capon'd late; and to the Guelder shown
With his two Pounders to Perfection grown.
When all the Navel-string could give,
appears;

All but the Beard; and that's the Barber's
loss, not theirs. 490

Seen from afar, and famous for his ware,
He struts into the Bath, among the Fair:
Th' admiring Crew to their Devotions fall;
And, kneeling, on their new *Pyrius* call.
Kerv'd for his Lady's use, and with her lies;
And let him drudge for her, if thou art wise,
Rather than trust him with thy Fav'rite
Boy;

He proffers Death in proffering to enjoy.
If Songs they love, the Singer's Voice they
force

Beyond his Compass till his Quail-Pipe's
hoarse; 500

His Lute and Lyre with their embrace is
worn;

With Knots they trim it, and with Gems
adorn:

Run over all the Strings, and Kiss the Case ;
And make Love to it, in the Master's place.

A certain Lady once, of high Degree,
To *Janus* Vow'd, and *Vesta's* Denty,
That ²³ *Pollio* might, in Singing, win the
Prize ;

Pollio the Dear, the Darling of her Eyes :
She Pray'd, and Brib'd ; whot cou'd she
more have done

For a Sick Husband, or an onely Son ? 570
With her Face veil'd, and heaving up her
hands,

The shameless Supplaint at the Altar
stands ;

The Forms of Pray'r she solemnly pursues ;
And, pale with Fear, the offer'd Entrails
views.

Answer, ye Pow'rs: For, if you heard her Vow,
Your Godships, sure, had little else to do.

This is not all ; for ²⁴ Actors they implore :
An Impudence unknown to Heav'n before.
Th' ²⁵ *Atrypæ*, tir'd with this Religious Rout,
Is forc'd to stand so long, he gets the Gout.
But suffer not thy Wife abroad to roam, 572
If she loves Singing, let her Sing at home ;
Nor strut in Streets, with *Amazonian* pace ;
For that's to Cuckold thee, before thy Face.

Their endless Itch of News comes next in
play ;

They vent their own ; and hear what others
say.

Know what in *Thrace*, or what in *France* is
done ;

Th' Intrigues betwixt the Stepdam and the
Son.

Tell who Loves who, what Favours some
partake :

And who is jilted for another's sake. 530
What pregnant Widow, in what morth was
made ;

How oft she did, and doing, what she said.

She, first, beholds the raging Comet rise :
Knows whom it threatens, and what Lands
destroys.

Still for the newest News she lies in wait ;
And takes Reports, just ent'ring at the Gate.
Wrecks, Floods, and Fires ; whot-ever she
can meet,

She spreads ; and is the *Fame* of every
Street.

This is a Grievance ; but the next is worse ;
A very Judgment, and her Neighbours
Curse : 540

For, if their barking Dog disturb her ease,
No Pray'r can bind her, no Excuse appease.
Th' unmanner'd Malefactor is Arraign'd ;
But first the Master, who the Curr Main-
taio'd,

Must feel the scourge : By Night she leaves
her Bed ;

By Night her Bathing Equipage is led,
That Marching Armies a less noise create ;
She moves in Tumult, and she Sweats in
State.

Mean while, her Guests their Appetites must
keep ;

Some gape for Hunger, and some gasp for
Sleep.

At length she comes, all flush'd, but e're
she sup, 550

Swallows o' swinging Preparation-Cup ;
And then, to clear her Stomach, spews it up.
The Deluge-Vomit all the Floor o'reflows,
And the sour savour nauseates every Nose.
She Drinks again ; again she spews a Lake ;
Her wretched Husband sees, and dares not
speak :

But mutters many o' Curse, against his Wife ;
And Damns himself, for chusing such a Life.

But of all Plagues, the greatest is untold ;
The Book-Learn'd Wife in *Greek* and *Latin*
bold. 561

The Critick-Dame, who at her Table sits ;
Homer and *Virgil* quotes, and weighs their
Wits ;

And pities *Didoes* Agonizing Fits.

She hos so far th' ascendant of the Board,
The Prating Pedant puts not in one Word ;
The Man of Law is Non-plust, in his Sutè ;
Nay every other Female Tongue is mute.
Hammers, and beating Anvils, you wou'd
swear,

And ²⁶ *Vulcan* with his whole Militia there.
Tabours ²⁷ and Trumpets cease ; for she
alone 571

Is able to Redeem the lab'ring Moon.
Ev'n Wit's a burthen, when it talks too long :
But she, who has no Continance of Tongue,
Should walk in Breeches, and shou'd wear
a Beard ;

And mix among the Philosophick Herd.
O what a midnight Curse has he, whose side
Is pester'd with a ²⁸ Mood and Figure Bride !
Let mine, ye Gods, (if such must be my
Fate)

No Logick Learn, nor History Translate ;

But rather be a quiet, humble Fool : 581
I hate a Wife, to whom I go to School,
Who climbs the Grammar-Tree, distinctly
knows

Where Noun, and Verb, and Participle
grows

Corrects her Country Neighbour ; and, a Bed,
For breaking ^{Priscian's}, breaks her Hus-
band's Head.

The Gawdy Gossip, when she's set agog,
In Jewels drest, and at each Ear a Bob,
Goes flaunting out, and, in her trim of
Pride,

Thinks all she says or does, is justifi'd. 590
When Poor, she's scarce a tolerable Evil ;
But Rich, and Fine, a Wife's a very Devil.

She duely, once a Month, renews her Face ;
Mean time, it lies in Dawb, and lid in
Grease ;

Those are the Husband's Nights ; she craves
her due,

He takes fat Kisses, and is stuck in Glue.
But, to the Lov'd Adult'rer when she
steers,

Fresh from the Bath, in brightness she
appears :

For him the Rich *Arabia* sweats her Gum ;
And precious Oyls from distant *Indies*
come : 600

How Haggardly so e're she looks at home,
Th' Eclipse then vanishes ; and all her Face

Is open'd, and restor'd to ev'ry Grace,
The Crust remov'd, her Cheeks as smooth
as Silk,

Are polish'd with a wash of Asses Milk ;
And, shou'd she to the farthest *North* be
sent,

A train ^{of} these attend her Banishment.
But, hadst thou seen her Plaistred up before,
'Twas so unlike n Face, it seem'd a Sore.

'Tis worth our while to know what all
the day 610

They do, and how they pass their time
away,

For, if o're-night the Husband has been
slack,

Or counterfeited Sleep, and turn'd his
Back,

Next day, be sure, the Servants go to
wreck.

The Chamber-Maid and Dresser, are call'd
Whores ;

The Page is stript, and beaten out of Doors

The whole House suffers for the Master's
Crime :

And he himself is warn'd to wake another
time.

She hires Tormentors, by the Year ; she
Treats

Her Visitours, and talks ; but still she beats,
Beats while she Paints her Face, surveys
her Gown, 621

Casts up the days Account, and still beats
on :

Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous
Tone,

She bids 'em, in the Devil's Name, begone.
Compar'd with such a Proud, Insulting
Dame,

Sicilian ^{tyrants} may renounce their
Name.

For, if she hasts abroad to take the Air,
Or goes to *Isis* Church (the Bawdy-House
of Pray'r)

She hurries all her Handmaids to the Task ;
Her Head, none, will twenty Dressers ask.
Pseas, the chief, with Breast and Shoulders
bare. 631

Trembling, considers every Sacred Hair ;
If any Stragler from his Rank be found,
A pinch must, for the Mortal Sin, compound.

Pseas is not in Fault : But, in the Glass,
The Dame's Offended at her own ill Face.

That Maid is Banish'd ; and another Girl
More dextrous, manages the Comb, and Curl ;

The rest are summon'd, on a point so nice ;
And first, the Grave Old Woman gives

Advice. 640

The next is call'd, and so the turn goes
round,

As each for Age, or Wisdom, is Renown'd :
Such Counsel, such delib'rate care they take,

As if her Life and Honour lay at stake :
With Curls on Curls, they build her Head
before

And mount it with a Formidable Tow'r ²⁴.
A Gyantess she seems ; but, look behind,

And thence she dwindles to the Pigmy kind.
Duck-leg'd, short-wasted, such a Dwarf
she is,

That she must rise on Tip-toes for a Kiss.
Mean while, her Husband's whole Estate

is spent ; 651

He may go bare, while she receives his Rent.

She minds him not ; she lives not as a Wife,
 But like a Bawling Neighbour, full of Strife :
 Near him, in this alone, that she extends
 Her Hate to all his Servants and his Friends
Bellona's Priests, an Eunuch at their
 Head,
 About the Streets a mad Procession lead ;
 The ^{as} Venerable Guelding, large, and high,
 O'relooks the Herd of his inferiour Fry. 660
 His awkward Clergy-Men about him prance ;
 And beat the Timbrels to their Mystick
 Dance.
 Guiltless of Testicles, they tear their Throats,
 And squeak, in Treble, their Unmanly Notes.
 Mean while, big Cheeks the Myter'd Prophet
 swells,
 And Dire Presages of the Year foretels
 Unless with Eggs (his Priestly hire) they
 hast
 To Expiate, and avert th' Autumnal blast.
 And ^{as} add beside a murrey-colour'd Vest,
 Which, in their places, may receive the
 Pest : 670
 And, thrown into the Flood, their Crimes
 may bear,
 To purge th' unlucky Omens of the Year.
 Th' Astonisht Matrons pay, before the rest ;
 That Sex is still obnoxious to the Priest.
 Through yce they beat, and plunge into
 the Stream,
 If so the God has warn'd 'em in a Dream.
 Weak in their Limbs, but in Devotion
 strong,
 On their bare Hands and Feet they crawl
 along
 A whole Fields length, the Laughter of the
 Tbrong.
 Should *Io* (so's Priest I mean) Command 680
 A Pilgrimage to *Meroe's* burning Sand,
 Through Desarts they wou'd seek the secret
 Spring ;
 And Holy Water, for Lustration, bring.
 How can they pay their Priests too much
 respect,
 Who Trade with Heav'n, and Earthly Gains
 neglect ?
 With him, Domestick Gods Discourse by
 Night ;
 By Day, attended by his Quire in white,
 The Bald-pate Tribe runs madding through
 the Street,
 And Smile to see with how much ease they
 Cheat.
 The Ghostly Syre forgives the Wife's De-
 lights, 690
 Who Sins, through Frailty, on forbidden
 Nights ;
 And Tempts her Husband in the Holy
 Time,
 When Carnal Pleasure is a Mortal Crime.
 The Sweating Image shakes its Head ; but he
 With Numbled Pray'rs Attones the Deity.
 The Pious Priesthood the Fat Goose receive,
 And they once Bri'd the Godhead must
 forgive
 No sooner these remove, but full of Fear,
 A Gypsie Jewess whispers in your Ear,
 And begs an Alms : An High-priest's
 Daughter she, 700
 Vers'd in their *Talmud*, and Divinity ;
 And Prophecies beneath a shady Tree.
 Her Goods a Basket, and old Hay her Bed,
 She strouls, and, Telling Fortunes, gains her
 Bread :
 Farthings and some small Moneys, are her
 Fees ;
 Yet she Interprets all your Dreams for
 these.
 Foretels th' Estate, when the Rich Uncle
 Dies,
 And sees a Sweet-heart in the Sacrifice. 708
 Such Toys, a Pidgeons Entrails can disclose :
 Which yet th' *Armenian Augur* far outgoes :
 In Dogs, a Victim more obscene, he rakes ;
 And Murder'd Infants, for Inspection, takes :
 For Gain, his Impious Practice he pursues ;
 For Gain, will his Accomplices accuse.
 More Credit, yet, is to ^{as} *Chaldeans* giv'n ;
 What they foretell, is deem'd the Voice of
 Heav'n.
 Their Answers, as from *Hammon's* Altar,
 come ;
 Since now the *Delphian* Oracles are dumb.
 And Mankind, ignorant of future Fate,
 Believes what fond Astrologers relate. 720
 Of these the most in vogue is he, who sent
 Beyond Seas, is return'd from Banishment,
 His Art who to ^{as} *Aspiring Olla* sold ;
 And sure Succession to the Crown foretold.
 For his Esteem is in his Exile plac'd ;
 The more Believ'd, the more, he was Dis-
 grac'd.
 No Astrologick Wizard Honour gains,
 Who has not oft been Banisht, or in Chains.
 He gets Renown, who, to the Halter near,
 But narrowly escapes, and buys it dear. 730

From him your Wife enquires the Planets
Will,
Whoe the black *Jaundies* shall her Mother
Kill:
Her Sister's and her Uncle's end, wou'd
know:
But, first, coosults his Art, when you shall go.
And, what's the greatest Gift that Heav'n
can give,
If, after her, th' Adulterer shall live.
She neither knows nor cares to know the
rest;
If *Mars* and *Saturn* shall the World infest;
Or *Jove* and *Venus* with their Friendly Rays,
Will interpose, and bring us better days. 740
Beware the Woman, too, and shun her
Sight,
Who in these Studies does her self Delight.
By whom a greasie Almanack is born,
With often handling, like chaff Amber, worn:
Not now consulting, but consulted, she
Of the Twelve Houses, and their Lords, is
free.
She, if the Scheme a fatal Journey show,
Stays safe at Home, but lets her Husband go.
If but a Mile she Travel out of Town,
The Planetary Hour must first be known, 750
And lucky moment; if her Eye but akes
Or itches, its Decumbiture she takes.
No Nourishment receives in her Disease,
But what the Stars and *Ptolomy* shall
please.
The middle sort, who have not much
to spare,
To Chiromancers cheaper Art repair,
Who clap the pretty Palm, to make the
Lines more fair.
But the Rich Matron, who has more to give,
Her Answers from the *Brachman* will
receive:
Skill'd in the Globe and Sphere, he Gravely
staods, 760
And, with his Compass, measures Seas and
Lands.
The Poorest of the Sex have still an Itch
To know their Fortunes, equal to the Rich.
The Dairy-Maid enquires, if she shall take
The trusty Taylor, and the Cook forsake.
Yet these, tho' Poor, the Pain of Child-bed
bear;
And, without Nurses, their own Infants rear:
You seldom hear of the Rich Mantle spread
For the Babe born in the great Lady's Bed.

Such is the Pow'r of Herbs; such Arts
they use 770
To make them Barren, or their Fruit to lose.
But thou, whatever Slops she will have
bought,
Be thankful, and supply the deadly Draught:
Help her to make Manslaughter; let her
bleed,
And never want for Savin at her need.
For, if she holds till her nine Months be run,
Thou may'st be Father to an *Ethiop's* Son.
A Poy, who ready gotten to thy hands,
By Law is to Inherit all thy Lands:
One of that hue, that should he cross the
way, 780
His *Omen* wou'd discolour all the day.
I pass the Foundling by, a Race unknown,
At Doors expos'd, whom Matrons make
their own:
And into Noble Families advance
A Nameless Issue, the blind work of Chance.
Indulgent Fortune does her Care employ,
And, smiling, broods upon the Naked Boy:
Her Garment spreads, and laps him in the
Fold,
And covers, with her Wings, from nightly
Cold:
Gives him her Blessing; puts him in a way;
Sets up the Farce, and laughs at her own
Play. 790
Him she promotes; she favours him alone,
And makes Provision for him, as her own.
The craving Wife the force of Magick
tries,
And Philters for th' unable Husband buys:
The Potion works not on the part design'd;
But turns his Brain, and stupifies his Mind.
The sotted Moon-Calf gapes, and staring on,
Sees his own Business by another done:
A long Oblivion, a benumbing Frost. So
Coostains his Head; and Yesterday is lost:
Some nimbler Juice would make him foam,
and rave,
Like that *Cassonia* to her *Caius* gave:
Who, plucking from the Forehead of the Fole
His Mother's Love, infus'd it in the Bowl:
The boiling Blood ran hissing in his Veins,
Till the mad Vapour mounted to his Brains.
The *Thund'r* was not half so much oo
Fire,
When *Juno's* Girdle kindled his Desire.

What Woman will not use the Poys'ning
Trade, 820
When *Cesar's* Wife the Precedent has
made?

Let *Agrippina's* Mushroom be forgot,
Giv'n to a Slav'ring, Old, unuseful Sot;
That only clos'd the driv'ning Dotard's
Eyes,

And sent his Godhead downward to the
Skies.

But this fierce Potion calls for Fire and
Sword;

Nor spares the Commons, when it strikes
the Lord.

So many Mischiefs were in one combin'd;
So much one single Poys'ner cost Mankind.

If Stopdams seek their Sons in Law to
kill, 820

'Tis Venial Trespass; let them have their
Will:

But let the Child, entrusted to the Care
Of his own Mother, of her Bread beware:
Beware the Food she reaches with her
Hand;

The Morsel is intended for thy Land.
Thy Tutour be thy Taster, e're thou Eat;
There's Poyson in thy Drink, and in thy
Meat.

You think this feign'd; the Satyr in
a Rage

Struts in the Buskins of the Tragick Stage,
Forgets his Bus'ness is to Laugh and Bite;
And will, of Deaths, and dire Revenges
Write. 831

Wou'd it were all a Fable, that you Read;
But *Dryden's* Wife pleads Guilty to the
Deed.

I (she confesses,) in the Fact was caught;
Two Sons dispatching, at one, deadly
Draught.

What Two, Two Sons, thou Viper, in one
day?

Yes, sev'n, she cries, if sev'n were in my way.
Medea's ⁴ Legend is no more a Lye;

Our Age adds Credit to Antiquity
Great Ills, we grant, in former times did
Reign, 840

And Murthers then were done: but not
for Gain.

Less Admiration to great Crimes is due,
Which they Through Wrath, or through
Revenge pursue.

For, weak of Reason, impotent of Will,
The Sex is hurri'd headlong into Ill:

And, like a Cliff from its foundations torn,
By raging Earthquakes, into Seas is born.

But those are Fiends, who Crimes from
thought begin,

And, cool in Mischief, meditate the Sin.
They Read th' Example of a Pious Wife, 850

Redeeming, with her own, her Husband's
Life;

Yet, if the Laws did that Exchange afford,
Would save their Lapdog sooner than their
Lord.

Where c're you walk, the ⁵ *Behdes* you
meet;

And ⁶ *Clytemnestra's* grow in ev'ry Street:
But here's the difference; *Agamemnon's*
Wife

Was a gross Butcher, with a bloody Knife;
But Murther, now, is to perfection grown,

And subtle Poysons are employ'd alone:
Unless some Antidote prevents their
Arts, 860

And lines with Balsom all the Noble parts:
In such a case, reserv'd for such a need,

Rather than fail, the Dagger does the Deed.

861 Noble] *The editors wrongly give Nobler*

The End of the Sixth Satyr.

NOTES TO THE SIXTH SATYR.

¹ In the Golden Age, when *Saturn* Reign'd.

² *Fat with Acorns*. Acorns were the Bread of
Mankind, before Corn was found.

³ *Under Jove*. When *Jove* had driven his Father
into Banishment, the Silver Age began, according
to the Poets.

⁴ *Unease Justice, &c*. The Poet makes Justice
and Chastity Sisters; and says that they fled to
Heaven together, and left Earth for ever.

⁵ *Ceres Feast*. When the *Roman* Women were
forbidden to bed with their Husbands.

⁶ *Jove and Mars*. Of whom more Formicating
Stories are told, than any of the other Gods.

⁷ *Wandering Pharo*. She fled to Egypt, which
wonder'd at the Enormity of her Crime.

⁸ He tells the Famous Story of *Messalina*, Wife
to the Emperor *Claudius*.

⁹ *Wealth has the Privilege, &c*. His meaning

is, that a Wife who brings a large Dowry may do what she pleases, and has all the Privileges of a Widow.

¹⁰ *Berenice's Ring.* A Ring of great Price, which *Herod Agrippa* gave to his Sister *Berenice*. He was King of the *Jews*, but Tributary to the *Romans*.

¹¹ *Cornelia.* Mother to the *Gracchi*, of the Family of the *Cornelii*: from whence *Scipio the African* was descended, who Triumph'd over *Hannibal*.

¹² *O Pean* &c. He alludes to the known Fable of *Niobe* in *Orid.* *Amphion* was her Husband: *Pean* is *Apollo*, who with his Arrows killed her Children, because she boasted that she was more fruitful than *Latona*, *Apollo's* Mother.

¹³ *The thirty Pigs, &c.* He alludes to the white Sow in *Virgil*, who farrow'd thirty Pigs.

¹⁴ *The Grecian Cant;* Women then learnt Greek, as ours speak *French*.

¹⁵ All the *Romans*, even the most inferior, and most infamous Sort of them, had the Power of making Wills.

¹⁶ *Go drag that Slave, &c.* These are the words of the Wife.

¹⁷ *Your Reason why, &c.* The Answer of the Husband.

¹⁸ *Callst thou that Slave a Man?* The Wife again.

¹⁹ *Hannibal* A Famous *Carthaginian* Captain; who was upon the point of Conquering the *Romans*.

²⁰ *The good Goddess.* At whose Feasts no Men were to be present.

²¹ *Nestor.* Who lived three hundred Years.

²² *What Singer, &c.* He alludes to the Story of *P. Cloelius*, who, disguis'd in the Habit of a Singing Woman, went into the House of *Caesar*, where the Feast of the Good Goddess was Celebrated; to find an opportunity with *Caesar's* Wife *Pompeia*.

²³ He taxes Women with their loving Eunuchs, who can get no Children; not adds, that they only love such Eunuchs, as are guelled when they are already at the Age of Manhood.

²⁴ *Priapus.* The God of Lust.

²⁵ *Pollio.* A Famous Singing Boy.

²⁶ That such an Actor whom they love might obtain the Prize.

²⁷ *Th' Aruspex.* He who inspects the Entrails of the Sacrifice, and from thence, foretells the Successor.

²⁸ *Vulcan.* The God of Smiths.

²⁹ *Tambores and Trumpets, &c.* The Ancients thought that with such sounds they cou'd bring the Moon out of her Eclipse.

³⁰ *A mood and figure bride.* A Woman who has learn'd Logic.

³¹ A Woman-Grammarian, who corrects her

Husband for speaking false Latin, which is call'd breaking *Priscian's* Head.

³² *A Train of these.* That is, of the Asses.
³³ *Stialist Tyrants.* Are grown to a Power in Latin, for their Cruelty.

³⁴ This dressing up the Head so high, which we call a *Ton'r*, was an Ancient way amongst the *Romans*.

³⁵ *Bellona's* Priests were a sort of Fortune-tellers; and the High Priest an Eunuch.

³⁶ *And add beside, &c.* A Garment was given to the Priest, which he threw into the River; and that, they thought, bore all the Sins of the People, which were drown'd with it.

³⁷ *Chaldeans* are thought to have been the first Astr. Logers.

³⁸ *Orho* succeeded *Gaius* in the Empire: which was foretold him by an Astrologer.

³⁹ *Mars* and *Saturn* are the two Unfortunate Planets; *Jupiter* and *Jenus*, the two Fortunate.

⁴⁰ *Ptolemy.* A Famous Astrologer, an *Egyptian*.

⁴¹ The *Brachmans* are *Indian* Philosophers, who remain to this day; and hold, after *Pythagoras*, the Translation of Souls from one body to another.

⁴² *To an Ethiop's son.* His meaning is, help her to any kind of Slops, which may cause her to miscarry; for fear she may be brought to Bed of a black-moor, which thou, being her Husband, art bound to Father; and that Bastard may by Law, Inherit thy Estate.

⁴³ *His Onen, &c.* The *Romans* thought it ominous to see a Black-moor in the Morning, if he were the first Man they met.

⁴⁴ *Cassius.* Wife to *Caius Cæsar*, the great Tyrant: This said she gave him a Love-Poison, which bring up into his Head, distracted him; and was the occasion of his committing so many Acts of Cruelty.

⁴⁵ *The Thunderer, &c.* The Story is in *Homer*; where *Juno* borrow'd the Girdle of *Venus*, call'd *Cætes*; to make *Jupiter* in love with her, while the *Grecians* and *Trojans* were fighting, that he might not help the latter.

⁴⁶ *Agrippina* was the Mother of the Tyrant *Nero*, who Poison'd her Husband *Claudius*, that *Nero* might Succeed, who was her Son, and not *Britannicus*, who was the Son of *Claudius*, by a former Wife.

⁴⁷ The Widow of *Drymon* Poison'd her Son, that she might Succeed to their Estate: This was done either in the Poet's time, or just before it.

⁴⁸ *Medea*, out of Revenge to *Jason*, who had forsaken her, kill'd the Children which she had by him.

⁴⁹ *The Belides.* Who were fifty Sisters, Marry'd to fifty young Men, their Cousin-Germans; and kill'd them all on their Wedding-Night, excepting *Hippomenestra*, who sav'd her Husband *Linos*.

⁵⁰ *Clytemnestra.* The Wife of *Agamemnon*, who, in favour to her adulterer *Egytius*, was consenting to his Murder.

THE TENTH SATYR.

ARGUMENT | of the | Tenth Satyr.

The Poet's Design, in this Divine Satyr, is to represent the various Wishes and Desires of Mankind; and to set out the Folly of 'em. He runs through all the several Heads of Riches, Honours, Eloquence, Fame for Martial Achievements, Long-Life, and Beauty; and gives Instances, in Each, how frequently they have prov'd the Ruin of those that Own'd them. He concludes therefore, that since we generally chuse so ill for our selves, we shou'd do better to leave it to the Gods, to make the choice for us. All we can safely ask of Heaven lies within a very small Compass. 'Tis but Health of Body and Mind.—And if we hope these, 'tis not much matter what we want besides: For we have already enough to make us Happy.

THE | TENTH SATYR.

LOOK round the Habitable World, how few Know their own Good; or knowing it, pursue.

How void of Reason are our Hopes and Fears!

What in the Conduct of our Life appears So well design'd, so luckily begun, But, when we have our wish, we wish undone?

Whole Houses, of their whole Desires possest, Are often Ruin'd, at their own Request.

In Wars, and Peace, things hurtful we require,

When made Obnoxious to our own Desire. 10 With Laurels some have fatally been Crown'd;

Some who the depths of Eloquence have foud,

In that unnavigable Stream were Drown'd } The ' Brawny Fool, who did his Vigour hoast,

In that Presumeing Confidence was lost: But more have been by Avarice oppress, And Heaps of Money crouded in the Chest: Unwieldy Sums of Wealth, which higher mount Than Files of Marshall'd Figures can account.

To which the Stores of Cræsus, in the Scale, } Wou'd look like little Dolphins, when they sail

In the vast Shadow of the British Whale. }²¹

For this, in Nero's Arbitrary time, When Virtue was a Guilt, and Wealth a Crime,

A Troop of Cut-Throat Guards were sent, to seize

The Rich Mens Goods, and gut their Palaces: The Mob, Commission'd by the Government, Are seldom to an Empty Garret sent.

The Fearful Passenger, who Travels late, Charg'd with the Carriage of a Paltry Plate,

Shakes at the Moonshine shadow of a Rush;³⁰ And sees a Red-Coat rise from every Bush: The Beggar Sings, ev'n when he sees the place

Beset with Thieves, and never meets his pace.

Of all the Vows, the first and chief Request Of each, is to be Richer than the rest:

And yet no doubts the Poor Man's Draught controul,

He dreads no Poison in his homely Bowl, Then fear the deadly Drug, when Gems Divine

Enchasethe Cup, and sparkle in the Wine. 40

Will you not now, the pair of Sages praise, Who the same End pursu'd, by several Ways?

One pity'd, one condemn'd the Woful Times:

One laugh'd at Follies, one lamented Crimes: Laughter is easie; but the Wonder lies, What stores of Brine supply'd the Weepers Eyes.

Democritus cou'd feed his Spleen, and shake His sides and shoulders till he felt 'em ake; Tho in his Country Town no Lictors were,

Nor Rods nor Ax nor Tribune did appear; 50 Nor all the Foppish Gravity of show.

Which cunning Magistrates on Crowds bestow:

What had he done, had he beheld, on high Our Prætor seated, in Mock Majesty;

His Chariot rowling o're the Dusty place While, with dumb Pride, and a set formal

Face,

He moves, in the dull Ceremonial track,
With *Jove's* Embroyder'd Coat upon his
back :

A Sute of Hangings had not more opprest
His Shoulders, than that long, Laborious
Vest. 60

A heavy Gugaw, (call'd a Crown) that spread
About his Temples, drown'd his narrow
Head :

And wou'd have crush'd it, with the Massy
Freight,
But that a sweating Slave sustain'd the
weight :

A Slave in the same Chariot seen to ride,
To mortifie the mighty Madman's Pride.
Add now th' Imperial Eagle, rais'd on high,
With Golden Beak (the Mark of Majesty)
Trumpets before, and on the Left and Right,
A Cavalcade of Nobles, all in White : 70
In their own Natures false, and flatt'ring
Tribes,
But made his Friends, by Places and by
Bribes.

In his own Age, *Democritus* cou'd find
Sufficient cause to laugh at Humane kind :
Learn from so great a Wit ; a Land of Bogs
With Ditches fenc'd, a Heaven Fat with Fogs,
May form a Spirit to sway the State ;
And make the Neighb'ring Monarchs fear
their Fate.

Helaughs at all the Vulgar Cares and Fears ;
At their vain Triumphs, and their vainer
Tears : 80

An equal Temper in his Mind he found,
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she
frown'd.

'Tis plain from hence that what our Vows
request,

Are hurtful things, or Useless at the best.
Some ask for Envy'd Pow'r ; which
publick Hate

Pursues, and hurries headlong to their Fate :
Down go the Titles ; and the Statue
Crown'd,

Is by base Hands in the next River Drown'd.
The Guiltless Horses, and the Chariot Wheel,
The same Effects of Vulgar Fury feel : 90
The Smith prepares his Hammer for the
Stroke,

While the Lung'd Bellows hissing Fire
provoke ;

Sejanus,² almost first of *Roman* Names,
The great *Sejanus* crackles in the Flames ;
Form'd in the Forge, the Pliant Brass is
laid
On Anvils ; and of Head and Limbs are
made
Pans, Cans, and Pispots, a whole Kitchin
Trade.

Adorn your Doors with Laurels ; and
a Bull

Milk white, and large, lead to the Capitol ;
Sejanus with a Rope is drag'd along, 100
The Sport and Laughter of the giddy Throng!
Good Lord, they Cry, what *Ethiop* Lips
he has,

How foul a Snout, and what a hanging Face!
By Heav'n, I never cou'd endure his sight ;
But say, how came his Monstrous Crimes
to Light ?

What is the Charge, and who the Evidence
(The Saviour of the Nation and the Prince ?)
Nothing of this ; but our Old *Cæsar* sent
A Noisie Letter to his Parliament :

Nay, Sirs, if *Cæsar* writ, I ask no more, 110
He's Guilty: and the Question's out of Door.
How goes the Mob ? (for that's a Mighty
thing.)

When the King's Trump, the Mob are for
the King :

They follow Fortune, and the Common Cry
Is still against the Rogue Condemn'd to Dye.

But the same very Mob, that Rascal crowd,
Had cry'd *Sejanus*, with a Shout as loud ;
Had his Designs (by Fortune's favour Blest)
Succeeded, and the Prince's Age opprest,
But long, long since, the Times have chang'd
their Face, 120

The People grown Degenerate and base ;
Not suffer'd now the Freedom of their choice,
To make their Magistrates, and sell their
Voice.

Our Wise Fore-Fathers, Great by Sea and
Land,

Had once the Pow'r and absolute Command ;
All Offices of Trust, themselves dispos'd ;
Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they
pleas'd, Depos'd.

But we, who give our Native Rights away,
And our Inslav'd Posterity betray,
Are now reduc'd to beg an Alms, and go 130
On Holidays to see a Puppet show.

There was a Damn'd Design, crys one, no doubt ;
 For Warrants are already Issued out :
 I met *Brutidius* in a Mortal fright ;
 He's dipt for certain, and plays least in sight :
 I fear the Rage of our offended Prince,
 Who thinks the Senate slack in his defence !
 Come let us haste, our Loyal Zeal to show,
 And spurn the Wretched Corps of *Cesar's*
 Foe : 139
 But let our Slaves he present there, lest they
 Accuse their Masters, and for Gain betray.
 Such were the Whispers of those jealous
 Times,
 About *Sejanus*' Punishment, and Crimes.
 Now tell me truly, wou'dst thou change
 thy Fate
 To be, like him, first Minister of State ?
 To have thy Levees Crowded with resort
 Of a depending, gaping, servile Court :
 Dispose all Honours of the Sword and Gown,
 Grace with a Nod, and Ruin with a Frown :
 To hold thy Prince in Pupill-Age, and sway
 That Monarch, whom the Master'd World
 obey ? 151
 While he, intent on secret Lusts alone,
 Lives to himself, abandoning the Throne ;
 Coopt^d in a narrow Isle, observing Dreams
 With flattering Wisards, and erecting
 Schemes !
 I well believe, thou wou'd'st be Great as he,
 For every Man's a Fool to that Degree ;
 All wish the dire Prerogative to kill ;
 Ev'n they wou'd have the Pow'r, who want
 the Will :
 But wou'dst thou have thy Wishes under-
 stood, 160
 To take the Bad together with the Good ?
 Wou'dst thou not rather choose a small
 Renown,
 To be the May'r of some poor Paltry Town,
 Bigly to Look, and Barh'rously to speak ;
 To pound false Weights, and scanty Measures
 break ?
 Then, grant we that *Sejanus* went astray,
 In ev'ry Wish, and knew not how to pray :
 For he who grasp'd the World's exhausted
 Store,
 Yet never had enough, hut wish'd for more,
 Rais'd a Top-heavy Tower, of monst'rous
 height, 170
 Which Mould'r'ing, crush'd him underneath
 the Weight.

What did the mighty *Pompey's* Fall heget ?
 And ruin'd 'him, who Greater than the
 Great,
 The stubborn Pride of *Roman* Nobles broke ;
 And hent their Haughty Necks beneath
 his Yoke ?
 What else hut his immoderate Lust of
 Pow'r,
 Pray'rs made, and granted in a Luckless
 Hour ?
 For few Usurpers to the Shades descend
 By a dry Death, or with a quiet End
 The Boy, who scarce has paid his Entrance
 down 180
 To his proud Pedant, or declin'd a Noun,
 (So small an Elf, that when the days are
 foul,
 He and his Satchel must he horn to School,)
 Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing
 less,
 To 'prove a *Tully*, or *Demosthenes* :
 But both those Orators, so much renown'd,
 In their own Depths of Eloquence were
 Drown'd :
 The Hand and Head were never lost, of
 those 188
 Who dealt in Dogrel, or who punn'd in Prose :
Fortune 'foretold the *dyiug* Notes of Rome :
 Till I, thy Consul sole, consol'd thy doom
 His Fate had crept below the lifted Swords,
 Had all his Malice been to Murther words,
 I rather would he *Maurus*, Thrash for
 Rhimes
 Like his, the scorn and scandal of the Times,
 Than 'that Philippique, fatally Divine,
 Which is inscrib'd the Second, should be
 Mine.
 Nor he, the Wonder of the *Grecian* throng,
 Who drove them with the Torrent of his
 Tongue,
 Who shook the Theaters, and sway'd the
 State 200
 Of *Athens*, found a more Propitious Fate.
 Whom, horn beneath a boding Horoscope,
 His Sire, the Blear-Ey'd *Vulcan* of a Shop,
 From *Mars* his Forge, sent to *Minerva's*
 Schools,
 To learn th' unlucky Art of wheedling Fools.
 With Itch of Honour, and Opinion, Vain,
 All things beyond their Native worth we
 strain :
 The Spoils of War, brought to *Feretrariu Jove*
 An empty Coat of Armour hung above

The Conquerors Chariot, and in Triumph
born, 210

A Streamer from a hoarded Gally toro,
A Chap-faln Beaver loosely hanging hy
The cloven Helm, an Arch of Victory,
On whose high Convex sits a Captive Foe,
And sighing casts a Mournful Look below ;
Of ev'ry Nation, each Illustrious Name,
Such Toys as these have cheated into Fame :
Exchanging solid Quiet, to obtain
The Windy satisfaction of the Brain.

So much the Thirst of Honour Fires the
Blood ; 220

So many wou'd be Great, so few be Good.
For who wou'd Virtue for her self regard,
Or Wed, without the Portion of Reward ?
Yet this Mad Chace of Fame, hy few pursu'd,
Has drawn Destruction oo the Multitude :
This Avarice of Praise in Times to come,
Those long Inscriptions, crowded on the
Tomb,

Shou'd some Wild Fig-Tree take her Native
bent,

Aod heave below the gaudy Monument,
Wou'd crack the Marble Titles, and dis-
perse 230

The Characters of all the lying Verse.
For Sepulchres themselves must crumbling
fall

In Times Abyss, the commoo Grave of all.
Great *Hannibal* within the Ballance lay ;
And tell bow many Pounds his Ashes weigh ;
Whom *Africk* was not able to contain,
Whose length runs Level with th' *Atlantick*
main,

And wearies fruitful *Nilus*, to convey
His Sun-beat Waters by so long a way ;
Which *Ethiopia's* double Climc divides, 240
And Elephants in other Mountains hides.
Spain first he won, the *Pyraeneans* past,
And steepy *Alps*, the Mounds that Nature cast:
And with Corroding Juices, as he went,
A passage through the living Rocks he rent.
Then, like a Torrent, rowling from on high,
He pours his head-long Rage on *Italy* ;
In three Victorious Battels overrun ;
Yet still uneasy, Cries, There's nothing done,
Till, level with the Ground, their Gates are
laid ; 250

And *Punick* Flags on *Romon* Tow'rs displaid.

Ask what a Face helong'd to this high
Fame ;

His Picture scarcely wou'd deserve a Frame.
A Sign-Post Dawber wou'd disdain to paint
The one-Ey'd Heroe on his Elephaot.

Now what's his End, O Charniog Glory, say
What rare fifth Act, to Crown this huffing
Play ?

In one deciding Battel overcome,
He flies, is banisht from his Native home :
Beggrefuge in a Foreign Court, and there 260
Attends, his mean Petition to prefer ;
Reprils'd hy surly Grooms, who wait before
The sleeping Tyrant's interdicted Door.

What wondrous sort of Death has
Heav'n design'd,
Distinguish'd from the Herd of Humane
Kind,

For so untam'd, so turbulent a Mind !
Nor Swords at hand, nor hissing Darts afar,
Are doom'd t' Avenge the tedious bloody
War,

But Poysoo, drawn through a Riogs hollow
plate, 269

Must finish him ; a sucking Infact's Fate.
Go, climb the rugged *Alps*, Ambitious fool,
To please the Boys, aod be a Theme at
School.

One World suffis'd not *Alexander's* Mind ;
Coop't up, he seem'd io Earth aod Seas con-
fin'd :

And, strugling, stretch'd his restless Limbs
about

The narrow Globe, to find a passage out.
Yet, enter'd in the Brick-built Town, he
try'd

The Tomb, and found the strait dimensions
wide :

"Death only this Mysterious Truth unfolds,
"The mighty Soul, how small a Body holds.
Old *Greece*" a Tale of *Athos* wou'd
make out, 281

Cut from the Continent, and Sail'd about ;
Seas hid with Navies, Chariots passing o're
The Channcl, on a Bridge from shore to
shore.

Rivers, whose depth no sharp beholder sees,
Drunk at an Armies Dione, to the Lees ;
With a long Legend of Romantick things,
Which, io his Cups, the Bowsy Poet sings.
But how did he return, this haughty Brave
Who whipt the Winds, aod made the Sea
his Slave ? 290

233 Times [times] 1693.

249 Cries, There's] Cries there's 1693.

(Tho' Neptune took unkindly to be bound,
And Eurus never such bard usage found
In his Eolian Prisons under ground;) }
What God so mean, ev'n¹¹ he who points
the way,

So Merciless a Tyrant to Obey!
But how return'd he, let us ask again? }
In a poor Skiff he pass'd the bloody Main,
Choak'd with the slaughter'd Bodies of
his Train,

For Fame he pray'd, but let th' Event
declare

He had no mighty penn'worth of his Pray'r
Jove, grant me length of Life, and Years
good store 301

Heap on my bending Back, I ask no more.
Both Sick and Healthful, Old and Young,
conspire

In this one silly, mischievous desire.
Mistaken Blessing, which Old Age they call,
'Tis a long, nasty, darksom Hospital,
A ropy Chain of Rhumes; a Visage rough,
Deform'd, Unfeatur'd, and a Skin of Buff.
A stitch-fal'n Cheek, that hangs below the
Jaw;

Such Wrinkles, as a skillful Hand wou'd
draw 310

For an old Grandam Ape, when, with a
Grace,

She sits at squat, and scrubs her Leathern
Face.

In Youth, distinctions infinite abound;
No Shape, or Feature, just alike are found;
The Fair, the Black, the Feeble, and the
Strong;

But the same foulness does to Age belong,
The self same Palsie, both in Limbs, and
Tongue.

The Skull and Forehead one Bald Barren
plain;

And Gums unarm'd to Mumble Meat in
vain:

Besides th' Eternal Drivel, that supplies 320
The dropping Beard, from Nostrils, Mouth,
and Eyes.

His Wife and Children loath him, and
what's worse,

Himself does his offensive Carrion Curse!
Flatt'ers forsake him too; for who would
kill

Himself, to be Remembred in a Will?
His taste, not only pall'd to Wine and Meat,
But to the Relish of a Nobler Treat.

The limber Nerve, in vain provok'd to rise,
Inglorious from the Field of Battel flies:
Poor Feeble Dotard, how cou'd he advance
With his Blew head-piece, and his broken
Lance?

Add, that endeavouring still without effect
A Lust more sordid justly we suspect.

Those Senses lost, behold a new defeat,
The Soul, dislodging from another scat
What Musick, or Enchanting Voice, can clear
A Stupid, Old, Impenetrable Ear?

No matter in what Place, or what Degree
Of the full Theater he sits to see;
Cornets and Trumpets cannot reach his Ear:
Under an Actor's Nose he's never near. 341
His Boy must bawl, to make him under-
stand

The Hour o' th' Day, or such a Lord's at
hand:

The little Blood that creeps within his Veins,
Is but just warm'd in a hot Fever's pains.
In fine, he wears no Limb about him sound:
With Sores and Sickneses beleagu'rd
round:

Ask me their Names, I sooner cou'd relate
How many Drudges on Salt Hippia wait;
What Crowds of Patients the Town Doctor
kills, 350

Or how, last fall, he rais'd the Weekly Bills.
What Provinces by Barlins were spoil'd,
What Herds of Heirs by Guardians are
beguyl'd:

How many bouts a Day that Bitch has tri'd;
How many Boys that Pedagogue can ride!
What Lands and Lordships for their Owners
know

My Quondam Barber, but his worship now.
This Dotard of his broken Back complain's,
One his Legs fail, and one his Shoulder
pains:

Another is of both his Eyes bereft; 360
And Envy who has one for Aiming left.
A Fifth with trembling Lips expecting stands;
As in his Child-hood, cram'd by others hands;
One, who at sight of Supper open'd wide
His Jaws before, and Whetted Grinders
try'd:

Now only Yawns, and waits to be supply'd:
Like a young Swallow, when with weary
Wings

Expected Food her fasting Mother brings.

His loss of Members is a heavy Curse,
But all his Faculties decay'd, a worse ! 370
His Servants Names he has forgotten quite ;
Knows not his Friend who supp'd with him
last Night.

Not ev'n the Children, he Begot and Bred ;
Or his Will knows 'em not : For, in their
stead,

In Form of Law, a common Hackney Jade,
Sole Heir, for secret Services, is made :
So lewd, and such a batter'd Brothel Whore,
That she defies all Commers, at her Door.
Well, yet suppose his Senses are his own ;
He lives to be chief Mourner for his Son : 380
Before his Face his Wife and Brother burns ;
He Numbers all his Kindred in their Urns.
These are the Fines he pays for living long ;
And dragging tedious Age, in his own
wrong :

Griefs always Green, a House-hold still in
Tears,
Sad Poms, a Threshold throng'd with
daily Biers ;

And Liveries of Black for Length of Years.
Next to the Raven's Age, the *Pyljan*¹ King
Was longest liv'd of any two leg'd thing ;
Blest, to Defraud the Grave so long, to
Mount 390
His ¹² Numbred Years, and on his Right Hand
Count ;

Three Hundred Seasons, guzling Must of
Wine :

But, hold a while, and hear himself Repine
At Fates Unequal Laws ; and at the Clue
Which, ¹⁴ Merciless in length, the midmost
Sister drew.

When his Brave Son upon the Fun'ral Pyre
He saw extended, and his Beard on Fire ;
He turn'd, and Weeping, ask'd his Friends,
what Crime

Had Curs'd his Age to this unhappy Time ?

Thus Mourn'd old *Peleus* for *Achilles*
slain, 400

And thus *Ulysses's* Father did complain.

How Fortunate an End had *Priam* made,
Among his Ancestors a mighty shade,
While *Tray* yet stood ; When *Hector* with
the Race

Of Royal Bastards, might his Funeral Grace:
Amidst the Tears of *Trojan* Dames inurn'd,
And by his Loyal Daughters truly mourn'd.

Had Heaven so Blest him, he had Dy'd before
The fatal Fleet to *Sparta Paris* bore.

But mark what Age produc'd ; he liv'd
to see 410

His Town in Flames, his falling Monarchy :
In fine, the feeble Syre, reduc'd by Fate,
To change his Scepter for a Sword, too late,
His ¹⁵ last Effort before *Jove's* Altar tries
A Souldier half, and half a Sacrifice :

Falls like an Oxe, that waits the coming
blow ;

Old and unprofitable to the Plough.

At ¹⁶ least, he Dy'd a Man, his Queen
surviv'd,

To Howl, and in a barking Eddy liv'd.

I hasten to our own ; Nor will relate 420
Great ¹⁷ *Mithridates*, and Rich ¹⁸ *Crassus* Fate ;
Whom *Solon* wisely Counsell'd to attend
The Name of Happy, till he knew his End.

That *Marius* was an Exile, that he fled,
Was ta'ne, in Ruin'd *Carthage* beg'd his
Bread,

All these were owing to a Life too long :

For whom had *Rome* beheld so Happy,
Young !

High in his Chariot and with Laurel Crown'd,
When he had led the *Cimbrian* Captives
round

The *Roman* Streets ; descending from his
State, 430

In that Blest Hour he should have beg'd
his Fate ;

Then, then, he might have dy'd all admir'd,
And his Triumphant Soul with Shouts
expir'd.

Campania,¹⁹ Fortunes Malice to prevent,
To *Pompey* an indulgent Feavour sent ;
But publick Pray'rs impos'd on Heav'n,
to give

Their such Lov'd Leader an unkind Re-
prieve.

The Cities Fate and his, conspir'd to save
The Head, reserv'd for an *Egyptian* Slave.

Cethegus,²⁰ tho a Traytor to the State. 440
And Tortur'd, scap'd this Ignominious Fate :
And *Scrgius*,²¹ who a bad Cause bravely
try'd,

All of a Piece, and undiminish'd Dy'd.

To *Venus*, the fond Mother makes a Pray'r,
That all her Sons and Daughters may be
Fair :

True, for the Boys a Mumbling Vow she sends;

But, for the Girls, the Vaulted Temple rends: They must be finish'd Pieces: 'Tis allow'd

Diana's Beauty made Latona Proud;

And pleas'd, to see the Wond'ring People Pray

To the New-rising Sister of the Day. 450

And yet *Lucrecia's* Fate wou'd bar that Vow:

And fair *Virginia* wou'd her Fate bestow

On *Rukla*; and change her Faultless Make

For the foul rump of Her Camel back.

But, for his Mother's Boy, the Beau, what frights

His Parents have by Day, what Anxious Nights!

Form join'd with Virtue is a sight too rare.

Chast is no Epithete to sute with Fair.

Suppose the same Troditionary strain 460

Of Rigid Manners in the House remain;

Inveterate Truth, an Old plan *Sabine's* Heart;

Suppose that Nature, too, has done her part;

Infus'd into his Soul a sober Grace,

And blusht a Modest Blood into his Face,

(For Nature is a better Guardian far,

Than Saway Pedants, or dull Tutors are.)

Yet still the Youth must ne're arrive at Man;

(So much Almighty Bribes and Presents can:)

Ev'n with a Parent, where Perswasions fail,

Mony is impudent, and will prevail. 471

We never Read of such a Tyrant King,

Who guelt a boy deform'd, to hear him Sing.

Nor *Nero*, in his more Luxurious Rage,

E're made a Mistress of an ugly Page:

Sporus, his Spouse, nor Crooked was, nor

Lame,

With Mountain Back, and Belly, from the

Game

Cross-barr'd: But both his Sexes well

became.

Go, boast your *Springal*, by his Beauty Curs'd

To fill; nor think I have declar'd the worst:

His Form procures him Journey-Work;

a strife 481

Betwixt Town-Madams and the Merchant's

Wife:

Guess, when he undertakes this publick War,

What furious Beasts offended Cuckolds are.

Adult'rers are with Dongers round beset;

Born under *Mars*, they cannot scape the Net;

And from Revengeful Husbands oft have try'd

Worse handling, than severest Laws provide:

One stabs; one slashes; one, with Cruel Art,

Makes *Colon* suffer for the Peccant part. 490

But your *Endymion*, your smooth, Smock-

fac'd boy,

Unrivall'd, shall a Beouteous Dame enjoy:

Not so: One more Salacious, Rich, and Old,

Out-bids, and buys her Pleasure for her

Gold:

Now he must Moll, and Drudge, for one he

loaths,

She keeps him High, in Equipage, and

Cloaths:

She Pawns her Jewels, and her Rich Attire,

And thanks the Workman northy of his

Hire:

In all things else immoral, stungy, mean;

But, in her Lusts, a Conscionable Quean 500

She may be handsom, yet be Chast, you

say;

Good Observator, not so fust away:

Did it not cost the *Modest* Youth his Life,

Who shun'd th' embraces of his Father's

Wife?

And was not *t'other* Stripling fore'd

to fly,

Who, coldly, did his Patron's Queen deny,

And pleaded Laws of Hospitality?

The Ladies charg'd 'em home, and turn'd

the Tail:

With shame they redn'd, and with spight

grew Pale.

'Tis Dang'rous to deny the longing Dame;

She loses Pity, who has lost her Shame. 511

Now *Silius* wants thy Counsel, give

Advice;

Wed *Cæsar's* Wife, or Dye; the Choice is

nice.

Her Comet-Eyes she darts on ev'ry Grace;

And takes a fatal liking to his Face.

Adorn'd with Bridal Pomp she sits in

State;

The Publick Notaries and *Auspex* wait:

The Genial Bed is in the Garden drest:

The Portion paid, and ev'ry Rite express'd,

Which in a Roman Marriage is profest. 520

508 Tail i.e. Tale

517 *Auspex* The editors ignoring Juvenal as well as Dryden's text, give Haruspex

'Tis no stol'n Wedding, this ; rejecting awe,
She scorns to Marry, but in Form of Law :
In this moot case, your Judgment: To
refuse

Is present Death, besides the Night you lose.
If you consent, 'tis hardly worth your pain ;
A day or two of Anxious Life you gain :
Till loud Reports through all the Town
have past,

And reach the Prince : For Cuckolds hear
the last.

Indulge thy Pleasure, Youth, and take thy
swing ;

For not to take, is but the self same thing ;
Inevitable Death before thee lies ; 531
But looks more kindly through a Ladies
Eyes.

What then remains ? Are we depriv'd
of Will,

Must we not Wish, for fear of wishing Ill ?
Receive my Counsel, and securely move ;
Intrust thy Fortune to the Pow'rs above.

Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring Wisdom sees thee want :
In Goodness as in Greatness they excel ;

Ah that we lov'd our selves but half so
well ! 540

We, blindly by our headstrong Passions led,
Are hot for Action, and desire to Wed ;
Then wish for Heirs : But to the Gods
alone

Our future Offspring, and our Wives are
known ;

Th' audacious Strumpet, and ungracious
Son.

Yet not to rob the Priests of pious Gain,
That Altars be not wholly built in vain ;

Forgive the Gods the rest, and stand confin'd
To Health of Body, and Content of Mind :

A Soul, that can securely Death defie, 550
And count it Nature's Priviledge, to Dye ;

Serene and Manly, harden'd, to sustain
The load of Life, and Exercis'd in Pain :

Guiltless of Hate, and Proof against Desire ;
That all things weighs, and nothing can
admire :

That dares prefer the Toils of *Hercules*
To Dalliance, Banquet, and Ignoble ease.

The Path to Peace is Virtue : What I
show,

Thy Self may freely on Thy Self bestow :
Fortune was never Worship'd by the

Wise ; 560
But, set aloft by Fools, Usurps the Skies.

The End of the Tenth Satyr.

NOTES TO THE TENTH SATYR.

¹ *Milo*, of *Crotone*, who, for a Trial of his strength, going to rend an Oak, perish'd in the Attempt : For his Arms were caught in the Trunk of it, and he was devour'd by Wild Beasts.

² *Sejanus* was *Tiberius's* first Favourite, and while he continu'd so had the highest Marks of Honour bestow'd on him : Statues and Triumphant Chariots were every where erected to him ; but as soon as he fell into Disgrace with the Emperor, these were all immediately dismounted, and the Senate and Common People insulted over him as meanly, as they had fawn'd on him before.

³ The island of *Capree*, which lies about a League out at Sea from the *Campanian* Shore, was the Scene of *Tiberius's* Pleasures in the latter part of his Reign. There he liv'd for some Years with Diviners, Soothsayers, and worse Company—And from thence dispatch'd all his Orders to the Senate.

⁴ *Julius Cæsar*, who got the better of *Pompey*, that was still'd the Great.

⁵ *Demosthenes* and *Tully* both dyed for their Oratory. *Demosthenes* gave himself Poyson to avoid being carried to *Antipater*, one of *Alexander's* Captains, who had then made himself Master of *Athens*. *Tully* was Murther'd by

M. Antony's Order, in Return for those Invectives he had made against him.

⁶ The Latin of this Couplet is a Famous Verse of *Tully's*, in which he sets out the Happiness of his own Consulship ; Famous for the Vanity, and the ill Poetry of it. For *Tully* as he had a good deal of the one, so he had no great share of the other.

⁷ The Orations of *Tully* against *M. Antony* were still'd by him *Philippics*, in imitation of *Demosthenes*, who had given that name before to those he made against *Philip of Macedon*.

⁸ This is a Mock-account of a Roman Triumph.

⁹ *Babylon*, where *Alexander* dy'd.

¹⁰ *Xerxes* is represented in History after a very Romantick Manner, affecting Fame beyond Measure, and doing the most Extravagant things to compass it. Mount *Athos* made a Prodigious Promontory in the *Ægean* Sea : He is said to have cut a Chaeanel through it, and to have Sail'd round it. He made a Bridge of Boats over the *Hellespont* where it was three Miles broad : And order'd a Whipping for the Winds and Seas, because they had once cross'd his Designs, as we have a very solemn account of it in *Herodotus*. But, after all these vain Boasts, he was shamefully

beaten by *Themistocles* at *Salamis*; and return'd home, leaving most of his Fleet behind him.

⁹ *Mercury*, who was a God of the lowest size, and employ'd always in Errands between Heaven and Hell. And Mortals us'd him accordingly: For his statues were anciently plac'd, where Roads met, with Directions on the Fingers of 'em, pointing out the several ways to Travellers.

¹⁰ *Nestor*, King of *Pylos*, who was 300 Years old, according to *Homer's* account; at least, as he is understood by his Expositors.

¹¹ The Ancients counted by their Fingers. Their *Left Hands* serv'd 'em till they came up to an Hundred, after that they used their *Right*, to express all greater Numbers.

¹² The *Fates* were three Sisters, which had all some peculiar business assign'd 'em by the Poets in relation to the Lives of Men. The First held the Distaff; the Second spun the Thread; and the Third cut it.

¹³ Whilst *Troy* was Sacking by the *Greeks*, Old King *Præm* is said to have Buckled on his Armour to oppose 'em; which he had no sooner done, but he was met by *Pyrhus*, and slain before the Altar of *Jupiter*, in his own Palace, as we have the Story finely told in *Virgil's 2d Æneid*.

¹⁴ *Hecuba*, his Queen, escap'd the Swords of the *Grecians*, and outliv'd him. It seems she behav'd her self so fiercely and uneasily to her Husband's Murderers while she liv'd, that the Poets thought fit to turn her into a *Beast*, when she dy'd.

¹⁵ *Mithridates*, after he had disputed the empire of the world, for forty years together, with the Romans, was at last deprived of life and empire by *Pompey* the Great.

¹⁶ *Crasus*, in the midst of his Prosperity, making his Boast to *Saton* how Happy he was, receiv'd

this Answer from the Wise Man. That no One could pronounce himself Happy till he saw what his End should be. The truth of this *Crasus* found, when he was put in Chains by *Cyrus*, and condemn'd to die.

¹⁷ *Pompey*, in the midst of his Glory, fell into a Dangerous Fit of Sickness at *Naples*. A great many Cities then made Publick Supplications for him. He Recover'd, was beaten at *Pharsalia*, fled to *Phlomy*, King of *Egypt*, and, instead of receiving Protection at his Court, had his Head struck off by his Order, to please *Cæsar*.

¹⁸ *Cæthegus* was one that conspir'd with *Catiline*, and was put to Death by the Senate.

¹⁹ *Catiline* dy'd fighting.

²⁰ *Virginia* was kill'd by her own Father, to prevent her being expos'd to the Lust of *Appius Claudius*, who had ill Designs upon her. The Story at large is in *Livy's Third Book*; and 'tis a remarkable one, as it gave occasion to the putting down the Power of the *Decemviri*, of whom *Appius* was one.

²¹ *Hippolytus*, the Son of *Theseus*, was lov'd by his Mother in Law *Phædra*. But he not complying with her, she procur'd his Death.

²² *Bellerophon*, the Son of King *Glaucus*, residing some time at the Court of *Pætus*, King of the *Argives*, the Queen, *Sthenobara*, fell in Love with him. But he refusing her, she turn'd the Accusation upon Him, and he narrowly escap'd *Pætus's* Vengeance.

²³ *Messalina*, Wife to the Emperor *Claudius*, infamous for her Lewdness. She set her Eyes upon *C. Silius*, a fine Youth; forc'd him to quit his own Wife, and Marry her with all the Formalties of a Wedding, whilst *Claudius Cæsar* was Sacrificing at *Hostia*. Upon his Return, he put both *Silius* and her to Death.

THE SIXTEENTH SATYR.

ARGUMENT | of the | Sixteenth Satyr.

The Poet in this Satyr proves, that the Condition of a Souldier is much better than that of a Countryman. First, because a Countryman, however Affronted, Provok'd, and Struck himself, does not strike a Souldier: Who is only to be judg'd by a Court-Martial: And by the Law of Camillus, which obliges him not to Quarrel without the Trenches, he is also assur'd to have a speedy hearing, and quick dispatch: Whereas, the Townsman or Peasant is delay'd in his suit by frivolous Pretexts, and not sure of Justice when he is heard in the Court. The Souldier is also priviledg'd to make a Will, and to give away his Estate, which he got in War, to whom he pleases,

without Consideration of Parentage or Relations, which is deny'd to all other Romans. This Satyr was written by Juvenal when he was a Commander in Egypt: 'tis certainly his, tho I think it not finish'd. And if it be well observ'd, you will find he intended an Invective against a standing Army.

THE | SIXTEENTH SATYR.

WHAT vast Prerogatives, my Gollus, are Accrewing to the mighty Man of War! For, if into a lucky Camp I light,
Tho raw in Arms, and yet afraid to Fight,
Befriend me, my good Stars, and all goes right.)

Can these be thought securely lodg'd below,
When I my self, who no Superior know,
I, who have Heav'n and Earth at my command,

Have been attempted by *Lycaon's* Hand?

At this a Murmur thro' the Synod went,
And with one Voice they vote his Punishment.

Thus, when Conspiring Traytors dar'd to
doom 260

The fall of *Cæsar*, and in him of *Rome*,
The Nations trembled, with a pious Fear;
All anxious for their Earthly Thunderer:
Nor was their care, O *Cæsar*! less esteem'd
By thee, than that of Heav'n for *Jove* was
deem'd;

Who with his Hand and Voice, did first
restrain

Their Murmurs, then resum'd his Speech
again.

The Gods to Silence were compos'd, and sate
With Reverence, due to his Superior State.

Cancel your pious Cares; already he 270
Has paid his Debt to Justice, and to me.

Yet what his Crimes, and what my Judgments
were,

Remains for me thus briefly to declare.

The Clamours of this vile degenerate Age,
The Cries of Orphans, and th' Oppressor's
Rage,

Had reach'd the Stars; I will descend, said I,
In hope to prove this loud Complaint a Lyc.
Disguis'd in Humane Shape, I Travell'd
round

The World, and more than what I hear'd
I found.

O'er *Mænalis* I took my steepy way, 280
By Caverns infamous for Beasts of Prey.

Then cross'd *Cyllene*, and the piny shade,
More infamous by *Curst Lycaon* made;
Dark Night had cover'd Heaven and Earth,
before

I enter'd his Unhospitable Door.

Just at my entrance, I display'd the Sign
That somewhat was approaching of Divine.

The prostrate People pray: the Tyrant grins,
And, adding Prophanation to his Sins,

I'll try, said he, and if a God appear, 290
To prove his Deity, shall cost him dear.

'Twas late; the Graceless Wretch my Death
prepares,

When I shou'd soundly Sleep, oppress with
Cares:

This dire Experiment he chose, to prove
If I were Mortal, or undoubted *Jove*;

But first he had resolv'd to taste my Pow'r:
Not long before, but in a luckless hour

Some Legates sent from the *Molossian*
State,

Were on a peaceful Errand come to Treat:
Of these he Murders one, he boils the Flesh,

And lays the mangl'd Morsels in a Dish: 300
Some part he Roasts; then serves it up, so

dress,

And bids me welcome to this Humane
Feast.

Mov'd with Disdain, the Table I o're-turn'd;
And with avenging Flames, the Palace
burn'd.

The Tyrant in a fright, for shelter, gains
The Neighb'ring Fields, and scours along the
Plains.

Howling he fled, and fain he would have
spoke,

But Humane Voice his Brutal Tongue for-
sook.

About his lips, the gather'd Foam he
clurns, 310

And breathing slaughters, still with Rage
he burns,

But on the bleating Flock his fury turns.
His Mantle, now his Hide, with rugged hairs

Cleaves to his back; a famish'd face he
bears;

His arms descend, his shoulders sink away,
To multiply his legs for chase of Prey.

He grows a Wolf, his hoariness remains,
And the same rage in other Members reigns.

His eyes still sparkle in a narr'wer space,
His jaws retain the grin, and violence of his
face. 320

This was a single ruine, but not one
Deserves so just a punishment alone.

Mankind's a Monster, and th' Ungodly
times,

Confed'rate into guilt, are sworn to Crimes.
All are alike involv'd in ill, and all

Must by the same relentless Fury fall.
Thus ended he; the greater Gods assent,

By Clamours urging his severe intent;
The less fill up the cry for punishment.

Yet still with pity they remember Man; 330
And mourn as much as Heav'nly Spirits can.

For, what their Prowess Gain'd, the Law
declares
Is¹ to themselves alone, and to their
Heirs:
No share of that goes back to the begetter,
But if the Son fights well, and Plunders
better,
Like stout *Coranus*, his old skaking Sire
Does a Remembrance in his Will desire: Inquisitive of Fights, and longs in vain
To find him in the Number of the slain:
But still he lives, and rising by the War, go
Enjoys his Gains, and has enough to spare:
For 'tis a Noble General's prudent part
To cherish Valour, and reward Desert:
Let him be dawl'd with Lace, live High,
and Whore;
Sometimes be Lowzy, but be never Poor.

The End of the Sixteenth Satyr.

NOTES TO THE SIXTEENTH SATYR.

¹ *Juno* was Mother to *Mars* the God of War
Venus was his Mistress

² *Camillus* (who being first Banish'd by his
ungrateful Countrymen the *Romans*, afterwards
return'd, and freed them from the *Gauls*;) made
a Law, which prohibited the Souldiers from
Quarrelling without the Camp, lest upon that
pretence they might happen to be absent when
they ought to be on Duty.

³ *This Cause is worthy him, &c.* The Poet
Names a *Modenes* Lawyer, whom he calls
Vagellius; who was so Impudent that he would
Plead any Cause, right or wrong, without Shame
or Fear.

⁴ *Hob-nailed Shoes.* The Roman Souldiers wore
Plates of Iron under their Shoes, or stuck them
with Nails; as Countrymen do now.

⁵ Land Marks were us'd by the *Romans*,

almost in the same manner as now. And as we
go once a Year in Procession, about the Bounds
of Parishes, and renew them, so they offer'd Cakes
upon the Stone or Land-Mark.

⁶ The Courts of Judicature were hang and
spread, as with us. But spread only before the
Hundred Judges were to sit and Judge Publick
Causes, which were call'd by *Let*.

⁷ The Roman Souldiers had the Priviledge of
making a Will, in their Father's Lifetime, Of
what they had purchas'd in the Wars, as being no
part of their Patrimony. By this Will they had
Power of excluding their own Parents, and giving
the Estate so gotten to whom they pleas'd.
Therefore, says the Poet, *Coranus* (a Souldier
Contemporary with *Javert*, who had rais'd his
Fortune by the Wars) was Counted by his own
Father, to make him his Heir.

THE
SATIRES
OF
Aulus Persifus
Flaccus
Made ENGLISH
BY
MR DRYDEN.

*Sæpius in Libro memoratur Persius uno
Quam levis in tota Marsus Amazonide. MART.*

ARGUMENT | OF THE | PROLOGUE |
TO THE | FIRST SATYR

The Design of the Authour was to conceal his Name and Quality. He liv'd in the dangerous Times of the Tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at him, in most of his Satyrs. For which Reason, though he was a Roman Knight, and of a plentiful Fortune, he would appear in this Prologue but a Beggary Poet, who Writes for Bread. After this, he breaks into the Business of the first Satyr; which is chiefly to decry the Poetry then in Fashion, and the Impudence of those who were endeavouring to pass their Stuff upon the World.

PROLOGUE | TO THE | FIRST SATYR.

I NEVER did on cleft ¹ Parnassus dream,
Nor taste the sacred Heliconian Stream:
Nor can remember when my Brain inspir'd,
Was, by the Muses, into madness fir'd.
My share in Pale ² Pyrene I resign;
And claim no part in all the Mighty Nine.
Statues, ³ with winding Ivy crown'd, belong
To nobler Poets, for a nobler Song:
Heedless of Verse, and hopeless of the
Crown,
Scarce half a Wit, and more than half
a Clown.
Before the ⁴ Shrine I lay my rugged Num-
bers down.
Who taught the Parrot Human Notes to try,
Or with a Voice endu'd the chatt'ring Pye?

PERSIUS. Text from the original edition, 1693. The current texts have divers errors, the worst in V. 11.

'Twas witty Want, fierce Hunger to appease:
Want taught their Masters, and their
Masters these.

Let Gain, that gilded Bait, be hung on high,
The hungry Witlings have it in their Eye;
Pies, Crows, and Daws, Poetick Presents
bring:
You say they squeak; but they will swear
they Sing.

ARGUMENT | OF THE | FIRST SATYR.

I need not repeat, that the chief aim of the Authour is against bad Poets, in this Satyr. But I must add, that he includes also bad Orators, who began at that Time (as Petronius in the beginning of his Book tells us) to enervate Manly Eloquence, by Tropes and Figures, ill plac'd, and worse apply'd. Amongst the Poets, Persius covertly strikes at Nero; some of whose Verses he recites with Scorn and Indignation. He also takes notice of the Noblemen and their abominable Poetry, who, in the Luxury of their Fortune, set up for Wits, and Judges. The Satyr is in Dialogue, betwixt the Authour and his Friend or Monitor; who dissuades him from this dangerous attempt of exposing Great Men. But Persius, who is of a free Spirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a Commonwealth, breaks through all those difficulties, and boldly Arraigns the false Judgment of the Age in which he Lives. The Reader may observe that our Poet was a Stoick Philosopher; and that all his Moral Sentences, both here and in all the rest of his Satyrs, are drawn from the Dogma's of that Sect.

THE
FIRST SATYR.

*In Dialogue betwixt the Poet
and his friend or Monitor.*

PERSIUS.

How anxious are our Cares, and yet how
vain
The bent of our desires !

FRIEND.

Thy Spleen contain :
For none will read thy Satyrs.

PERSIUS.

This to me ?

FRIEND.

None ; or what's next to none, but two
or three.
Tis hard, I grant.

PERSIUS.

'Tis nothing ; I can bear
That paltry Scriblers have the Publick Ear :
That this vast universal Fool, the Town,
Shou'd cry up *Labeo's* Stuff, and cry me
down,
They down themselves ; nor will my Muse
descend
To clap with such, who Fools and Knaves
commend ;
Their Smiles and Censures are to me the
same :
I care not what they praise, or what they
blame.

In full Assemblies let the Crowd prevail :
I weigh no Merit by the common Scale.
The Conscience is the Test of ev'ry Mind ;
Seek not thy self, without thy self, to find.
But where's that *Roman* ?—Somewhat I
wou'd say,
But Fear ;—let Fear, for once, to Truth
give way.

Truth lends the Stoick Courage : when I look
On Humane Acts, and read in Nature's Book,
From the first Pastimes of our Infant Age,
To elder Cares, and Man's severer Page ;
When stern as Tutors, and as Uncles hard,
We lash the Pupil, and defraud the Ward :
Then, then I say,—or wou'd say, if I durst—
But thus provok'd, I must speak out, or
burst.

FRIEND.

Once more forbear.

PERSIUS.

I cannot rule my Spleen ;
My scorn Rebels, and tickles me within.
First, to begin at Home, our Authors write
In lonely Rooms, secur'd from publick sight ;
Whether in Prose, or Verse, 'tis all the same :
The Prose is Fustian, ood the Lumbers lame.
All Noise, and empty Pomp, a storm of
words,

Lab'ring with sound, that little Sence affords.
They ' Comb, and then they order ev'ry

Hair :

A Gown, or White, or Scour'd to whiteness,
wear :

A Birth-day Jewel bobbing at their Ear.
Next, gargle well their Throats ; and thus
prepar'd,

They mount, a God's Nome, to be seen and
heard,

From their high Scaffold, with a Trumpet
Cheek,

And Ogling all their Audience e're they
speak.

The nauseous Nobles, ev' o the Chief of Rome,
With gaping Mouths to these Rehearsals
come,

And pant with Pleasure, when some lusty
line

The Marrow pierces, and invades the Chine.
At open fulsom Bawdry they rejoice,

And slimy Jests applaud with broken Voice.
Base Prostitute, thus dost thou gain thy

Bread ?
Thus dost thou feed their Ears, and thus art
fed ?

At his own filthy stuff he gries and brays :
And gives the sign where he expects their
praise.

Why have I Learn'd, say'st thou, if thus
confin'd,

I choak the Noble Vigour of my Mmd ?
Know, my wild *Fig-Tree*, which in Rocks
is bred,

Will split the Quarry, and shoot out the
Head.

Fine Fruits of Learning ! Old Ambitious
Fool,

Dar'st thou apply that Adage of the School ;
As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
And Science is not Science till Reveal'd ?

Oh, but 'tis Brave to be Admir'd, to see
The Crowd, with pointing Fingers, cry,
That's he :

That's he, whose wondrous Poem is become
A Lecture for the Noble Youth of *Rome* !
Who, by their Fathers, is at Feasts Re-
nown'd ;

And often quoted, when the Bowls go round.
Full gorg'd and flush'd, they wantonly
Rehearse ;

And add to Wine the Luxury of Verse. 70
One, clad in Purple, not to lose his time,
Eats, and recites some lamentable Rhime :
Some Senceless *Phyllis*, in a broken Note,
Snuffing at Nose, or croaking in his Throat :
Then Graciously the mellow Audience Nod :
Is not th' Immortal Authour made a God ?
Are not his Manes blest, such Praise to have ?
Lies not the Turf more lightly on his Grave ?
And Roses (while his lowd Applause they Sing)
Stand ready from his Sepulcher to spring ?

All these, you cry, but light Objections
ore ;

Meer Malice, and you drive the Jest too far.
For does there Breathe a Man, who can reject
A general Fame, and his own Lines neglect ?
In ' Cedar Tablets worthy to appear,
That need not Fish, or Frankincense to
fear ?

Thou, whom I make the adverse part to
bear,

Be answer'd thus : If I, by chance, succeed
In what I Write, (and that's a chance indeed) ;
Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard, 90
Not to feel Praise, or Fome's deserv'd Reward :
But this I cannot grant, that thy Applause
Is my Works ultimate, or only Cause.

Prudence can ne're propose so mean a prize ;
For mark what Vanity within it lies.
Like *Labeo's* *Iliads*, in whose Verse is found
Nothing but trifling care, and empty sound :
Such little Elegies as Nobles Write,
Who wou'd be poets, in *Apollo's* sight.
Them and their woful Works the Muse defies :
Products of Citron ' Beds and Golden
Canopies.

To give thee all thy due, thou hast the
Heart

To make a Supper, with a fine dessert ;
And to thy threed-bare Friend, a cast old
Sute impart.

Thus Brib'd, thou thus bespeak'st him,
Tell me Friend
(For I love Truth, nor can plain Speech
offend,)

What says the World of me and of my Muse ?
The Poor dare nothing tell but flatt'ring
News :

But shall I speak ? thy Verse is wretched
Rhyme ;

And all thy Labours are but loss of time. 110
Thystrutting Bellieswells, thy Paunch is high ;
Thou Writ'st not, but thou Pissest Poetry.

All Authours to their own defects are blind ;
Indst thou but, *Janus* ' like, a Face behind,
To see the people, what splay-Mouths they
make ;

To mark their Fingers, pointed at thy back :
Their Tongues lol'd out, a foot beyond the
pitch,

When most athirst, of an *Apulian* Ditch :
But Noble Scriblers are with Flatt'ry fed ;
For none dare find their faults, who Eat
their Bread.

To pass the Poets of Patrician Blood,
What is't the common Reader takes for good ?
The Verse in fashion is, when Numbers flow,
Soft without Sence, and without Spirit slow :
So smooth and equal, that no sight can find
The Rivet, where the polish'd piece was join'd.
So even all, with such a steady view,
As if he shut one Eye to level true.

Whether the Vulgar Vice his Satyr stings,
The Peoples Riots, or the Rage of Kings, 130
The gentle Poet is alike in all ;
His Reader hopes no rise, and fears no fall.

FRIEND.

Hourly we see some Raw Pin-feather'd
thing

Attempt to mount, and Fights, and Heroes
sing ;

Who, for false quantities, was whipt nt School
Butt' other day, and breaking Grammar Rule,
Whose trivial Art was never try'd, above
The bar, description of a Notive Grove :

Who knows not how to praise the Country
store,

The Feasts, the Baskets, nor the fatted
Bore ;

Nor paint the flowry Fields, that paint
themselves before.

Where *Romulus* was Bred, and *Quintus* Born,
Whose shining Plough-share was in Furrows

worn,
Met by his trembling Wife, returning Home,
And Rustically Joy'd, as Chief of *Rome* :

She wip'd the Sweat from the Dictator's
Brow ;

And o're his Back, his Robe did rudely
throw ;

The Lietors bore, in State, their Lord's
Triumphant Plough.

Some love to hear the Fustian Post roar ;
And some on Antiquated Authours pore :

Rummage for Sense ; and think those only
good

Who labour most, and least are understood.
When thou shalt see the Blear-Ey'd Fathers
teach

Their Sons, this harsh and mouldy sort of
Speech ;

Or others new affected ways to try,
Of wanton smoothness, Female Poetry ;
One would enquire, from whence this motley
Stile

Did first our *Roman* Purity defile :
For our Old Dotards cannot keep their Seat ;
But leap and catch at all that's obsolete. 160

Others, by Foolish Ostentation led,
When call'd before the Bar, to save their
Head,

Bring trifling Tropes, instead of solid Sense :
And mind their Figures more than their
Defence,

Are pleas'd to hear their thick-scall'd
Judges cry,

Well mov'd, oh finely said, and decently !
Theft (says th' Accuser) to thy Charge I lay,
O *Pedius* ! What does gentle *Pedius* say ?

Studious to please the Genius of the Times,
With Periods,* Points, and Tropes, he slurs
his Crimes : 170

"He Robb'd not, but he Borrow'd from the
Poor ;

"And took but with intention to restore.
He lards with flourishes his long Harangue ;
"Tis fine, say'st thou ; What, to be Prais'd
and Hang ?

Effeminate *Romon*, shall such Stuff prevail
To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy Tail ?
Say, shou'd a Shipwrack'd Saylor sing his woe,
Wou'dst thou be mov'd to pity, or bestow

An Alms ? What's more prepost'rous than
to see

A Merry Beggar ? Mirth in misery ? 180

PERSIUS.

He seems a Trap, for Charity, to lay :
And cons, by Night, his Lesson for the day.

FRIEND.

But to raw Numbers, and unfinished Verse,
Sweet sound is added now, to make it Terse :
"Tis tagg'd with Rhyme, like *Berecynthian*
Atys,

"The mid part chimes with Art, which never
flat is.

"The Dolphin brave, that cut the liquid
Wave,

"Or He who in his line, can chine the long-
rib'd *Apennine*.

PERSIUS.

All this is Dogrel Stuff :

FRIEND.

What if I bring 190
A Nobler Verse? *Arms and the Man* I sing.

PERSIUS.

Why name you *Virgil* with such Fops as
these ?

He's truly great, and must for ever please.
Not fierce, but awful is his Manly Page ;
Bold is his Strength, but sober is his Rage.

FRIEND.

What Poems think you soft ? and to be
read

With languishing regards, and bending Head ?

PERSIUS.

"Their crooked Horns" the *Mimallontan*
Crew

"With Blasts inspir'd ; and *Bassaris* who
slew

"The scornful Calf, with Sword advanc'd on
high, 200

"Made from his Neck his haughty Head to
fly.

"And *Maenas*, when with Ivy-bndles
bound,

"She led the spotted Lynx, then Evion
rung around ;

"Evion from Woods and Floods repeat.
ing Ecchos sound. 210

174 What, to] what to 1697.

187 cut] Editors give cut*

Cou'd such rude Lines a *Roman* Mouth
become,
Were any Manly Greatness left in *Rome*?
*Manas*¹² and *Atys* in the Mouth were bred;
And never hate'd within the lab'ring Head;
No Blood, from bitten Nails, those Poems
drew:
But churn'd, like Spittle, from the Lips
they flew. 210

FRIEND.

'Tis Fustian all; 'tis execrably bad:
But if they will be Fools, must you be mad?
Your Satyrs, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The Great will never bear so blunt a Verse.
Their Doors are barr'd against a bitter flout:
Snarl, if you please, but you shall snarl
without.
Expect such Pay as railing Rhymes deserve,
Y're in a very hopeful way to sterve.

PERSIUS.

Rather than so, uncensur'd let 'em be
All, all is admirably well, for me. 220
My harmless Rhyme shall scape the dire
disgrace
Of Common-shores, and ev'ry pissing-place.
Two¹³ painted Serpents shall, on high,
appear;
'Tis Holy Ground; you must not Urine here.
This shall be writ to fright the Fry away,
Who draw their little Bawbles, when they
play.
¹⁴ Yet old *Lucilius* never fear'd the times,
But lash'd the City, and dissected Crimes.
Mutius and *Lupus* both by Name he brought;
He mouth'd 'em, and betwixt his Grinders
caught. 230
Unlike in method, with conceal'd design,
Did crafty *Horace* his low Numbers joyn:
And, with a sly insinuating Grace,
Laugh'd at his Friend, and look'd him in
the Face:
Would raise a Blush, where secret Vice he
found;
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the
Wound.
With seeming Innocence the Crowd beguil'd;
But made the desperate Passes, when he
smil'd.
- Could he do this, and is my Muse con-
troll'd

By Servile Awe? Born free, and not be
bold? 240

At least, I'll dig a hole within the Ground;
And to the trusty Earth commit the sound:
The Reeds shall tell you what the poet Fears,
*King*¹⁵ *Nidas* has a *Snopt*, and *Asses* Ears.
This mean conceit, this darling Mystery,
Which thou think'st nothing, Friend, thou
shalt not buy,

Nor will I change, for all the flashy Wit,
That flatt'ring *Labeo* in his *Iliads* writ.

Thou, if these be a thou, in this base Town,
Who dares, with angry *Eupolis*,¹⁶ to frown;
He, who, with bold *Cratinus*, is inspir'd 251
With Zeal, and equal Indignation fir'd;
Who, at enormous Villany, turns pale,
And steers against it with a full-blown Sail,
Like *Aristophanes*; let him but smile
On this my honest Work, tho writ in
homely Stile:

And if two Lines or three in all the Vein
Appear less drossy, read those Lines again.
May they perform their Author's just Intent,
Glow in thy Ears, and in thy Breast fer-
ment. 260

But from the reading of my Book and me,
Be far ye Foes of Virtuous Poverty:
Who¹⁷ Fortune's fault upon the Poor can
throw;

Point at the tatter'd Coat, and ragged Shoe:
Lay Nature's failings to their Charge, and
jeer
The dim weak Eye-sight, when the Mind
is clear.

When thou thy self, thus insolent in State,
Art but, perhaps, some Country Magistrate;
Whose Pow'r extends no farther than to
speak

Big on the Bench, and scanty Weights to
break. 270

Him, also, for my Censor I disdain,
Who thinks all Science, as all Virtue vain;
Who counts Geometry, and Numbers, Toys;
And¹⁸ with his Foot the Sacred Dust
destroys:

Whose Pleasure is to see a Strumpet tear
A Cynick's Beard, and lug him by the Hair.
Such, all the Morning, to the Pleadings run;
But when the Bus'ness of the Day is done,
On Dice, and Drink, and Drabs, they spend
their Afternoon.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

PROLOGUE.

¹ *Permessus*, and *Helicon*, were Hills Consecrated to the Muses; and the suppos'd place of their abode. *Permessus* was forked on the top; and from *Helicon* ran a Stream, the Spring of which was call'd the Muses Well.

² *Pyrene*, a Fountain in Corinth; Consecrated also to the Muses.

³ Statues, &c. The Statues of the Poets were Crown'd with Ivy about their Brows.

⁴ Before the Shrine; that is, before the Shrine of *Apollo*, in his Temple at *Rome*, call'd the *Palatine*.

THE FIRST SATYR

¹ *Labeat Stuli*, Nothing is remaining of *Atlicus* *Labeat* (so he is call'd by the Learned *Casaubon*) Nor is he mention'd by any other Poet besides *Persius*: *Casaubon* from an old Commentator on *Persius* says that he made a very Foolish Translation of *Homers's Iliad*.

² *They Comb*, &c. He describes a Poet preparing himself to Rehearse his Works in Publick which was commonly perform'd in August. A Room was hir'd or lent by some Friend. A Scaffold was rais'd and a Palpit plac'd for him, who was to hold forth; who borrow'd a new Gown or scour'd his old one, and Adorn'd his Ears with Jewels, &c.

³ *My wild Fig Tree*. Trees of that kind grow wild in many parts of *Italy*, and make their way through Rocks. Sometimes splitting the Tombstones.

⁴ The *Romans* wrote on Cedar, and Cypress Tables, in regard of the duration of the Wood. These Verses might justly be afraid of *Frauckincense*, for the Papers to which they were Written were fit for nothing but to wrap it up.

⁵ *Products of Citron Beds*, &c. Writings of Noblemen, whose Bedsteads were of the Wood of *Citron*.

⁶ *Janus like*, &c. *Janus* was the first King of *Italy*; who refus'd *Saturn*, when he was expell'd by his Son *Jupiter* from *Cree*; (or as we now call it *Candia*) From his Name the first Month of the Year is call'd *January*. He was Pietar'd with two Faces, one before, and one behind; as regarding the past time and the future. Some of the Mythologists think he was *Noah*, for the Reason given above.

⁷ *Where Romulus*, &c. He speaks of the Country in the foregoing Verses, the Praises of which are the most easie Theme for Poets, but

which a bad Poet cannot Naturally describe. Then he makes a digression to *Romulus*, the first King of *Rome*, who had a Rustical Education, and enlarges upon *Quintus Cincinnatus*, a Roman Senator, who was call'd from the Plough to be Dictator of *Rome*.

⁸ *In Periphras*, &c. *Periphras* here names Antitheses, or seeming Contradictions, which in this place are meant for Rhetorical Flourishes, as I think, with *Casaubon*.

⁹ *Bereynthian Alps*; or *Alpin*, &c. Foolish Verses of *Nero*, which the Poet repeats; and which cannot be Translated properly into English.

¹⁰ *Arms and the Man*, &c. The first line of *Virgil's Ecloges*.

¹¹ *Their Crooked Horns*, &c. Other Verses of *Nero* that were meer bombast. I only Note that the Reputation of these and the former Verses of *Nero* might justly give the Poet a caution to conceal his Name.

¹² *Manas and Alps*. Poems on the *Manades*, who were Priestesses of *Beachus*; and of *Alps*, who made himself an Eunuch, to attend on the Sacrifices of *Cybele*, call'd *Bereynthis* by the Poets. she was Mother of the Gods.

¹³ *Two Painted Serpents*, &c. Two Snakes twin'd with each other were painted on the Walls by the Ancients, to shew the place was Holy.

¹⁴ *Yet old Lucina*, &c. *Lucinus* wrote long before *Horace*, who imitates his manner of Satyr, but far excels him, in the design.

¹⁵ *King Midas*, &c. The Story is vulgar, that *Midas*, King of *Phrygia*, was made judge betwixt *Apollo* and *Pan*, who was the best Musician, he gave the Prize to *Pan*, and *Apollo* in revenge gave him Asses Ears. He wore his Hair long to hide them, but his Barber discovering them, and not daring to divulge the secret, dug a hole in the ground, and whisper'd into it: the place was marshy, and when the Reeds grew up, they repeated the words which were spoken by the Barber. By *Midas* the Poet meant *Nero*.

¹⁶ *Eupolis* and *Crotinus*, as also *Aristophanes*, mention'd afterwards, were all *Athenian* Poets, who wrote that sort of Comedy, which was call'd the old Comedy, where the People were Nam'd, who were Satyriz'd by those Authors.

¹⁷ *Who Fortunes fault*, &c. The People of *Rome* in the time of *Persius* were apt to scorn the *Grecian* Philosophers, particularly the *Cynicks* and *Stoicks*, who were the poorest of them.

¹⁸ *And with his foot*, &c. *Arithmetic* and *Geometry* were Taught on floors which were streu'd with dust or sand, so which the Numbers and Diagrams were made and drawn, which they might strike out again at Pleasure.

THE
SECOND SATYR,

Dedicated to his Friend PLOTIUS | MACRINUS, on his Birth-day.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Satyr contains a most Grave, and Philosophical Argument, concerning Prayers and Wishes. Undoubtedly it gave occasion to Juvenal's Tenth Satyr; And both of them had their Original from one of Plato's dialogues, called the second Alcibiades. Our Author has indu'd it with great mastery of Art, by taking his rise from the Birth-day of his Friend; on which occasions, Prayers were made, and sacrifices offer'd by the Natives. Persius commending the Purity of his Friend's Vows, descends to the Impious and Immoral Requests of others. The Satyr is divided into three parts. The first is the Exordium to Macrinus, which the Poet confines within the compass of four Verses. The second relates to the matter of the Prayers and Vows, and an enumeration of those things, wherein Men commonly Sinner'd against right Reason, and Offended in their Requests. The Third part consists in shewing the repugnances of those Prayers and Wishes, to those of other Men, and inconsistencies, with themselves. He shews the Original of these Vows, and sharply inveighs against them: and Lastly, not only corrects the false Opinion of Mankind concerning them, but gives the True Doctrine of all Addresses made to Heav'n, and how they may be made acceptable to the Pow'rs above, in excellent Precepts, and more worthy of a Christian than a Heathen.

LET this auspicious Morning be express
With a white ¹Stone, distinguish'd from the
rest:

White as thy Fame, and as thy Honour
clear;

And let new Joys attend on thy new added
year.

Indulge thy Genius, and o'reflow thy Soul,
Till thy Wit sparkle, like the chearful Bowl.

Pray; for thy Pray'rs the Test of Heav'n
will hear;

Nor need'st thou take the Gods aside, to
hear:

While others, ev'n the Mighty Men of Rome,
Big swell'd with Mischief, to the Temples
come;

And in low Murmurs, and with costly Smoak,
Heav'n's Help, to prosper their black Vows,
invoke.

So boldly to the Gods Mankind reveal,
What from each other they, for shame, con-
ceal.

Give me Good Fame, ye Pow'rs, and make
me Just:

Thus much the Rogue to Publick Ears will
trust:

In private then:—When wilt thou, mighty
Jove,

My Wealthy Uncle from this World remove?
Or—O thou Thund'rer's son, great ²Hercules.

That once thy bounteous Deity wou'd
please

To guide my Rake, upon the chinking sound
Of some vast Treasure, hidden under-
ground!

O were my Pupil fairly knock'd o' th'
head:

I should possess th' Estate, if he were dead!
He's so far gone with Rickets, and with th'
Evil.

That one small Dose wou'd send him to
the Devil.

This is my Neighbour Nerius his third
Spouse,

Of whom in happy time he rids his House.
But my Eternal Wife!—Grant Heav'n I may

Survive to see the Fellow of his Day! ³⁰
Thus, that thou may'st the better bring
about

Thy Wishes, thou art wickedly devout:
In Tiber ducking thrice, by break of day,

To wash th' Obscenities of ²Night away.
But prithead tell me, ('tis a small Request)

With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou
possess?

Wou'dst thou prefer him to some Man?
Suppose

I dip'd among the worst, and Statius chose?

³⁰ 11.] Some editors strangely give th's

Which of the two wou'd thy wise Head
declare ?

The trustier Tutor to an Orphan Heir ? 40
Or, put it thus :—Unfold to *Storius*, straight,
What to *Jove's* Ear thou didst impart of late :
He'll stare, and, O Good *Jupiter* ! will cry ;
Can'st thou indulge him to this Villany ?
And thio'k'st thou, *Jove* himself, with
patience, then,
Can hear a Pray'r condemn'd hy wicked
men ?

That, void of Care, he lolls supine in stote,
And leaves his Bus'ness to be done hy Fate ?
Because his Thunder splits some hurly Tree,
And is oot dext'ed at thy House and Thee ?
Or that his Vengeance falls not at the
time,

Just at the Perpetration of thy Crime ; 51
And makes Thee a sad Object of our Eyes,
Fit for *Ergenna's* Pray'r and Sacrifice ?
What well-fed Off'ring to appease the God,
What pow'ful Present to procure a Nod,
Hast thou in store ? What Bribe hast thou
prepar'd,

To pull him, thus unpouish'd, by the Beard ?
Our Superstitions with our life begin :
Th' Obscene old Grandam, or the next of
Kin,

The New-born Infant from the Cradle takes,
And first of Spettle a *Lustration* makes :
Then in the Spawl her Middle Finger dips,
Anoints the Temples, Forehead, and the
Lips,

Pretending force of Witchcraft to prevent,
By virtue of her nasty Excrement.

Then dandles him with many a mutter'd
Pray'r,

That Heav'n wou'd make him some rich
Miser's Heir,

Lucky to Ladies, and, in time, a King,
Which to insure, she adds a length of Navel-
string.

But oo fond Nurse is fit to make a Pray'r : 70
And *Jowl*, if *Jove* he wise, will never hear ;
Not tho' she prays in white, with lifted
hands :

A Body made of Brass the Crone demaods
For her lov'd Nurseling, strug with Nerves
of Wire,

Tough to the last, and with no toil to tire :

Unconscioable Vows ! which when we use,
We teach the Gods, in Reasoo, to refuse.
Suppose They were indulgeot to thy Wish :
Yet the fat Entrails, in the spacious Dish, 80
Wou'd stop the Grant : The very overcare,
Aod nauseous pomp, wou'd hinder half the
Pray'r.

Thou hop'st with Sacrifice of Oxen slain
To compass Wealth, and bribe the God of
Gain,

To give thee Flocks and Herds, with large
increase ;

Fool ! to expect 'em from a Bullock's
Grease !

And think'st, that when the fatteo'd Flames
aspire,

Thou seest th' accomplishment of thy desire !
Now, now, my hearded Harvest gilds the
plain,

The scaoty Folds can scarce my Sheep
contain,

And show'rs of Gold come pouring in
amain !

Thus dreams the Wretch, and vainly thus
dreams on,

Till his lank Purse declares his Money gone.
Shou'd I present thee with rare figur'd
Plate,

Or Gold as rich in Workmaoship as Weight ;
O how thy rising heart wou'd throb and heat,

And thy left side, with trembliog pleasure,
sweat !

Thou measur'st by thy self the Pow'rs
Divine ;

Thy Gods are humish'd Gold, and Silver is
their Shrine.

Thy puny Godlings of inferior Race, 100
Whose humble Statues are content with
Brass,

Should some of These, in *Visioos* purg'd
from fleam,

Foretel Eveots, or in a Morning Dream ;
Ev'n those thou wou'dst in Veneratioo hold ;

And, if not Faces, give 'em Beards of Gold.
The Priests, in Temples, now no longer care
For *Saturn's* Brass, or *Numa's* Earthen-
ware ;

Or Vestal Urns, in each Religious Rite :
This wicked Gold has put 'em all to flight.

O Souls, in whom no heav'nly Fire is
found,

Fat Mm'ds, and ever groveling on the ground !
We bring our Manners to the blest Abodes,

65 Witchcraft] *The editors strangely give*
Magic

And think what pleases us, must please the Gods.

Of Oyl and *Casia* one th' Ingredients takes,
And, of the Mixture, a rich Ointment makes :
Another finds the way to dye in Grain :
And make ⁹ *Calabrian* Wool receive the
Tyrian Stain :

Or from the Shells their Orient Treasure takes,
Or, for their golden Ore, in Rivers rakes ;
Then melts the Mass : All these are Vanities !

Yet still some Profit from their Pains may rise :

But tell me, Priest, if I may be so bold,
What are the Gods the better for this Gold ?

The Wretch that offers from his wealthy Store
These Presents, bribes the Pow'rs to give ¹⁰
him more :

As maids ¹¹ to *Venus* offer Baby-Toys,
To bless the Marriage-Bed with Girls and Boys.
But let us for the Gods a Gift prepare,
Which the Great Man's great Chargers
cannot bear :

A Soul, where Laws both Humane and
Divine, 139

In Practice more than Speculation shine :
A genuine Virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last recesses of the Mind :
When with such Off'rings to the Gods I come,
A ¹² Cake, thus giv'n, is worth a Hecatomb.

The End of the Second Satyr.

NOTES TO THE SECOND SATYR.

¹ *White Stone*. The Romans were us'd to mark their Fortunate Days, or any thing that luckily befell 'em, with a White Stone which they had from the Island *Creta* ; and their Unfortunate with a Coal.

² *Hercules* was thought to have the Key and Power of bestowing all hidden Treasure.

³ The Antients thought themselves tainted and polluted by Night it self, as well as bad Dreams in the Night, and therefore purifi'd themselves by washing their Heads and Hands every Morning ; which Custom the *Turks* observe to this day.

⁴ When any one was Thunderstruck, the Soothsayer (who is here call'd *Ergenna*) immediately repair'd to the place to expiate the displeasure of the Gods, by sacrificing two Sheep.

⁵ The Poet laughs at the superstitious Ceremonies, which the Old Women made use of in their Lustration or Purification Days, when they nam'd their Children, which was done on the Eighth day to Females and on the Ninth to Males.

⁶ *In Visions purg'd from Fleam*, &c. It was the Opinion both of *Grecians* and *Romans* that the Gods, in Visions or Dreams, often reveal'd to their Favourites a Cure for their Diseases, and sometimes those of others. Thus *Alexander* dreamt of an Herb which cur'd *Ptolemy*. These Gods were principally *Apollo* and *Esculapius* ; but, in after times, the same Virtue and Good-will was attributed to *Isis* and *Osiris*. Which brings to my remembrance an odd passage in *Sir Tho. Brown's Religio Medici*, or in his vulgar Errors ; the sense whereof is, *That we are beholding, for many of our Discoveries in Physick, to the courtesious Revelation of Spirits*. By the Expression of *Visions purg'd from Phlegm* our Author means such Dreams or Visions as proceed not from Natural Causes, or Humours of the Body ; but such as are sent from Heaven, and are therefore certain Remedies.

⁷ *For Saturn's Brass*, &c. *Brizen Vessels*, in

which the Publick Treasure of the *Romans* was kept. It may be the Poet means only old Vessels which were all call'd *Kpōia*, from the Greek Name of *Saturn*. Note also that the *Roman* Treasury was in the Temple of *Saturn*.

⁸ *Numa's Earthen-ware*. Under *Numa*, the second King of *Rome*, and for a long time after him, the Holy Vessels for Sacrifice were of Earthen Ware : according to the Superstitious Rites, which were introduc'd by the same *Numa* : Tho' afterwards, when *Memmius* had taken *Corinth*, and *Paulus Emilius* had conquer'd *Macedonia*, Luxury began amongst the *Romans*, and then their Utensils of Devotion were of Gold and Silver, &c.

⁹ *And make Calabrian Wool*, &c. The Wool of *Calabria* was of the finest sort in *Italy*, as *Juvenal* also tells us. The *Tyrian Stain* is the Purple Colour dy'd at *Tyris*, and I suppose, but dare not positively affirm, that the richest of that Dye was nearest our Crimson, and not Scarlet, or that other Colour more approaching to the Blue. I have not room to justify my Conjecture.

¹⁰ *As maids to Venus*, &c. Those Baby-Toys were little Babies, or Poppets, as we call them ; in Latin *Pupa* ; which the girls, when they came to the Age of puberty, or Child-bearing, offer'd to *Venus* ; as the Boys at Fourteen or Fifteen years of age offer'd their *Bulla*, or Bosses.

¹¹ *A Cake thus given*, &c. A Cake of Barley, or coarse Wheat-meal, with the Bran in it ; The meaning is that God is pleas'd with the pure and spotless heart of the Offerer ; and not with the Riches of the offering. *Laberius* in the Fragments of his *Mimes* has a Verse like this : *Puras Deus, non flenas, aspiciat Manus*.—What I had forgotten before, in its due place, I must here tell the Reader : That the first half of this Satyr was translated by one of my Sons, now in *Italy* : But I thought so well of it, that I let it pass without any Alteration.

7 [Treasure] Treasures 1700.

THE THIRD SATYR.

ARGUMENT | OF THE | THIRD
SATYR.

Our Author has made two Satyrs concerning Study; the First and the Third: the First related to Men; This to Young Students, whom he desir'd to be educated in the Stoick Philosophy: He himself sustains the Person of the Master, or Præceptor, in this admirable Satyr. Where he upbraideth the Youth of Sloth, and Negligence in learning. Yet he begins with one Scholar reproaching his Fellow Students with late rising to their Books. After which he takes upon him the other part, of the Teacher. And addressing himself particularly to Young Noblemen, tells them, That, by reason of their High Birth, and the Great Possessions of their Fathers, they are careless of adorning their Minds with Precepts of Moral Philosophy: And withall, inculcates to them the Miseries which will attend them in the whole Course of their Life, if they do not apply themselves betimes to the Knowledge of Virtue, and the End of their Creation, which he pathetically insinuates to them. The Title of this satyr, in some Ancient Manuscripts, was *The Reproach of Idleness*; tho, in others of the Scholiasts 'tis inscribed, *Against the Luxury and Vices of the Rich*. In both of which the Intention of the Poet is pursued; but principally in the former.

I remember I translated this Satyr, when I was a Kings-Scholar at Westminster School, for a Thursday Nights Exercise; and believe that it, and many other of my Exercises of this nature, in *English Verse*, are still in the hands of my Learned Master, the Reverend Doctor Busby.

THE THIRD SATYR

Is this thy daily course? The glaring Sun
Breaks in at ev'ry Chink: The Cattle run
To Shades, and Noon-tide Rays of Summer
shun.

Yet plung'd in Sloth we lye; and snoresupine,
As fill'd with Fumes of undigested Wine.

This grave Advice some sober Student
brars;

And loudly rings it in his Fellows Ears.

Theyawning Youth, scarce half awake, essays
His lazy Limbs and dozy Head to raise:

Then rubs his gummy Eyes, and scrubs his
Pate;

And cries I thought it had not been so late:
My Cloaths; make haste: why when! if
none be near,

He mutters first, and then begins to swear:
And brays aloud, with a more clam'rous note,
Than an Arcadian Ass can stretch his throat.

With much ado, his Book before him laid,
And Parchment with the smoother side
display'd;

He takes the Papers; lays 'em down agen;
And, with unwilling Fingers, tries the Pen:
Some peevish quarrel straight he strives to
piek,

His Quill writes double, or his Ink's too
thick;

Infuse more water; now 'tis grown so thin
It sinks, nor can the Character be seen.

O Wretch, and still more wretched ev'ry
day!

Are Mortals born to sleep their lives away?
Go back to what thy Infancy began,
Thou who wert never meant to be a Man:
Eat Pap and Spoon-meat; for thy Guwgaws
cry:

Be sullen, and refuse the Lullaby.

No more accuse thy Pen: but charge the
Crime

On Native Sloth, and negligence of time.
Think'st thou thy Master, or thy Friends,
to cheat?

Fool, 'tis thy self, and that's a worse deceit.
Beware the publick Laughter of the Town;
Thou spring'st a Leak already in thy Crown.
A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd Vessel found;
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound.

Yet, thy moist Clay is pliant to Command;
Unwrought, and ease to the Potter's hand:
Now take the Mold; now bend thy Mind
to feel

The first sharp Motions of the Forming
Whied.

But thou hast Land; a Country Seat,
secure

By a just Title; costly Furniture;

A Fuming-Pan thy Lares to appease;

What need of Learning when a Man's at ease?

If this be not enough to swell thy Soul,
 Then please thy Pride, and search the
 Herald's Roll,
 Where thou shalt find thy famous Pedigree
 Drawn from the Root of some old *Thus-*
can Tree ;
 And thou, a Thousand off, a Fool of long
 Degree ; 50
 Who, clad in Purple, canst thy Censor greet ;
 And, loudly, call him Cousin, in the Street.
 Such Pageantry be to the People shown ;
 There boast thy Horse's Trappings, and thy
 own :
 I know thee to thy Bottom ; from within
 Thy shallow Centre, to thy outmost Skin :
 Dost thou not blush to live so like a Beast,
 So trim, so dissolute, so loosely drest ?
 But 'tis in vain : The Wretch is drench'd
 too deep ;
 His Soul is stupid, and his Heart asleep ; 60
 Fatten'd in Vice ; so callous, and so gross,
 He sins, and sees not ; senseless of his Loss.
 Down goes the Wretch at once, unskill'd to
 swim,
 Hopeless to bubble up, and reach the Water's
 Brim.
 Great Father of the Gods, when, for our
 Crimes,
 Thou send'st some heavy Judgment on the
 Times ;
 Some Tyrant-King, the Terror of his Age,
 The Type, and true Vicegerent of thy Rage ;
 Thus punish him : Set Virtue in his Sight,
 With all her Charms adorn'd ; with all her
 Graces bright : 70
 But set her distant, make him pale to see
 His Gains out-weigh'd by lost Felicity !
 Sicilian Tortures and the Brazen Bull,
 Are Emblems, rather than express the Full
 Of what he feels : Yet what he fears, is more :
 The Wretch, who sitting at his plenteous
 Board,
 Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed
 Sword
 Hang o'er his Head, and hanging by a Twine,
 Did with less Dread, and more securely Dine.
 Ev'n in his Sleep he starts, and fears the
 Knife, 80
 And, trembling, in his Arms, takes his
 Accomplish'd Wife :
 Down, down he goes ; and from his Darling-
 Friend
 Conceals the Woeful guilty Dreams portend.

When I was young, I, like a lazy Fool,
 Would blear my Eyes with Oyl to stay from
 School :
 Averse from Pains, and loath to learn the Part
 Of *Cato*, dying with a dauntless Heart :
 Though much my Master that stern Virtue
 prais'd,
 Which, o'er the Vanquisher, the Vanquish'd
 rais'd ;
 And my pleas'd Father came, with Pride,
 to see 90
 His Boy defend the *Roman* Liberty.
 But then my Study was to Cog the Dice,
 And dextrously to throw the lucky Sice :
 To shun Ames-Ace, that swept my Stakes
 away ;
 And watch the Box, for fear they shou'd
 convey
 False Bones, and put upon me in the Play.
 Careful, besides, the Whirling Top to whip,
 And drive her giddy, till she fell asleep.
 Thy Years are ripe, nor art thou yet to
 learn
 What's Good or Ill, and both their Ends
 discern : 100
 Thou, in the Stoick Porch, severely bred,
 Hast heard the *Dogma's* of great *Zeno* read :
 Where on the Walls, by *Polignotus* Hand,
 The Conquer'd *Medians* in Trunk-Breeches
 stand :
 Where the Shorn Youth to Midnight-
 Lectures rise,
 Rous'd from their Slumbers, to be earlywise:
 Where the coarse Cake, and homely Husks
 of Beans,
 From pamp'ring Riot the young Stomach
 weans :
 And where the *Samlan* Y directs thy Steps
 to win
 To Virtue's Narrow Steep, and Broad-way
 Vice to shun. 110
 And yet thou snor'st ; thou draw'st thy
 Drunken Breath,
 Sour with Debauch ; and sleep'st the Sleep
 of Death.
 Thy Claps are fallen, and thy Frame dis-
 joynd :
 Thy Body as dissolv'd as is thy Mind.
 Hast thou not, yet, propos'd some certain
 End,
 To which thy Life, thy ev'ry Act may tend ?

Hast thou no Mark, at which to bend thy Bow?
Or like a Boy persu'st the Carrion Crow
With Pellets, and with Stones from Tree to
Tree :

A fruitless Toil, and livest *Extempore*? 120

Watch the Disease in time: For, when
within

The Dropsy rages, and extends the Skiu,
In vain for *Hellebore* the patient Cries,
And Fees the Doctor; but too late is wise:
Too late, for Cure, he proffers half his
Wealth:

Conquest and *Gubbons* cannot give him
Health.

Learn Wretches; learn the Motions of
the Mind,

Why you were made, for what you were
design'd;

And the great Moral End of Humane Kind.)

Study thy self, What Rank, or what degree

The wise Creator has ordain'd for thee: 131

And all the Offices of that Estate

Perform; and with thy Prudence guide thy
Fate.

Pray justly, to be heard: Nor more desire
Than what the Decencies of Life require.

Learn what thou ow'st thy Country, and thy
Friend;

What's requisite to spare, and what to spend:
Learn this; and after, envy not the store

Of the Greaz'd Advocate, that Grinds the
Poor:

Fat ¹⁰ Fees from the defended *Umbrian*
draws; 140

And only gains the wealthy Clients Cause;

Towhom the *Marsians* more Provisions send,
Than he and all his Family can spend.

Gammons, that give a relish to the taste,
And potted Fowl, and Fish come in so fast,

That, e're, the first is out, the second stinks:
And mouldy Mother gathers on the brinks.

But, here, some Captain of the Land, or
Fleet,

Stout of his hands, but of a Souldiers Wit;
Cries, I have sense to serve my turn, in store;

And he's a Rascal who pretends to more.

Damnee, what e're those Book-learn'd
Blockheads say, 152

Solan's the veriest Fool in all the Play.

Top-heavy Drones, and always looking down
(As over-Ballasted within the Crown!)

Mutt'ring, betwixt their Lips, some Mystick
thing,

Which, well examin'd, is flat Conjuring,
Mere Madmen's Dreams: For, what the
Schools have taught

Is only this, that nothing can be brought
From nothing; and what is, can ne're
be turn'd to nought. 160

Is it for this they study? to grow pale,
And miss the Pleasures of a Glorious Meal?
For this, in Rags accouter'd, they are seen,
And made the May-game of the publick
spleen?

Proceed, my Friend, and rail: But hear
me tell

A story, which is just thy Parallel.

A Spark, like thee, of the Man-killing Trade,
Fell sick; and thus to his Physician said:

Methinks I am not right in ev'ry part;

I feel a kind of trembling at my Heart: 170

My Pulse unequal, and my Breath is strong:

Besides, a filthy Fur upon my Tongue.

The Doctor heard him, exercis'd his skill:

And, after, bad him for four Days he still.

Three Days he took good Counsel, and began

To mend, and look like a recover'ing Man:

The fourth he cou'd not hold from Drink;
but sends

His Boy to one of his old trusty Friends:

Adjuring him, by all the Pow'rs Divine,

To pity his Distress, who cou'd not Dine }

Without a Flaggon of his healing Wine.

He drinks a swilling Draught: And, lin'd

within, 182

Will supple, in the Bath, his outward skin:

Whomshou'd he find, but his Physician there,

Who, wisely, bad him once again heware.

Sir, you look Wan, you hardly draw your

Breath;

Drinking is Dangerous, and the Bath is Death:

'Tis Nothing, says the Fool: But, says the

friend,

This Nothing, Sir, will bring you to your end.

Do I not see your Dropsy-Belly swell? 190

Your yellow Skin?—No more of that; I'm
well.

I have already Buried two or three }

That stood betwixt a fair Estate and me,

And, Doctor, I may live to Bury thee.

Thou tell'st me, I look ill; and thou look'st
worse.

I've done, says the Physician; take your
Course.

188 But | but 1693.

But stranger Virtues yet in Streams we find,
Some change not only Bodies, but the Mind : 480

Who has not heard of *Salmacis* obscene,
Whose Waters into Women soften Men ?
Of *Ethiopian* Lakes, which turn the Brain
To Madness, or in heavy Sleep constrain ?
Clytorian Streams the Love of Wine expel,
(Such is the Virtue of th' abstemious Well :)
Whether the colder Nymph that rules the Flood

Extinguishes, and balks the drunken God ;
Or that *Melanipus* (so have some assur'd)
When the mad *Proetides* with Charms he cur'd, 490
And pow'rful Herbs, both Charms and Simples cast

Into the sober Spring, where still their Virtues last.

Unlike Effects *Lyucestis* will produce ;
Who drinks his Waters, tho' with moderate use,

Reels as with Wine, and sees with double Sight :

His Heels too heavy, and his Head too light.
Ladon, once *Pheneos*, an *Arcadian* Stream,
(Ambiguous in th' Effects, as in the Name)
By Day is wholesom Bev'rage ; but is thought

By Night infected, and a deadly Draught.
Thus running Rivers, and the standing Lake 501

Now of these virtues, now of those partake :
Time was (and all Things Time and Fate obey)

When last *Ortygia* floated on the Sea ;
Such were *Cyanean* Isles, when *Tiphys* steer'd

Betwixt their Streights, and their Collision fear'd ;

They swam where now they sit ; and firmly join'd

Secure of rooting up, resist the Wind.
Nor *Ætna* vomiting sulphureous Fire
Will ever belet ; for Sulphur will expire, 510
(The Veins exhausted of the liquid Store :)
Time was she cast no Flames ; in time will cast no more.

For whether Earth's an Animal, and Air
Imbibes, her Lungs with Coolness to repair,
And what she sucks remits ; she still requires
Inlets for Air, and Outlets for her Fires ;

When tortur'd with convulsive Fits she shakes,

That Motion chokes the vent, till other vent she makes :

Or when the Winds in hollow Caves are clos'd,

And subtil Spirits find that way oppos'd,
They toss up Flints in Air ; the Flints that hide 521

The Seeds of Fire, thus toss'd in Air, collide,
Kindling the Sulphur, till the Fuel spent
The Cave is cool'd, and the fierce Winds relent.

Or whether Sulphur, catching Fire, feeds on
Its unctuous Parts, till all the Matter gone,
The Flames no more ascend ; for Earth supplies

The Fat that feeds them ; and when Earth denies

That Food, by length of Time consum'd, the Fire

Fainish'd for want of Fuel must expire.

A Race of Men there are, as Fame has told, 531

Who shiv'ring suffer *Hyperborcon* Cold,
Till nine times bathing in *Minerva's* Lake,
Soft Feathers, to defend their naked Sides, they take.

'Tis said, the *Scythion* Wives (believe who will)

Transform themselves to Birds by Magick Skill ;

Smear'd over with an Oil of wond'rous Might,

That adds new Pinions to their airy Flight.
But this by sure Experiment we know.

That living Creatures from Corruption grow : 540

Hide in a hollow Pit a slaughter'd Steer,
Bees from his putrid Bowels will appear ;
Who like their Parents haunt the Fields, and bring

Their Honey-Harvest home, and hope another Spring.

The Warlike-Steed is multiply'd we find,
To Wasps and Hornets of the Warrior Kind.
Cut from a Crab his crooked Claws, and hide
The rest in Earth, a Scorpion's silence will glide

And shoot his Sting, his Tail in Circles toss'd
Refers the Limbs his backward Father lost.

Purple; But canst d a Sword with the point downward, to be hangt over his Head, by a Silken Twine, which when he perceiv'd, he cou'd Eat nothing of the Delicates that were set before him

⁷ *Then, in the Stouck Porch, &c* The Stoucks taught their Philosophy under a *Porticus*, to secure their Scholars from the Weather. *Zeno* was the Chief of that Sect.

⁸ *Polygnots*. A famous painter, who drew the Pictures of the *Medes* and *Persians*, Conquer'd by *Miltades*, *Themistocles*, and other *Athenian* Captains, on the Walls of the *Portico*, in their Natural Habits

⁹ *And where the Sonian Y, &c.* *Pythagoras* of *Samos* made the allusion of the *Y*, or Greek Upsilon, to Vice and Virtue. One side of the Letter, being broad, Characters Vice, to which the ascent is wide and easie. The other side represents Virtue; to which the Passage is strait

and difficult: And perhaps our Saviour might also allude to this, in those Noted words of the *Angel*, *The Way to Heaven, &c*

¹⁰ *Pat Fees, &c.* *Casanbon* here Notes, that among all the *Romans* who were brought up to Learning, few besides the Orators, or Lawyers, grew Rich

¹¹ The *Martians* and *Umbrians* were the most Plentiful of all the Provinces in *Italy*

¹² *His Heels stretch'd out, &c* The *Romans* were Buried without the City, for which Reason the Poet says, that the Dead man's heels were stretch'd out towards the Gate

¹³ *That Mad Orestes* *Orestes* was son to *Agamemnon* and *Chitmenestra* *Orestes* to revenge his Fathers Death slew both *Agamemnon* and his *Mother*: For which he was punish'd with Madness by the *Erinydes*, or *Furies*, who continually haunted him.

THE FOURTH SATYR.

ARGUMENT | OF THE | FOURTH SATYR.

Our Author, living in the time of Nero, was Contemporary and Friend to the Noble Poet *Lucan*; both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all Good Men, how Unskilfully he manag'd the Commonwealth: And perhaps might guess at his future Tyranny, by some Passages, during the latter part of his first five years; tho he broke not out, into his great Excesses, while he was restrain'd by the Counsels and Authority of *Seneca*. *Lucan* has not spar'd him in the Poem of his *Pharsalia*: for his very Complement look'd askant, as well as *Nero*. *Persius* has been bolder, but with Caution likewise. For here, in the Person of young *Alcibiades*, he arraigns his Ambition of meddling with State Affairs, without Judgment or Experience. 'Tis probable that he makes *Seneca*, in this Satyr, sustain the part of *Socrates*, under a borrow'd Name. And, withal, discovers some secret Vices of *Nero*, concerning his Lust, his Drunkenness, and his Effeminacy, which had not yet arriv'd to publick Notice. He also reprehends the Flattery of his Courtiers, who endeavour'd to make all his Vices pass for Virtues. Covetousness was undoubtedly none of his Faults; but it is here described as a Veil cast over the True Meaning of the Poet, which was to Satyrize his Prodigality and Voluptuousness: to which he makes a transition. I find no Instance in History of that Emperor's

being a Pathique, though *Persius* seems to brand him with it. From the two dialogues of *Plato*, both call'd *Alcibiades*, the Poet took the Arguments of the Second and Third Satyr, but he inverted the order of them: For the Third Satyr is taken from the first of those Dialogues.

The Commentatours before *Casaubon* were ignorant of our Author's secret meaning; and thought he had only written against Young Noblemen in General, who were too forward in aspiring to publick Magistracy: But this Excellent Scholiast has unravell'd the whole Mystery: And made it apparent, that the Sting of this Satyr was particularly aim'd at *Nero*.

THE
FOURTH SATYR.

WHO-E'RE thou art, whose forward ears are bent

On State-Affairs, to guide the Government;
Hear, first, what *Socrates* of old has said
To the lov'd Youth, whom he, at *Athens* bred.

Tell me, thou Pupil to great *Pericles*,
Our second hope, my *Alcibiades*,
What are the grounds, from whence thou dost prepare

To undertake so young, so vast a Care?
Perhaps thy Wit: (A Chance not often heard,
That Parts and Prudence shou'd prevent
the Beard:)

'Tis seldom seen that Senators so young
Know when to speak, and when to hold
their Tongue.

Sure thou art born to some peculiar Fate ;
When the mad People rise against the State,
To look them into Duty : and command
An awful Silence with thy lifted hand.
Then to bespeak 'em thus : *Athenians*, know
Against right Reason all your Counsels go ;
This is not Fair : nor Profitable that ;
Nor t'other Question Proper for Debate. 20
But thou, no doubt, can'st set the business

right,
And give each Argument its proper weight :
Know'st, with an equal hand, to hold the
Scale :

See'st where the Reasons pinch, and where
they fail,
And where Exceptions, o're the general
Rule, prevail.

And, taught by Inspiration, in a trice.
Can'st 'punish Crimes, and brand offending
Vice. [as these.

Leave ; leave to fathom such high points
Nor be ambitious, e're thy time, to please :
Unseasonably Wise, till Age, and Cares. 30
Have form'd thy Soul, to manage Great
Affairs.

Thy Face, thy Shape, thy Outside, are but
vain ;

Thou hast not strength such Labours to
sustain :

Drink 'Hellebore, my Boy, drink deep, and
purge thy brain.

What aim'st thou at, and whither tends
thy Care,

In what thy utmost Good ? Delicious Fare :
And, then, to Sun thy self in open air.

Hold, hold ; are all thy empty Wishes such ?
A good old Woman wou'd have said as much.
But thou art nobly born ; 'tis true ; go boast
Thy Pedigree, the thing thou valu'st most :
Besides thou art a Beau : What's that, my
Child ? 42

A Fop, well drest, extravagant, and wild :
She that cries Herbs, has less impertinence ;
And, in her Calling, more of common sense.

None, none descends into himself, to find
The secret Imperfections of his Mind :

But ev'ry one is Eagle-ey'd, to see
Another's Faults, and his Deformity. 49

Say, do'st thou know 'Vecidius ? Who,
the Wretch [stretch ;

Whose Lands beyond the *Sabines* largely

Cover the Country, that a sailing Kite
Can scarce o'reflye 'em in : day and night ;
Him, do'st thou mean, who, spight of all
his store,

Is ever Craving, and will still be Poor ?
Who cheats for Half-pence, and who do's
his Coat,

To save a Farthing in a Ferry-Boat ?
Ever a Glutton, at another's Cost,
But in whose Kitchen dwells perpetual Frost ?
Who eats and drinks with his Domestic
Slaves ; 50

A verier Hind than any of his Knaves ?
Born with the Curse and Anger of the Gods,
And that indulgent Genius he defrands ?
At Harvest-home, and on the Sheering-Day,
When he shou'd 'Thanks to *Pan* and *Pales*
pay,

And better *Ceres* ; trembling to approach
The little Barrel, which he fears to broach :
He 'says the Wimble, often draws it back,
And deals to thirsty Servants but a smack.
To a short Meal, he makes a tedious Grace, 70
Before the Barly Pudding comes in place :
Then, bids fall on ; himself, for saving
charges,

A peel'd slic'd Onyon eats, and tipples
Verjuice.

Thus fares the Drudge : But thou, whose
life's a Dream

Of lazy Pleasures, tak'st a worse Extream.
'Tis all thy bus'ness, bus'ness how to shun :
To bask thy naked Body in the Sun ;
Suppl'ng thy stiffen'd Joints with fragrant
Oyl :

Then, in thy spacious Garden, walk a while,
To suck the Moisture up, and soak it in : 80
And this, thou think'st, but vainly think'st,
unsan.

But, know, thou art observ'd : And there
are those [sins expose.

Who, if they durst, would all thy secret
The 'depletion of thy modest part :

Thy *Catamite*, the Darling of thy Heart,
His Engin'-hand, and ev'ry leuder Art. }

When prone to bear, and patient to receive.
Thou tak'st the pleasure which thou canst
not give.

With odorous Oyl thy head and hair are sleek ;
And then thou kemb'st the Tuzzes on thy
Cheek : 90

Of these thy Barbers take a costly care,
While thy salt T^hail is overgrown with hair.
Not all thy Pincers, nor unmanly Arts,
Can smooth the roughness of thy shameful parts.

Not ¹five, the strongest that the Circus breeds,
From the rank Soil can root those wicked Weeds :

Though suppl'd first with Soap, to ease thy pain,
The stubborn Fern springs 'up, and sprouts again.

Thus others we with Defamations wound,
While they stab us ; and so the Jest goes round. ¹⁰⁰

Vain are thy Hopes, to scape censorious Eyes ;

Truth will appear, through all the thin Disguise :

Thou hast an Ulcer which no Leach can heal,
Though thy broad Shoulder-belt the Wound conceal.

Say thou art sound and hale in ev'ry part,
We know, we know thee rotten at thy heart.
We know thee sullen, impotent, and proud :
Nor canst thou cheat thy ²Nerve, who cheat'st the Croud.

But when they praise me, in the Neighbourhood, ¹⁰⁹

When the pleas'd People take me for a God,
Shall I refuse their Incense ? Not receive

The loud Applauses which the Vulgar give ?
If thou do'st Wealth, with longing Eyes, behold ;

And, greedily, art gaping after Gold ;

If some alluring Girl, in gliding by,
Shall tip the wink, with a lascivious Eye, }
And thou, with a consenting glance, reply ; }

If thou, thy own Solicitor become,
And bid'st arise the lumpish *Pendulum* :

If thy lewd Lust provokes an empty storm,
And prompts to more than Nature can perform ; ¹²¹

If, with thy ¹⁰Guards, thou scour'st the Streets by night,

And do'st in Murthers, Rapes, and Spoils delight ;

Please not thy self, the flatt'ring Crowd to hear ;

'Tis fulsome stuff, to feed thy itching Ear.

Respect the nauseous Praises of the Times :
Give thy base Poets back their cobbled Rhymes :

Survey thy ¹¹Soul, not what thou do'st appear,
But what thou art ; and find the Beggar there.

The End of the Fourth Satyr.

NOTES TO THE FOURTH SATYR.

¹ *Socrates*, whom the Oracle of *Delphos* prais'd as the wisest Man of his Age, liv'd in the time of the *Peloponnesian War*. He, finding the Uncertainty of Natural Philosophy, appli'd himself wholly to the Moral. He was Master to *Xenophon* and *Plato*, and to many of the *Athenian* Young Noblemen ; amongst the rest to *Alcibiades*, the most lovely Youth then living ; Afterwards a Famous Captain, whose Life is written by *Aularch*.

² *Pericles* was Tutor, or rather Overseer of the Will of *Clintus*, Father to *Alcibiades*. While *Pericles* liv'd, who was a wise Man, and an Excellent Orator, as well as a Great General, the *Athenians* had the better of the War.

³ *Can'st punish Crimes*, &c. 'What is by Death. When the Judges would Condemn a Malefactor, they cast their Votes into an Urn ; as according to the Modern Custom, a Ballotting-Box. If the Suffrages were mark'd with Θ they signify'd the Sentence of Death to the Offendor, as being the first Letter of *Θάνατος*, which in English is Death.

⁴ *Drink Hellebore*, &c. The Poet wou'd say, that such an ignorant Young Man, as he here describes, is fitter to be govern'd himself, than to

govern others. He therefore advises him to drink *Hellebore*, which purges the Brain.

⁵ *Say, dost thou know Vectidius*, &c. 'The Name of *Vectidius* is here us'd Appellatively to signify any Rich Covetous Man ; though perhaps there might be a Man of that Name then living. I have 'translated this passage paraphrastically, and loosely. And leave it to those to look on, who are not unlike the Picture.

⁶ *When He should thanks*, &c. *Pau* the God of Shepherds, and *Pales* the Goddess presiding over rural Affairs ; whom *Virgil* invokes in the beginning of his Second *Georgique*. I give the Epithete of *Better* to *Ceres*, because she first taught the Use of Corn for Bread, as the Poets tell us ; Men, in the first rude Ages, feeding only on Acorns or Mast instead of Bread.

⁷ [Note suppressed.]

⁸ *Not five the Strongest*, &c. The Learned *Holiday*, (who has made us amends for his bad Poetry in this and the rest of these Satyrs with his excellent Illustrations,) here tells us, from good Authority, that the Number Five does not allude to the *Five Fingers* of one Man, who us'd them all in taking off the Hairs before mention'd ; but

to *Five Strong Men*, such as were skillful in the five robust Exercises then in Practice at Rome, and were perform'd in the *Circus*, or publick place, ordain'd for them. These five he reckons up in this manner. 1. The *Castus*, or Whirlbarts, describ'd by *Virgil*, in his fifth *Eneid*. And this was the most dangerous of all the rest. The 2d was the *Foot-race*. The Third the *Discus*, like the throwing a weighty Ball, a sport now us'd in *Cornwall*, and other parts of *England*: We may see it daily practis'd in *Red-Lyon-Fields*. The Fourth was the *Saltus*, or Leaping: And the fifth *Wrestling Naked* and besmear'd with Oyl. They who were Practis'd in these five Manly Exercises were call'd *Hetaeroloi*.

[Note suppressed.]

"If, with thy Guards, &c. *Persius* durst not have been so bold with *Apro*, as I dare now, and therefore there is only an intimation of that in him, which I publicly speak: I mean of *Apro's* walking the Streets by Night in disguise; and committing all sorts of Outrages: For which he was sometimes well beaten.

"Survey thy Soul, &c. That is, look into thy self, and examine thy own Conscience, there thou shalt find, that how wealthy soever thou appear'st to the World, yet thou art but a Beggar: because thou art destitute of all Virtues, which are the Riches of the Soul. This also was a Paradox of the Stoick School.

THE FIFTH SATYR.

ARGUMENT | OF THE | FIFTH SATYR.

The judicious *Casaubon*, in his *Proem* to this Satyr, tells us, that *Aristophanes*, the *Gronnarian*, being ask'd, what poem of *Archilochus* his *Iambicks* he prefer'd before the rest; answer'd, the longest. His answer may justly be apply'd to this Fifth Satyr; which, being of a greater length than any of the rest, is also, by far, the most instructive. For this Reason I have selected it from all the others, and inscribed it to my Learned Master, Doctor *Busby*; to whom I am not only oblig'd myself for the best part of my own Education, and that of my two Sons, but have also receiv'd from him the first and truest Taste of *Persius*. May he be pleas'd to find in this Translation, the Gratitude, or at least some small Acknowledgment of his unworthy Scholar, at the distance of 42 Years, from the time when I departed from under his Tuition.

This Satyr consists of two distinct Parts: The first contains the Praises of the Stoick philosopher *Cornutus*, Master and Tutor to our *Persius*. It also declares the Love and Piety of *Persius*, to his well-deserving Master; And the Mutual Friendship which continu'd betwixt them, after *Persius* was now grown a Man. As also his Exhortation to Young Noblemen, that they would enter themselves into his Institution. From hence he makes an artful Transition into the second Part of his Subject: Wherein he first complains of the Slaath of Scholars, and afterwards persuades them to the pursuit of their true Liberty: Here our Author excellently Treats that Paradox of the Stoicks, which affirms, that the

Wise or Virtuous Man is only Free, and that all Vicious Men are Naturally Slaves. And, in the Illustration of this Dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable Satyr.

THE FIFTH SATYR.

Inscrib'd to The Reverend Dr. *Busby*.

The Speakers *Persius* and *Cornutus*.

PERS.

Of ancient use to Poets it belongs,
To wish themselves an hundred Mouths and
Tongues:
Whether to the well-lung'd Tragedians Rage
They recommend their Labours of the Stage,
Or sing the *Portian*, when transfix'd he lies,
Wrenching the Roman Javelin from his
thighs.

CORN.

And why wou'dst thou these mighty
Morrels chuse,
Of Words unchan'd, and fit to choke the
Muse?
Let Fustian Poets with their Stuff be gone,
And suck the Mists that hang o're *Helicon*;
When ¹ *Progne's* or ² *Thyestes's* Feast they
write:
And, for the mouthing Actor, Verse indite.
Thou neither, like a Bellows, swell'st thy
Face,
As if thou wert to blow the burning Mass

¹ *Progne's*] All the English editors give *Progne*. They have consulted neither *Dryden's* text nor *Persius*, hardly even *Dryden's* note which they print.

Of melting Ore ; nor can'st thou strain thy
Throat,
Or murmur in an undistinguish'd Note ;
Like rowling Thunder, till it breaks the Cloud,
And rattling Nonsense is discharg'd aloud.
Soft Elocution does thy Stile renown,
And the sweet Accents of the peaceful Gown :
Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice, 21
To laugh at Follies, or to lash at Vice.
Hence draw thy Theme, and to the Stage
permit
Raw-head and Bloody-Bones, and Hands
and Feet,
Ragousts for *Tereus* or *Thyestes* drest ;
'Tis Task enough for thee to expose a *Roman*
Feast.

PERS.

'Tis not, indeed, my Talent to engage
In lofty Trifles, or to swell my Page
With Wind and Noise ; but freely to impart,
As to a Friend, the Secrets of my heart ; 30
And, in familiar Speech, to let thee know
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
Knock on my Heart : for thou hast skill
to find
If it sound solid, or be fill'd with Wind ;
And, thro the veil of words, thou view'st
the naked Mind.

For this a hundred Voices I desire,
To tell thee what an hundred Tongues wou'd
tire ;

Yet never cou'd be worthily exprest,
How deeply thou art seated in my Breast.

When first my Childish Robe resign'd
the charge ; 40

And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large ;
When now my golden *Bulla* (hung on high
To Household Gods) declar'd me past
a Boy ;

And my white Shield proclaim'd my
Liberty ;

When with my wild Companions, I could rowl
From Street to Street, and sin without
controul ;

Just at that Age, when Manhood set me free,
I then depos'd my self, and left the Reins to
thee.

On thy wise Bosom I repos'd my Head ;
And by my better *Socrates* was bred. 50
Then, thy streight Rule set Virtue in my
sight,

The crooked Line reforming by the right.

My Reason took the bent of thy Command,
Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful hand :
Long Summer-days thy Precepts I reherse ;
And Winter-nights were short in our con-
verse :

One was our Labour, one was our Repose ;
One frugal Supper did our Studies close.

Sure on our Birth some friendly Planet
shone :

And, as our Souls, our Horoscope was one
Whether the mounting Twins did Heav'n
adorn, 60

Or with the rising Ballance we were born ;
Both have the same Impressions from above ;

And both have *Saturn's* rage repell'd by
Jove

What Star I know not, but some Star I find,
Has given Thee an Ascendant o're my Mind.

CORN.

Nature is ever various in her Frame :
Each has a different Will ; and few the
same :

The greedy Merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd *Indies*, and the rising Sun ; 70
From thence hot Pepper, and rich Drugs
they bear,

Bar'ring for Spices their *Italian* Ware ;
The lazy Glutton safe at home will keep,
Indulge his Sloth, and batten with his
Sleep :

One bribes for high Preferments in the
State ;

A second shakes the Box, and sits up late
Another shakes the Bed ; dissolving there,
Till knots upon his Gouty Joints appear,
And Chalk is in his crippled Fingers found ;
Rots like a Doddard Oke, and piecemeal
falls to ground. 80

Then, his lewd Follies he wou'd late repent ;
And his past years, that in a Mist were spent.

PERS.

But thou art pale, in nightly Studies,
grown,

To make the *Stoick* Institutes thy own ;
Thou, long, with studious Care, hast till'd
our Youth,

And sown our well-purg'd Ears with whole-
som Truth :

So Doddard] The editor's wrongly print
dodder'd

From thee both old and young, with profit,
learn
The bounds of Good and Evil to discern.

CORN.

Unhappy he who does this Work ad-
journ;
And to To Morrow would the search delay:
His lazy Morrow will be like to day. 91

PERS.

But is one day of Ease too much to borrow?

CORN.

Yes, sure: For Yesterday was once To
Morrow.

That Yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd:
And all thy fruitless days will thus be
drain'd;

For thou hast more To Morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy Task;
Who, like the hindmost Chariot Wheels, art
curst;

Still to be near; but ne're to reach the first.
O Freedom! first Delight of Humane
Kind! 100

Not that which Bondmen from their Masters
find,

The "Privilege of Doles; not yet t' inscribe
Their Names "in this or t'other Roman
Tribe:

That false Enfranchisement, with ease is
found:

Slaves are "made Citizens, by turning round.
How, replies one, can any be more free?

Here's *Dama*, once a Groom of low degree
Not worth a Farthing, and a Sot beside;

So true a Rogue, for lying's sake he ly'd:
But, with a turn, a Freeman he became: 110

Now "Marcus *Dama* is his Worship's
Name:

Good Gods! who wou'd refuse to lend a
Sum,

If Wealthy *Marcus* Surety will become!
Marcus is made a Judge, and for a Proof

Of certain Truth, *He said it*, is enough.
A Will is to be prov'd; put in your Claim;

'Tis clear, if "Marcus has subscrib'd his
Name.

This is "true Liberty, as I believe;
What farther can we from our Caps

receive,
Than as we please, without Control to
live? 120

Not more to "Noble *Brutus* could belong.
Hold, says the Stoick, y^er Assumption's
wrong;

I grant true Freedom you have well defin'd:
But living as you list, and to your mind,
Are loosely tack'd; and must be left
behind.

What, since the Prætor did my Fetters loose
And left me freely at my own dispose,

May I not live without Control or Awe,
Excepting still the "Letter of the Law?

Hear n^e with patience, while thy Mine
I free 131

From those fond Notions of false Liberty:
'Tis not the Prætor's Province to bestow

True Freedom; nor to teach Mankind to
know

What to our selves, or to our Friends we
owe.

He cou'd not set thee free from Cares and
Strife;

Nor give the Reins to a lewd vicious life:
As well he for an Ass a Harp might string,

Which is against the Reason of the thing;
For Reason still is whisp'ring in your Ear,

Where you are sure to fail, th' Attempt
forbear. 141

No need of Publick Sanctions this to bind,
Which Nature has implanted in the Mind:

Not to pursue the Work, to which we're not
design'd.

Unskill'd in *Hellebore*, if thou shou'd'st
try

To mix it, and mistake the Quantity,
The Rules of Physick wou'd against thee

cry.
The High-shoo'd Ploughman, shou'd he
quit the Land,

To take the Pilot's Rudder in his hand,
Artless of Stars, and of the moving Sand,

The Gods wou'd leave him to the Wave
and Wind, 15

And think all Shame was lost in Human
Kind.

Tell me, my Friend, from whence had'st
thou the skill,

So nicely to distinguish Good from Ill?
Or by the sound to judge of Gold and Brass

What piece is Tinkers Metal, what will pass
And what thou art to follow, what to flye,

This to condemn, and that to ratify? *

When to be Bountiful, and when to Spare,
But never Craving, or oppress'd with Care?
The Bait of Gifts, and Money to despise, 160
And look on Wealth with undesiring Eyes?
When thou can'st truly call these Virtues
thine,
Be Wise and Free, by Heav'n's consent
and mine.

But thou, who lately of the common strain,
Wert one of us, if still thou do'st retain
The same ill Habits, the same Follies too,
Gloss'd over only with a Saint-like show,
Then I resume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to Vice, and still a Slave.
Thou can'st not wag thy Finger, or begin 170
The least light motion, but it tends to sin.

How's this? Not wag my Finger, he replies?
No, Friend; nor fuming Gums, nor Sacrifice,
Can ever make a Madman free, or wise.
"Virtue and Vice are never in one Soul:
"A Man is wholly Wise, or wholly is a Fool.
A heavy Bumpkin, taught with daily care,
Can never dance three steps with a becoming
air.

PERS.

In spite of this, my Freedom still remains.

CORN.

Free, what and fetter'd with so many
Chains? 180
Can'st thou no other Master understand
Than him that freed thee by the Prætor's
Wand?

Shou'd he, who was thy Lord, command
thee now,

With a harsh Voice, and supercilious Brow,
To servile Duties, thou wou'd'st fear no
more;

The Gallows and the Whip are out of door.
But if thy Passions lord it in thy Breast,
Art thou not still a Slave, and still oppress?

Whether alone, or in thy Harlot's Lap,
When thou wou'd'st take a lazy Morning's
Nap; 190

Up, up, says Avarice; thou snor'st again,
Stretchest thy Limbs, and yawn'st, but all
in vain;

The Tyrant Lucre no denial takes;
At his Command th' unwilling Sluggard
wakes.

What must I do? he cries: What? says
his Lord:

Why rise, make ready, and go straight aboard:

With Fish, from *Euxine* Seas, thy Vessel
freight;

Flax, Castor, *Coan* Wines, the precious
Weight

Of Pepper, and *Sabea* Incense, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd Camel's
back: 200
And with Post-haste thy running Markets
make.

Be sure to turn the Penny: lye and swear;
'Tis wholesom sin: But *Jove*, thou say'st,
will hear:

Swear, Fool, or starve; for the Dilemma's
even:

A Tradesman thou! and hope to go to
Heav'n?

Resolv'd for Sea, the Slaves thy Baggage
pack,

Each saddled, with his Burden on his back;
Nothing retards thy Voyage, now; unless
Thy other Lord forbids, Voluptuousness:
And he may ask this civil Question: Friend,
What do'st thou make a Shipboard? to
what end? 211

Art thou of *Bethlem's* Noble College free?

Stark, staring mad; that thou wou'd'st
tempt the Sea?

Cubb'd in a Cabin, on a Mattress laid,
On a Brown *George*, with lowsie Swobbers,
fed,

Dead Wine, that stinks of the *Borrachio*, sup
From a foul Jack, or greasie Maple Cup?

Say, wou'd'st thou bear all this, to raise
thy store

From Six i' th' Hundred, to Six Hundred
more?

Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give; 220
For, not to live at ease, is not to live;

Death stalks behind thee: and each flying
Hour

Does some loose Remnant of thy Life devour.
Live, while thou liv'st: For Death will
make us all

A Name, a nothing but an Old Wife's Tale.
Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleasure
abuse

To be thy Lord? Toke one, and one refuse.
But both, by turns, the Rule of thee will
have;

And thou, betwixt 'em both, wilt be a Slave.
Nor think when once thou hast resisted
one, 230

That all thy Marks of Servitude are gone:

The struggling Greyhound gnaws his Leash in vain ;

If, when 'tis broken, still he drags the Chain.
Says ²¹ *Phædria* to his Man, Believe me, Friend,

To this uneasie Love I'll put an End :

Shall I run out of all ? My Friends disgrace,
And be the first lewd Unthrif of my Race ?
Shall I the Neighbours Nightly rest invade
At her deaf Doors, with some vile Serenade ?
Well hast thou freed thy self, his Man
replies ;

Go, thank the Gods, and offer Sacrifice.

Ah, says the Youth, if we unkindly part.
Will not the Poor fond Creature break her Heart ?

Weak Soul ! And blindly to Destruction led !
She break her Heart ! She'll sooner break
your Head.

She knows her Man, and when you Rant
and Swear,

Can draw you to her *with a single Hair*.

But shall I not return ? Now, when she
Sues ?

Shall I my own, and her Desires refuse ?

Sir, take your Course : But my Advice is
plain :

Once freed, 'tis Madness to resume your
Chain.

Ay ; there's the Man, who loos'd from
Lust and Pelf,

Less to the Prætor owes, than to himself.

But write him down a Slave, who, humbly
proud,

With Presents begs Preferments from the
•Crowd ;

That early ²² Suppliant, who salutes the
Tribes,

And sets the Mob to scramble for his Bribes :

That some old Dotard, sitting in the Sun,
On Holydays may tell, that such a Feat
was done :

In future times this will be counted rare. 260 ²³

Thy Superstition too may claim a share :
When Flow'rs are strew'd, and Lamps in
order plac'd,

And Windows with Illuminations grac'd,
On ²⁴ *Hærod's* Day ; when sparkling Bools
go round,

And *Tunny's* Tails in savoury Sauce are
drown'd,

Thou mutter'st Prayers obscene ; nor do'st
refuse

The Fasts and Sabbaths of the curtail'd *Jews*.
Then a crack'd ²⁵ Eggshell thy sick Fancy
frights,

Besides the Childish Fear of Walking Sprights.

Of o'regrown Guelding Priests thou art afraid :

The Timbel, and the Squintifego Maid 271

Of *Isis*, awe thee : lest the Gods, for sin,

Shou'd, with a swelling Dropsie, stuff thy
skin :

Unless three Garlick Heads the Curse avert,
Eaten each Morn, devoutly, next thy heart.

Preach this among the brawny Guards,
say'st thou,

And see if they thy Doctrine will allow :

The dull fat Captain, with a Hound's deep
throat,

Wou'd bellow out a Laugh, in a Base Note ;

And prize a hundred *Zeno's* just as much 280

As a clipt Sixpence, or a Schilling *Dutch*.

The End of the Fifth Satyr.

NOTES TO THE FIFTH SATYR.

¹ *Progne* was Wife to *Tereus*, King of *Thracia*: *Tereus* fell in Love with *Philomela*, Sister to *Progne*, ravish'd her, and cut out her Tongue : In Revenge of which, *Progne* kill'd *Hys*, her own Son by *Tereus*, and serv'd him up at a Feast, to be eaten by his Father.

² *Thyestes* and *Atræus* were Brothers, both Kings : *Atræus*, to Revenge himself of his on-natural Brother, kill'd the Sons of *Thyestes*, and invited him to eat them.

³ By the Childish Robe is meant the *Prætexta*, or first Gowns which the *Roman* Children of Quality wore: These were Weltd with Purple: And on those Welts were fasten'd the *Bulla*, or little Bells, which when they came to the Age of

Puberty were hang up and consecrated to the *Lares*, or Household Gods

⁴ The first Shields which the *Roman* Yooths wore, were white, and without any Impress or Device on 'em, to shew they had yet Achiev'd nothing in the Wars.

⁵ *Socrates* by the Oracle was declar'd to be the wisest of Mankind: He instructed many of the *Athenian* Young Noblemen in Morality, and amongst the rest *Alcibiades*

⁶ Astrologers divide the Heaven into Twelve parts, according to the Number of the 12 Signs of the Zodiac: The Sign or Constellation which rises in the East, at the Birth of any Man, is call'd the Ascendant: *Persius*, therefore,

judges that and he *Cornutus* had the same or a like Nativty.

⁷ The Sign of *Geminii*.

⁸ The Sign of *Libra*.

⁹ Astrologers have an Axiome, that whosoever *Saturn* lies is loos'd by *Jupiter*: They account *Saturn* to be a Planet of a Malevolent Nature, and *Jupiter* of a Propitious Influence.

¹⁰ *Zeno* was the great Master of the Stoick Philosophy: And *Cleanthes* was second to him in Reputation: *Cornutus*, who was Master or Tutor to *Persius*, was of the same School.

¹¹ When a Slave was made free, he had the Privilege of a *Roman* Born, which was to have a share in the Donatives or Doles of Bread, &c. which were Distributed by the Magistrates amongst the People.

¹² The *Roman* People was Distributed into several Tribes: He who was made free was inroll'd into some one of them, and thereupon enjoy'd the common Privileges of a *Roman* Citizen.

¹³ The Master, who intended to enfranchise a Slave, earned him before the City *Prætor*, and torn'd him round, using these words, *I will that this Man be free*.

¹⁴ Slaves had only one Name before their Freedom: After it they were admitted to a *Prænomen*, like our Clinsten'd Names; so *Dama* is now call'd *Marcus Dama*.

¹⁵ At the Proof of a Testament, the Magistrates were to subscribe their Names, as allowing the Legality of the Will.

¹⁶ Slaves, when they were set free, had a Cap given them, in Sign of their Liberty.

¹⁷ *Brutus* freed the *Roman* People from the Tyranny of the *Tarquins*, and chang'd the Form of the Government into a glorious Common-wealth.

¹⁸ The Text of the *Roman* Laws was written in Red Letters; which was call'd the *Rohrick*; Translated here, in more general words, *The Letter of the Law*.

¹⁹ The Stoicks held this Paradox, That any one Vice, or Notorious Folly, which they call'd Madness, hinder'd a Man from being Virtuuous: That

a Man was of a Piece, without a Mixture, either wholly Vicious or Good; one Virtue or Vice, according to them, including all the rest.

²⁰ The *Prætor* held a Wand in his hand, with which he softly struck the Slave on the Head when he declar'd him free.

²¹ This alludes to the Play of *Terence*, call'd the *Eunuch*, which was excellently imitated of late in *English* by Sir *Charles Sedley*: In the first Scene of that Comedy, *Phadria* was introduced with his Man *Pamphilus*, Discoursing, whether he shoo'd leave his Mistress *Thais*, or return to her, now that she had invited him.

²² He who sued for any Office amongst the *Romans* was called a Candidate, because he wore a white Gown: And sometimes Chok'd it to make it appear whiter. He rose early, and went to the *Leves* of those who headed the People: Saluted also the Tribes severally, when they were gather'd together to chuse their Magistrates; and Distributed a Largess amongst them, to engage them for their Voices: Much resembling our Elections of Parliament-Men.

²³ The Commentators are divided, what *Herod* this was, whom our Author mentions: Whether *Herod* the Great, whose Birth-day might possibly be celebrated, after his Death, by the *Herodians*, a Sect amongst the Jews, who thought him their Messiah; or *Herod Agrippa*, living in the Author's time and after it. The latter seems the more probable opinion.

²⁴ The Ancients had a Superstition, contrary to ours concerning Egg-shells: They thought that if an Egg-shell were crack'd, or a Hole bor'd in the bottom of it, they were Subject to the Power of Sorcery. We as vainly break the Bottom of an Egg-shell, and cross it when we have eaten the Egg. Jest some Hag shoo'd make use of it in bewitching us, or sailing over the sea in it, if it were whole.

The rest of the Priests of *Isis*, and her one-eyed or squinting Priestess is more largely treated in the Sixth Satyr of *Juvenal*, where the Superstitions of Women are related.

THE SIXTH SATYR.

ARGUMENT | OF THE | SIXTH SATYR.

This Sixth Satyr Treats an admirable Common-place of Moral Philosophy; Of the true Use of Riches. They are certainly intended, by the Power who bestows them, as Instruments and Helps of living Commodiously our selves, and of Administring to the Wants of others who are oppress'd by Fortune. There are two Extrems in the Opinions of Men concerning them. One Error, though on the right hand, yet a great one, is, That they are no Helps to a Virtuous Life; The other places all our Hoppiness in the Acquisi-

tion and Possession of them: and his is undoubtedly, the worse Extream. The Mean betwixt these, is the Opinion of the Stoicks: Which is, That Riches may be Useful to the leading a Virtuous Life; in case we rightly understand how to Give according to right Reason; and how to receive what is given us by others. The Virtue of Giving Well, is call'd Liberality; and 'tis of this Virtue that *Persius* writes in this Satyr: Wherein he not only shows the lawful Use of Riches, but also sharply inveighs against the Vices which are oppos'd to it: And especially of those, which consist in the Defects of Giving

or Spending, or in the Abuse of Riches. He writes to Cæsius Bassus, his Friend, and a Poet also. Enquires first of his Health and Studies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now resident. He gives an account of himself, that he is endeavouring by little and little to wear off his Vices; and particularly, that he is combating Ambition and the Desire of Wealth. He dwells upon the latter Vice; And being sensible that few Men either Desire, or Use Riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their Folly; which is the main Design of the whole Satyr.

THE SIXTH SATYR.

To Cæsius Bassus, a Lyrick Poet.

Has Winter caus'd thee, Friend, to change thy Seat,

And seek, in ¹ Sabine Air, a warm retreat? Say, dost thou yet the Roman Harp command?

Do the Strings Answer to thy Noble hand? Great Master of the Muse, inspir'd to Sing The Beauties of the first Created Spring; The Pedigree of Nature to rehearse; And sound the Maker's Work, in equal Verse. Now, ² sporting on thy Lyre the Loves of Youth,

Now Virtuous Age, and venerable Truth; to Expressing justly Sappho's wanton Art Of Odes, and Pindar's more Majestick part.

For me, my warmer Constitution wants More cold, than our Ligurian Winter grants; And, therefore, to my Native Shores retir'd, I view the Coast old Ennius once admir'd; Where Cliffs on either side their points display;

And, after, opening in an nmpier way, ¹⁸ Afford the pleasing Prospect of the Bay. 'Tis worth your while, O Romans, to regard The Port of Luna, says our Learned Bard: Who, in ³ a Drunken Dream, beheld his Soul The Fifth within the Transmigrating roul; Which first a Peacock, then Euphorbus was, Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras; And last of all the Line did into Ennius pass.

Secure and free from ⁴ Business of the State;

And more secure of what the vulgar Prate, Here I enjoy my private Thoughts; nor care What Rots for Sheep the Southern Winds prepare:

Survey the Neighb'ring Fields, and not ³⁰ repine,

When I behold a larger Crop than mine: To see a Beggar's Brat in Riches flow, Adds not a Wrinkle to my even Brow; Nor, envious at the sight, will I forbear My plentious Bowl, nor bate my bounteous Cheer:

Nor yet unscal the Dregs of Wine that stink Of Cask; nor in a nasty Flaggon Drink; Let others stuff their Guts with homely fare:

For Men of diff'rent Inclinations are; ⁴⁰ Tho born, perhaps, beneath one common Star.

In minds and manners Twins oppos'd we see In the same Sign, almost the same Degree: One, Frugal, on his Birth-Day fears to dine, Does at a Penny's cost in Herbs repine, And hardly dares to dip his Fingers in the Brine.

Prepar'd as Priest of his own Rites to stand, He sprinkles Pepper with a sparing hand. His Jolly Brother, opposite in sence, Laughs at his Thrift; and, lavish of Expence, ⁵⁰ Quaffs, Crams, and Guttles, in his own defence.

For me, I'll use my own; and take my share;

Yet will not Turbots for my Slaves prepare: Nor be so nice in taste my self to know

If what I swallow be a Thrush; or no. ⁶⁰ Live on thy Annual Income! Spend thy store;

And freely grind, from thy full Threshing-Floor;

Next Harvest promises as much, or more. Thus I wou'd live: But Friendship's holy Band,

And Offices of kindness hold my hand: ⁶⁰ My ⁴ Friend is Shipwreck'd on the Brutian Strand,

His Riches in th' Ionian Main are lost; And he himself stands shiv'ring on the Coast;

¹⁸ after.] The editors wrongly omit the comma.

⁶¹ Brutian] The editors correct the spelling.

Where, destitute of help, forlorn, and bare,
He wearies the Deaf Gods with Fruitless
Pray'r.

Their Images, the Relicks of the Wrack,
Torn from the Naked Poop, are tided back,
By the Wild Waves, and rudely thrown
ashore,

Lye impotent: Nor can themselves restore.
The Vessel sticks, and shows her open'd
side,

And on her shatter'd Mast the Mews in
Triumph ride.

From ⁷⁰ thy new hope, and from thy growing
store,

Now lend Assistance, and relieve the Poor.
Come; do a Noble Act of Charity;

A Pittance of thy Land will set him free.

Let him not bear the Badges of a Wrack

Nor ⁸⁰ beg with a blue Table on his back.

Nor tell me that thy frowning Heir will say,

'Tis mine that Wealth thou squander'st thus
away:

What is't to thee, if he neglect thy Urn, ⁸⁰

Or ' without Spices lets thy Body burn?

If Odours to thy Ashes he refuse,

Or buys Corrupted *Cassia* from the *Jews*?

All these, the wiser *Bestius* will reply,

Are empty Pomp, and Deadmen's Luxury:

We never knew this vain Expence, before

Th' effeminated *Grecians* brought it o're:

Now Toys and Trifles from their *Athens*
come;

And Dates and Pepper have unsinnew'd
Rome.

Our sweating Hinds their Gallads, now,
defile, ⁹⁰

Infecting homely Herbs with fragrant Oyl.

But, to thy Fortune be not thou a Slave;

For what hast thou to fear beyond the
Grave?

And thou who gap'st for my Estate, draw
near;

For I wou'd whisper somewhat in thy Ear.

Hear'st thou the News, my Friend? th'

Express is come ⁹⁰

With Laurell'd Letters from the Camp to
Rome;

Cæsar ⁸ Salutes the Queen and Senate thus:

My Arms are, on the *Rhine*, Victorious.

From Mourning Altars sweep the Dust
away: ¹⁰⁰

Cease Fasting, and proclaim a Fat Thanks-
giving Day.

The ⁹ goodly Empress, Jolly inclin'd,
Is, to the welcome Bearer, wond'rous kind:

And, setting her Goodhousewifery aside,

Prepares for all the Pageantry of Pride.

The ¹⁰ Captive *Germans*, of Gygantick size,

Are ranck'd in order, and are clad in frize:

The Spoils of Kings, and Conquer'd Camps
we boast,

Their Arms in Trophies hang, on the
Triumphal post. ¹⁰⁹

Now, for so many Glorious Actions done

In Foreign parts, and mighty Battels won;

For Peace at Home, and for the publick

Wealth,

I mean to Crown a Bowl to *Cæsar's* Health:

Besides, in Gratitude for such high matters,

Know ¹¹ I have vow'd two hundred Gladiators.

Say, wou'dst thou hinder me from this

Expence?

I Disinherit thee, if thou dar'st take Offence.

Yet more a publick Largess I design

Of Oyl and Pyes to make the People dine:

Controul me not, for fear I change my

Will; ¹²⁰

And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling

still,

You give as if you were the *Persian* King;

Your Land does no such large Revenues

bring.

Well; on my Terms thou wilt not be my

Heir;

If thou car'st little, less shall be my care:

Were none of all my Father's Sisters left

Nay, were I of my Mother's Kin bereft;

None by an Uncle's or a Grandam's side

Yet I cou'd some adopted Heir provide.

I need but take my Journey half a day ¹³⁰

From haughty *Rome*, and at *Aricea* stay,

Where Fortune throws poor *Manius* in my

way.

Him will I chuse: What him, of bumble

Birth,

Obscure, a Foundling, and a Son of Earth?

Obscure! Why prithee what am I? I know

My Father, Grandsire, and great Grandsire

too:

If farther I derive my Pedigree,

I can but guess beyond the fourth degree.

The rest of my forgotten Ancestors

Were Sons of Earth, like him, or Sons of

Whores. ¹⁴⁰

[¹³¹ *Aricea*] The editors correct the spelling

Yet why shou'd'st thou, old covetous
Wretch, aspire
To be my Heir, who might'st have been
my Sire?
In Nature's Race, shou'd'st thou demand
of me
My "Torch, when I in course run after thee?
Think I approach thee like the God of Gain,
With Wings on Head, and Heels, as Poets
feign:
Thy mod'rate Fortune from my Gift
receive;
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
But take it as it is, and ask no more.
What, when thou hast embezel'd all thy
store?
Where's all thy Father left? 'Tis true,
I grant,
Some I have mortgag'd, to supply my want:
The Legacies of *Tadius* too are flown:
All spent, and on the selfsame Errand gone.
How little then to my poor Share will fall?
Little indeed; but yet that little's all.
Nor tell me, in a dying Father's tone.
Be careful still of the main chance, my Son;
Put out the Principal, in trusty hands:
Live of the Use; and never dip thy Lands:
But yet what's left for me? What's left,
my Friend!
Ask that again, and all the rest I spend.
Is not my Fortune at my own Command?
Pour Oyl; and pour it with a pleateous hand,

Upon my Sallads, Boy: Shall I be fed
With sodden Nettles, and a sing'd Sow's
head?
'Tis Holyday; provide me better Cheer;
'Tis Holyday, and shall be round the Year.
Shall I my Household Grds, and Genius,
cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my
Meat,
That he may loll at ease; and pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on Gibley Pye?
And what his throbbing Lust extends the
Vein,
Have wherewithall his Whores so entertain?
Shall I in homespun Cloath be clad, that he
His Paunch in triumph may before him see?
Go Miser, go; for Lucre sell thy Soul;
Truck Wares for Wares, and trudge from
Pole to Pole:
That Men may say, when thou art dead and
gone,
See what a vast Estate he left his Son!
How large a Family of Brawny Knaves,
Well fed, and fat as *Capadocian* Slaves!
Increase thy Wealth, and double all thy
Store:
'Tis done: Now double that, and swell the
score:
To ev'ry thousand add ten thousand more.
Then say, "*Chrysippus*, thou who wou'd'st
conlue
Thy Heap, where I shall put an end to mine.

The End of the Sixth Satyr.

NOTES TO THE SIXTH SATYR.

¹ *A v^o seek in Sabine Air*, &c. All the Studios, and particularly the Poets, about the end of *August*, began to set themselves on Work; Refraining from Writing during the Heats of the Summer. They wrote by Night, and sate up the greatest part of it. For which Reason the Product of their Studies was call'd their *Elucubrations*, or Nightly Labours. They who had Country Seats retir'd to them, while they Studied: As *Persius* did to his, which was near the Port of the Moon in *Etruria*; and *Bassus* to his, which was in the Country of the *Sabines*, nearer *Rome*.

² *Now Sporting on thy Lyre*, &c. This proves *Cassius Bassus* to have been a Lyrick Poet: 'Tis said of him, that by an Eruption of the Flameing Mountain *Vesuvius*, near which the greatest part of his Fortune lay, he was Burnt himself together with all his Writings.

³ *Who, in a Drunken Dream*, &c. I call it a Drunken Dream of *Ennius*; not that my Author

in this place gives me any encouragement for the Epithete; but because *Horace*, and all who mention *Ennius*, say he was an Excessive Drinker of Wine. In a Dream, or Vision, call it which you please, he thought it was reveal'd to him, that the Soul of *Pithagoras* was Transmigrated into him: As *Pithagoras* before him believ'd that himself had been *Euphorbus* in the Wars of *Troy*. Commentators differ in placing the order of this Soul, and who had it first. I have here given it to the Peacock, because it looks more according to the Order of Nature that it shou'd lodge in a Creature of an Inferiour Species, and so by Gradation rise to the informing of a Man. And *Persius* favours me, by saying that *Ennius* was the Fifth from the *Pithagorean* Peacock.

⁴ *My Friend is Shipwreck'd on*, &c. Perhaps this is only a fine Transition of the Poet to introduce the business of the Satyr, and not that any such Accident had happen'd to one of the Friends of

Persius. But, however, this is the most Poetical Description of any of our Author: And since he and *Lucan* were so great Friends, I know not but *Lucan* might help him in two or three of these Verses, which seem to be written in his stile; certain it is that besides this Description of a Shipwreck, and two Lines more, which are at the End of the Second Satyr, our Poet has written nothing Elegantly. I will therefore Transcribe both the passages, to justify my Opinion. The following are the last Verses saving one of the Second Satyr.

Compositum ius, fasque animi; sanctosque recessus

Mentis, & incoctum generoso fœcus honesto:

The others are those in this present Satyr, which are subjoin'd

— *trabè ruptâ, Brullia Saxa*

Frondi Amicu inops Remque omnem, surdaque rota

Condidit; Ionio: Jacet ipse in Littore; & nuda Ingentes de puppe Dei: Jamque obrita Mergis Costa ratis lacera.

¹ *From thy new hope, &c.* The Latin is, *Nunc & de Cespite vivo, frange aliquid. Casubon*; only opposes the *Cespes vivus*, which word for word is the living Turf, to the Harvest or Annual Income; I suppose the Poet rather means, sell a piece of Land already Sown, and give the Money of it to my Friend who has lost all by Shipwreck; That is, do not stay till thou hast Reap'd, but help him immediately, as his Wants require.

² *Not Beg with a Blue Table, &c.* *Holiday* translates it a Green Table: The sense is, the same, for the Table was painted of the Sea Colour; which the Shipwrecked Person carried on his back, expressing his Losses thereby, to excite the Charity of the Spectators.

³ *Or without Spices, &c.* The Bodies of the Rich, before they were burnt, were lincens'd with Spices, or rather Spices were put into the Urn, with the Relicks of the Ashes. Our Author here Names *Cinnamon* and *Cassia*, which *Cassia* was sophisticated with *Cherry Gum*: And probably enough by the *Jews*, who Adulterate all things which they sell. But whether the Ancients were acquainted with the Spices of the *Malucca* Islands, *Ceylon*, and other parts of the *Indies*; or whether their *Pepper* and *Cinnamon* &c. were the same with ours, is another Question. As for *Nutmegs* and *Mace*, 'tis plain that the Latin Names of them are Modern.

⁴ *Cæsar salutes, &c.* The *Cæsar* here mention'd is *Caius Caligula*, who affect'd to Triumph over the *Germans*, whom he never Conquer'd, as he did over the *Britains*; and accordingly sent Letters, wrapt about with Laurels, to the Senate, and the Empress *Cæsonia*, whom I here call Queen, though I know that name was not us'd amongst the *Romans*; but the word Empress wou'd not stand in that Verse: For which reason I Adjourn'd it to another. The Dust which was to be swept away from the Altars, was either the Ashes which were left there, after the last Sacrifice for Victory, or might perhaps mean the Dust or Ashes which were left on the Altars since some former Defeat of the *Romans* by the *Germans*: After which overthrow, the Altars had been neglected.

⁵ *Cæsonia*, Wife to *Caius Caligula*, who afterwards, in the Reign of *Claudius*, was propos'd, but ineffectually, to be Marry'd to him, after he had Executed *Messalina* for Adultery.

⁶ *The Captive Germans, &c.* He means only such as were to pass for *Germans* in the Triumph; Large-Bod'd Men, as they are still, whom the Empress Cloath'd new, with Course Garments, for the greater Ostentation of the Victory.

⁷ *Know, I have cov'd Two Hundred Gladiators.* A hundred pair of Gladiators were beyond the Purse of a private Man to give; therefore this is only a threatening to his Heir, that he cou'd do what he pleas'd with his Estate.

⁸ *Should'st thou demand of me my Torch, &c.* Why should'st thou, who art an Old Fellow, hope to oothive me, and be my Heir, who am much Younger. He who was first in the Course, or Race, delivered the Torch, which he carried, to him who was Second.

⁹ *Well Fed, and Fat as Cappadocian Slaves* Who were Famous for their Lustiness, and being, as we call it, in good likeing. They were set on a Stall when they were expos'd to Sale, to show the good Habit of their Body, and made to play Tricks before the Boyers, to shew their Activity and Strength.

¹⁰ *Then say, Chrysippus, &c.* *Chrysippus*, the Stoick, invented a kind of Argument, consisting of more than three Propositions, which is called *Sorites*, or a heap. But as *Chrysippus* cou'd never bring his propositions to a certain stint, so neither can a Covetous Man bring his Craving Desires to any certain Measure of Riches, beyond which he cou'd not wish for any more.

SOME PECULIAR SPELLINGS OF DRYDEN'S.

Built = Build (substantive).

But = Butt.

Casme = Chasm.

Cent'ry = Sentry.

Course = Coarse.

Eugh = Yew.

Ghess = Guess.

Helter = Hilter.

Lest = Least.

Loose = Lose.

Main = Mane.

Oar = Ore.

Oph = Oaf.

Pheretrian = Feretrian.

President = Precedent.

Salvage = Savage.

Satyr and Satyre = Satire.

Throws = Throes.

Wex = Wax.

Whether = Whither.

The others are not likely to mislead. Many of his proper names are eccentric. Greek and Roman names may sometimes owe their forms to misprints, but even Ben Jonson regularly appears as Johnson.

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